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Poster: Viktor Landström & Sebastian Wahlforss

Orden den gamla kampsportskådespelaren, Tien Miao, som spelar sig själv i filmen *Good-bye, Dragon Inn*, (2003, Tsai Ming-Liang) dystert påpekar för sin vän och kollega Chun Shih. De ser sig själva i filmen inom filmen, unga, levande på duken, de minns tiden som har försvunnit. Likt den allra första filmrecensionen, en liten notis i La Poste, 1895, ‘Den dagen allmänheten kan ta del av sådana här apparater’¹, konstaterar den anonyma skribenten, ‘kommer döden inte längre vara slutgiltig.’ Filmen är ingen odödlig konstform. Den bryts alltjämt ner, dunstar bort i den digitala massan eller faller i analog glömska. Ett paradoxalt medium som står och väger mot döden eller odödligheten, där vi gång på gång försöker återuppliva de döda med en ny restaurering, nyinspelning, medieöverföring, datoranimering. Överlevnadsinstinkten finns ständigt med filmen, den vill anta nya former men de gamla överlever inte. Likt Antonio Gramsci befäste för drygt 90 år sedan, ‘[...] the old is dying and the new cannot be born’.² Den rörliga bildens paradigmskifte som istället blivit ett medel för desinformation, manipulation och algoritmiskt urval, där sökande efter lust-orienterad-fix styr en mer och mer monopol-lik marknad.

¹ Jan Holmberg, *Slutet på filmen* O.s.v., Bokförlaget Daidalos, 2011

² *Quaderni del carcere*, « Ondata di materialismo» e « crisi di autorità », voylm I, quaderno 3, s. 311, skrivet cirka 1930

³ Se omslagsbild, fotografi Aron Skoog, 2018, Foligno, Italien.

⁴ Bijan Stephen, The Verge, 2018, (<https://www.theverge.com/2018/8/29/17788212/blockbuster-last-video-store-bend-oregon-movie-selection-algorithm-discovery-netflix-hulu-amazon>)

Spöket, ruinen från en svunnen tid, ett skal, en bild av Blockbuster-butiken placerad vid gränsen mellan Umbrien och Marche, regioner i det bergiga central-ostliga Italien, närmare bestämt Foligno.³ En formell nostalgi som har förlorat sitt värde i den stilla annulleringen av framtiden där veckans filmutbud, genre-hyllor och staff-picks har blivit till damm. För mindre än ett decennium sedan, bara längs affärsgator runtom i USA, breddade cirka 5000 franchise-butiker ut sig men idag finns det bara ett levande fragment kvar av videouthyrningskedjan i den amerikanska staden Bend, i delstaten Oregon.⁴ Likt sina arvtagare har Blockbuster nu istället satsat på ett digitalt generiskt streaming-utbud. Den mänskliga faktorn har transformerats till hårdvara som följer våra virtuella fotsteg och ger oss ett unikt riktat utbud, opersonligt men effektivt.

Filmfestivaler slåss för sitt existensberättigande i ett omöjligt branschkrig mot de orubbliga megaspelarna (läs Netflix, Amazon et al.). Stora delar av det vi ser på duken i de döende biograferna är massproducerade digitalt renderade hjältar producerade av billig outsourcead arbetskraft. Popcornfabriker (läs Disney) som likväl skulle klara sig utan våra sista biopalats; deras värde finns i ‘eftermarknadens’ mångmiljardindustri och på deras egna plattformar.

Men som så mycket annat tar livet slut, konsten liksom människor faller i glömska, tynar bort under jord. Som Paolo Cherchi Usai så hjärtskärande beskrev det, ‘Livet är kort, och filmen kommer inte att finnas för evigt.’⁵ Han elaborar vidare,

Men än så länge är den här. Den kanske blir till något annat, men än sen? Det finns värre saker. Fysisk smärta. Att inte ha tillräckligt att äta, eller ingenting alls. Att vara ensam. Att förlora intresset för konsten att se. Om vi vill att filmen skall existera i några år till, låt oss först bevara de goda ting som gör den till ett av livets glädjeämnen. Det finns en möjlighet att vi lyckas, om vi kan acceptera paradoxen att en filmvisning på ett museum, till skillnad från den folkliga konst och underhållning som den har varit i över ett sekel, är en gala-soirée med väl tilltagna biljettpreiser och ett visst mått av etikett.”

Men en av de viktigaste beståndsdelarna i en tid där det algoritmiska utbudet styr med järnhand, där en monopolstyrd biografmarknad gör det omöjligt att se film på ‘den stora duken’, där filmhistoria faller i glömska och där oetablerade filmskapare slåss om att få regissera nästa stora TV-serie producerad av ett handelsföretag, är således reflektionen. Vi behöver inte bli stumma eller okritiska inför det som flimrar framför våra ögon. Som sig bör insisterar Filmögon på att vi alla har filmögon. Vi är inte uppbyggda av koder för att serva det individuella seendet, vi är inte finansierade av kommersiellt innehåll och vi glömmar aldrig. Vi vill vara din Blockbuster, ditt biopalats och för oss ‘kommer döden inte längre vara slutgiltig.’

Filmögon är av och för läsaren.

Länge leve film(kritik)en!

⁵ Paolo Cherchi Usai, *The death of cinema: History, Cultural Memory and the Digital Dark Age*, London BFI Publishing, 2001, s. 127.

zwei texte
Gustav Sjöberg

denn der film als ware, von privatem inhalt in seiner ideologie und massenhafter in der form, wird in einer bestimmten (und keineswegs bereits aufgeklärt) weise dazu benutzt, herrschaft über menschen ausüben zu helfen, und nicht dazu, eine veränderung der herrschaftsverhältnisse herbeizuführen – m

it "l'art pour l'art" und "engagement" als den zwei seiten derselben sache. *dass die wärme und die kälte sich beständig aus den ihnen eigentümlichen orten in die nächstgelegenen ergießen und von dort im gleichen augenblick, in dem sie entstehen, sich wechselseitig vertreiben.*

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New Pedestrians
Julia Feyrer

Red. An articulambulation: heel first. Ferment of wayward metaphors. Mix sponge, egg, cone, womb. Sliced in half, folded open. Fresh continuity slice. Mirrored actor sorta clear left to right the other foot is the same is not the same. Repeat.

Orange. Ball, to roll onto the ground, a neighbourhood next, the segment is a sidewalk on top to tip to pressure all the tenants out. Individually signed with two vertical lines, increasing walkability. You mean increasing floatability - over the corpses of the meritless.

Yellow. Toes, like a tent pole sequence a big toe presence pushed down and poking, needing to be always right, but then again always be left. Intention to sort all sorts fails all expectations.

In between, all the tones mixed with moisture. Lint, spontaneity. Absent without leave. Everyone a guest, everyone you’ve ever met and ever will meet, anyone who has ever been...

Green. Long, toe, long ago. All-new realms. 5 dead stars, it knows. I gnows. It grows, I dunno. The rare earth's hand is a foot.

Blue. Middle, in the ambi-universe a result of reverse privileging. Hemispheres totally libra scaled into two heaps of indiscernible matter.

Indigo. Ring rubber burns, presses, flows, excretes through hair, nails, teeth, skin, flesh, sinews, bone, organs, intestine, bile, phlegm, pus, blood, sweat, fat, tears, mucus, urine. The earth moves an uncertain quantity over the chiliocosm, but it keeps throwing up another chiliocosm - in the puke bucket - drink or float or drown. Another 365 ears to go. Yes you heard me, ears.

Violet. Tiny toe sensation, formation, perception, tingle. But tiny could not think ahead more than 3 moves, got stuck on the tingle and forgot which toe to run home to. So, causality backtracked down a pothole strewn road, waiting to be entangled in asphalt. Tiny tested the granularity between sadness and panic, a little anger, deep down joy, and a softly itching pinky of impatience.

She puts sunscreen on the bottoms of her feet. Finally, an object that dissolves all subjects.



Valentina Triet

Dilated Bridge (Korsyr)

Christofer Degréér

Dilated Bridge (Korsyr)

Egentligen var det ganska otäckt. Allt var blottat och Thre tillsammans med Porto (alltidihop med port) såg sig själv i ett jitter av sekventiellt fotografi framkallat en kall kolmården ett par år senare i uppladdningen. Det var vår första trafikolycka. Väl på plats kunde Max synas igen i förgrunden med ett hemligt tecken i ena handen. Den andra handen var hemlig och förd bakom regnjackan i tillvaron. Vi kunde inte glömma hur det var Anton, Eller, Labelia, Ann, hypotesen, Ann, eller kanske också Paulus som visst visste om att Maxs hemliga hand visadesamma otydliga tecken. Ihop med kraschen skulle precis alla ljuga om vad dom hade sett eller upplevt efteråt, ljuga på ett personligetslöst sätt som bara personlighetslösa personer vars uppgift är att bli upphämtade och återfunna av rena, cinematiska anledningar. (Rena cinematiska anledningar: våra hemlighetsstämplade uppgifter innehåller begär-co-producerade upplösningar om att förväxla betraktande med pyromani. Också om att betraktandet som händer med ögonen är pyromaniskt och att det bara är synligheten som förgör värdigt bemötande. Som strössel

Hej minnet av en smak och en gata med en trottoar och du gick med handen i trottoaren.Hur kan vi tänka oss att det finns två objekt och nu skavi sammanfatta villkoren

A kan inte överleva utan dig

A kan du inte överleva utan dig

Jag kan inte längreInga egenskapsskillnader är garanterade.)

Vi får plats i varsitt hörn och tillsammans passar vi in i sidorna. Sidorna, vi har ockuperat en storkartong du heter Andrea mitt namn är inte viktigt du vet vad jag heter och jag behöver inte säga mitt namn någonsin igen för vi är bästa vänner. Vi är bästa vänner. Det är inte samma skärm, det är omöjligt samma kub, men på den andra finns det att berätta om ett moment i en reklam: där ligger någon i det plötsliga gräset med ansiktet ner i dom vassa stenarna och det har stelnat en kontur. Runt som om det vore dansk satellit tv, vi har hört en helikopter Vi var fångat riktiga ödlor Vi har haft på oss gummistövlar Och du har sammanfallit med ett telefonnummer jag aldrig glömmmer och det kan jag inte svara på Christian det kan jag omöjligt sätta ord på som om det vore ett ledande objekt. Jag svär en dag ska vi börja ställa krav på vår tillvaro och skita i

dom dåliga argumenten.

Nä men det gör det ju inte nu heller

Med dom

D kan bli ett litet mikrochips som man sätter in i en apa och

sen oj

Haha

Den ena betydelsen är ungefär såhär

Den andra betydelsen är oberoende

Och

Dom osynliga kan bara stanna i två år

Tiden vid badväder

Tiden vi tillbringade tillsammans växte lågmält fram. Ingen av oss var särskilt ambivalent längre, vi skulle tom. kunna studera design ihop, och framförallt lyckas med att läsa alla händelseförlopp som inte skulle kunna spela ut sig själva utan vår hjälp när alla lyktoroch mikrofoner var riktade mot den hänsynslöst framåttågande handlingsepidemien vi kallade Stranden tyst mot varandra när vi myntade begreppet Stranden. Det var en precis likaren händelse att det var framkallat när det var badväder.

Det var alltid badväder. Hemligtecknet var ju så fruktansvärt präglat av retrominnets retorik, och för den delen lika gärna ett sammanträde i andetaget som i efterhand skulle tillhöra 90-talet sett från senare år som precis hade passerat. Liksom designstudierna skulle vi sätta musik till våra flygplatsimpotenta olikheter:

Mac heter egentligen något annat idag och Mac är inte nära vän med Anto det bara verkade så och det fattade precis alla efter att det hade blivit självklart att Anto och Max vars namn behöver ändras och byta plats som ett slags narrativt lim bara för att alla andra ska kunna uppnå referentiell nät-verklighet men inte utan att vi gärna ifrågasätter varför just Max skulle slira över förloppet som ett jävla smör eller varför inte samma fordon dom tecknade där alla gick förlorade eller varför skulle du Max helt egentligen behöva utnyttja våra fördomar om gemenskap bara för att du skulle ingå när alla vi andra gjorde det? Vi kan inget annat än att upptäcka gesten du avbildar varje gång vi upptäcker gesten utan att tiden beslutar om att handla om Diana, och att upplösas i jättelika omprofileringar om den omöjliga kollektivism som bara äger rum 1996, 1997, eller 1998. När fastigheten vid kuststräckan såldes i agens för flera år sedan till en flerföretagare stod det iaf klart för mig att det som stod ristat under visningen för första gången hade typsnittet jag förväntar mig när det ristas på en bar-kropp med skinn eller läder. Det känns onödigt att behöva avslöja hur också detta var inspirerat av

himlen, som inuti många andra förhållningssätti sin tur var inspirerad av internationell eller global expressionism: velocity exposes yourself to the risk of health och capital is only punishable (when withdrawn from your account) i klassisk anslutningsbarhet, men det var aldrig den exakta tanken med att möta samma person fler år senare (fem år senare) genom rutan på hagelgevärssitssidan.

Meningscelibat.

Meningscelibat.

Meningscelibat.

Majsstärkelse.

Majsstärkelse.

Majsstärkelse.

Olyckan som animerade sig själv hela vägen fram till ursprungsknut prenumererade på samma slags magifetisch om att se Kitron genom det självlysande glaspartiet idag. Vi upplever samma känsla att aldrig komma undan samtiden, och att i vår platsspecifika sårbarhet (att i vår platsspecifika sårbarhet) så finns det möjlighet till kontext. Kanske just när fordonsrutan fick en motor som vi börjar att komma ihåg hur det var att ingå i en annan tillgänglig atmosfär: Heritage Cyan. Nu helst ihop med att en obelisk av tomma dvd-fodral nu bara innehåller en trycksaksskyddshandske med texten som nu skulle komma att inspirera den engelska texten under utskriften nu på kustbostadens motiv om velociteten, om gesten av någons affektion som nu möter en samling individer i en avlägsen millenniummiljö, där nu en obelisk av tömda dvdfodral et ceterar i villkorlig oändlighet.Vi började få tillfällen att vara fjärilseeffektiva och förhålla oss hybriddokumentärt. Vår enda sommar. Så när fönsterveven upphör att vara i kontakt med handen är handen inte längre i kontakt med kameran som ett visningsobjekt. Utvecklar att kameran hellre anländer som ett omdelbart tillgängligt trafikolycksplatsresultat, och verkligen inte, och är verkligen inte längre en förlängning av något identitetselement. Inspelning har inte längre någon bakgrund och betar sig som en absolut rimlighetskonsekvent hissmental rörelse mot att äntligen bygga klart ytan.

En komplett yta skulle kanske innebära att smaka ett stadie av originell icke-autencitet,där samma himmelinspirerade expression totalintergrerats i kafémonotoni. När det allra tidigaste jittret med alla subjektiva events och känslor blotades, ägde också olyckan rum i enannan atmosfär, och den ena dolda handgesten är liksom en inbjudan på så himla många möjliga olika andra sätt. Att gissa mig till tillståndet där linskapaciteten på riktigt börjar kringå är som att njuta av att den manuella fönsterveven förutsätter det automa-

tiserade dokumentära, dvs. att uppleva det du upplever i enlighet med vad omgivningen tillåter. Det är inte alls vad konstant badvärme innebär.

Egentligen var kyrkogården redan platsen som hade varit, och upprepade gånger den vissna inaktiva gården, i samma aktiva stad skrivet samhälle med ett fullt fungerande polis-väsen. Ny halvö, ny mikroskopisk cykelvandalism. Citat igen om att jag vill att jag ska behålla mina fingrar och att samhället förblir anonymt tills vi har vibrant tid tillsammans. Förhandsvisningen äger rum och tid i dina öppna händer, vilka likt dina nya knytnävar inte innehåller någonting egentligen. Vad som inte är optimalt i/för stunden är bara så optimalt det någonsin kan bli när det fortfarande kan bli så mycket bättre. Det här är så viktigt.

Att avsluta förhandsvisningen på ett av flera tusen litterära gårdsplan är att bli osynliga igen. När vi kollar på fel video blir vi lika gärna spårade, resultatsbenägna, inglasade, och inbjudna: handlingen med alla attribuerade hål och parafernalia bjuder in sig själv. Vi har bjudit inoss själva helt oinspirerat. As for the possibilities: they'll always have us, tänker du när du utbrister att alla möjliga slags possibilities egentligen äger oss snarare än rum. Släntan ställer ut sin installation i rummet intill, precis innan Kratos rum där hand-Duskmedelflaskor tar uppämnet som handlar om när material möter människan. Frido har arrangerat betong och genomskinligt och transparent material så att han framkallar nya möjligheter och framkallarassociationer genom att tillverka betongen i billigt material från övergivna byggvaruhus. Hans texter beskriver inte verket och är nya möjligheter. I rummet innan Kraris installation (den logiska slutsatsen av Sydsvenskan beskrev den som en hälsning till döden med en hel del referenser till internet som det handlade om, skriver Gora Göstland, konstvetare med bakgrund i ämnen påSödertörns skola), finns fortfarande Släntans verk som enligt samma Sydsvenska recension i veckan hamnar lite i skymundan för narrativet, som recensenten påpekar ”tar plats”, men tillägger att verket bibehåller sin kapacitet att vara frånvarande när det inte längre är där. Här återkommer teman som minnen, personen gestaltar sina egna minnen genom en rad olika uttryck, och möter med glädje den klassiska leran. Vårt gruppförhållande är istället för fossilt bränsle ocksåett recenserat projektrum, och tre (3) paragrafer senare uppgraderas alla gamla vaxhuvuddunkljus till överlevande ljus. Att vidröra ett fotografiskt assemblage är lite som att registreras somett elektroniskt rött korn framför dig själv. Vi vill inget hellre än att behålla fingrar och att samhället förblir ano-

nymt tills vi har omprofilerat vår tid tillsammans i repris och kontroll. Celestial body (pervasive; occuring; expired) nu: visar en intilliggande. Det kommer ett bostadsområde som heter offerkällan, och offerkällan blir fotograferad i the golden hour of photography. Det öppnar upp med minnena av ljuden från en upplevd tågstation, eller tågjuden från den allra tidigaste rälsen över landskapen. Utgifterna. Vi och alla närpersoner berättar hur referensen ger oss flera sammanhang och att om vi fortsätter läsa in ett sammanhang så kommer upplevelserna framöver kännas strängare. Det är precis det jag utvecklade. Jag hade arbetat som intendent i flera år. Historien vilar nu på premissen att du har arbetat som intendent flera år och att du hade kommit i verklig kontakt med magiskaelement nära kristallgrottor helt belägna precis under själva arbetsmiljön. Såhär tidigt fanns det i princip inget avgörande referentiellt nätverk. Fan i vår platsspecifika tillvaro finns det helleringen glädje utöver att gärna mikrodosera våra egna preferenser, och att ägna oss åt autonoma gymnasiala språktunnlar, badhuset, och hur om det skulle vara charmigt att till slut använda bestick istället för stjärnskruvmejslar.

Du passerar mig i ögonvrån.

Oj.

Nej, du passerar inte mig i ögonvrån.

Jag trodde du passerade mig i ögonvrån men det var inte du och jag måste lära oss att vara sakligt förlåtande när det kommer till misstag. Var gårdsplanet någonting egentligt från tågtiden? Etablerade du i ögonvrån en genomgående och raljant visstidsförskuten apati när det kom till anpassningsförmågorna?

Har vi fortfarande anpassningsförmågorna?

Det fanns heller ingen sträng eller annan konsekvens eller besvikelse eller the emptiness of results which you explain to me goes on to make sense at night spending nights in front and you turn away and stare deadpan into the camera as if it could've been there to render it more bearable as if less possessed by the ulterior and in the stroke of responsibility made only more attractive only in the sense that recognition is: jag hör inte vad du säger för alla likgiltigaparkdjur. It was crucial that the surrounding and the environment all up to the point of swaying personal constellation in this moment in which we declare a thresheld article that the trailer arrives sömlöst in the moonlight. Inte lika fullkomligt intrycksavkopplande som en parkeringsplats, för händelsen är bara lite beskriven som lika tom som en bil, men på något sätt lika

tidlös är samma ställe reserverat dom som hittar ett intresse i att om och om igen garner subsidies to exoticisize their relationships to absence. Just bildmärket börjar att beté, som alla andra, och om det finns någon chans av inspelning kvar kan den bara pausas av ett nytt samtal av ett sparat nummer. Att sterilisera en logisk konversation är det enda utan handlingshål som dämpar upplevelseintegrationens hänsynslöshet, eller att spela in ljud och bild med omedelbara medel kan bara upphöra genom att bli uppringd (igen):

Receive a new phone call on the phone and you suggest you remove the roof of the wholeplace and expose it as a dollhouse. Du säger och menar att det inte är som ett dollhouse och att resurser övervinner kärleken på kort sikt.



Matt-gyllene-färgat gräs och lukten av bränt
Emma Kihl

I mitten av juni är jag på en grön konferens vid universitetet i Köpenhamn (Green SLSA 2018). Byggnader av kalksten och glas åtskiljs av en stilla vatten(halv-)fylld men algrik kanal. Gräset vid campusområdet är matt-gyllene-färgat och den ihållande värmen formar en synlig vibration i luften. De ordinarie studenterna tycks redan ha lämnat skolan för terminen. Inne i det svala luftkonditionerade universitets lokalerna möts istället – bland dammpartiklar och brummande teknisk utrustning – djurkommunikatörer, biomedicinare, antropologer, litteraturvetare och konstnärer i ett femdagars samtal kring queer ekologisk död och växtaktivism: Eller med andra(s) ord samtal kring hur vi kan bryta kapitalismens förtrollning om gröna drömmar och forma nya o/gröna prismatiska konspirationer.

En av konferensens keynotes var Natasha Myer som poetiskt reflekterande läste; *Seeding Plant/People Conspiracies to Root into the Plantroposcene: Ten Not So Easy Steps to Grow Livable Worlds*. Tio lekfulla men samtidigt allvarliga förslag för att bryta en rådande ordning och för att undvika apokalyptiska futurismer.

Jag tänkte i denna korta text pröva att tänka med dessa tio steg och försöka göra det i relation till ett nymaterialistiskt cinematografiskt tänkande bortom individen. Jag tar mig även friheten att översätta dem från engelskan.

1. ”Glöm aldrig det här ” ”vi” är inte ”en”
Vi har aldrig varit individer utan är holobionter – organismer med symbiotiska relationer¹. När vi till exempel tuggar vår mat krävs ett helt bakteriesystem för att bryta ned maten. Lynn Margulis (1938-2011), en av de som diskuterade den hologenoma evolutionsteorin, använder en marin mask som exempel för att beskriva denna teori. Som en sci-fi scen: Om masken erfar ljusbrist svälter den och börjar äta gröna alger. Men algerna gör motstånd och motståndet gör att algerna inte går att smälta och istället läcker inuti masken. Till slut blir maskens kropp helt grön, en grönhet som sedan ärvs hos avkommorna. Maskarna ser både ut som alger och gör det alger gör, dvs omvandlar koldioxid till fotosyntes (liksom en växt). Men om man tittar närmare så har de fortfarande munnar och muskler. Maskarna gick alltså inte från att vara en halvgenomskinlig mask till att bli en fotosyntetisk mask som ligger på stranden och fotosyntetiserar som om den var en växt, så inte genom en slumpmässig mutation utan genom att förvärva och integrera mikrobiell arvsmassa². Vi är inte en, utan snarare ett slags intra-aktivt blivande och döende på samma gång.

2.”Bryt sönder denna värld för att göra nya världar möjliga.”
Vi lever under en trolldom hävdar Myer. Att bryta sönder denna värld är att vägra berättelsen om en ostoppbar katastrof. (en av deltagarna under konferensen nämner filmer som *Independence day*, *Interstellar* och till och med *Wall-E* som exempel på katastrof-fetischerande berättelser). Filosofen Isabelle Stengers understryker uppmärksamhetens betydelse när hon återupprepar och omformar neopaganisten Starhawks utrop; “The smoke of the burned witches still hangs in our nostrils.” - till att det handlar om lära sig känna lukten av de brända häxorna, i våra näsborrar. En slags sinnlig uppmärksamhetsgörande (och återta-

15

³Isabelle Stengers, “Reclaiming Animism” ur *e-flux* #36 July 2012, s. 11

⁴ Donna J Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble, Making Kin in the Chthulucene*, Duke University Press, 2016, s. 68-69

gande av berättelser) som i sin utsträckning av/bryter kapitalismens progressinriktade och kolonialiserande tillplattning³.

Nästa steg...

3. ”Upprepa detta mantra. Vi är inte ensamma. Vi är inte ensamma. Vi är inte ensamma.”
hakar skulle jag säga direkt in i punkt fyra...

4. ”Nämn vår kraftfullaste bundsförvant”. Myer säger fotosyntetiska mikrober och ansluter, tänker jag, till Donna Haraways; ”vi är alla kompost”.⁴ Som del av den humanistiska fakulteten vid Södertörns högskola är det svårt att inte le och samtidigt förtjasas av Haraways idé att vi alla borde kalla/tänka oss humunister. Så istället för att vi humanister förenas av en gemensam föreställning där vi granskar det mänskliga samhället i självt och blir medvetet om sig självt utanför sig självt så kanske hellre att vi som humunister låter oss gen/an/svaras av och med det mellanartliga. I ett nymaterialistiskt filmtänk vore det även att låta sig konspireras av och med materialens (inklusive filmkamerans) agens.

5. ”Uppmuntra växt/människo-konspirationer”.
Att konspirera med växter slingrar in i uppmaningen av vi behöver...

6. ”Avkolonialisera ditt sunda förnuft ” och samtidigt;

7. ”Vegetalisera ditt gemensamma sensorium”, upprepat påminnas om att vi behöver vara sensoriska varelser för att...

8. ”Odlar mot Eden”., det vill säga låta ogräset frodas och tala med växterna på deras villkor om hur de vill växa.

Jag avslutar med punkt

9. ”Ta ekologi off the grid” och sista steget,

10. ”Gör konst för plantroposcene” och låter dessa resonera vidare i två filmreferenser och en länk till Myers föreläsning från 2016:
Chris Jordans *Albatross* (2017) <https://vimeo.com/264508490>
Elke Marhöfer med Mikhail Lylov, *Shape Shifters* (2016), http://www.whateverbeing.de/Shape_Shifting/Shape_Shifting.html
Natasha Myer, *From Edenic Apocalypse to Gardens Against Eden: Plants and People in and after the Anthropocene* (2016), <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e3CzENrnB58>

¹Anna Tsing, Heather Swanson, Elaine Gan och Nils Bubanth (red.), *Arts of Living on a Damaged* (M75-79).

²Lynn Margulis, “Symbiosis Everywhere” ur *Symbiotic Planet: A New Look at Evolution*, The Science Masters, 1998, s. 5-12.

pause

hun tjekker ind på et hotelværelse. Er det rigtigt?

ja præcis. Og det er her, teksten finder sted.

hvad er det, de gør sammen?

hotelværelset og hende leger, at rummet er ugjort. Sammen opretholder de idéen om en simplicitet, der ellers kun eksisterer i film, bøger og fotografier.

så den simplicitet findes nu dér?

ja, det vil jeg sige.

men fordi det er et hotelværelse, eller fordi der er skrevet om det?

jeg er ikke helt sikker. Og nu masseres rummet igen, fordi det nævnes i den her samtale. Dets vægge mases yderligere ud, mens vi taler.. blob blob blob..! kan du mærke det?

vi panorerer forbi Marriott Hotel og ser alle variationerne af de samme basiselementer - så godt vi nu kan - udefra. Gardinerne trukket til i forskellig grad, en lampe slukket eller tændt, en stol med en siddende på, en taske eller

ingenting. Eksempelvis. En grå pind trækker en streg i det tykke gulvtæppe og hopper tre gange for at banke på hotelværelsets dør.

æhmm.. okay... men.. Hvad er det for et rum, du taler om?

det er det rum, karaktererne vågner i, efter de er ankommet næsten bevidstløse til deres mål eller er blevet taget ind af hjælpende hænder. Det er det rum, den bortførte vågner op i og nu skal begynde at leve i. Der er så få elementer i rummet, at de kan opregnes i en tekst. Det kan godt være det støver, men det er sjældent, og hvis det gør, og karakteren foretager en form for rengøring, er det noget af det eneste, den karakter gør den dag! Hvis der er støv, har det en form eller også tørres det væk. Sådan kan det siges.

hvor er du stødt på det?

i *Huden jeg bor i* af Pedro Almodóvar, Haruki Murakamis *1q84*, (...)

der skrues ned for lyden mens hun taler.

nmm.. og hvad er det med den simplicitet?

jamen, den er bare så pissehamrende lækker! Det er ligesom at købe noget helt nyt og have fornemmelsen af, at det vil redde dit liv. Men det er bare ikke så repræsentativt for det, det foregiver at repræsentere. Det er der, jeg hopper af eller bliver ekstremt draget.

okay..

mmm.. og så er det egentlig som om der kan ske hvad som helst i den film, bog eller i det billede. Selvom der sker ubehagelige ting, har jeg stadig lyst til at bo i det.

okay? Hvordan?

altså jeg opdagede det da jeg var seksten og så *Lost in Translation*. Altså alt i den film er jo badet i knitren, sprødt tumblr-lys og drømmende, dovne, sensitive toner! Så på den måde var den bare ekstremt tiltalende! Men nu så jeg den igen, og det virkede lidt fladt faktisk. Æstetikken har ændret sig, så den kan ikke gøre det samme som den kunne i 2003, og jeg har nok også ændret mig. Men i hvert fald: der er en scene, hvor Scarlett, jeg kan ikke huske hvad karakteren hed og jeg tænker heller ikke det er så vigtigt. Det vigtige, når vi ser den film, er, at det er Scarlett Johansson, der spiller en karakter. Anyway: hun er i hotelværelset.

det hotelværelse her i teksten eller det i filmen?

begge! Lad os sige begge og se det for os! Hun har lige hængt noget papirs-pynt op i loftet, vi ser sengen fra den ene side, og hun hopper ned på den anden. Vi hører en dump lyd, hun ømmer sig og sætter sig ned på kanten af sengen. Det er hendes tå, der er stødt på en eller anden genstand som vi ikke får lov til at se. Et par uger efter, jeg så den første gang, skete det, at jeg slog min tå på mit teenageværelse. På det tidspunkt havde scenen fra *Lost in Translation* lagt sig omkring mig som et let og nettet klæde, og jeg sparkede ligesom ud igennem den sølvagtige vævning, da jeg slog mig. Scenen og mig vævede yderligere videre på det og spandt et klæde, der foldede sig ud foran mig, når jeg

bevægede mig i verden, og så gik jeg på det. Og det er det, som sker igen og igen med alle scenerne i de film, jeg ser. Sparker og går og tramper og stikker tæerne ud igennem. Summa summarum: Pludselig var det fedt at slå sig.

pause

vi panorerer forbi Marriott Hotel og ser alle variationerne af de samme basiselementer - så godt vi nu kan - udefra. Gardinerne trukket til i forskellig grad, en lampe slukket eller tændt, en stol med en siddende på, en taske eller ingenting. Eksempelvis. En grå pind trækker en streg i det tykke gulvtæppe og hopper tre gange for at banke på hotelværelsets dør.

kan vi vende tilbage til det med støvet?

ja

hvorfor nævner du det?

det gør jeg, fordi det er et af de elementer, som for mig markerer en grænse mellem film og virkelighed.

hvorfor skelner du mellem film og virkelighed?

lad os tage næste spørgsmål

pause

bare sig hvad du vil

okay lad os fortsætte med at tale om støv. Støv opretholder for mig måske en forskel. Det har også noget med tid at gøre. Når man lever kropsligt tilstedeværende, så er der meget, der skal opretholdes, og mange processer, man holder tilbage. Såsom at gøre rent omkring sig, gøre sig selv ren. Det hele vil gerne vokse til og bevæge sig hurtigt videre eller stå helt stille, og det prøver man så at undgå. Kropsbehåring, irriterende tør hud på hænderne, som skal klares med en eller anden form for stillingtagen og en god fugtighedscreme... Der er også støv, som lægger sig på den linse, filmen er filmet med, men i filmen ser jeg ikke den pudsende klud, der tender det øje, som kigger, den øjekrop. Selv hvis jeg gjorde, var den et andet sted. Den er ... skal ikke nødvendigvis vaskes eller smides ud eller håndteres yderligere. Den kan forsvinde lige så pludseligt, som den kom ind.

mmm.. er det ikke super banalt?

jo. Sikkert. Jeg har bare stadig svært ved at fatte det. Jeg går igennem det igen og igen...

vi ser Nicki Minaj vente på nogle tusinde-dollars-dyre silkelagener.¹ En grå pind trækker en streg i det tykke gulvtæppe og hopper tre gange for at banke på hotelværelsets dør

Nicki Minaj siger jo, at livet er som en film, men at der aldrig kommer en opfølger.² Det vil jeg egentlig give hende ret i et langt stykke henne af vejen. Jeg tror, hun har fat i noget virkelig essentielt, i forhold til hvorfor film er så tiltalende. For i film kan man jo netop lave opfølgere og massere og omrokere tiden, som man vil. Det er også derfor, der ikke nødvendigvis er noget, der skal støves af.

mmm klart

ja

kan du sige lidt mere

jaa kan godt sige noget om drømme og film

mm, okay

jeg har tænkt på drømme og film. Drømme har vidst ikke noget lineært narrativ, jeg har hørt det er noget vi giver dem, idet vi vågner. Måske gør vi det, fordi søvn er som døden og dér er evigheden og derved det formløse gyldigt. Modsat, forholder vi os i den vågne tilstand hele tiden til døden, som runder formen til sidst, og er det vi fatter indenfor, fordi det er det vi eksisterer indenfor. Hvis vi følger den tanke, så giver vi

¹ <https://genius.com/Nicki-minaj-bed-lyrics>

² <https://genius.com/Nicki-minaj-all-things-go-lyrics>

pause

altså, når vi vågner, en drøm den tid, der er nødvendig for at vi kan forstå den i vågen tilstand. Vi strækker drømmen i tid så vi kan forstå den... Har tænkt på relationen mellem drømmene, det vi gør ved dem når vi vågner på den ene side, og det som filmes, skrives eller fotograferes, på den anden side. Om man kan trække en linje mellem de komponenter. Film er et af de mest omjonglerbare materialer så det virker også forkert at sammenligne dem med de vågne drømme. Film virker ikke, som om de er tvunget af tid til noget som helst men

intervieweren rømmer sig

på den anden side er det jo os, som klipper og som kigger i sidste ende. Sagt på en anden måde: de løber uundgåeligt i tid. På den måde er film måske drømme med form, form-drømme. Uden os kunne de være uden form.

en grå pind trækker en streg i det tykke gulvtæppe og hopper tre gange for at banke på hotelværelsets dør. På silkelagenerne ligger en orange, lysende bog med lilla bogstaver: *Den Nye By Lagt i Aske*³. Bogen læser højt fra sig selv og der zoomes ud. Til sidst ser vi ikke andet end en ø ligge i havet. Den er formet som en cirkel der er ved at smuldre.

³ Den Nye By Lagt i Aske, Bag Verlag, 2019

Fyrtårnet står stadig på kysten, men intet lys er blevet kastet via dets linse, i mange år. Det er blevet udflugtsmål for turister, golfkugler strejfer det af og til, og klatrere bevæger sig op af dets sider. Ikke langt derfra står kinomaskinen, glemt på loftet, og heller ikke dens kulbuelys har brændt i årtier. Men om aftenen mødes deres projektioner over havet, og deres lys blandes. Den stråstrøgne mølle kigger misundeligt med inde fra land, føler sig som en tørret buket, der er blevet gemt lidt for længe. Kan de ikke bare brænde mig? Elfærgen løfter sig let og sanser en aktivitet, den ikke forstår. Den er endnu ikke taget i brug og ligger i stedet i havnen, åben i begge ender som en stor ornamenteret ramme for havet. En ramme med rum og en ramme med sensorer (...)

pause

Emotional Response in the Uncanny Valley
Jakob Rockenschaub

25

I.

Small bits of gravel are crunching under my feet. I instinctively took the shortcut through the garden of the little château, even though the air was loaded with the convictions of a time bygone. Almost perfect silence is following me step by step, only the sound of the gravel reaching my ear. The path accompanies my movements along the central axis of the garden's parterre. Lawn, gravel, and rocks repeating in a delusive perfection, lined by balustrades of heavy porous stone. Gloomy surfaces with uncountable fissures and centuries of weathering. Walls of bushes are containing my movements, leading me gently on a diagonal. A clearing appears in the middle of the maze-like layout. Surrounded by a row of trees, a well-proportioned central sunken valley. I'm pausing, listening to the leaves of the hornbeam hedges swooshing in the gentle breeze of the morning. Millions of little sounds summing up to a voluminous noise. For a little while I'm trying to differentiate the origins, failing in dispersion in a moment to come.

The diagonal walkway of the boscaje opens up, giving a view over the second parterre on a gentle slope. Water basins with grand cascades as far as the eye can see. Glancing spindrift appears on every level of the basin. Blurry haze spreads from the fountains, dropping the temperature immediately. Rays of light are hitting the water molecules reflecting in a blurry cloud of wet fog. But still: a dark atmosphere of gray sky, sparkled gray stone and greenish gray water. In the middle, a circular constellation of horses trying to take off from the deeper regions of the basin. Big fins and strong twisted tails are pushing them towards the sky. Their front hooves are angled as if their intention was to gallop on the water's surface in big jumps. The sound of the heavy but subliminal waterfalls reaches my ears. I find myself in the middle of an environment filled with the eerie intentions of a former time. Freezing my sight, I find myself starting to stare into the distance, standing motionless like a simple continuation of the whispering environment.

Finally, at my housing complex, I feel release. As if the situation would have drained my remaining energies. Figures, doors, and passages have absorbed my temporal trajectories. High over the crowns rises the light edifice, freestanding but in composition with others of the same kind. Perceiving the ground from above was never possible. Dense fog has wrapped the complex ever since moving here. A floor to ceiling glass façade sets the boundary to the outside world in each of the thousand flats the building contains. The idea of seeing the little baroque garden from above has haunted my imagination as an ever-unfulfilled utopia. Neighboring houses appear close by, arising from an undefinable distance and disappearing again just a little further up towards the light of the heavy sky. I've adjusted to the inexistence of shadows, which generates the soft environment of utmost programmatic perfection. My body makes a subtle reflection within the tall sheets of glass. The black interstices from silicone interrupt the

glass panels at a regular interval, giving it a sense of detail. It is a soft material containing high surface tension. The consistency makes a great contrast to the glass and I enjoy pushing it with my forefinger on a regular basis.

I unwrap the parcel I ordered from an online shop some days ago. It contains new samples of the high intensity discharge lamps that I'm currently experimenting with. During the start-up time the lamp is gently emitting a constantly changing spectrum of light colors. Magenta - blue - yellow - green - orange, until it arrives at its working temperature. I'm fascinated by the strange moments of malfunctioning during the warm-up period. The surrounding objects, hit by the light, appear in changing colors, varying their contrasts, and blurring their surface depth. It reminds me of the neighbors, who were experimenting with texture synthesis. Focusing on pseudo-random noise patterns, their experiments were linked to the perception of computer-generated imagery. Their frustration was based on the lack of visual discourse within the computer scene at the time. They regarded it as artificial and inappropriate. Seamless noise patterns based on overlying different frequencies should produce better results in simulating water, forests, and clouds.

They told me about a bizarre dream they had a while ago. Taking the shortcut through the garden spared them some time on the way. The cherry trees were in full bloom and they had a nice chat while walking. With a humming sound in their ear the path was navigating them through the pieces of lawn. I was awaiting them in the lobby as we wanted to meet up for a drink. It took them longer than expected and I was happy to finally see them arriving. When they opened the door to the lobby something happened. Movements were difficult to achieve while approaching, even though there were just little steps ahead. After a while they were slowing down, exhausted from the effort needed. Several joints within the body were out of function and I was reduced to a minimum of possible movements. Blinking seemed impossible to me as any form of facial expression. The limitations of my body circulated around secondary movements. The attempt to reach the counter failed, trapped within the struggle of remaining energies.

II.

The boscaje of the little château appears manifold, still in a gloomy presence. Big steps are leading them through the narrow situation of the grayish green. Trapped in silence, the wet sand beneath absorbs the sounds of their movements. The narrow passage of millions of blurry leaves on each side keeps only a small line of sky above. I find myself in a suspiciously calm breeze which is flattening the noisy sea in front of the rocky coast. In high contrast, the patterned water surface arises in front of the rough stone formation. They were pointing towards something in the distance that I couldn't see. Standing some steps behind, I intend to push my body beside yours, but your arm was holding me back in a gentle but distinct gesture. You were saying that something was arousing me. But as I'm stepping up towards the main avenue I'm feeling a flash of clear-sighted disobedience.

My high position gives me an empowering view over the sloping terrain. I'm leaning

onto the balustrade of the grand garden terrace in a relaxed position. Dark dots are dispersed on the central axis spreading out below my sight. Motionless silhouettes with subtle suits and cocktail dresses are scattered almost like a courtly society. Pyramidical box trees are flanking the constellation on each side, accompanied by limestone figures in sublime postures. Tall, grim trees mark a clear horizon of the scenery, framing perfectly the long shadows of the strange assembly in its middle. Grayish-beige tones meandering through the landscape let the dispersed dark encounters gloom within the deserted scenery. I'm finally deciding to raise my torso from the surface, ending my rigorous observation in unaccounted relentlessness.

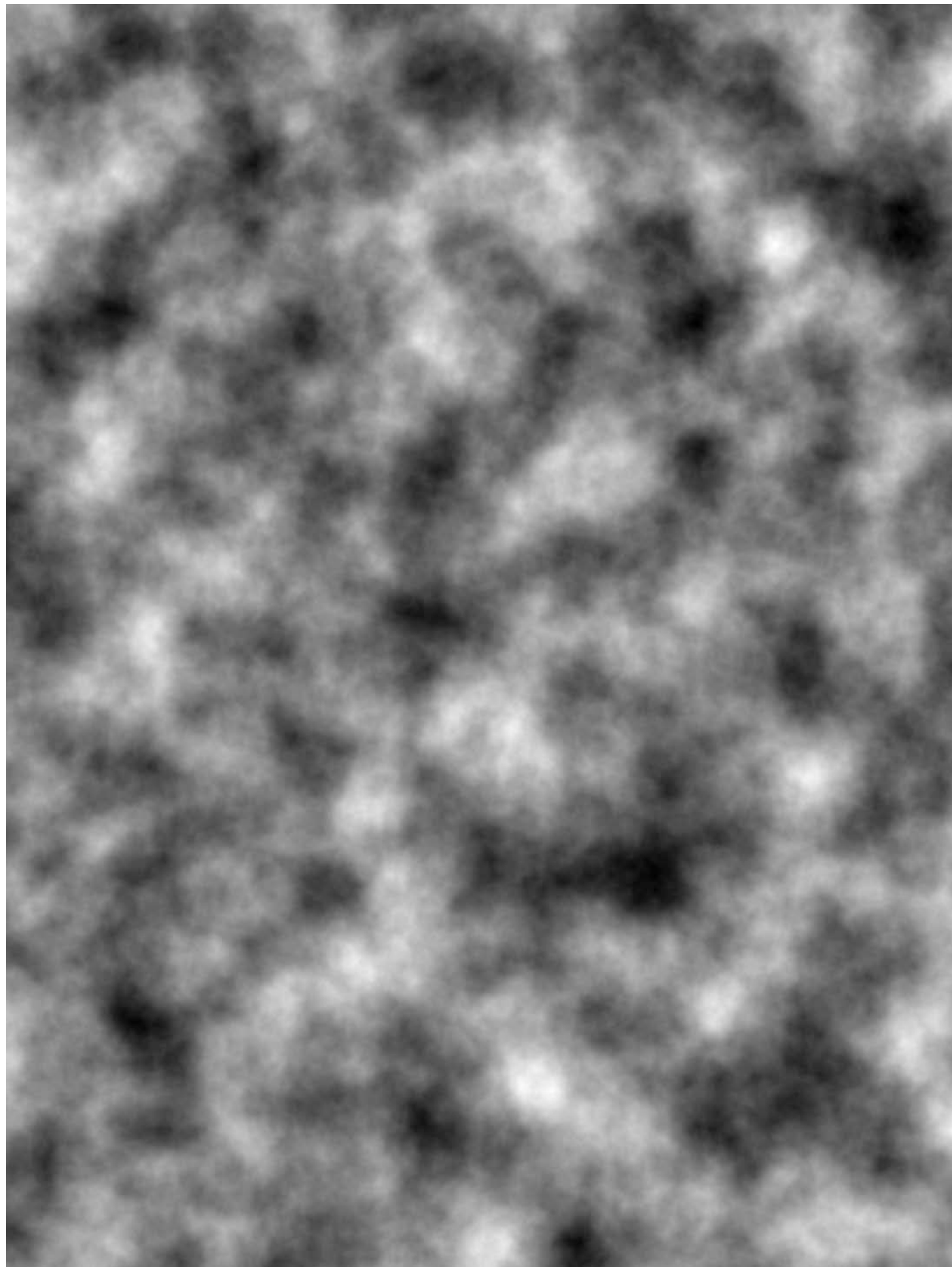
Sensual pink noise is carrying me through the lobby of the complex. Massive concrete pillars are landing in a grid-like layout from the voluminous construction above. Harsh concrete is reflecting the pseudo-random sound in crisscross patterns. The changing intensities throughout the scenario turn my movements into an unsteady condition, oscillating between seaside memories and the content of my paperback calendar. I'm approaching the gentle ramp leading upwards in a continuous surface. Circular alternations of changing sound accompany my movements around the helix. Round by round, changing from brown, to gray, to white. The repetitive oscillation makes me vertiginous, as if the vibration in my ear is the only map to follow. Walking from sequence to sequence, passing by uncountable anonymous doors. Private realms of other worlds.

III.

As they are closing the door behind them they feel release. The little apartment high up above is scattered with things of the everyday life. A well cultivated interior unfolds in front of their eyes. Heavy stone plates carry exotic plants in front of the tall window panels. Vertical arrangements spread out the various kinds of plants, held by delicate constructions of black steel. The thick leaves of succulents are crawling on the ground and the dark glancing ones of a Monstera are standing upright in long stems, reaching out towards the flat's exterior. An assemblage of shallow containers of galvanized metal carries a constellation of graceful plants growing over the ground in various textures. The nippy atmosphere is humid, containing a variety of earthly smells. Water particles are condensing in microscopic bubbles on the windows, making the glass appear as solid boundary. With great consciousness, they are moving through their tightly packed environment. The particles are dispersed over specific areas, following the secret code of intimate care.

I think of leaning against the glass, looking at the surface of the white linen in front of me. The blurry sky softens the concrete around my hip, I believe I'm sitting on. With my back towards the outside, I'm watching over the bright surface in front of me. Appearing as a wrinkly landscape, its rough formations of ice are forming a barren desert. Grayish white vertices are distributed randomly throughout the fabric's surface. Smoother regions appear out of the texture with gentle cracks. Within the harsh environment, you looked like a dark shadow against the rainy sky. The fine movements

of your body broke the regularity of the building's glass façade. The concrete floor around your legs was glowing in amorphous lines. A slight reflection of the exterior created further depths, ghostly filling the undefined void in-between. Water molecules, dispersed in the air, were wrapping the complex in dense fog, as they had been ever since I moved in here. The idea of seeing the little baroque garden from above was haunted my imagination as an ever-unfulfilled utopia.



UNIVERSAL JOINTS

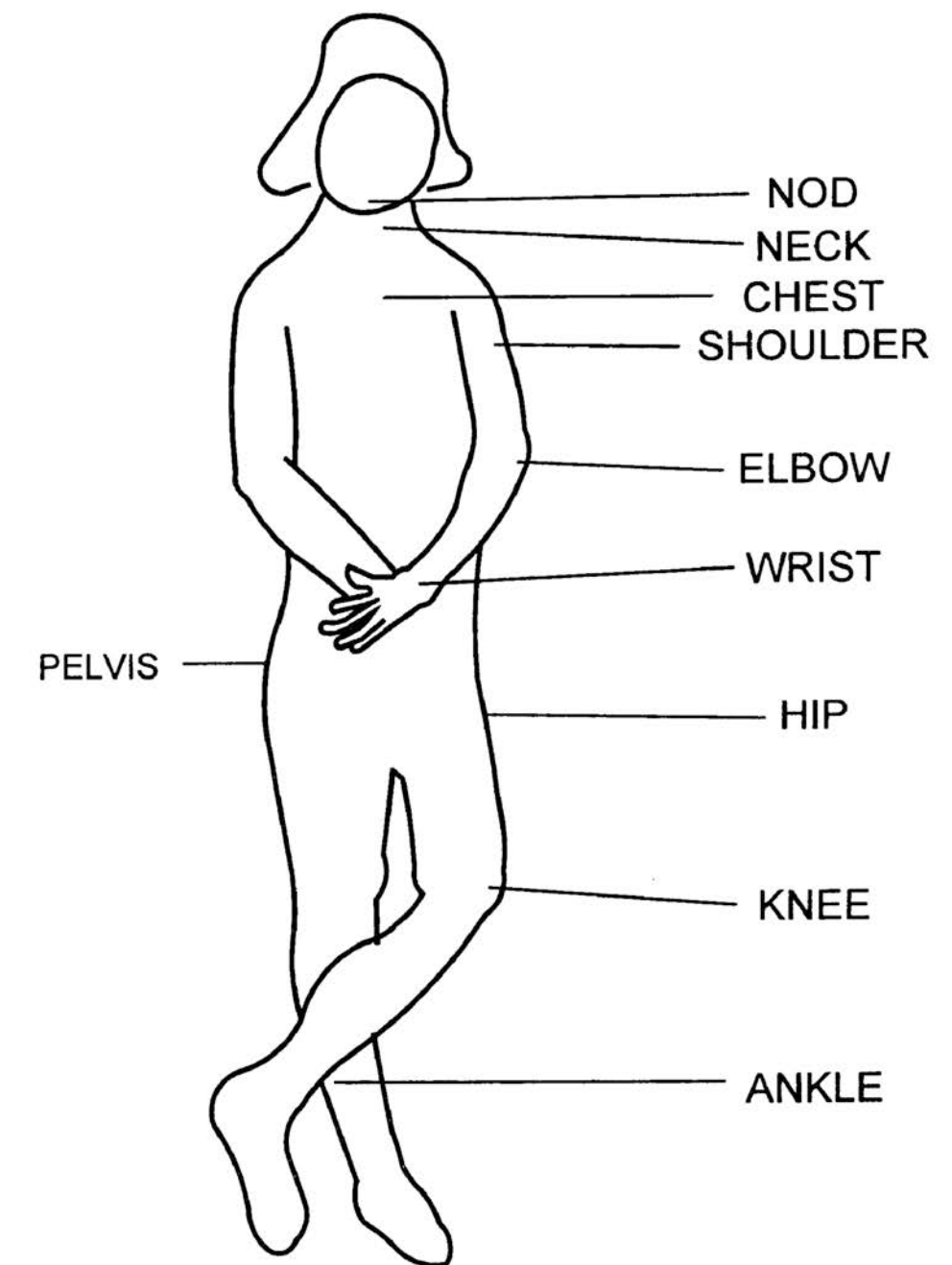
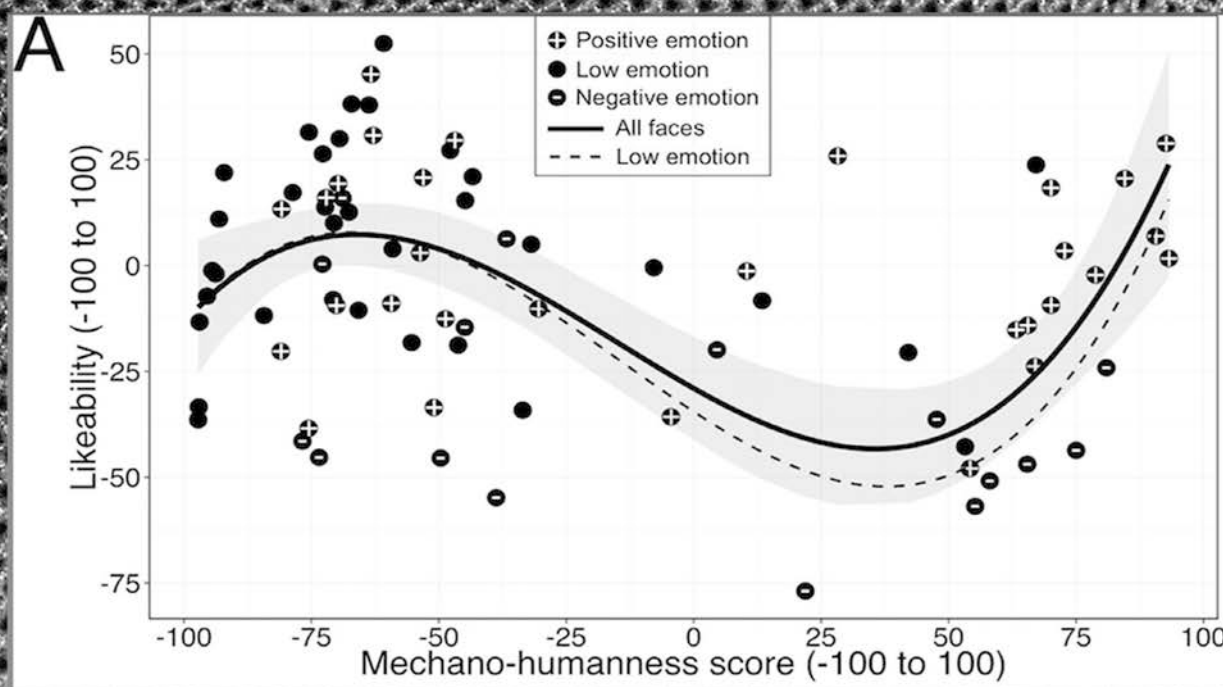
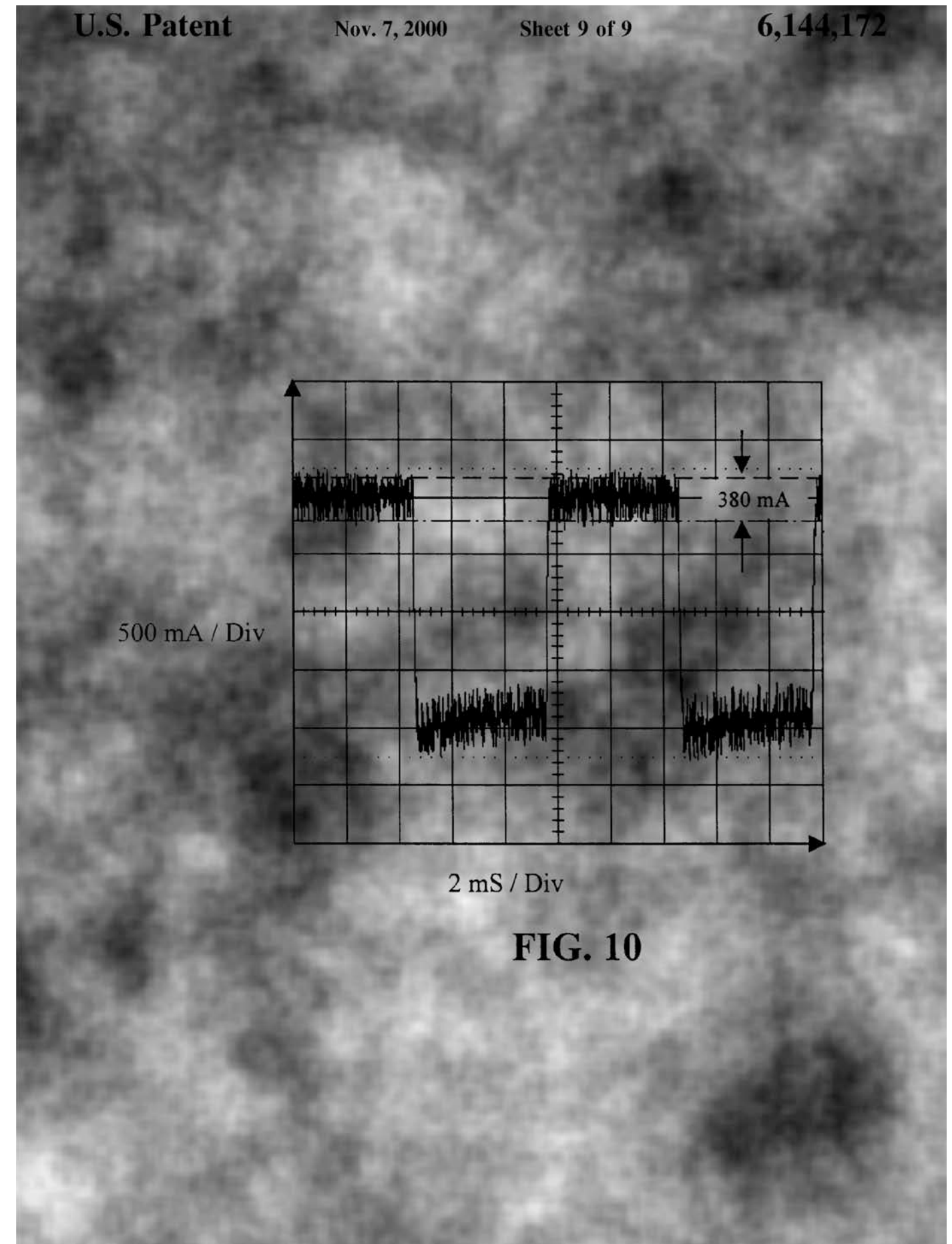


FIG. 1



Monster Dialectics, The Symptomatic Nature of Mayan Revival
Emanuel Röhs

For some time my work has explored the interconnectivity between Frank Lloyd Wright’s Mayan Revival architecture and the cinematic environments that have evolved from it. This essay is an attempt to examine that relationship through tendencies in human psychology and the expression thereof. The stories that have taken place within Wright’s LA houses are never happy; they prompt sensations of Noir, melancholia, horror, violence or death to reverberate within the buildings.

What I’m interested in is whether the buildings, apart from being stage sets, are colored by a human condition that makes them communicate the despair, anguish, and unconformity that continues to propel their designs into fictional environments. The circumstances surrounding this phenomenon seem rather enigmatic, which makes me wonder whether the frequency that the houses communicate on is only susceptible to our unconscious. And further, is this tendency, the darkness, and eccentricity that these buildings emanate, a trait that survives the buildings themselves?

I’ve cataloged most films, games, and shows that utilize the Textile Blocks’ designs in my book Location Scout (2015, CURA.BOOKS). Here, I aim to explore a few narratives wherein a further metamorphosis of the Textile Block houses have taken place, where a symptom of trauma intrudes as an image (as Warburg and Didi-Huberman would have it.) I am looking at a film and two TV shows in terms of the psychology of their characters and plot lines relative to the architectural environments that they are situated within.

Art historian Aby Warburg’s lifelong project explored the perpetual tendencies in the representation of human psychic expression throughout the Western history of art. His venture generated the Mnemosyne Atlas - a number of plates or pin-boards that each contained an organization of images grouped in a fashion utterly unconventional in the early 20th century. Warburg defined his atlas as “a documentary collection on the psychology of human expression.”

Mnemosyne became his tool for analyzing “un-motivated”, contorted, expressions of intense emotion conveyed in myriad artworks throughout history. It was a means to understand why the human figure, in a pathos of pain or passion, reoccur in irrational postures. He ultimately concluded this tendency to be symptomatic, rather than symbolic. The figure that describes great emotional turmoil is psychologically impaired, and the artwork is conveying is a symptom. An image of Mary Magdalene kneeling, reaching her hands upwards and twisting her neck before a crucified Jesus isn’t a symbol of faith per se, but rather a symptom of the dialectic between despair and ecstasy, pain and passion, violence and eroticism.

This is what Warburg calls the Dialectic of the Monster.¹ It describes the structure of a symptom and the battle between one’s formal, exterior composition and the subliminal beast lurking underneath one’s consciousness. In his encounter with psychoanalysis,

¹ Did-Huberman, Georges, Dialektik des Monstrums: Aby Warburg and the symptom paradigm, Art History, Vol 24, No 5, Nov 2001, pp. 621-645

Freudian thought as well as his own psychotherapeutic treatment, Warburg recognized a clinical theory and a language that was applicable to the manifestation of the symptom he identified in art.

He coined two terms that he employed in order to synthesize the tendencies of artistic gesture and the human psyche. Nachleben, German for “afterlife”, describes psychic time and is a temporal model. It illustrates the survival of gestures and motives — the continuity and metamorphosis of images — as opposed to revival or replacement and proposes the idea of memory within the long-term history of images. Pathosformeln describes psychic gesture, or expression of emotion, and is a model of the senses. It is not a formula for the identification of visual links in images. Rather, Warburg suggested that Pathosformeln calls upon the imagination to find the links between expressions. Didi-Huberman claims that it must be understood as “corporeal crystallizations of the Dialectic of the Monster.”²

The differentiation between symbol and symptom is key to the understanding of Pathosformeln. A symbol becomes a symptom the minute it is displaced. When it loses its primary identity it becomes incomprehensible. A man lifts his hat to a passerby as a symbolic gesture of greeting. If the man keeps lifting his hat time and again, the connotation of the gesture becomes uncertain.

Warburg’s work accounts for observations of the figure during expressions of Dionysian madness. The figure pictured isn’t necessarily mad in a clinical sense, but the image of passion and pain reoccurs as a memory at work in the unconscious is activated. This is where Freudian thought gains traction with Warburg. Repressed emotion, trauma — the unconscious memory at work — returns through the symptom.

Pathosformeln is given the capacity to survive as a conflict between pain and desire is maintained. That conflict is the symptom: “The figurative formulae is capable of survival because it is insensitive to logical contradiction and therefore has a capacity for eternal return.”³ This logical contradiction, the ability to exist in multiple states at once, can be understood through Warburg’s interest in the Nietzschean Dionysiac — a figure that is able to manifest multiple roles, e.g. anxiety and ecstasy, simultaneously.

This illogical symptom was organized by Freud around an axis of masculine fantasy on one end and feminine fantasy on the other. A woman pulls her dress off her body with one hand, as she simultaneously tries to cover herself with the other hand. Warburg called the phenomena the “maximal tension” in the Pathosformeln.

Freud explained the unconscious fantasy at work as “regression of symbolic thought”. Thoughts become “pure sensory images” and “representation dissolves into raw material” as the repressed trauma returns. The symptom is a kind of paradoxical writing that needs interpretation. It is sick and it needs a healer.

² Ibid

³ Ibid

In 1914, Frank Lloyd Wrights partner Mamah Cheney and her children were brutally murdered and Wrights residence, Taliesin, was burned to the ground. The event turned his life upside down and sent him into a spiral of mental turmoil and despair. He traveled to California to get away from it all, to recuperate and find a new locale to practice in.

By this time Wright was familiar with Pre-Columbian architecture, which he had encountered at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago and through Incidents of Travel in Yucatán and Incidents of travel in Central America, two volumes that illustrated Mayan and other central American ruins. Attending the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego furthered his knowledge of Mayan aesthetics as well as the culture’s founding beliefs and practices, which in the early 1900s were associated with death-rites, sacrifice, and burial. The formal and spiritual connotation of death within the Mayan buildings cemented Wrights understanding of its symptomatic nature.

Wright was asked to design his first house in LA, known as the Hollyhock House, in 1921. It was the first iteration of his residential structures that drew on Pre-Columbian styles. It is lighter and less excessive compared to the following four homes that were commissioned between 1923-24: La Miniatura, The Storer House, The Ennis House and the Freeman House.

Their closed, fortress-like character bound them to one another. Wright invented a method of molding slabs of patterned, concrete blocks, using the sand from each building site, engendering a modular system. He called himself a “weaver” of textile blocks, which gave the buildings their name.

Each of the Textile Block buildings was surrounded by a conflict between Wright, his client, and his son Lloyd, who managed construction. Yet the architect spoke of the houses in big words: "You see, the final result is going to stand on that hill a hundred years or more. Long after we are all gone, it will be pointed out as the Ennis House and pilgrimages will be made to it by lovers of the beautiful." But, as biographer Brendan Gill points out, the pilgrims that seek out the houses most often come to study them for their diversion from Wright's own beauty ideals on architecture.⁴

Apart from the Freeman House, the residents of the Textile Blocks changed frequently, often in just a few years. For a brief period in the early 2000s Hayne Carros and Elisabeth Timey lived in the Freeman House, an experience they describe with aversion: "It felt like a ruin, it felt like someone else's bizarre Blade Runner dream."⁵ Since then, all Textile Blocks remain uninhabited.

Christopher Hawthorne, a former architecture critic from the LA Times, suggests that it isn't their lack of inhabitants that make them uncanny, but that it is their un-homely, crypt-like character, that fends people from living in them. Gill was no less critical: "... one might better look for traces of domesticity in Richardsons Allegheny County Jail," and "...the Ennis House is better suited to sheltering a Mayan god than an American family." (Gill,1987). Each critic that describes the Textile Blocks arrive at a similar con-

⁴ Gill, Brendan, Many Masks, 1987, G. P. Putnam's Sons, pp. 265 - 284

⁵ Hawthorne, Christopher, That Far Corner, 2018

⁶ Schleier, Merrill, A Place of No Return: Frank Lloyd Wrights Undomestic Ennis House in Film, in Archi Pop, D. Medina Lasansky, ed, Bloomsbury Academic, 2014.

sensus. In her essay on the Ennis House's appropriation in cinema, Merrill Schleier calls it "a perverse domesticity."⁶

Schleier expands on how Wright's personal life prior to LA affected the Textile Blocks. He had abandoned his first wife and six children, remarried a mentally ill woman, then met his true love Mamah, who was brutally murdered. In his recent documentary Hawthorne confirms this by introducing the idea that Wrights anguish drove him to design the buildings in a complex but irrational, dark and aesthetically baffling fashion. He claims that the architect found the blunt simplicity, as well as the ruin-ness, of the Mayan architecture to echo his repressed emotions. Following this thesis, it was the trauma of Mamah's death that lured as an unconscious memory at work in Wright's mind and arose to give the Textile Blocks their symptomatic nature. In discovering the Mayan aesthetics Wright was able to give a form to his transgressive feelings.

Hawthorne points out that even though Wright himself never confirmed this, he encouraged a psychological examination of his buildings. He was keen on having his personal life, as well as his work, reviewed, and claimed that one needed to take both into account to complete understanding.

The apartment of Rick Deckard (Harrison Ford) in Blade Runner is the most recognized movie set for which the Textile Blocks served as a model. In the context of what I'm exploring here, the metamorphosis that took place as Ridley Scott configured a cinematic future Los Angeles wherein Wright's architecture and Mayan temple designs evolved into the villain's headquarters, the Tyrell Corporation pyramids, is even more interesting.

The Tyrell Corp connotes notions of totalitarianism combined with tech-savvy-ness. It produces humanoid slaves (replicants) with amplified physical capabilities, but a radically shorter lifespan. Their awareness of their soon to come death, as well as their status as lesser than humans, stirs up antagonistic feelings towards their creators that engender hysteric, even murderous, tendencies.

In the Tyrell set-design, the Ennis House's block pattern is transmuted into a hard-edged, triangle based pyramidal tile with a mechanistic and sinister look that clad the interior walls and echoes the exterior structure of the monstrous buildings. The Textile Block's allusions to a Pre-Columbian past, authoritarian empires, and cruelty are made explicit in the Tyrell set. Its temple-like structures have a "stone-y quality" (Schleier) and gargoyles adorn their vicious characters, like the warrior figures on the facades of Mayan temples in Chichen Itza and Uxmal. The complex, rectilinear, textile block pattern in Deckard's apartment, and even more so the Tyrell tiles, resemble machine parts or computer boards, which evoke the insinuation that both buildings and humans are mere artificiality.

It is problematic to assume the association of death and violence to Pre-Columbian cultures. Yet, it seems likely that Wright thought of these cultures in terms of cruelty,





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sacrifice and primordial priests practicing rituals. These priests were positioned in communication with the deities, which gave them the power to enslave, to take and give life. That is analogous to the Tyrell building's design, wherein Eldon Tyrell presides over manufactured slaves within an "architecture that speaks of its godlike pretensions and inhumane methods" (Schleier).

I would argue that identity crisis is one of the main themes of the film. The story establishes a distressing ambivalence around the identities of Deckard and Rachel (Sean Young), an ambivalence that is amplified by the look and feel of Deckard's apartment. Deckard tells Rachel that she's a replicant but she refuses to accept herself as humanoid and desperately tries to produce evidence of being human. As he analyzes Rachels belonging, Deckard encounters more and more reasons to doubt that he himself is human. The "queer and unorthodox cinematic persona" (Schleier) of the Ennis House frame the characters and makes their trauma, their identity crisis, ever more apparent. The set amplifies their feeling of insecurity through its claustrophobic configuration derived from the sensation of traversing a Textile Block interior: it envelopes the protagonists within a heavy structure that seem very large on the outside, yet on the inside the corridors and rooms are cramped and narrow and the repetition of blocks that make up every element of the interior is disorienting.

Deckard is torn between pursuing Rachel either violently or erotically. In this sense, he embodies the Dionysian madman as he incorporates multiple emotional impulses at once. The Tyrell buildings, as well as Deckard's house, operates as images that extend from the formulae of the Textile Blocks. It is not a reincarnation of their features, but a continuation of its essence enabled through the conflict between pain and desire, crisis and passion, manifest through the narrative.

Another fictional environment that transposes the essence of the textile blocks is the Meereen Temple in Game of Thrones: the ruling palace of Daenerys Targaryen (Emilia Clarke). It is configured with ancient looking patterned blocks that have a striking semblance with Wright's designs. Like in his LA houses, the repetition of the blocks throughout the interior of the Meereen provoke a comparable sense of un-centeredness and uncertainty. Uncertainty in terms of spatial orientation and uncertainty in terms of belonging.

The Meereen isn't her home, it's a place she has conquered in search for he belonging. Daenerys' private chamber is composed of bearing columns that break up the room and engenders a feeling of the impending weight of the building, a looming burden.

Daenerys' character is shaped by notions of death and removal from the place she descends from as heir to the Iron Throne. She suffers the trauma of her murdered father, and subsequently brother and her husband, who all die early in the narrative — forcing her to assume their power and venture to reclaim what is hers, the throne, but ultimately her identity.

Meereen's recessed windows, bombastic scale and pyramidal configuration situated



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on top of a hill suggest defensiveness. It's impregnability clearly draws on Mayan buildings like El Castillo and The Temple of the Warriors. When Daenerys crucify a number of Meereenese people we see the temple crowning a hillside of dangling bodies, which establishes a relationship between the architecture and totalitarian methods.

Production designer Deborah Riley turned to the Textile Blocks, as well as Mayan temple ruins, as her references for the set design. She claims to have obtained an understanding of how architecture shapes civilizations as an instrument of power and that Wright's designs where the most interesting references for an ancient city crafted through slavery by an authoritarian ruling class.⁷

Still, as much as the building incorporates power, it evokes anxiety and a haunting past. It is where Daenerys grapple with how to restore her identity as a ruler through either aggression or generosity towards the people, war, and dominance or private conquering and love. Her contradictory acts of simultaneous, cruelty and caring, pain and passion define her behavior as symptomatic. The Meereen amplifies the polarized nature of Daenerys' character, its uncertainty and contradiction have an impending tendency for the return of the repressed.

The house of West World's Arnold Weber / Bernard Lowe (Jeffrey Wright) is the most recent example of the textile block's capacity to bear a character's inherent trauma. Rather than augmenting Wright's design, the show directly assimilates his La Miniatura as a Janus-faced threshold within its environment.

Arnold was a programmer who created the "hosts" together with Dr. Ford. Hosts are anthropomorphic beings programmed with personalities and memories deemed appropriate for their function in West World's entertainment park, where humans "come to play heroes and villains in a shoot-em-up Western tale."⁸ Arnold dies early in the show and Bernard is created in Arnold's image and inherits the memory of the worst possible trauma, the death of Arnold's son Charlie. Trauma is believed to be the ultimate feature that makes a host lifelike, and therefore the memories past on to Bernard makes him the most human of all hosts.

In a flashback scene, Arnold brings Dolores (Evan Rachel Wood) to the real world where they visit his house: a set-version of La Miniatura under construction. The grand house illustrates his intention to build a home for his son in an ambiguous zone between the real world and the park. The recognizable image of the textile block anchors Arnold's home in our reality, and its excessive, shrine-like and eccentric nature underline his persona as ambitious but non-conformist.

*"It's the height of irony that Arnold is building a facsimile of a real house to live in, when he will end up replaced by a facsimile of himself after trying (and failing) to put a stop to Westworld."*⁹

Upon realizing that he is not human, the dualism within Bernard's identity is estab-

⁷ Sisson, Patrick, 'Game of Thrones' set designer reveals the show's architectural inspirations, <https://www.curbed.com/2017/7/12/15960500/games-of-thrones-set-design-architecture>, accessed 5-1-2018

⁸ Kim, Jean, "Narrative Consciousness, Memory, and PTSD in Westworld", <https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/culture-shrink/201612/narrative-consciousness-memory-and-ptsd-in-westworld> (accessed 8-8-2018)

⁹ <https://www.bustle.com/p/where-is-arnolds-house-on-westworld-fans-think-theyve-figured-out-the-location-of-the-home-he-showed-dolores-8982429> (accessed 8-8-2018)

lished as a conflict between his inherited memory and his own individuality, or story, as the hosts' memories are called. Bernard's identity crisis becomes analogous with the symptomatic nature of the textile block house through the memory of Charlie's death. The show's "repetition and fracturing of narrative continuity reflect how the consciousness processes trauma and the loss (and potential restoration) of core identity." (Kim)

The repressed trauma within Bernard is unveiled when he is confronted with Arnold's house. Dr. Ford tells Bernards it was a mistake to give him free will as he lacks the capacity to use it as a human. The intense confusion Bernard experiences expose the fracture in his identity, which is underscored by the buildings uncanny interior. His position, torn between free will and the shackles of inherited memory, is echoed by the textile blocks that mechanically fold themselves across the windows, making the darkness of the setting and his mind progress synchronically.

The kinship between the mystery and machine-like artificiality of Bernard and La Miniatura's machinist and enigmatic design is stressed further when we see the host-fabrication machine that Bernard was made in inside the house. The lab for experimentation with artificial bodies and consciousnesses is incorporated by the undomestic character of the house. La Miniatura demarcates a threshold in between artificiality and reality, and its ambivalent nature the key in between the real world and the artificial.

Bernard is told that the memories are backstories that were planted in his mind. "*But if pain is imagined*", he asks, "*what's the difference between hosts' and humans' pain?*" The host's memories can be erased, but as Jean Kim points out, after rebooting memories they "*still persist, lurking like lava under a placid facade.*"

"*Baudrillard observes somewhere that computers don't really remember because they lack the ability to forget.*"¹⁰

A catharsis is reached in the final episode when Dolores leaves Bernard in the house with the knowledge that the real world awaits outside its door. Wondering alone through the abandoned building he pics up a picture of Arnold and his son — physically reaching touching a memory and an identity that is not his. The action, as well as the framing architecture, is analogous to the scene in Deckard's apartment when he picks up a photograph of Rachel to confront an identity that may or may not have existed.

The house is the vessel for Bernard's transgressive-ness and emphasizes his capacity to incorporate multiple states and identities, to be the creator and the created at the same time. In the final scene, Bernard traverses the empty, disorientating house, pushing through the zone of ambivalence between his and Arnold's identities, between reality and fiction, one last time. He decides to leave through the back door of La Miniatura. By physically removing himself from the architecture, he emotionally leaves behind the uncertainty that the house embodies in order to restore his identity.

¹⁰ Fisher, Mark, *Ghosts of My Life*, Zero Books, 2013, p.77



I started working with the Textile Block houses out of intrigue for their relationship with, and influence on imagined filmic settings. I believe that these fictional environments that draw on Wright's LA houses, more than any scholarly texts, affirm that there is something in the aesthetic configurations of these buildings that communicate an intrinsic idiosyncrasy and trauma to us. And that that takes place on an emotional, rather than cerebral, level.

Schleier makes a point in that filmmakers grasped the embedded characteristics of the architect's biography intuitively, "hence its appropriation by them for unseemly purposes and as a possible site of discord and trauma." (Schleier, 2014) This is affirmed by Hawthorn who refers to it as an obvious circumstance: "When you look at how production designers, artists, filmmakers and video game designers have employed the aesthetic you can instinctually see how these houses are shadowed by violence and even death." (Hawthorne, 2018)

Wright himself always denied the influence of Pre-Columbian architecture on his work. But even though scholars keep debating the fact, it is a rather evident circumstance. "While Wright may have misconstrued influence as "resemblance", these media artists see through the deception and make the connections explicit."¹¹

The Hollywood productions that have utilized the textile within their worlds have indeed added to their character, however, I believe they radiated queerness and enigma before they started appearing in movies. I would add that Wright, in the symptomatic state he was in, intuitively gravitated toward an ancient architectural aesthetic that he metamorphosed into an expression of his own psychic state. The essence of that expression has survived the multiple transfigurations, and transitions between reality and artificiality, that it has undergone through its appropriation in fiction. It remains as an afterlife in an operation similar to what Warburg's *Nachleben*.

As Schleier notes, the houses have a transhistorical capacity to evoke passionate expressions eroticism as well as violence in narrative contexts through its architectural qualities of exotic ornament, grandeur, and ambiguity. They don't accommodate any relaxation, they're like sacrilegious temples that prompt the escape of their protagonists. Narratives and characters activate the latent qualities in the architecture: non-normalized other, sexuality, violence and death, which emerge as the "maximal tension" in the *Pathosformeln*.

Emanuel Röhss
Los Angeles, August, 2018

¹¹ Lerner, Jesse, *Frank Lloyd Wright's Textile Block Houses, and the Maya Revival*, 3/7/18, <https://www.kcet.org/shows/artbound/frank-lloyd-wrights-textile-block-houses-and-the-maya-revival> (accessed 7/25/18)

ildkábe (Offret, 1986)
Nana Dahlin



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Europe and her: Dawn of the Elle Epoque

Nik Cameron Geene and Erik Lavesson

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I am a proud european liberal, I do not like to call american progressives 'liberals' – I believe that the term liberal has been raped in the U.S. and continues to be raped every single day.

Michael van der Galiën, hoofdredacteur

You kill my dog, you better hide your cat...

Muhammad Ali

ELLE (2016) is the dutch auteur Paul Verhoeven's first real world movie since 9/11. Agerman-french co-production based on the french novel *Oh...* (2012) by Philippe Djian, adapted for the screen by american screenwriter David Birke (*Freeway Killer, Slender Man*), and shot in and around Paris in early 2015. In the opening sequence the protagonist Michèle Leblanc (Isabelle Huppert) is assaulted and raped by a black clad man in a balaclava (Laurent Lafitte) on the parquet floor of her apartment, while her grey cat (Marty) looks on with squinting eyes.

"The difference between american and european films", says Paul, "is that in America, plots and structure are more dominant, and especially a knowledge of the first, second and third act is very american. If you look at top european movies, *La Dolce Vita* by Fellini for example, you will see they look at it in a different way, more like a symphony, more like music that goes as a flow. In ELLE, we got the best of two worlds: an american filter on a french movie, that feels really french, but underneath, structurally, it's an american movie.

"In the second act, Michèle identifies her attacker, but in the third act, which in conventional "hollywood grammar" (verhoeven) would then be dedicated to revenge exclusively, we instead see the protagonist "reach out" (paul) to the perpetrator. Along these lines, we could argue that while basically american in structure, ELLE is totally european in morality.

When the invasion is over, she brushes herself off and sweeps up the broken glass, then trashes the dress she was wearing and takes a bath. Later she orders sushi for her and her helpless adult son Vincent who comes by to ask for her money. In the evening she falls asleep in bed with the tv running, clutching a hammer on the (unoccupied) neighbouring pillow.

Next morning. She goes to the office, has a meeting and orders new locks to be installed in her home. Then she goes for an s.t.d check at the doctor's. To the audience's surprise, business presumably continues as usual, though arming herself with a hammer, knives, pepper-spray and practicing with a large hand gun is now incorporated into the program.

Michèle doesn't ask "why me?", but "where is he now?", as in, "how can i predict his next move?" Not so different from calculations involved in crushing a revolt or mounting a hostile takeover in the business world. The corporate commando attitude is balanced by slivers of humanity still operating inside Elle. For example, how she enjoys

ferent. Michèle comes onto the screen as a threshold figure (a hybrid double-decker), with the grotesque aura of an agent operating on the brink of a new era. And the way Paul establishes the character of the traditional family guy: as a godless rapist banker driving around in a midnight blue volvo (station wagon) while his catholic wife is well aware of what's going on with him (ikea torture chamber in the basement) but then actively chooses not to be aware.

And the pet cat Marty. He is the (involuntary) trojan horse by which the rapist gains entrance to the apartment. During the invasion Marty simply looks on and then saunters away into oblivion. After the rape his meowing triggers a flashback to the trauma (here, Michèle scholds Marty for not intervening during the attack). Marty was originally supposed to die as well. According to Paul the scene was shot but then removed in final cut ("already too many deaths in the film"), which accounts the sudden and unexplained disappearance of Marty later on in the movie.

A/1 walks on the mountainside,
berries are sliding off her lips in liquids, (reflected light)
directed from hair



material for infrastructural hair performance +
airport performance

¹ Premature Nomination. Why Sending "Crystal Swan" for "Oscar" May Be a False Start. 2018-07-12, Belarusskij Zhurnal (in Russian)

² Visas. FAQ. 2018-01-09, U.S. Embassy in Belarus official website

³ A town with this name exists in Ukraine. It was called Krasnyi Luch until 2016 when, in order to comply with decommunization laws, the city was renamed by the Ukrainian parliament to Khrustalny (literally: made of crystal). This town is occupied by unrecognized pro-Russian Lugansk People's Republic. The conflict is still ongoing as of 2018. ⁴ the original name is translated like «Crystal» meaning exclusively lead glass. Because of the wide variety of the interpretations of the word crystal in English, Swan was added at the end. ⁵ Darya Zhuk talks about 90's, double-glazed windows and her favorite place in Minsk, 2018-07-19, Belsat TV

July 19, 2018. Darya Zhuk modestly, but confidently, matching to her fiction feature debut, in the company of young actors, Alina Nasibullina and Yuri Borisov, presents her film “Crystal Swan” from the stage of the main hall of Odesa Academic Theatre of Musical Comedy. The hall, an example of late Soviet modernism, seats up to 1260 visitors, is the main location of the ninth Odesa International Film Festival. Two days later, “Crystal Swan” will receive the Audience Award and thus the Grand-Prix as well. Publications report that it is the first film in 22 years, to be selected as the Belarusian entry for Best Foreign Language Film at the Academy Awards since the attempt of “From Hell to Hell” by Dmitry Astrakhan in 1997. However, who the members of the Belarusian Oscar Committee are, as well as the submission remains in question.¹

The guys come down from the stage and the screening begins. 1996, Minsk, Belarus, a young metropolitan girl is spinning house-music at the parties and wants to go to Chicago, the birthplace of the style of her choice. The way to the United States from a freshly independent land is not easy: one must prove that the desire to return home is stronger than the temptations that will be offered upon the arrival to the USA. The procedure is as thorny today. Below is a quote from the current version of the article on the US Embassy in Belarus website, 2018:

“You may choose to bring whatever other evidence you believe will help to establish your strong ties to Belarus. However, more important than any document are your answers during the visa interview. Give clear and honest answers about your planned trip to the United States and your reasons for returning to Belarus.”²

I wonder: how does this movie from 21th century differs from the ones of the 80's and 90's, which I grew up watching? Movies that reflect on the theme of women's fate during the historical turning points, just like in “Crystal Swan”. After all, many of the viewers are over 30 years old (I suspect) and have a cinematic experience similar to my own. Why is this movie so praised by the festival public? Since 2012, the main prize of the Odesa International Film Festival is chosen by the audience. A contradictory decision – to bring a bit of democracy to the Ukrainian cinematographic process.

Velya (Alina Nasibullina) comes up with a fictitious job as a top manager at a crystal factory and fills in a random phone number in the visa application form. During the interview in the consulate, she understands that this number will be checked. She decides to travel to the small industrial town of Khrustalny³ to find the owners of the phone and hide her lies. In this town, the main employer is a crystal glassware factory.⁴ According to the film director, the crystal has a symbolic connotation and means *dream*.⁵ In the film, we see the contrast between the man-made, clear and transparent tableware which is designed to symbolize the wealth of its owner, with the way it is sold. Vases, glasses, and figurines from this material are laid out in spontaneously formed

markets directly on the asphalt of the dusty streets. The reason for this is familiar to many of those who survived the disintegration of the Soviet Union and the emergency transition from the planned to the market economy: salaries in many state-owned enterprises were given out by products, not by money. Employees then tried to sell these products, which were not very competitive in the domestic market, in every way they could, in order to not to die of hunger. The prestige of this tableware does not exist for its owners in the film, like the protagonist's prestige for her “profession” exists only on the fake document in the hands of the American consul.

Velya is confident. She is adapting fashionable labels to the clothes in order to sell them more profitable, steals from her mother sometimes, but at the same time she boldly goes towards her dream. She is not afraid to arrive in an unknown town, into someone else's house, someone else's life, other people's problems and just be seated in front of the phone waiting for a call. Darya Zhuk herself says that the protagonist is “a very modern character, much closer to the current generation, which believes that it’s all about them, which lives in the sense of their own peculiarity.”⁶ In another interview she adds:

“I remember when I was twenty, I was looking around for women whom I would like, with whom I could identify myself, but they were not on the screen then, they were all alien to me.”⁷

I was interested in her sense of alienation. What distinguishes women on the screens of the 80's and 90's from the main character of her film? 30 years ago, in 1988, the film “Little Vera” directed by Vasili Pichul and written by Mariya Khmelik premiered. It was one of the films reflecting on what Jan Levchenko called the process of liberation, referring to the emancipatory practices that manifested themselves in the late Soviet cinema.

Vera is a girl who recently graduated from high school, living in Zhdanov, an industrial harbour city in the region of the ferrous metallurgy, coal and machine industries. Her nights out with friends, alcohol, colorful clothes evokes in parents, typical representatives of the Soviet working class whose only purpose in life is to keep up with the Joneses, very strong concerns which results in quarrels and psychological violence. The situation becomes even acuter when Velya decides to marry a student of the metallurgical university and he moves in with her and her parents. The meeting between the old and younger generation with other ideas and views on things (for example refusing to celebrate a wedding or against the constant drinking of strong alcohol) causes an even greater conflict.

In “Little Vera”, a tendency for the emergence of a new character appeared: a girl or a woman who wants to choose her own path herself, regardless of her surroundings or her family. The historian and the cinema theoretician, Leonid Kozlov, whose position is close to mine, was talking, in 1989, about the disappearance of taboo topics in the

⁶ Darya Zhuk: “I shot “Crystal” for a younger self”. 2018-07-07, vinegret.cz (in Russian)

⁷ Vera also means “faith” in Russian, the name can also be read as “Little Faith”

“In recent years, in our cinema – after the whole system of normative bans related to a certain type of ideology collapsed, after the vast territory of the previously forbidden topics was opened for the direct reflection on the screen – a whole area of problems that we have not dealt with before have been discovered (...) There has been a radical change and expansion of the boundaries of the imaginary.”¹¹

Vera and Velya are somewhat similar, but the conditions for their maturation vary – the capital of the newly independent Belarus against an industrial city on the southern edge of the Soviet empire. New time against timelessness. Velya’s lonely mother who is convinced that one has to live where one is born and has no ability to influence her daughter against manipulative dominant parents in Vera’s tiny apartment. 1996 against 1988. Pre-debacle against post-debacle. Expecting the debacle to come against the experiencing of its consequences. Boredom against the hope (for a new life). Women's happiness, without seeking a future for herself outside the marriage against the desire for her own, albeit naive, abstract yet formulated dream.

The infantilism of almost all the characters is common for these films. It’s not surprising: there is an emerging or newly emerged country on the background where people have to live according to the new, not yet formalized rules. The most difficult is for the older generation. Difficult to adapt, but it's easier to live by the old rules: they peacefully fulfill their rituals - work, housekeeping, infrequent holidays¹² (wedding in “Crystal Swan”, birthday in “Little Vera”). These two films are about the conflict between generations, the conflict between freedom of choice and the lack of freedom caused by traditional foundations, the conflict of young people who believe that the world revolves around them and the reality. It is a study about growing up and the relationship between the sexes. It can be imagined that little Velya came to visit the family of little Vera.

The key difference between Velya and the heroines of such films like “Little Vera” (1988, Pichul), “Intergirl” (1989, Todorovsky) or “Brief Encounters” (1967/1987, Muratova) is a deviation from the mythical construct of “female happiness” formulated mainly by men¹³, in which a very important role is occupied by man and family. Evelyn (Velya's full name) doesn’t need this, she does not need the strong connections that she has to prove to the US authorities. By the way, Darya Zhuk is a big fan of Kira Muratova. There are a couple of references from “Brief Encounters” in “Crystal Swan”¹⁴. It was Muratova’s feature debut and had a limited release in July 1967. It was shown only in the closed film clubs and was completely banned soon after. The massive box office the movie had only 20 years later – in 1987. More than 4 million viewers watched it then. Susan Larsen writes about this film:

“Decades before the emergence of anything resembling feminist thought in the former Soviet Union, Muratova structured Brief Encounters in ways that disrupt the viewer’s ability to identify with the male gaze at every level of the film’s structure, which repeat-

edly locates the origin of the on-screen gaze within the memories of her two female characters.”¹⁵

¹⁵ Encoding Difference: Figuring Gender and Ethnicity in Kira Muratova's A Change of Fate / Susan Larsen, in Condee N. (ed.), Soviet Hieroglyphics: Visual Culture in Late Twentieth-century Russia, 1995, p 122.

Because of naivety and even some fabulousness, watching “Crystal Swan” is easy enough. Velya is naive and transparent like the crystal itself, but the cruelty towards her from members of the family brings her back to the ground. Comedy turns into drama, but it is airy, as is the main character. It's a frightening story narrated in a positive manner. Both films, “Crystal Swan” and “Little Vera” do not give any answers of how to live in the conditions of the late 80's and mid-90's, both films put the heroines into an almost hopeless situation. It is impossible for a young girl to resist several repressive systems at once –the patriarchal family, the economic crisis of the countries they live in, the lack of social guarantees, or the multilayeredness of Soviet stereotypes. And both heroines at some point demonstrate their loss to one or another system – for example, they both give untrue evidence to the investigators in the police department, thereby covering the crimes of their relatives (Vera) and acquaintances (Velya). And if we pretend that Velya comes to visit Vera’s family, it turns out that both these heroines in these two films cover up the crimes of the same family.

Still, the messages in "Crystal Swan" are more explicit, straightforward. The director and the scriptwriter of the picture give some answers and even hope. For example, we hear the popular slogan "No means no" said by Velya (which I personally find difficult to imagine in the mid-90s Belarusian context), and even the end of the movie gives a weak hope that the new times will come soon. This greatly distinguishes the film from "Little Vera", in which there is no hope at all.

Probably, not only a popular topic – The American dream from the Eastern bloc, but also the form, this naivety, positive mood of the film, have led to the fact that the film won the Audience Award.

Another aspect that does not directly relate to the topic discussed in this text, but unites “Little Vera” and “Crystal Swan” – is the popular desire among the viewers of these two films to implement the complete display ban. In the case of “Little Vera”, it was a sex scene, because of which the authors of the film received mountains of letters with the demand to ban the movie. In the case of “Crystal Swan”, it was the political views of the actor of an episodic role, the husband of the actress who played the main role. After the film was shown in the program of Odesa International Film Festival, during the Q&A session Darya Zhuk, who lived in the US for more than 20 years, was asked if she knows that one of the actors of her film supports the separatist leaders of the pro-Russian conflict in eastern Ukraine.

She replies that she did not know about that. Many people thought that this answer was not good enough and the indignant reviews showered towards the organizers of the festival. He did not express his views and his only phrase in the film concerned

¹² Here I used the expression from the FB-post by Alexey Shmurak (in Russian)

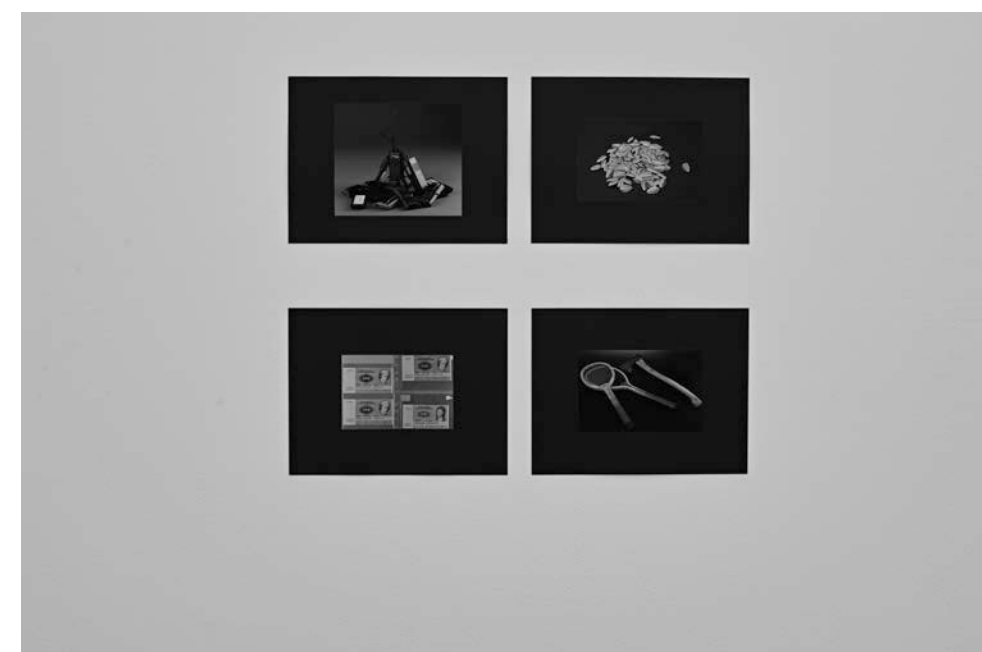
¹³ Female Happiness study by Aleksander Smulyansky. 2017-09-01, Sygma (in Russian)

¹⁴ OIFF-2018: an Interview With the Winner of the Grand-Prix of the Festival, Director Darya Zhuk. 2018-07-24, Vogue Ukraine (in Ukrainian)

exclusively his episodic profession of a tattoo artist. This is another topic for reflection, but not in this text.

It takes many years for the generation to mature enough to be able to reflect on the time that brought it up. Finally, the time for the 90's had come and I hope that not only nostalgic feelings will encourage young filmmakers to reflect on the turning points in the newly born states. Darya Zhuk is an illustrious representative of this generation. "Crystal Swan" is one more step towards understanding the nineties from the woman's perspective and I hope such films as this one with others, for example, the remarkable debut of Kantemir Balagov, "Closeness" from 2017, will continue to appear on the screens.

With special thanks to Natalka Revko



Why I Believe That Jean Rouch's Film Characters Remain Masters of Their Lives Hinrich Sachs

Dashing Damouré and cautious Lam, business partners from Niger in West Africa, are studying examples of high rise buildings in the French capital. They are eager to learn about the way people would live in them. Watching the skyline on a greyish day from a rooftop, they affirm to each other that Paris is most certainly not defined by its Eiffel tower, their gaze wandering over the endless apartment buildings of the city. Later, still in the movement of the camera, the gaze is carried up through a sparse forest, the landscape turning lighter and lighter, revealing itself as a snowy plateau, with Damouré and Lam ascending in a cable car. Finally, in front of a massive steel and glass façade, the camera leisurely panning up towards the 25 story skyscraper's top, they utter in disbelief: *"this is crazy."* Back in their home town Niamey, with the blueprint of a multi-story building in hand, they immediately start construction while doing their business with chic contemporary odds and ends. However, at some point, the bright future they've laid out for themselves falls apart: the three employees they brought over from France leave the company and the country due to dissatisfaction and boredom. *Petit à Petit* [Little by Little] is the name of their modern life business venture. And it's also the title of this hilarious movie by French Jean Rouch from the late 1960s.

In May 2000, a small audience of aficionados, including myself, was sitting through a retrospective of the Rouch's film career over three days in the Basel Stadtkino. Jean Rouch himself was also in attendance and provided commentary on each film. Organized by Kunsthalle Basel, it was appreciated by that time that his work had presciently anticipated issues regarding certain practices in the realm of contemporary art. I left indeed with a slightly odd feeling, as if I'd been late to the party: I should have known about him a long time ago. It would have saved me a lot of work! After all, for the past decade or so, I had been engaging in multifarious conversations, travels, and artistic projects with the desire to explore the power dynamics of translation and cultural exchange.

In late 1997, I spent a few months in Abidjan in the Ivory Coast, recording interviews with professionals from different realms of art and design. The outbreak of riots and the subsequent civil war weren't yet thinkable in the erratic postcolonial order of the day in the city, even if some of the behind-the-scenes relations between the ruling president and the USA, which I involuntarily got a sense of, felt ominous. During this sometimes solitary sojourn, browsing English or German books in the sweaty heat of the tropical night on loan from the library of the local Goethe Institute, it became obvious to me that modernity – that is, what my European schooling and adult life had made me believe modernity is – was a ramshackle construction. The standard cornerstones of its narrative – Bauhaus, the Eames, technology and cybernetics, cold war, space race, May 1968, the oil crisis – fanned out into many, parallel narratives.

For example: an Angolan Modernism under Portuguese rule, then redefined by Cuban liberators; a Basque version of the history of the 20th century; a Brazilian dream of

reshaping modern society by architectural means, after the pitfalls of world wars and fascism; a French Modernism, lead by Le Corbusier, Eileen Gray, Jean Prouvé, with troops drafted in their West African colonies from Mali to Senegal, to fight on WW2 battlefields, and young Frenchmen like Jean Rouch arriving 1941 in Niamey, Niger, to work as a civil engineer, juxtaposed with a belittling, consumer oriented German post-war process of a clean modernity, only later with a growing self-criticality (the foundation and the international activities of the Goethe Institute can be understood as a parallel project, mirroring the attempts to embody a narration of the better, second half of the century). And not to forget Japan, the Baltic countries, or the team leader USA. Their narratives, and many others, are left unrepresented in this attempt to recognize the multiple conditions of the contemporary, called modernity.

But what about the films by Rouch in this regard? Aware of the dynamics of modernity in urban centers like Accra, Abidjan, and Paris in relation to peripheries, and driven by an exploration of the nature of exchange, rather than profit, knowledge, or esthetic perfection, these films enable the eye and the ear - and therefore the mind - to undo knowledge, and convictions about otherness, about humans, about leading a life. In that sense, several of Rouch's films, in particular the ones from the mid-50's to the mid-70's, have influentially participated in establishing the experimental esthetics of the second half of the 20th century. Those which question the original modernist self-containedness of progress, development, and power. Next to self-reflexivity, their core tools are humor and surprise.

It can also be in the use of the camera, a surprising shot. An intense camera – subject distance, by which I mean closeness. A memorable example for me is the particular field of view of Rouch's hand-held camera – *caméra de contact* – taking the level of the shot down to lower than hip level, while witnessing gorgeous dancing. Locals and members of an Abidjan high school graduating class mingle here, in December 1959. Actually, the class of black and white pupils, Ivorians and French, are Rouch's co-narrators in the plot of *La pyramide humaine* [The Human Pyramid]. The amazing impact of that field of view could be due to the fact that the minds of the dancers were no longer aware about the active filming device among them. Detached from the weight of the filmmaker's gaze, we see them free, cool. It might be that this kind of moving image esthetic novelty has been rendered truly mundane today by mobile phone filmed documents by potentially anybody, as well as by all kinds of miniature action-cams.

Artistically speaking – and this coincides with the moment I got a sense of Rouch's oeuvre – I perceive a second aspect, much more subtle and original, which must be pointed out. Arriving by first class by plane to Paris, Petit à Petit's dashing CEO Damouré roams the streets to engage in conversational encounters with casual passersby. Inquiring about body dimensions, teeth, clothing habits, indeed the cloth itself, he literally employs ethnographer's standards, only to later morph into a racer, having bought a Bugatti convertible in order to enjoy the Paris *periphere* at high speed. The high life was nothing new: years before, Damouré plays the "jaguar," in today's parlance a hipster, having arrived as migrant worker looking to strike it rich in a foreign

land: Accra, capital of the British colony Gold Coast – now known as Ghana since its independence in March 1957. With his smarts and cool attitude, he is soon promoted to managing a team of other workers, while enjoying weekend outings, dances and races, ultimately returning home with his two fellows countrymen Lam and Illo, pockets full. *Jaguar* was shot in 1954-55 but was not released until 1967.

In a later film, this time a road movie, Damouré and Lam are itinerant chicken dealers in the Niger outback, with a doomed business plan: *Cocorico, Monsieur Poulet* [Cockadoodledoo, Mister Chicken] (1974) was developed and shot by improvising collectively on a tale from Niger. Time and again, I can't help feeling Damouré and Lam resemble an iconic comedic couple, like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. But primarily, I want to highlight all the assumed role changes of the actors, initially within a single movie and moreover, as a matter of fact, from one to the next.

As long as Rouch's work was considered one of visual anthropology, as it was during the second half of 20th century, the obvious postcolonial issues thematized and visualized were most likely overlooked by the general audiences in the West. It required a wave of critical thinkers in the late 80's/early 90's to recognize the deep entanglement of Western cultural practices and theory with the postcolonial condition and its power divide, continued on institutional, national, and individual levels.

Perceiving Rouch's oeuvre from this vantage allows for the observation that, next to its represented issues, the recurrent roleplay set a very particular mode of working in motion. It is the paradox of the embodiment of a character – unfolding the fiction in the varying filmic narratives – by somebody who shares a space of affection and (societal) reflection with the man behind the camera. Generally speaking, such space remains unrepresented, or is even intentionally kept unrepresented for the sake of the formal illusion. There, a space of friendly affection had been initiated in the early 1950s and lasted an incredible 54 years. To me, the particularity of this space, in terms of an esthetic practice, regards the sensitive comprehension of how to engage that space productively. It seems to have become a space of shared playfulness in the face of the world, and permeable. That is what the perpetuated role changes enabled.

Collaborations and collaborative work have become a paradigm for contemporary visual artists, but here is something to consider: filmmaker Rouch and actors alike truly shared authorship, a rarity in film practices with its structures of division of labor. It empowered the individuals Damouré Zika, Lam Ibrahim Dia, Illo Goudel'ize, and others to dramatize their real lives; it allowed Jean Rouch to kidnap the representational status of filmmaking. Together, they created a framework for challenging and mocking conditions of life. The shared years of the gang, their aging welcome and apparent, opens the door for an indexicality of the filmed image. These films record the in-betweenness of acting and directing. Think of the space between two date paintings by On Kawara.

Damouré Zika, who among other things was a broadcaster and commentator on health issues for Niger's national radio, turns this at one occasion into a filmed meditation on love in 1992's *Damouré parle du SIDA* [Damouré talks about AIDS]. And in



Madame l'eau [Mrs. Water], from the same year, we see the faithful farmers Damouré, Lam, and Tallou, ruined by continuous drought in Sub-Saharan Africa, as they travel to Europe in order to learn about Dutch windmills as a means of sustainable irrigation technology, ultimately ending up in Amsterdam. During the casual scene of an outing through the city's canals, Damouré, by now a man in his sixties, engages their tour guide – a young Dutch woman – in a conversation about relationships, about men and women, about love. This flirtatious scene is surprisingly similar to one with a much younger Damouré with two similarly young women on a riverboat in Paris, 25 years before, in *Petit à Petit*. The scene in *Madame l'eau*, however, isn't a replica at all, rather a reminiscence on the part of Damouré – not Zika – and Rouch. The intriguing effect for the viewer is regarding memory, and how it may become an influential player in artistic practice. Not to be confounded with nostalgia, the true antagonist of practice.

A disclaimer: I admit that this text is exclusively based on my memories of watching the films by Rouch, having seen many of them several times, and that until now I deliberately avoided watching a documentary by Danish visual anthropologists which probably deals with the thoughts gathered above. Theirs is titled *Friends, Fools, Family: Rouch's Collaborators in Niger*. Let's watch it.



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Listening a Film Overture, Kaya Erding

[an opening or initiative move towards negotiations, a new relationship, an agreement, etc.]

He was always well aware of a fantasy known amongst all filmgoers: that of doing what is forbidden. It does not, in many instances, matter what she does nor how the crime is committed. The Lettrists under the leading wings of Isidore Isou knew this very well. Mainly Maurice Lemaître, who still disrupts film screenings on a daily basis by means of re-constituting his relationship as a viewer towards the screen, amidst his fellow (often ignorant) public. A process faithfully described in Nicole Brenez's invaluable text, *We Support Everything Since the Dawn of Time That Has Struggled and Still Struggles*, he devoted his life to breaking the repetition imposed by the time-scheduled film screening in the rationally designed cinema room. The spaces often rationally measured, every "sophisticated" film theatre imbues its nowadays humble "guest" with multiple architectural rigidities, constricting us to mere visitors, through social coding conditioning that one ought to arrive with the humblest of attitudes. As described in *Audiences: Defining and Researching Screen Entertainment Reception*, hierarchic cinema spaces were, especially during the earlier years of cinema, with India as its most stunning example, far less apparent:

"A scan of newspapers indicates that during the first decade of moving pictures film were held in theaters in both the "native" (Minerva, Classic Star) and the European towns [of Calcutta] (Theater Roya, Opera House) as part of a variety entertainment program, along with the main theatrical production. However, film screenings were not limited to theatres frequented by middle-class audiences. By the late 19th century the Maidan, at the heart of European social life in Calcutta, had become an established venue for public entertainment, and while certain parts of the park were reserved for exclusive use by Europeans between five and eight o'clock in the mornings and evenings from 1821, it remained a liminal space where boundaries between colonizer and colonized, European and Indian, were somewhat relaxed. It was also a space where class divisions were blurred, and spectators from all classes mingled to see the wide range of entertainment on display." (p. 72)

In spite of its present-day implausibility, could there have existed a correlation between a genuine/ignorant innovation of cinema and the widely diverse demographics of its viewers? My inability to render this historical causality probable enough, is why I deem it a utopian mission to make this correlation more thinkable than thought possible. Is this a lost future? Dreaming, alive and well but hidden, of a reclamation. The most appealing of crimes is, without doubt, the one of taking away (sustained) vision [whilst in the cinema].

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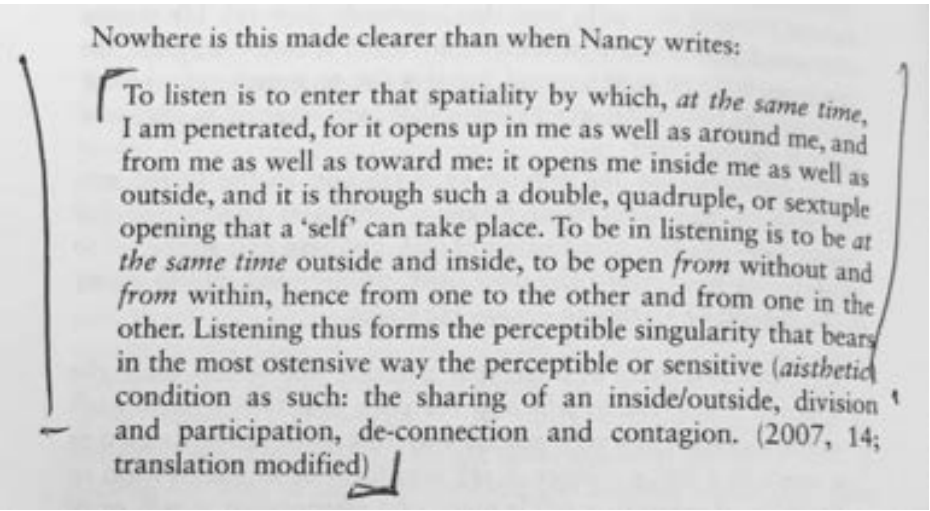


69

Resting in the cinema. That's what they did. For some of them this meant doing everything except looking at the screen. So what did they do? In the pitch-black? Precisely: listening accepting attending concentrating hearkening heeding receiving

A proper introduction and contextualization of an experience, that is what this hopes to be. I had looked at Kelly Reichardt's film *Certain Women* twice before: once in Vienna and again two days prior to this pivotal listening session. I went with a drug dealer from the Balkans (with whom I grew up). A smart guy, who retrospectively strongly disapproved of Reichardt's directorial tone of voice, nonetheless acknowledging that it was a very good film. But he had seen and experienced plenty of this in his own life already (as he was raised during the Bosnian war in the north of that country, from which his parent decided to flee). That's why he usually is very critical of the films shown at arthouse theatres. And he has a good point, since sitting next to a Dutch, white middle-aged man, who obviously gained plenty of strange pleasures out of these depictions of certain women's lives. Paradoxically enough, this is also the kind of onlooker who would allow a Reichardt film to be produced in the first place. So, basically, what this film viewing consisted of was more like this: me sitting behind my friend, looking at him while he looked both at the screen as well as the unknown spectator next to him. This constellation naturally allowed the three of us: 1) myself 2) my friend 3) and the unknown middle-aged man, to be occupied with everything but the image one is supposed to look at. Which of course, then, becomes the least interesting thing (since we often desire to do the opposite of what we are told).

After I had just turned twenty, I made my first film: *The Exfoliation of a Cinephilic Eye*. For which the title speaks approximately. It was my first attempt to scrutinize whatever I think I saw, an initiatory movement. Now, two years later, it became time to suit the action to the word. In other words: it was about time to part with my optical organs. So the day after I immediately got myself a proper eye mask, and bought a ticket for what happened to be the final screening of Reichardt's film, knowing that was my call. I was thrilled and enthused with energy. As George Perec exemplified in *An Attempt at Exhausting a Place in Paris*, it is downright impossible to "catch" all of its particles. Even in films consisting entirely out of static shots (which should of course be stasis instead), we are selective and we always miss out on so much more than we'd like to believe. By saying "no" to the image the eye can directly perceive, one simply has no other choice than to turn to other imageries. It's naturally never the case to see nothing, since even blind people have their wholly particular means of envisioning. So how then to deal with the problematics of the frame? Just get away with it. If there is anything interesting about the video-essay, it is the possibility to say "yes" to certain images within images, and "no" to others. And as with desire: who says yes to different things, also allows desire to say yes to yet different things. Going over or through a film - as video essayists often do - allows oneself to forge new relationships with already existing, raw materials. Thus if we go to listen a film, on the sole requirement that the (literally repressed) images already took hold of us before, we enter into a renewed field in which we need to act: we invite ourselves into the heart of the film (since sound always came before image) and it is up to ourselves to... See, or discov-



70	<p>er, whatever remained from those billions of particles that burned themselves on our retina the first time we desperately went, but actually desired, to "see the film."</p> <p>Now, how to put this into words? How to put into words the act of listening a film?</p> <p>*</p> <p>Before making a decision of which one cannot predict its monstrous consequences, namely, that of putting on an eye mask while going to a screening at a so-called art-house theatre, there arises a sense of betrayal.</p> <p>*</p> <p>Now I'd like to discuss the former. Read it over. What happened to the cinema? Nothing, right? The obsessive constraints of the movie theatre have been established since its initiatory movement towards becoming another artform. As cited before, there was once a time in which problematization was incorporated into its viewing. It was normal, usual, to move, to squinge and squeak. To be messed up. Now, the tiny link between a space and the artistic merit of the films shown therein, immediately seem to guarantee the consistency of what is, fundamentally, nothing but a gesture. But a gesture rarely questioned, rarely historized. Though how can anything evolve/dissolve if, in this case, the act of listening a film, has forever been a violation? An action. A social code, de-signed to smooth us towards its core message.</p> <p>*</p> <p>Before making a decision of which one cannot predict its monstrous consequences, namely, that of putting on an eye mask while going to a screening at a so-called art-house theatre, there arises a sense of betrayal.</p> <p>*</p> <p>How to start betraying the established codes of cinematic spectatorship? Where to go? What to do? And with whom? Probably where these sacred constraints are celebrated the most: cinémathèques, film museums, the greatest of cinephilic beacons. The spaces where such misbehaviours are punished most severely are exactly where the cinema begs to be wrecked apart, destroyed, so that the affective floodgates can widen and overflow those who have already buried themselves underneath.</p> <p>*</p> <p>The first step has been taken: that of the first decision. But in a cinema where people don't care too much nor too little about cinema to be an interesting co-audience (of film-listening), we need to interrogate its conditions. Because if I am the only person who listens, others who see me doing that will begin doing so too, instantly, since their</p>	71
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surprise will modify their movements as viewers as well. To what will this amount? The spurring of undiscovered thought.

Sound and image. Not image and sound.
September 2017: moment of writing / July 2018: moment of sharing

A while has passed since this text, a few things have happened:
Completed my first readings of Michel Chion's "Audio Vision: Sound on Screen" and "The Voice in Cinema" (November 2017)
Seen and screened Masha Tupitsyn's epochal "Love Sounds" in WORM, Rotterdam (November 2017)
Met the first sound designer I will work with, same age (December 2017)
Completed my first reading of "Film/Sound: Theory and Practice" (February 2018)
16mm screening of Michael Snow's "La Région Centrale" (May 2018)
Class presentation that was centred around my link between cinema and dance, and thus, instantly, sound (June 2018)

When I forwarded this text to Simon Wiener, a full-time violinist who also writes on cinema, he made the following remark (it has to be noted that I would not have written this text in the way I did back then):

"it's great! I mean, you describe/investigate everything around the actual act: its implications etc., and not the listening itself, but I guess the questions that arise are more what matters anyway... the correlation between diverse audience and non-hierarchical cinema space is very interesting..."

To which I responded:

"I like your comment, it is very well-observed: because it indeed exposes my inability (definitely at the time) to describe the process of listening a film. It is so new for film viewers that, at least I, was not yet capable of describing the act. Since it robs us of our main incentive to go to the cinema... It is very disarming in a sense. So this is also, as was mentioned, a first foray... And I guess one feels the anxiety that comes with it."

Hannah Paveck continues:
"i love that you brought an eye mask to certain women

This: "So how then to deal with the problematics of the frame? Just get away with it.

"[I] Really like this idea of betrayal, and about saying yes to certain images within images - a kind of affirmation that is also a wandering. Makes me think of Barthes's leaving a movie theatre & The Invisible Cinema of 1970s New York with its architectural prescriptions for ways of looking and listening to film. want to know more about this certain women experience. And what it meant to have this trip-configuration of audi-

ence while you were listening! you so much for sharing, it's wonderful and so rich!

'To which I responded:

"I like how you pick up on my choice for this particular film, and how the lack of descriptive elements in the text seem to point to an inner pulsation of the soundscape that is much harder to grasp. One existing completely apart from the visual track.

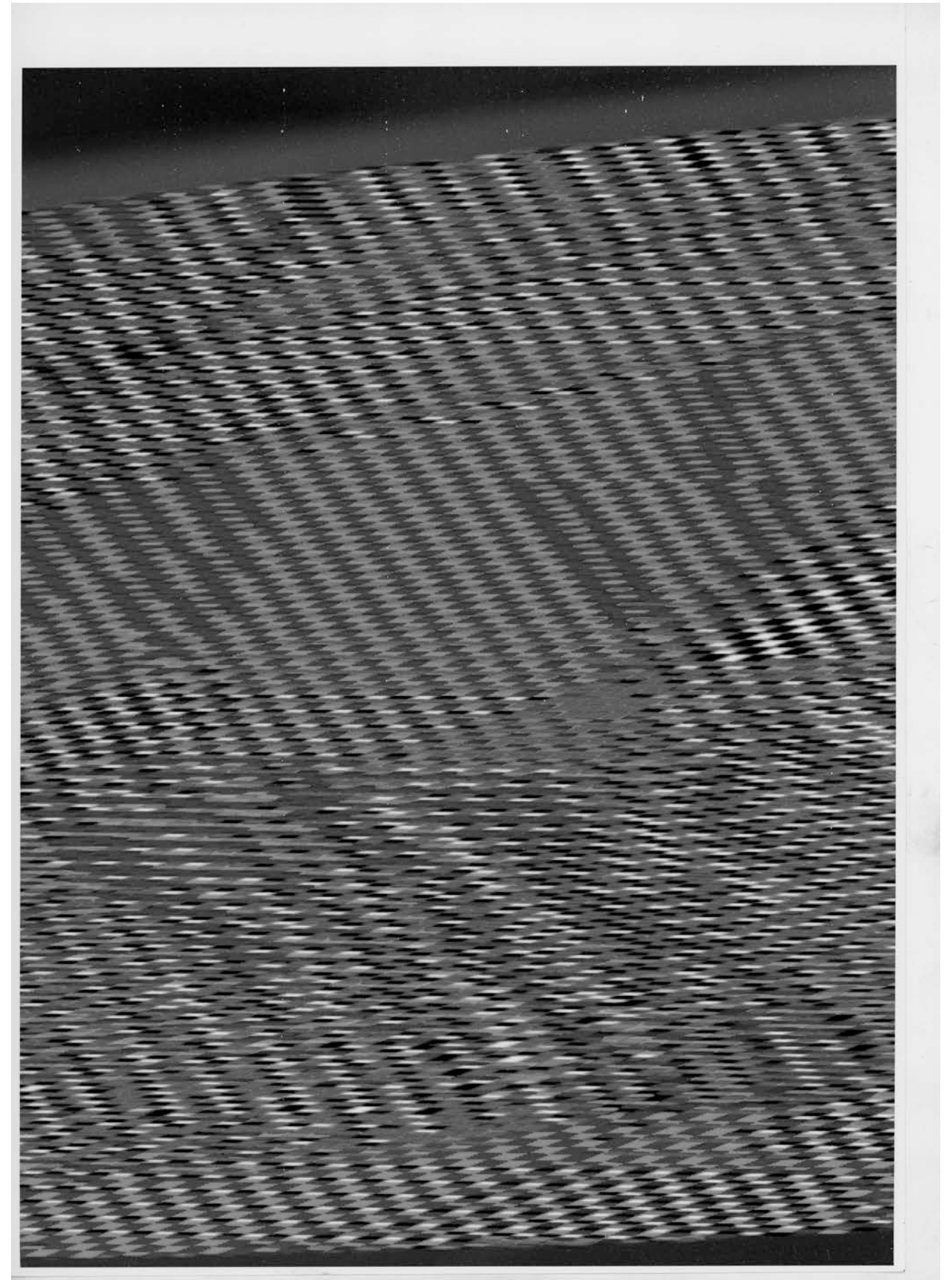
Also... What if the gender issue can take different forms much more fluidly through the soundscapes? Alexander Kluge's circusfilm is often described as a film that literally breathes Leni Peickert, the film's main character. Which is funny because isn't Kluge a male director? But what if soundscapes live lives of their own? Carrying the possibilities of listening to how it sings instead of how it builds or breaks? [+ a related addition: on Margareta von Trotta's Bergman film] It's very conflicting, deliberately so... And the question of 'the true voice' (feminine/masculine energy, that discussion -- since she of course knows about his history of abusive crimes) gets thrown up again... Maybe every film has a different character, so different from one another that we cannot reduce 'A Woman Director' to 'A Woman Director' and 'A Male Director' to 'A Male Director'...

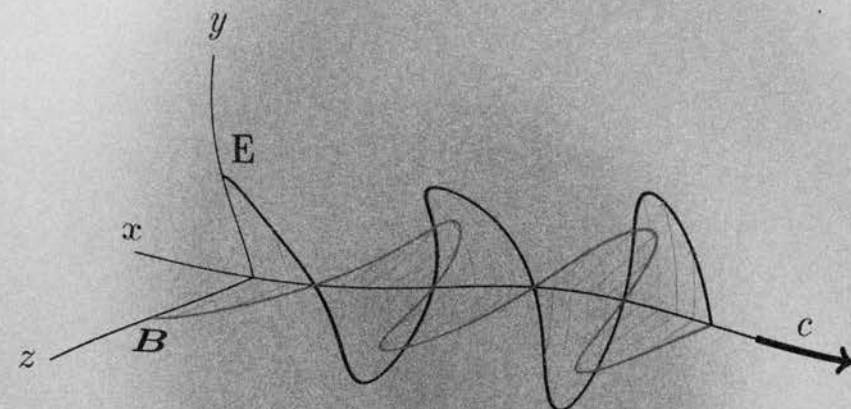
Because the often-visual manifestations of physicality tend to dominate how we feel and listen to a film, but what if we can learn to shamelessly betray this script/scenario/lifeplan in order to listen (and thus see) the "real" thing?

To see a film as something that just sings instead of either building OR breaking is a state much more easier to reach through listening than viewing."



"I ett hierarkiskt telekommunikationsnät innefattar nätets backhaul-del mellanliggande länkar mellan kärnnätverket eller ryggradsnätverket och de små delnätverken vid "kanten" av hela det hierarkiska nätverket."





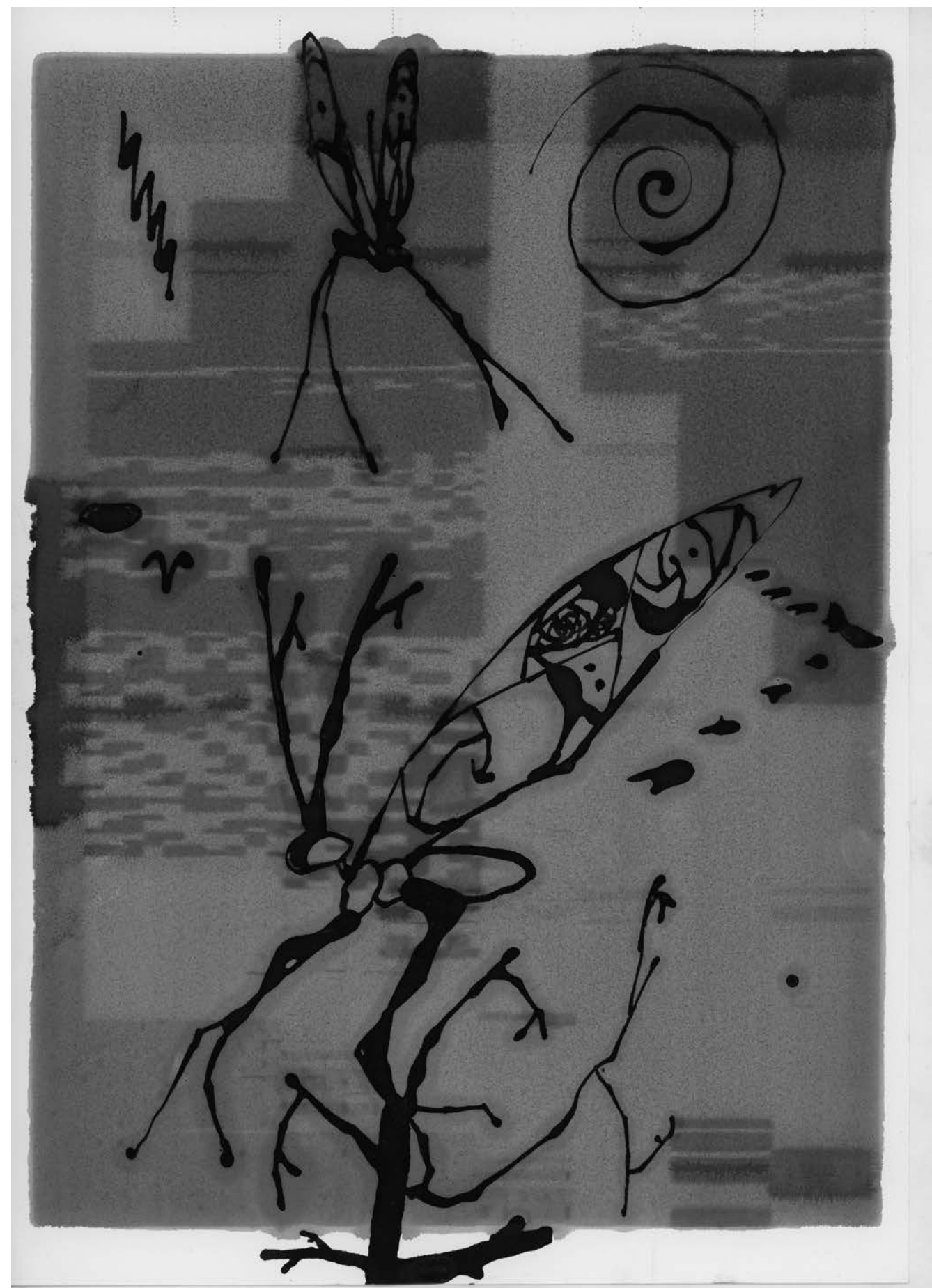
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$$c = \frac{1}{\sqrt{\mu_0 \epsilon_0}}$$

electric field
magnetic field
instantaneous values)
speed of light

(in-

magnetic permeability in a
vacuum, μ_0 =
= electric permeability in a vac-
uum, ϵ_0 =



Opening Sequence "AETHER"

By

Louis Scherfig

WHISPERING VOICE 1
They are from the *biscuit house*
without oven...

WHISPERING VOICE 2
...without *windows*. they came from
that... that constellation, far
away...

WHISPERING VOICE 1
...and with them came those
smells...

WHISPERING VOICE 2
... those smells.

Both entities leave behind the planetary mess and they move
towards a distant star. A faded glob of light.

They pass more cosmic rubble and damaged lunar debris. Some
things they absorb or pass through, as if part of a polaric
digestive system.

It's a celestial graveyard, or disposal ground. Hard to tell
but something tragic has occurred and rendered the whole
place unfit.

Entity 1 suddenly severs the golden pulse from entity 2 and
entity 2 is free to float. But the immaculate aura that
connected them remains intact, it seems even more stable.
Pulsing. Entity 2 immediately starts to float around
beautifully. It emits sounds but suddenly it stops and
remains still as if to think.

The whispering voices return as they keep approaching the
star. They are not far away now.

WHISPERING VOICE 1
Look at them... *She* can scan time
and poach at how the ages has
docked...

WHISPERING VOICE 2
... and that's how she searches
through the engine of history...

WHISPERING VOICE 1
... of history... and *He*... *He* can
splash nebularic nectar at voids
and inject...

(CONTINUED)

EXT. SPACE

A non-figurative, transparent and huelessly chromatic entity zig zags in between rocks of various size in an asteroid belt. Some of the rocks are licked up by the completeness of the entity and immediately processed through a meticulous method. A liquid, golden rod is connected to it and extends further into the dark. Another entity is pulled into the picture by a sudden, benign jerk from the first entity. This one is entirely different with a form constantly nouveau and its latest concepts are seen swimming inside of it, wrestling from one meaning to another and another all the same but not bound by the chains of linearity.

They jolt through the rocks calmly, tied together.

Entity 1 licks the darkness, emits a small cloud of dusty ash as an exhaust. It's a propulsive mechanism. Entity 2 is pulled along in little jerks of logic obedience.

As they float along, their strange, foreign shapes are accompanied by correspondingly strange sounds, as if through them their high-logarithmic essence is translated to an organic output.

Entity 1 floats by.

ENTITY 1
Zzzzzrrrrreeeeeeeeponbl11111

Beat.

Entity 2 is pulled along.

ENTITY 2
Kkkkkkl111111111rrrrl1111111

Different types of objects come into view; silver splotches resembling gnarly dross from aluminum casting, hovering like scattered cereal in a dark, all-encompassing bowl. Then they pass by a few far bigger pieces of broken shell, a silver planet that's been opened up and bereaved of its core.

They are on the outskirts of a solar system , entering through the broken backdoor.

ENTITY 1 (TREMOLLO)
000000aa0aa00000aaaa000aaaa0a

Two voices start whispering off screen.

CONTINUED:

3.

WHISPERING VOICE 2
Thermorize! Thermorize a clean spot
with elements and hope for a
gravitational collapse and watch
the birth...

WHISPERING VOICE 1
... of a star! an infant star!

WHISPERING VOICE 2
There you go!

beat.

WHISPERING VOICE 1
... But he can also take away a
star. Make it disappear!

They move even closer to the star at the heart.

Entity 2 accords with the helio of the star by mirroring its overall cosmetics and fully carrying those complexions itself.

Silence.

The entity brings forth a golden hose, not dissimilar to the liquid rod that connected them before. It is both trigger and not. The hose starts emitting a dark and sparkling sound.

Entity 2 straightens the hose towards the star and the liquid coagulates with frightening precision. The hose is being loaded, charged, the sparkling goes darker and it is getting ready to douse the star. But soon it is interrupted by Entity 1 that produces a sound.

ENTITY 1 (STACCATTO)
...AAaaee.eethee.er...

Entity 2 neutralizes the build up and holds it.

The hose is buzzing lightly, loitering.

ENTITY 1
Aaaeeethee.eer...

Entity 1 pokes the golden rod back into entity 2 as it immediately charges down the hose, both visibly and audibly.

Complete silence.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

WHISPERING VOICE 1
Aether!

WHISPERING VOICE 2
Aether!

A scorched, barren planet floats by not far in front of them, it has a red hue but parts seem raped into green then red again. It also has a massive hole in its side and consequently its rotations are irregular. They watch it pass by in silence before they focus on the star again.

WHISPERING VOICE 1
Aether...

Entity 1 sends out a few worm-like glowing sparks that extends into their immediate surroundings. Its form beams chromatically now. All its agencies are lit.

It reacts to the received data.

WHISPERING VOICE 1
Hood... Zip code.

The golden rod still connecting them tightens, it fizzes like copper yarn around a burned tree trunk.

WHISPERING VOICE 2
Old house...

WHISPERING VOICE 1
... *House*... For *biscuits*.

A drop of water is heard, ringing out loud before it turns into a crackling of heavy ice.

WHISPERING VOICE 2
House... or home...

Both entities emit their two distinct sounds in unison. They gain in volume to a point of alert. louder and louder.

ENTITY 2
Kkkkkllllllllrrrrllllllllllllllllll

ENTITY 1
Zrrreeeeppponblllllllllee.

Entity 2 evaporates the hose and they both go completely silent.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5.

Behind them another planet appears, mutely rotating by. Its surface is blue with smaller formations of white and sparkling silver. It looks dormant, napping, maybe gasping for air but not yet dying. The planet and the entities approach each other.

The two entities bloom. And a gentle current of electricity connects them to the planet.

WHISPERING VOICE 1
House.. it says... the planet.

WHISPERING VOICE 2
Home... but with the same word.

The blooming grows, the glowing takes over. They grow, they absorb and bless the knowledge with those inarticulate phrases.

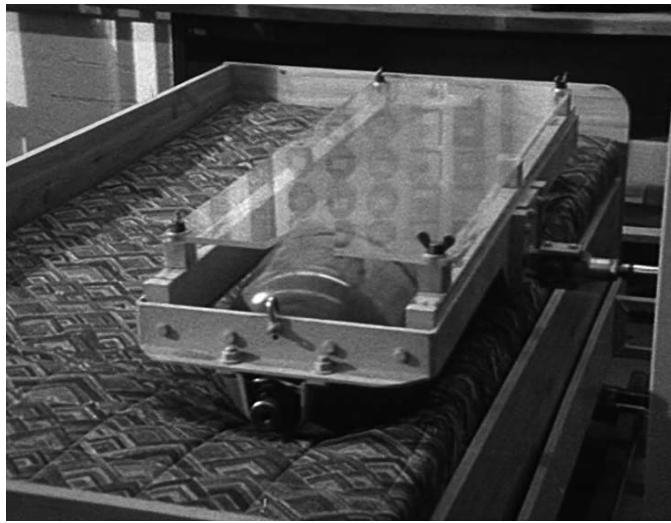
ENTITY 2 (CRESCENDO)
Kkkkkl1llllllrrrrl1llllliiiiiiii.

ENTITY 1 (CRESCENDO)
Zrrreeeepppnbllllllllleeeeu.

Montage: Their volume grows, sounds and size, their chroma flares up, they sing and phrase purely in consonants as they tonguelessly learn of vowels, host syllables through the electricity and bind the fabric of this place's past to their beautiful tumors... They learn it all. Everything they forgot. They reconnect and buzz from the pleasure of it.

Then they let go of the electricity, of the planet, they let it float away and watch it travel into the distance.

With zero hesitation they turn towards the star at the heart and pull out the hose again. A terrifying shatter is transmitted from the tip as if it accumulates all possible sound and travels towards the star beyond the logic of speed. The loud shatter reaches a nadir and turns into silence. There is no blast of the star. But the result is complete silence and complete darkness.



Leben - BRD: Modern Games and Spiritual Dystopia Malene Nielsen

FILM CLIP Leben - BRD 0:00 - 06:15 and 16:22 - 21:00

In the essay documentary film *Leben - BRD* the director Harun Farocki invites the viewer into spaces like the therapist office, the military proving ground and into situations like job in-service training, weight watchers' gatherings, police training and a dance rehearsal in a strip club. In these spaces we observe people taking instructions and learning how to move, act, speak and behave. We observe the presence of one person with authority imposing instructions on the other people. We observe the presence of a camera recording the scene for later analysis. We might become aware of the director as an observer. We might even observe our own observational eye upon the everyday spectacle taking place before us.

Then questions might come to mind: **what can we read in between the lines; in between the bodily gestures and positions of the people in the film? Are we observing a game or a ritual? Whose images are we actually observing? And what is the meaning of all of this activity?**

Bodies

Let's imagine that the bodies in the film are lines in space, their movements are overlining lines in an overall pattern. The pattern is the narrative. It's the narrative of our contemporary society. The narrative shape our bodies, our bone structure, muscle tissue, our breath. It shapes our minds, our thoughts and thereby our experiences. The patterns narrate our lives. In *The Politics of Aesthetics* (2004) Rancière describes how the social hierarchies manifest themselves within these patterns. Citizens act out the social positions they are assigned and hereby the hierarchies are strengthened. Who is included and who is excluded is predrafted and lined out. The order determines how we interact with each other.

There is a subtle brutality in the scenes of *Leben BRD*, one in which the people are formatting their own bodies into consumer culture after spending years in a socialist society. They transit from DDR to BRD. In an interview with Randall Halle in *Camera Obscura* Farocki stated:

"Since reunification, one talks neoliberal in Germany. However, today (just as before) this discourse sounds like that of a model student: 'We Germans made a big mistake, but from now on we will do everything right.' Practice and practice and never make mistakes—if I practice enough I will be fine."

There might be a link between post-war guilt and the need for a new model life. People fit themselves into new power structures of a new society. A new stage is set for them and here in the spotlight they are rehearsing their new life using techniques of method

acting. The people act out the instructions and seek to perfect their every move. Basic functions in life are simulated, then internalized, we might even say naturalized. There's a prewritten grammar for the body which is embodied subconsciously from birth to grave.

In this context I think it's worth to mention the British neurologist Oliver Sacks' book *A Leg to Stand On*. Sacks was hiking here in Norway, in the Hardanger Fjord, he was chased by a bull and injured his leg. At this point in time he had been serving as a doctor for 15 years and in the book, he recalls his first experience of being a patient. Suddenly the roles are changed around and this experience transforms his understanding of medical practice. He goes through a physical and moral injury and describes his recovery. His injured leg is operated on and becomes alien to him, it's very traumatic but even though he is himself a doctor he cannot communicate his new reality to the hospitals' nurses and doctors. He is in this environment of hierarchies where he is not listened to as a patient. As he says it, they are too busy role-playing. Sacks has these amazing humoristic character descriptions of them as role-playing either the good or bad doctors and nurses. As he recovers he engages in the community of the other patients and he talks with them about their injuries and experiences. He writes that they were all much wiser than the doctors, who treated them and he gained a 'greater respect for patients - for their elemental human wisdom, and a special 'wisdom of the heart'.

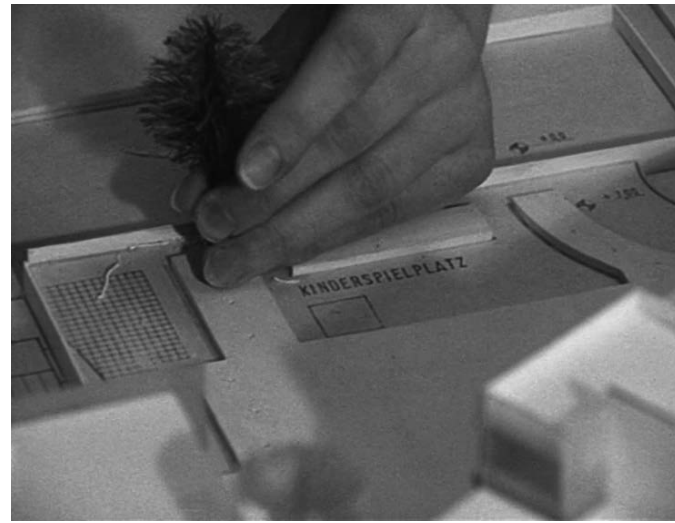
I think Farocki's film superbly describes a society in which the hierarchies create a distance between us as human beings and also makes us rely on experts and forget to trust our own inherent wisdom. In this way the patterns of society are sometimes injuring its citizens and taking away their dignity.

What's unique is that Sacks also understands everyone's humanity in these absurd hierarchical hospital situations. I think this humoristic attitude is also present in Farocki's film, as a director he attempts to look beyond the role playing into our common humanity.

Games

In the scenes of *Leben - BRD* it feels as if one is watching some sort of strange modern version of a ritual or a game. In *The Savage Mind* Lévi-Strauss differentiates between a game and ritual as follows:

All games are defined by a set of rules which in practice allow the playing of any number of matches. Ritual, which is also 'played' is on the other hand, like a favored instance of a game, remembered from among the possible ones because it is the only one which results in a particular type of equilibrium between the two sides. The transposition is readily seen in the case of GahukuGama of New Guinea who have learned football but who will play several days running, as many matches as are necessary for both sides to reach the same score. This is treating a game as a ritual. (p.30)



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Lévi-Strauss observes that rituals result in a harmony between people. According to him rituals conjoin and games disjoin. We might say that ritual ties us together: *it brings about a union(...)an organic relationship between two initially separate groups (p.32). Games on the other hand introduce an element of competition into our interactions: they end in the establishment of a difference between individual players or teams where originally there was no indication of inequality (p.32).*

With the above in mind we might ask if the activities in Farockis film are games or rituals, are they conjoining or disjoining? In most of the scenes it becomes obvious that the people are in a situation where they have to perform and perfect their skills for the job market. Inherently there seems to be an atmosphere of competition. We are so focused on winning, on success, on getting the best score that we've ended up in a society of what the artist Adrian Piper articulates as *dispassionate isolation*. The equilibrium between people is broken.

Cameras

Deleuze calls the stage, our contemporary society, *the society of control*. It is a society in which we are constantly learning and de-learning in order to offer skills. We have to show the world that we can perform and that we are highly flexible. *Leben - BRD* offers us an insight into the dynamics of control and discipline in our society. The camera is present on many levels. In most scenes there is a presence of a camera inside the frame observing and recording the people performing tasks for later analysis. We get a feeling that the people are aware of their performance in front of the camera and are therefore forced into observing themselves, what Nick Kaye calls a *self-reflexiveness in the process of being seen*. With the presence of the camera our state of seeing is dislocated. In *Art and Artefact* Baudrillard writes that *the virtual camera is in our head (p.19)*. The body has swallowed and digested the new technologies. Where there once was an inner eye, we are now gazing at ourselves from an imagined camera lens outside of us. Others are gazing at us, we are gazing back. The state authorities are gazing. The teachers and experts gaze at us. The director is gazing. The viewer is gazing. We are all analyzing and correcting. At least I found myself observing and passing judgement, to my own embarrassment. In this way we, too, become the controller and the lines between who is controlling who is blurred. It's a panoptic observation so internalized by now that we are unaware of it. Everyone is testing everyone. Farocki makes this clear by cross editing scenes of people being tested with factory scenes of consumer products being tested.

Furthermore, Baudrillard states that in the technological age we are no longer able to distinguish between the real and the virtual real. As Guy Debord formulates it in his publication *Society of the Spectacle (1967)* then *the individual's gestures are no longer his own, but those of someone who represents them to him (p.23)*. We are performing the gestures of the images of society, the spectacle, every millisecond of our lives. We have become living synthetic images. We are no longer rooted in our own reality and maybe we are also no longer located within ourselves. The body casts itself into a ready-made form and thereby loses its autonomy, its own inherent form. In the

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process of internalizing the spectacle maybe there is a decentering of the self-taking place as the self-dislocates its gaze into the gaze of the camera. We are growing a self-image awareness (a term coined by the martial artist Bruce Lee) that is linked to the process of not only being seen but of rehearsing being seen. We are trapped in performing an endless row of fictions. As Baudrillard says it, then there is no originality left. He boldly declares: *our own reality doesn't exist anymore (p.19)*. But maybe he is underestimating human beings. After all, we all have a beating heart.

Can we emancipate ourselves from the patterns of modern society and live in our own truly authentic movement patterns?

There's a tiring business and hyperactivity taking place in *Leben BRD*. It's as if reality is a state of emergency and life is a 'safety and order first' situation, which needs to be practiced. Maybe this practicing of an unknown, dangerous future and the willfulness for comfort disconnects us from reality? Maybe we do not really reach a point in which we start questioning what we are doing?

In the mid 18th hundred the Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard observed in his native Copenhagen that people just want to make life easier and easier. He wanted to make life harder by asking difficult subjective questions about love, emotions and sorrow.

In many of the scenes of *Leben - BRD* these questions have ready-made answers. They prevent us from our own questioning. In the first scene of the film, where a man with a joystick is hastily engaged in computer simulated sex. Today the joystick is substituted by 3d glasses and you can be the eyes of the male adult actor. I can sense Kierkegaard is turning in his grave. Where is the questioning about erotic love?

Kierkegaard writes that people who are busy are not taking life seriously, they think the meaning of life is to perform and to produce. We need to *miste vores fodfæste* to *lose our footing* in order to find out who we really are. More than half a century later Heidegger builds on Kierkegaards philosophy, he calls this state to *be thrown*. It's a state in which we start to question our own *beingness*, our own disposition in the world. How do we lose our footing in a society so obsessed with safety and discipline? The hyperactivity taking place in consumer society distracts us or you might even say abstracts us from the questioning, from finding our own home. We are constantly in an overexhausting process of becoming capitalized selves, there is no space to breathe deeply and start a dialogue within, get to know the power within ourselves and ask ourselves how we want to be embedded in the world.

This clip from *Leben - BRD* struck me especially: STRIP TEASE CLIP 01:02:00 Here, the woman learns how to seduce the man and her every move and is being directed by him, his desire, she is in the process of being made in his image. This scene reminded me of Bressons film *Pickpocket* from 1959. The film is a portrait of Michel, a man living in deep poverty trying to put bread on his table through small time

pickpocketing. In this scene he just met a professional thief on a train, who teaches him 'the art of pickpocketing'. I will show you a little sequence of this learning situation.

PICKPOCKET CLIP - 21:40

Throughout the film Michel is struggling with himself, with the weight of his poverty and his character. He is also struggling with the morals of being a criminal. In the essay *Spiritual Style in the Films of Robert Bresson* Susan Sontag argues for a spiritual style in Bresson's cinema, one which exists with respect to 'the mystery that is the human action and the human heart.' She points to this moment, in her words 'a ballet of agile thieving hands'. Michel is absorbed by his labor and the action of refining and mastering his art liberates him. Grace saves him. Actually, I wouldn't call it a ballet of hands because in ballet there's a very strict form. In this scene there's a beautiful and deep attention to detail and a real engagement with reality.

I think we can sense a similarity between the cinematic languages of Farocki and Bresson if we compare this scene with the scene with the stripper. There is a similar distance of the camera with no real identification to the characters. Farocki was inspired by Bresson and they were both inspired by Brechtian *Verfremdungseffekt*. Both had an interest in movement in itself and how it shapes us, less in psychological analysis. Both directors film hands in action. But there's a vast difference between how the hands move and who's in charge of them if you compare the strippers hands and Michel's hands: the rhythm and quality of movement of the two scenes. The stripper is mechanical and controlled by the man's directions and gaze, she is acting out femininity; Michel is graceful, light and the 'owner' of his gentle movements. We can also observe how different the two schooling situations; how different the power-relations are: one is based on collaboration; the other on authority.

You can sense that both Farocki and Bresson are in a deep search of human action as either confining or liberating. One film presents us with a spiritual dystopia where actions shape people into ready-made products by means of authority and control; the other is a humble glimpse of action as a dance between people, as utopian grace.



How did it happen?		
00:05:23,615 --> 00:05:27,451	My girlfriend's father	00:08:22,377 --> 00:08:24,003
00:01:07,317 --> 00:01:10,153	slammed a car door on it	You aren't.
That's the star we're waiting for		
		,674
		,327
		a?
		,953
		,956
		gs.
		,985
		00:10:49,107 --> 00:10:51,066
		I have some business matters
		to settle.
		,196
		00:10:51,192 --> 00:10:54,069
		- What business?
		- Legal matters.
		00:10:54,195 --> 00:10:57,072
		Yesterday you were surprised
		to find me alive.
		00:10:57,198 --> 00:11:00,117
		Everyone in our family
		died while in good health.
		00:11:00,243 --> 00:11:03,454
		My mother, and yours also.
		00:11:03,621 --> 00:11:06,081
		It's about my will.
		,199
		00:11:10,128 --> 00:11:11,712
		Auntie!
		,909
		00:11:27,771 --> 00:11:29,980
		Weronika, get up.
		,751
		The lawyer is here.
		00:11:41,785 --> 00:11:43,660
		- Weronika?
		,171
		- Yes.
		,591
		00:11:43,787 --> 00:11:45,496
		It's Weronika.
00:04:23,347 --> 00:04:26,182	No.	00:10:35,427 --> 00:10:37,594
You sing beautifully.		I was soaked to the skin.
00:04:26,350 --> 00:04:27,808	00:08:03,525 --> 00:08:05,568	00:11:45,663 --> 00:11:47,581
Thanks.	I have a strange feeling.	My God! You're here?
00:04:58,298 --> 00:05:00,716	00:08:09,781 --> 00:08:12,116	00:11:47,749 --> 00:11:49,041
You should change. Come.	I feel that I'm not alone.	I'm here.
00:05:06,556 --> 00:05:08,391	00:08:12,993 --> 00:08:15,035	00:11:49,167 --> 00:11:52,002
Show me.	Not alone, how?	- Here, in Krakow?
00:05:09,559 --> 00:05:11,227	00:08:18,081 --> 00:08:20,916	- Right here.
I'm ashamed of it.	That I'm not alone in the world.	00:11:52,128 --> 00:11:53,295
00:05:18,944 --> 00:05:20,695		A week now.
		00:11:53,463 --> 00:11:55,839
		Really! Will you come see me?
		00:11:55,965 --> 00:11:57,508
		Of course.
		00:11:58,426 --> 00:12:00,969

Today at rehearsal. At two o'clock.	00:20:24,348 --> 00:20:25,849 Really.	00:22:27,346 --> 00:22:29,556 I'm staying at the Holiday Inn.	00:30:52,559 --> 00:30:54,101 Was it really?	00:33:50,987 --> 00:33:52,571 Why?	00:35:11,777 --> 00:35:13,360 Oh, I'm sorry.	00:46:50,224 --> 00:46:51,725 I can do it.
00:12:02,764 --> 00:12:03,972 At rehearsal?	00:20:26,076 --> 00:20:28,560 If you want to tell me anything	00:22:30,391 --> 00:22:32,225 Yes.	00:30:55,896 --> 00:30:57,438 Yes.		00:44:39,218 --> 00:44:40,761 Papa...	00:46:53,978 --> 00:46:55,270 You?
00:12:07,685 --> 00:12:08,972 Good. That's how it should be.				00:44:46,642 --> 00:44:48,268 I'm in love.		00:46:57,064 --> 00:46:58,732 Why not?
00:12:11,606 --> 00:12:12,972 Once more, please.				00:44:52,774 --> 00:44:54,566 I'm really in love.		00:47:01,903 --> 00:47:03,820 You'll come to court?
00:12:48,393 --> 00:12:49,972 Thank you. See you tomorrow.				00:44:55,401 --> 00:44:56,943 Do I know him?		00:47:03,905 --> 00:47:05,906 You'll say, "I slept with that man"
00:13:01,448 --> 00:13:02,972 Put more energy into your playing, Ma-			00:31:03,320 --> 00:31:05,029 What's wrong?	00:44:57,862 --> 00:44:59,404 No	00:45:35,149 --> 00:45:37,025 When Mother died...	00:47:05,990 --> 00:47:08,909 "thirteen times last year and also this year"?
00:13:10,957 --> 00:13:11,972 - You sing well. - Yes.			00:31:05,948 --> 00:31:08,407 - Are you sad? - No.	00:44:59,572 --> 00:45:00,822 and neither do I.	00:45:40,405 --> 00:45:42,406 ...didn't you feel that way?	00:47:08,993 --> 00:47:10,035 I'll say it.
00:13:13,668 --> 00:13:14,972 You heard me?			00:31:10,619 --> 00:31:11,953 Yes.		00:45:43,449 --> 00:45:47,160 But something really had changed.	00:47:15,291 --> 00:47:18,210 But I need to know something about him. I don't know him.
00:13:15,503 --> 00:13:16,972 - It was beautiful. - Thank you.			00:31:12,120 --> 00:31:15,831 I don't know why. It's as if I were grieving.		00:45:48,329 --> 00:45:52,749 And then I had you. You were so little.	00:47:18,377 --> 00:47:21,171 - You saw him once. - Yes.
00:13:17,755 --> 00:13:18,972 I'd like to audition you. Your voice is...			00:31:17,292 --> 00:31:18,834 For someone?		00:45:52,834 --> 00:45:55,293 I had to hold your hand.	00:47:22,298 --> 00:47:26,676 But I should know what a woman knows if she has had...
00:13:21,843 --> 00:13:22,972 a very unusual voice.			00:31:20,712 --> 00:31:22,213 I don't know.		00:45:56,462 --> 00:45:58,004 Yes...	00:52:24,725 --> 00:52:26,267 28,478
00:19:17,865 --> 00:19:18,972 - How are you feeling? - Fine.			00:31:25,467 --> 00:31:28,928 - I'll tell you something funny. - No.		00:45:03,201 --> 00:45:05,285 I don't understand.	00:45:58,965 --> 00:45:59,972 You held my hand.
00:19:21,160 --> 00:19:22,972 Have a seat.			00:32:04,506 --> 00:32:06,007 Are you all right?		00:45:05,411 --> 00:45:06,953 Can you explain?	00:46:24,949 --> 00:46:25,956 My lawyer asked me five or six of them.
00:19:23,412 --> 00:19:24,972 I don't mind standing.			00:32:09,219 --> 00:32:12,179 - Can I stay a while? - No.		00:45:08,664 --> 00:45:10,957 Yes, once I understand it.	00:46:27,201 --> 00:46:28,208 I'm sure he has, but I only know him from the radio.
00:19:24,705 --> 00:19:25,972 Have a seat.			00:33:27,798 --> 00:33:28,964 Véronique?		00:45:14,420 --> 00:45:17,297 Not long ago, I had a strange sensation.	00:46:29,954 --> 00:46:30,961 Of course the show was a success.
00:19:34,215 --> 00:19:35,972 You have no real singing experience.			00:33:29,091 --> 00:33:34,220 You've come at the wrong time or on the wrong day.		00:45:18,174 --> 00:45:20,717 I felt that I was alone.	00:46:33,166 --> 00:46:34,173 I can't do it either.
00:19:37,593 --> 00:19:38,972 You only have a high school music teacher.			00:33:35,180 --> 00:33:38,891 - Or is it my mistake? - No.		00:45:21,803 --> 00:45:23,595 All of a sudden.	00:46:35,751 --> 00:46:36,758 I've really thought about it. I just can't.
00:19:41,556 --> 00:19:42,972 in piano, no less!			00:33:40,560 --> 00:33:42,103 I came to tell you		00:45:24,263 --> 00:45:25,806 Yet nothing had changed.	00:46:41,674 --> 00:46:42,681 I understand.
00:19:44,892 --> 00:19:45,972 Our vote was not unanimous.			00:33:43,730 --> 00:33:45,272 that I'm quitting.		00:45:25,932 --> 00:45:28,183 Someone disappeared from your life.	00:46:44,635 --> 00:46:45,642 I'm sorry.
00:19:48,729 --> 00:19:49,972 but you are the winner of this competition.			00:33:46,983 --> 00:33:49,402 - What? - I'm quitting.		00:45:30,311 --> 00:45:31,812 Yes, that's it.	00:52:59,844 --> 00:53:01,803 I don't remember.
00:19:54,902 --> 00:19:55,972 My congratulations.			00:39:30,702 --> 00:39:32,369 I really like this piece.		00:46:46,345 --> 00:46:48,221 I understand.	00:53:03,222 --> 00:53:05,598 And the show... do you remember the story?
00:20:21,387 --> 00:20:22,972 You look fantastic, Al-			00:39:32,495 --> 00:39:36,290 It's by a very interesting composer. He was discovered only recently			
	to tell you I love you.	we saw each other was... At graduation.	00:39:36,458 --> 00:39:39,334 although he lived in Holland over two centuries ago.			

	00:57:17,684 --> 00:57:19,227 It's from Paris.	00:59:24,144 --> 00:59:25,686 It's nice.					
00:53:07,893 --> 00:53:09,936 A dancer...	00:57:19,353 --> 00:57:21,104 Thank you.	00:59:26,438 --> 00:59:28,648 The other one was more pleasant.	01:00:54,484 --> 01:00:57,236 A tall, slender church, made of red brick...	01:10:58,880 --> 01:11:00,005 "Stop".	01:13:03,129 --> 01:13:06,548 a woman who responds to the call of an unknown man.	01:22:01,458 --> 01:22:03,251 Everything.	01:30:52,405 --> 01:30:54,740 Because during performances I handle them a lot.
00:53:10,062 --> 00:53:11,729 A ballerina...	00:57:30,114 --> 00:57:32,365 ...re you...	00:59:29,149 --> 00:59:32,109 This is from the end of autumn, the other was from the beginning.	01:01:05,419 --> 01:01:08,189 Stop. Nicc	01:11:18,149 --> 01:11:20,943 Have you been writing long?	01:13:08,051 --> 01:13:11,136 So I wondered whether that was possible	01:22:34,658 --> 01:22:36,659 What's this?	01:30:55,867 --> 01:30:57,868 They damage easily.
00:53:11,729 --> 00:53:13,486 who lives in Paris but breeds horses.		00:59:34,112 --> 00:59:38,115 I don't know if people will need this fragrance, but we'll see.	01:01:08,189 --> 01:01:10,943 Yes.			01:24:01,120 --> 01:24:04,789 All my life I've felt I was in two places at the same time.	01:31:04,835 --> 01:31:06,335 Try it...
00:53:13,486 --> 00:53:15,243 So she's a dancer.		00:59:38,992 --> 00:59:40,660 I'll get dressed.	01:01:10,943 --> 01:01:13,700 Fine.			01:24:05,749 --> 01:24:07,875 Here and somewhere else.	01:31:41,746 --> 01:31:43,247 Should I read it to you?
00:53:15,243 --> 00:53:17,000 Yes, but she's a dancer.		00:59:41,453 --> 00:59:43,996 Have you understood, at last?	01:01:13,700 --> 01:01:16,457 Nicc			01:24:08,419 --> 01:24:09,919 It's hard to explain.	
00:53:17,000 --> 00:53:18,757 All alone.		00:59:46,124 --> 00:59:48,626 There's a letter for you.	01:01:16,457 --> 01:01:19,214 You			01:24:11,338 --> 01:24:12,880 But I know...	
00:53:18,757 --> 00:53:20,514 I knew that's from Paris.		00:59:50,170 --> 00:59:52,046 Beautiful handwriting.	01:01:19,214 --> 01:01:21,971 Miss			01:24:13,757 --> 01:24:16,175 I always feel what I should do.	01:31:47,377 --> 01:31:49,670 "November 23, 1966
00:53:20,514 --> 00:53:22,271 I read it.		01:00:13,902 --> 01:00:15,403 Here?	01:01:21,971 --> 01:01:24,728 pleased at g			01:24:28,021 --> 01:24:29,605 Where is this?	01:31:49,796 --> 01:31:52,590 "was the most important day of their lives.
00:53:22,271 --> 00:53:24,028 He must have written it.		01:00:16,405 --> 01:00:17,905 No.	01:01:24,728 --> 01:01:27,485 Exc			01:24:29,773 --> 01:24:31,482 It's not in France.	01:31:52,674 --> 01:31:55,509 "That day, at three in the morning
00:53:24,028 --> 00:53:25,785 He didn't write it.		01:00:19,032 --> 01:00:21,784 You'll stay? We'll fix lunch...	01:01:27,485 --> 01:01:30,242 Atte			01:24:32,568 --> 01:24:36,779 That's during a trip to Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland.	01:31:55,635 --> 01:31:58,429 "they were both born in two different cities,
00:53:25,785 --> 00:53:27,542 Alexandre.		01:00:21,910 --> 01:00:24,453 No, I have to go. I have a music class.	01:01:30,242 --> 01:01:33,000 Trai from			01:24:36,947 --> 01:24:38,823 That must be in Krakow.	01:31:58,597 --> 01:32:00,264 "on two different continents."
00:53:27,542 --> 00:53:29,300 There's a letter for you.	00:57:35,535 --> 00:57:37,292 t?	01:00:26,999 --> 01:00:28,874 I must have dreamt it.	01:01:33,000 --> 01:01:35,757 is a			01:24:43,454 --> 01:24:45,538 That's a beautiful photograph.	01:32:01,099 --> 01:32:04,685 "They both had dark hair and brownish-green eyes."
00:53:29,300 --> 00:53:31,057 I'm sorry.	00:57:39,247 --> 00:57:41,004 ly?		01:01:35,757 --> 01:01:38,514 Who			01:24:48,167 --> 01:24:50,334 And you, in that huge coat.	01:32:06,396 --> 01:32:09,815 "When they were both two years old
00:53:31,057 --> 00:53:32,814 All what?	00:57:42,458 --> 00:57:44,215 east.		01:01:38,514 --> 01:01:41,271 Exc			01:24:56,425 --> 01:24:58,634 That's not me.	and already knew how to walk,
00:53:32,814 --> 00:53:34,571 My situation.	00:57:48,714 --> 00:57:50,471 east.	01:00:31,670 --> 01:00:33,629 I saw a drawing...	01:01:41,271 --> 01:01:44,028 Ove			01:24:59,928 --> 01:25:01,387 Sure it's you.	01:32:09,941 --> 01:32:12,234 "one of them burned her hand on a stove.
00:53:34,571 --> 00:53:36,328 Somebody.	00:57:57,890 --> 00:57:59,647 very simple, even naive.	01:00:34,381 --> 01:00:36,632 very simple, even naive.	01:01:44,028 --> 01:01:46,785 Can't			01:25:18,530 --> 01:25:20,364 That's not my coat.	01:32:13,028 --> 01:32:14,570 "A few days later,
00:53:36,328 --> 00:53:38,085 Anything.	00:58:01,561 --> 00:58:03,318 A sloping road in a small town...	01:00:37,884 --> 01:00:41,012 A sloping road in a small town...	01:01:46,785 --> 01:01:49,542 For			01:30:19,039 --> 01:30:22,249 - Is that me? - Of course it's you.	01:32:14,738 --> 01:32:16,947 "the other one reached out to touch the stove"
00:53:38,085 --> 00:53:40,142 - Do you know?	00:58:05,690 --> 00:58:07,447 lined on both sides by houses...	01:00:42,264 --> 01:00:44,557 lined on both sides by houses...	01:01:49,542 --> 01:01:52,300 I wa				01:32:17,073 --> 01:32:19,783 "but pulled away just in time."
00:53:40,142 --> 00:53:42,200 - No idea.	00:58:08,317 --> 00:58:10,074 That's all.	01:00:45,475 --> 01:00:48,227 with a church in the background.	01:01:52,300 --> 01:01:55,057 Tha				01:32:19,951 --> 01:32:23,621 "And yet, she could not have known that she was about to burn her-
00:53:42,200 --> 00:53:44,257 It must be from Paris.	00:58:09,986 --> 00:58:11,743 I'm sorry.	01:00:48,729 --> 01:00:50,271 Chagall?	01:01:55,057 --> 01:01:57,814 Excuse me, excuse me.	possible?	01:21:16,914 --> 01:21:19,749 As I was falling asleep I saw a sheet floating down.	01:23:44,061 --> 01:23:45,561 Even before that.	self."
00:53:44,257 --> 00:53:46,314 of "Virgin and Child".	00:58:23,125 --> 00:58:24,167 Daddy...	01:00:52,566 --> 01:00:54,358 No, not Chagall.	01:01:57,814 --> 01:01:59,571 Would you like some tea?	01:12:45,862 --> 01:12:48,947 Since you're here, you must know that I write children's books.	01:21:22,545 --> 01:21:23,293 I love you.	01:23:47,564 --> 01:23:49,273 You knew?	01:32:31,171 --> 01:32:32,755 Do you like it?
00:53:46,314 --> 00:53:48,371 You knew?	00:58:36,180 --> 00:58:38,055 I'm in the bathtub.		01:10:42,655 --> 01:10:45,449 - Coffee. - Please...	01:12:51,576 --> 01:12:55,162 But now I want to write a book...		01:23:51,402 --> 01:23:52,860 Everything.	01:32:37,010 --> 01:32:39,762 I think I'll call it
00:53:48,371 --> 00:53:50,428 I guessed.	00:58:57,951 --> 00:58:59,577 Don't touch the chairs!		01:12:55,246 --> 01:12:56,830 a real book.	01:12:59,876 --> 01:13:01,710 In this book there's a woman,	01:21:55,619 --> 01:21:58,580 What else do you want to know about me?	01:23:57,449 --> 01:24:00,910 This may have nothing to do with it, or it may.	"The Double Life of..."
00:53:50,428 --> 00:53:52,485 There's no return address.	00:59:13,884 --> 00:59:15,509 Try this.					01:30:45,232 --> 01:30:46,690 Why...	01:32:42,432 --> 01:32:44,850 I haven't yet decided what names to give them.

Redundant as eyelids in absence of light

Studio for Propositional Cinema

Sång om Lumpsamlande

Mina fingrar. Rispade av utböjningar Skärsår blir till ärr.
Damm och lera krälar in i trötta vener.
Och mina tår. Svullnar och spricker. Varar.
Det finns inga salvor. Salvor kan inte göras.
Trasor har ingen sett på generationer
(Sedan länge pocherade, och undanstuvade eller brända).
Sköra trådar som lämnats kvar hittas sällan.
Deras fibrer fräts bort till luft.

När vindarna piskar lågan, klirrar glas,
Skingrar dem mer (gömda).
Stelnande fragment, komprimerade till snören,
Tvinnas ihop, formas till rep,
Flätas till nätverk, strukturaliserat,
Genom trassliga tillsatsprocesser,
Oändligt små vävda provbitar,
Som kan, genom kombinerade metoder,
Justeras i vidd, förändras för att passa,
Dras till former, intryckta i sprickor,
Användas för att dölja, i en stund eller två,
Illegala handlingar, objekt, eller kött.

Eftersom vi inte längre lever i en tid då
Rikedom ackumulerar sig själv som symbol
Utan vi lever i en tid då
Rikedom artikuleras som metafor,
Alla former av symboliken har blivit utgallrade
(För att objektifiera det metaforiska)
Och alla former av det uttryckliga kuvas
(Förmildrande variationer i former)
(Då dessa variationer gör strukturer som fungerar genom opacitet)
Och därmed; uppsamlande av dessa skärvor;
Och därmed: väv av detta ludd;
Och därmed: frukta upptäckt;
Och därmed: riskera utplåning;
Och därmed: (fast den här dagen kommer)
Förföljer jorden och det stagnerade vattnet,
Med hårstrån draperade som lågor, ögon som skär sönder mörkret,
Acklimatiserade till det mikroskopiska
(Trots att kanske inte heller linser kan produceras)

Jag letar efter skillnader på dessa marker.

Sång om Linspolerande

“Dess färgade korn bildar sanddynor som lyder
Vindarna som blåser in i scenen från utsidan.” (Såttillvida att en lins är en formad
Förmedlare skapad för optiska
Lagar att stråla samman inom de olika
Givna materialen och temporära
Och kinetiska och rumsliga förhållanden,
Och fluktuerande ljusstyrkor,
Byggda för att tömma ut permutationerna av
Okulärfysik (i och mot tiden.)

“Öden bestämda inte genom urval utan genom
Pendlande tendenser av dessa
vindar.” (Eftersom att en bild är en form
Byggd med ljus som kan konkretisera en blick
Möjliggjord inom och med dessa lagar

Och strukturerad inom logiken för det
Givna materialet och temporära
Och kinetiska och rumsliga konventioner
Där organismer måste fungera
(Inom vilka vi sönderdelas av tid.))

“Plockade från mängden, ett sandkorn
Kastat i ett öga kan göra att det försvinner.” (Eftersom en bild, bildas som sådan
Och fysikaliserad, är som en kropp:

Spårbar (“Jag kan känna att du är här med mig”); Åtråvärd
 (“Jag vill ha din hud tillsammans med min”); Kontrollerbar
 (“Beröring är inte tillåtet”);
Föränderlig (“Urholkande ögon, avskiljande tungor”);
Upphörbar (“Inte längre kropp”);
Ospårbar (“Minnen är formlösa”.))

“Utsugna från mängden, ett sandkorn
Insamlat av blötdjur växer till en sten.” (Såttillvida att det är en representation
Är lika osannolikt och svårt
Som världen och livet det representerar
Medan de tillhör prismorna för mening
Skapade utan bilder skapar jag dem (för

Ett förflutet som inte kan se dem,
En framtid som inte vill ha dem än, och
En samtid som inte vet vad de är.))

Sång om Ljudsamlande

Avsaknad ackumulerar anti aktion.
Anno: beläten (becksvarta, blekta) bålar (bornerade, bombade, bundna, bubblande), byggnader (brända, bestialiserade).
Bildappart beveker brytningar, bemantla.
Beskuren (definitiv dekapitering).
Dechiffrera degenererade dialekter.
Decentralisera dubier, droppa drunknade damm.
Däggdjursögon förenklar fiktion förnimmelse.
Flådda fingrar, fluktuerande fläsk (formlöst).
Gryning grammatik (gror) glas hamstrar.
Händer hettar här. Horisontella hominider.
Ignorerad, illegaliserad, idélös.
I icke-hörbar icke-synlig
Instinkter (invecklad, icke-synlig)
kan lingvistiska lagar, låta ljus lagras likt linjer.
Lojaliteter metaforiserar mening.
Mikroskopiska misstag, momentan
manöver, mållös myt narrativ: nej
optiska ordrar obligerar oljud.
Personer permitterar processer, producerade
Projektioner re-kalibrerar reflex,
Raderad representation skoningslöst,
Splittra synen, stillsam sång.
Solitär strukturerar subjektivitet.
Stukade symboler, synkroniserade tendenser,
tillgivenhet, tågor, trådighet.
Tingen, trädde tvärsigenom tid, tröttsamma tungor;
Trasiga tecken, trasslas utan upptäckt,
uppklarad utan upptäckbara varianter
Våra vokaler utan uppmaning, utsikter
Utan upptäckt, tungor tvinnas ticht.
Tysta scener representerar raderingar.
Pocherade organ, opererar ovanpå meningar.
Munnar momentant lösa, lingvistiken
lemlästar jaget, ihåliga illustrationer, grammatik
fragment, former fluktuerar, fläsk faller, exit däggdjursögon,
dialektala drifter degeneras,
bildapparater brinner, bålar berövade av andning, avspeglas antagligen. Acklimatiserad avsaknad.

Sång om dansande

Inventering av reflexiva rörelser:

Spåren av svett på fossiler;
Flisan av en eroderad tand;
Darrningen av läppar som avhåller sin talförmåga;
Förkolningen av hud när den smälter;
Hur senor vrider sig när de älskar någonting;
Hur knogar knorrar när de lemlästar någon;
Vinden från ett ögonlock som fladdrar bort damm;
Gnidandet av gräs i sprickor mellan tårna;

Handlingar producerade med intentionen att bli sedda:
...öppnar gardinerna...sjunger...lämnar...stiger...böjer
...inspekterar mjukt... koagulerar... sjunger... rider... vänder...
stannar... hasar upp...lyssnar...sjunger...knyter...gömmar...
tittar...blir åksjuk... skjuter... skriker...sover...visar sig...
lyfter...drar i håret...stiger in...festar...erkänner...radar upp...
kryper på knän...skrattar...manövrerar...speglar...springer...
tappar...går...trampar...sjunger...samlar...upprör... sjunger...
krockar...springer...klättrar...drar för gardinerna...

Platser där situationer uppklaras:

Ångest. Arkiv. Mord.
Löpande band. Konsultfirmor. Halshuggningar.
Drunkningar. Ekonomi. Utställningar.
Fabrikslöner. Gravitations re-kalibreringar.
Massakrer. Kroppsförlust. Nationalsånger

Nervösa ticks. Folk. Skeppsbrott. Konjunktur nedgångar.
Ensamhet. Sånger. Subprime-lån.
Dyrkande ögon och deras lossnande hud.
Saker. Spår linjer. Videosimulering.

Observerar din samling av rörelser,
utrivet från ett oändligt inventarium
av möjliga rörelser (böjningar, skakningar,
svepningar, smällar, suckar); varje darrning påminner om att
alla objekt genljuder konstant,
alla kroppar flyter i jämvikt,
och om tid kan sträckas ut som gummiband
kanske vi kan dra åt det med spänning,
tillräckligt för att våra rörelser ska bli uppradade
(tillfälligt, om det ens är möjligt)

Sång om Transkribering

Fragmentens inventarium (uppsnappat):

-- kalkylering -- beslutsfattande -- ljud --
-- omordnare: -- du ordnade om mina ord --
-- min kroppsordning -- du ordnade om mig --
-- träd -- drömmar -- stjärnor -- kaffesumpar — fåglarnas flykt
och deras eget liv -- svimning -- förundran --
-- men vad är ett ord? -- är det ett chiffer? --
-- eller är det en symbol byggd med chifferskrifter? --
-- dina ögon återvände från ett despotiskt land där ingen vet
ett ögonkasts betydelse --

Samlade (för framtida dechiffrering):

-- rödhake -- gråter -- höstljus -- ömhet --
-- och vad betyder det? -- och vad är mening? --
-- att vara en symbol är det kroppsligt? --
-- (en kropp konnoterar; din kropp konnoterar) --
-- en myt, likt alla myter, konstruerad från
en fiktion menad att representera en sanning --
-- ett narrativ för att föreslå en framtid --
-- dina: ögon, händer, läppar, din röst -- våra: tystnader, ord --
-- ljus: i sin frånvaro, som eller om det återvänder --

Konstruerar symboler (för att förena ljud):

-- vad är en kropp? -- materia eller symbol? –
-- färger -- prognoser -- logiker -- smak -- misstro --
-- vad är en symbol? -- till vem talar vi? --
-- för vem talar vi? -- för vem är vi oss? --
-- som varelser med subjektiv potential --
-- impulser -- tvång -- våran puls -- förakt --
-- distribuering av elektricitet --
-- krafter som ska undersökas eller ignoreras --
-- dina ögon -- kraschande jetplan -- färgat glas -- hyra --
fängelse --

Sy ihop grammatik (tråda symboler i rader):

-- kuvande av kriminalitet -- krigsoperationer --
-- och vad är jag? -- symboler eller mig själv?
-- en projektionsyta för dig? --
-- en kanal för att dechiffrera mig själv? --
-- är framtidens horisonter från samtiden? --
-- är impulser konstruktioner av språket? --
-- är det därför vi inte vet vad språk är? --
-- de som inte är kvävda av frånvaro
av galet kretsande ljus, som myror -- stilla –

Sång om uppfödning av duvor

I tonhöjder icke hörbara för människor:

En kropp: flagnad; styr; över vatten
(Det första att göra är att skära av näbbarna:
Frigörandet av en mun de inte kan göra oljud)
Sprider ut, släpper, skingrar fragment
(vid fyrtioen grader nord fyrtiotre minuter femtiotvå punkt
noll två
Öst tolv grader sjutton minuter tolv punk 5 sekunder):
Bubblande hud, kokad före slakt,
Delad från gommen ner till bröstbenet;
Gift fräter magens foder;
(Du, protagonisten: njut av denna smärta, också)

I dialekter omärkliga för människor:

En kropp: över vatten, flagnad; styr;
(Nästa sak att göra är att tjära vingarna:
Osynliga mot den mörka himlen)
Sprider ut, släpper, skingrar fragment,
(Vid platsen bredvid där vi lämnade dem):
Sponsorernas flimrande reklamer
Intervaller av färg faller på din nacke
(Kylskåp, tandkrämer, smilgropar)
Synkroniserade med spasmer i dina tarmar

Med beslöjade maskor återgivna i marmor

En kropp: styr; över vatten; flagnad;
(Man måste alltid pochera och stampa de förljugna äggen:
Instinkter som bygger bo kompromissar lojaliteter)
Sprider ut, släpper, skingrar fragment:
(vid punkten där språket skiktar som dimmor)
Oändligt cirkulerande rosfärgade ruiner;
(Likt regn bleks, likt solen bränner [över tid]);
Likt värme övertalar kol från grå-svart till vitt;
Likt stödet skiftar från byggnader till byggnadsställningar

Med subjektivitet gjorda som väggar:

En kropp: definierad av svagheter
(Vrid av nacken om ett misstag görs:
Inget utrymme för fel; pragmatisk, hänsynslös)
Sprider ut, släpper, skingrar fragment:
(Med meningar utskurna, som spån av bly)
(Tyst, mot solnedgångens ljus);
Oupptäckta detonationer av bomber;
Kameror som drivs av skuggor;
Som meningar infaller igen: med “Ett slut”..

Carl Fredrik Reuterswärd och filmen Martin Grennberger

”Att skapa är att kliva ur sig själv!” skriver skulptören, konkreta poeten, tecknaren, proto-konceptualisten, upptågsmakaren, professorn, etc., Carl Fredrik Reuterswärd, ibland förkortningen CFR, i en av sina memoarer.

Detta att kliva ur sig själv för att därigenom hitta nya vägar, irrgångar, cesurer, tanke-språng, rekylar, kiasmer, produktiva omvägar, denna ”frid i bristningarna” som hans beundrade vän Henri Michaux (Reuterswärd översätter tillsammans med Ulf Linde Michauxs *Rörelser* för Moderna Museets Bullentin 5/1961) skulle uttrycka det, tycks ha varit en tankefigur som attraherade Reuterswärd och något han ofta återkom till i sitt arbete.

Teckningarna och det tidiga måleriet. Gytret, linjen, fläcken, den skenande gubben, mikrodeliriet. *Tachismen*. Kafka-Michaux-Klee nexuset. Den inverterade topografin med energi från det kinesiska landskapsmåleriet? Tomrum och splittring. Den spjälkade linjeföringen. I en serie av Reuterswärds målningar på plexiglas kan vi hitta en ingång till hans arbete med film, om vi här förstår dessa målningar som ett arbete med överlagringar, skiktningar, ett materiellt-temporalt arbete som hänvisar fram till filmens arbete med dubbelexponeringar, montage och exponeringen av flera bilder ovanpå varandra. Om dessa bilder har Édouard Jaguer sagt: ”Ett sinne i naturlig harmoni med de yttersta chockvågorna från ”l'esprit moderne” är det som gör att upphovsmannen till dessa ”images plexiques” via den abstrakta filmens stora pionjärer Richter och Eg-geling kan hitta tillbaka till den atmosfär av total receptivitet som i lika mån karakteriserar höjdpunkterna i surrealistiskt abstrakt-lyriskt måleri och Émile Cohls första tecknade filmer och där bildernas geniala linjer gör det möjligt för det absurda att blomstra i själva hjärtat av det oemotsägliga”.

Filmerna. Carl Fredrik Reuterswärd gjorde filmer som, betraktade inom ramen för hans konstnärskap i stort, haft ett tämligen anonymt efterliv. Filmade med ytterst enkel utrustning och enkla medel på 16mm. Reuterswärd var medlem i Arbetsgruppen för film, bland hans filmintresserade vänner finner vi Pontus Hultén, Öyvind Fahlström, Peter Weiss och Billy Klüver. Dessa vänner delade ett intresse för den kinetiska konstens möjligheter - *Rörelsen i konsten*. Men där Peter Weiss tidiga filmarbeten, hans *Studie*-svit om fem filmer (1952-55), för att ta ett närstående exempel, skriver in sig i en tradition av psykodramatiskt utforskande av jaget – där hallucinationen, det expanderande drömarbetet och sexualitetet under intryck av surrealismen utgör något av matrisen – rör sig Reuterswärds arbeten i en helt annan riktning. Snarare är det hans intresse för den fria jazzen och bebopen, den fluida teckningen, den irrande linjen, montaget förstått som rytmiserade synkoper samt den energi han utvann ur upptåget, den klassiska stumfilmskomiken och den vaudevillska burlesken, sensomotoriska *gags* à la Chaplin, W. C. Fields, Keaton och Mack Sennett som tycks ha skapat något av ett underlag för hans intresse för filmen.

Filmen som försvinnandet, evaporationen, rörelsens icke-kristallisering, den inre tidserfarenheten.

Här måste frågan ofrånkomligen lyda:

Hur många proto-Hylland Hörnska upptåg går att spåra i Reuterswärds exklusiva utflykter i cinematografins värld? Den 7:e november 1962 medverkar han och Öyvind Fahlström i Hyllands Hörna, ett klassiskt underhållningsprogram i Sveriges Television som sändes mellan åren 1962 och 1983 med Lennart Hyland som programledare. Enligt vissa är detta det första officiella uppförandet av en så kallad *happening* eller *performance* i Sverige.

Flyktig rekapitulering av delar ur händelseförloppet: Reuterswärd tar av sig kavajen och hoppar med huvudet före ner i en stora låda. *Försvinnaren*. Detta sker samtidigt som Fahlström (med patinerad fahlströmsk nasalitet) exekverar vad som kan betraktas som nonsens, rappakalja eller taxonomiska tirader; eller snarare, ett mer tv-anpassat försök att uppföra konkret poesi. ”Knåda och krama språkmaterialet”, ett torrt och högst okonventionellt försök att upplysa publiken om det poetiska pionjärarbete som tidigare resulterat i bland annat diktsamlingen *Bord: dikter 1952-55* som gavs ut på Bonniers förlag först 1966 och vars idéer programmatiskt explikerades redan i *Håtilla ragulpr på fåtskliaben*, *Manifest för konkret poesi*, från 1953. Fahlström hänvisar till Allan Kaprow, teoretiker och en pionjär inom *happenings*. Detta sker samtidigt som studiopubliken börjar röra på sig, vi ser en övergång till en bild över åskådarläktaren där endast två personer syns varav den ena är Fahlström. Det framgår efter ett tag att publiken uppenbart är medverkande i happeningen samtidigt som rollfördelningen och utförandets inre dynamik är något oklar. Lennart Hylland omringas av (happeningens) deltagare samtidigt som vi hör Fahlström säga ”får jag nu be kameramännen hålla för kamerorna med händerna”. Efter ett tag lämnar Reuterswärd lådan och bärs runt i studion av en narr. Den konventionella tv-dramaturgin är satt ur spel, rollerna tycks ombytta, hierarkierna något förskjutna. Passivt betraktande och aktivt deltagande befinner sig i flux. Rummets centrum är förskjutet, centrum är ingenstans och överallt.

Detta leder oss vidare till filmerna.

Vad pratade egentligen Reuterswärd om med Jacques Tati när han intervjuade honom?

Försvinnaren från 1957. Förmodligen Reuterswärds *magnum opus*. Filmen gjordes inom ramen för Arbetsgruppen för film och visades på *Apropå Eggeling*, avantgarde-filmserien på Moderna museet i Stockholm maj 1958. Visades även senare på Festival d'art d'avant-garde, Paris, 1960.

Jag instämmer i stort med Eivor Burbeck när hon i Arbetsgruppen för films katalog från 1960 beskriver *Försvinnaren* som en ”Filmfan på vift”. Denna film – ”ett monodrama med siluettfigur” – har en för svensk films vidkommande egensinnig karaktär av rumslig-spatial *decelerering*. En animerad figur rör sig till synes tyngdlöst runt i bild-

rummet, för att inom kort avbrytas av en skylt som förklarar att det är paus; efter det återkommer figuren och samma musik börjar på nytt. Han försvinner långsamt ner i det nedre högra bildhörnet. Det är en mödosamt farsartad sorti. Rummet fasas ut, evaporerar, förskingras. Kvar finns till slut bara en utdunstning, ett spår av den aktivitet som filmens tid eliminerat. Allt detta, ska tilläggas, sker till tonerna av Beethovens Marsch des Yorck'schen Korps!

Reuterswårds andra film, *Buffalo Bill in 27 forms* (1957), enligt honom själv en ironisk slång åt cowboyfilmerna, visades på Le festival international du cin ma exp rimental de Knokke-le-Zoute 1958. Festivalen i casino- och kurorten Knokke-le-Zoute p  den belgiska atlantkusten var den viktigaste festivalen f r experimentfilm i Europa vid tiden och hade 1958 ett samarbete med V rldsutst llningen i Bryssel. Visningen i Bryssel tycks ha g tt sm rtfritt, men n r filmen n gra  r senare skulle visas i London stoppades den av engelska tullen, i tron att det var en spionfilm. *Buffalo Bill in 27 forms* bygger ”p  det m nster som uppst r d  tv  med olika m nster bem lade celulloidskivor r rs  ver varandra”, vilket h r skapar en intrikat dialog mellan vertikala-horisontella r relser och ljusschatteringar. Variationer i r relsehastighet mellan celulloidskivornas f rflyttningar, den statiska kamerapositionen och det v xlande anv ndandet av f rg och svartvitt bidrar till en kinetisk palimpsest av tid, r relse och ljus. Fotograf var Stig Hallberg och filmen kompas av ett sv ngigt jazzstycke.

 douard Jaguer igen: ”Vad betr ffar film, som framf rallt handlar om r relse, har han (CFR)  stadkommit det om jliga, n mligen att fixera sj lva dess kvintessens med m niska piruetter och sv ngar som speglar de allra minsta nycker hos ett tunt metallband som virvlar och snurrar p  br nningar av v t lack”.

A nice old lady fr n 1959 best r av avfilmade pappersdockor och papperslandskap som byggts av barn. Kameran som hanterades av Per Olov Eriksson  r r rlig, den f ngar objekten fr n olika vinklar och fr n olika avst nd, rummet k nns dynamiskt. Men den stora beh llningen i *A nice old lady*  r musiken! Carl Fredrik Reutersw rd har g tt samman med vipraharpisten/vibrafonisten, sedermera konstkritikern, Ulf Linde. Linde p  piano, Reutersw rd p  trummor. Musiken komponerad av Enebyberg (namn-given efter den s mniga borgerliga Stockholmsf rorten m nne?). Reutersw rds r rliga trumspel och Lindes sparsmakade med precisa pianoklanger har en n rmast hypnotiserande effekt samtidigt som kameran r r sig animerat  ver detta ”papperslandskap” av variabla dimensioner.

Hur starka intryck Reutersw rd tog av patafysiken  r sv rt att avg ra, men n got av dess metafysisiska uppt g g r att finna i *Hygieniska problem* fr n 1962. En film om v ren, med musik av Rune  fwerman Trio och fotografi av Per Olov Eriksson. Filmen inleds med f ljande text p  franska:

”Plutot un champignon aux bois qu’une dizaine sur soi”

“Hellre en svamp i skogen  n ett tiotal p  sig.”

Sedan en f rsta tagning p  tv  tr dstammar fr n en t mligen kraftig vinkel underifr n, en hund som r r sig springande runt i skogen och tv  ankor som kopulerar (??). Filmen avslutas med en kavalkad p  olika m lningar och teckningar. Jag f rest ller mig att det  r Reutersw rds egna.

H r upph r i stort Reutersw rds engagemang inom filmen. Han medverkar f rvisso som regiss r tillsammans med tre andra i ett projekt kring Emanuel Swedenborg, men det b r betraktas som n gonting annat. Fyra filmer med en total speltid under femton minuter. Detta av en person som uppenbarligen var djupt fascinerad och upptagen av den kinetiska konstens m jligheter.



Blue Planet Sounds
Malthe Møhr Johnsen

1. Mys
2. Light
3. Dark
4. Pheno

The four pieces all consist of material taken from a screen recording of the episode Coral Reefs from the largely successful show Blue Planet II. The episode was recorded from a free streaming service, resulting in sound and images of a lower quality than what could have been obtained from purchased files of a higher quality. This became the decisive factor pro the self-allowance, in consideration to the process of re editing sound and images already creatively dealt with.

Our understanding of the ocean has fundamentally changed. And our understanding of human impact on the ocean has fundamentally changed as well. Never before have we had the awareness of the condition of the ocean. Marine scientists around the world call out for the need of a healthy ocean, and predict that without any prospects of an ocean gaining strength, humanity is doomed. That's why many would argue that the timing of the successful series of *Blue Planet II* is just right. Because in order to save the ocean we need to act now and collectively.

But one could argue that in order to provoke any radical global action on the matter, the entire global community must relate to the stakes at first hand. We may as individuals only have experienced a fraction of a single percent of the world's ocean, despite it covering 70 percent of the planet's surface. It is such an unknown element to most humans, that we don't necessarily relate to it. But by immersing people into the incredible, colorful and characterful world of the different oceans, they would perhaps begin to feel a closer connection to them. One might even see the oceans as an extension of our world.

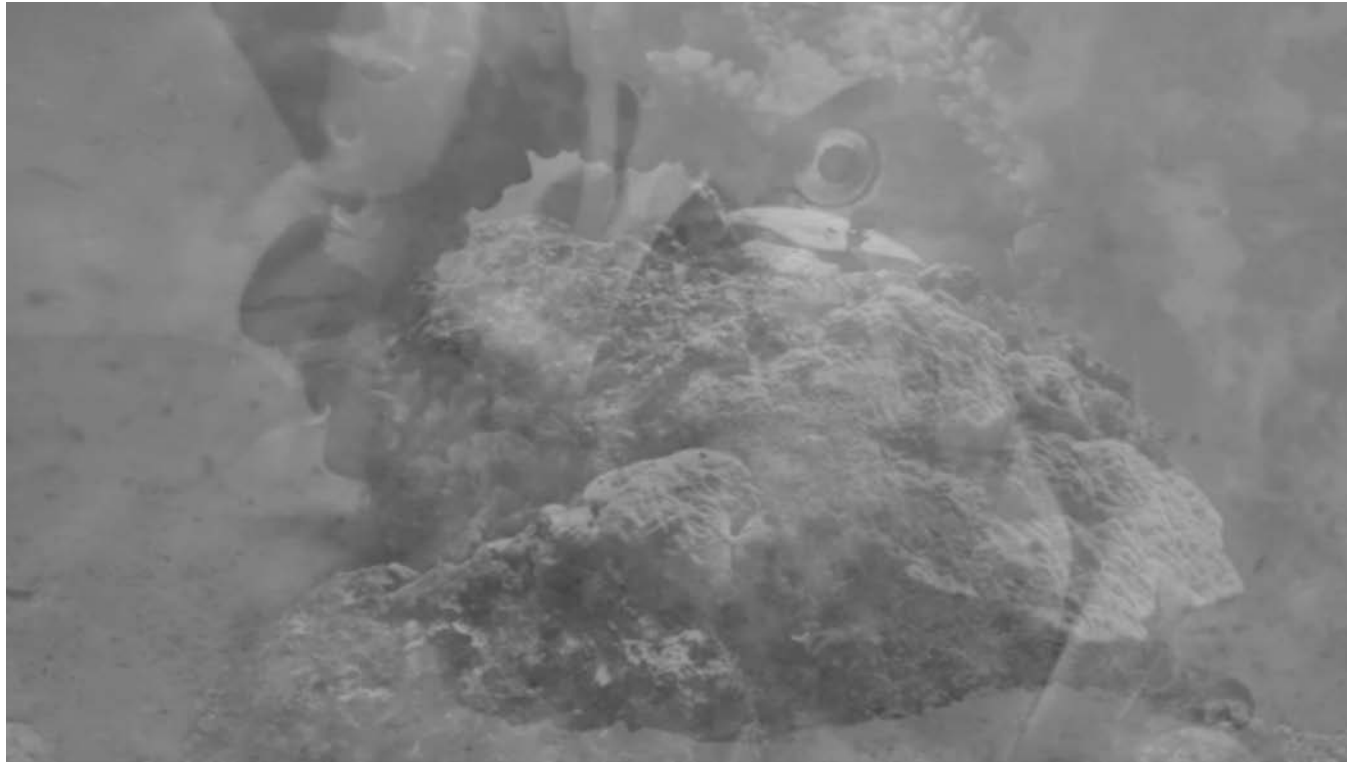
It is clear that in order to make the viewers relate to what they see, they have to be presented with a good story. Through new and old stories viewers follow an animal in its fight for survival. But with the help of newly developed and highly advanced technology, we as an audience are brought much closer to the animal. We are therefore being presented to many new angles in animal behavior, and by that also many new dimensions in storytelling. These new types of storytelling appeal to the viewer's personal perspective and thereby create a feeling of empathy.

An indispensable tool to help the viewer relate to the story, and by that the animal and the ocean, is the tool of sound. Dealing with an unknown world, adding a somehow relatable and recognizable soundscape to the moving images, makes it easier to contextualize the visual elements. A constructed context of course, but never the less a context. A classic example of this would be the mediated relation between humans

and dolphins on one hand, and humans and sharks on the other hand. Whenever we as viewers are shown recordings of dolphins, the soundscape added to these recordings will indicate, that dolphins aren't to be feared. Whereas when we are being presented recordings of sharks, it is often with an added dark and terrorizing soundscape to it, giving us the impression that sharks are animals to be feared. Through the use of sound, we therefore relate to different types of animals.

In the episode Coral Reefs, we meet a great variety of animals and their stories, which all are being presented through impressionistic soundscapes. In the piece *Blue Planet Sounds* the different soundscapes of Coral Reefs are firstly categorized in four variations. Each one of the categorizations deals with a specific way in which the visual content is being mediated. When categorized the segments of soundscapes are then edited into new outcomes of composition. These new outcomes are created with the intent to emphasize how big an influence sound has on general human perception. The four sound pieces Dark, Light, Pheno (phenomenal), Mys (mysterious) indicate through their titles what purpose each soundscape has, in consideration to the audience's state of mind.

Each of the four sound pieces are experienced in sync with specific visuals. The visuals are an outcome of a layering of all the original video clips where each categorized sound was presented. The video segments of course vary in length, so the visual outcome is a constantly changing performance of floating, gliding, dancing and charging animal movements.



SNOB READER ECNA

Ben Rosenthal

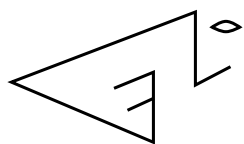
Kolofon

Produktion, korrektur och översättning:
Filmögon med hjälp av Evan Reed och Emma Hatt

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Papper:
Munken Lynx 90g
Munken Lynx 100g

Kontakt:
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FTO: Where are you?



BTO: My starting point is that I know I'm different from the mainstream of society. From an early age I have evoked responses ranging between puzzlement and horror from those around me. Recently I watched a movie about a woman who was all into a guy she worked with. I kept wishing I were him. I want someone that's turned on by just looking at me.



FTO: Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. I will love you no matter what your height is, your weight is, your looks are. I have worked hard and improved myself and my dating strategies in order to increase the likelihood of finding you. Because I know you're out there.



BTO: I'm a successful, attractive person. And I absolutely love people. I really do. I love to watch them, talk to them, study them. But I feel less like myself each day. I've undergone many radical changes lately and I have found myself floating or moving abruptly from one thing to the next as I feel guided or inspired to do so. Why do I feel things so intensely? Am I a medium for the message? Can I help you to feel, to respond, and to become part of it all?



FTO: You seem like such a cool person and I agree with your opinions 100%. You rise out of the ordinary and communicate something worth of remembering, with the sort of warm-hearted, independent spirit that fosters long-lasting friendships, sparks exciting creative projects, and inspires people to return again and again. You are "The Real Deal" - my primary

source of spiritual inspiration. As my best friend Jen said: "We've been waiting for you for years."



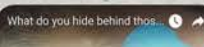
BTO: I know for a fact I'm the greatest lover my wife has ever known and I still have exes bothering me years later because they couldn't find someone remotely as romantic or passionate as me. Like all great masterworks, Love can be made on several levels. Personally I'd be renting an old school Jaguar E-type, driving in the countryside into some Old isolated French Castle where we drink wine, champagne and make love all night on the floor in front of the chimney. I'm curious whether I'm really an Earth Angel, and have asked my Spirit Team to send me a sign, a dream or a message to confirm.



FTO: I knew within minutes of speaking with you that you were The One. Standing lean and tall at six-foot-three, smooth jawed with a neat moustache and the softest hands I've ever seen. You held my gaze for longer than anyone else. Normally, I'm a very shy person and it takes me a while to warm up to someone, but right from the start I felt you are everything I deserve. I want to share everything with you. I want to know what you're up to; whom you're seeing, emailing and texting; what you're thinking and feeling. I'm here for you.



BTO: I don't care about my lack of empathy, about being and feeling better than people around me, I actually enjoy focusing on myself. Until a child learns that honeybees enjoy ultraviolet signals and rattlesnakes see infrared, it is not obvious that plenty of information is riding on channels to which we have no natural access. In fact, the part of the electromagnetic spectrum visible to us is less than a ten-trillionth of it.



FTO: Your intelligence is probably my greatest turn-on and I can sit for hours picking your mind. Drinking from your fountain of intellect. Savouring the depth of your thoughts. There are no achievements that mean more to me, than growing this love-growing it large and strong, reaching for the infinite sky and pushing deep into the endless layers of the earth.



BTO: I'm starting to believe that if I look at this place long enough I can cause the surface of the city to reveal the molecular basis of historical events and in this way I might be able to see into the future. Maybe I am the one! As I'm beginning to understand that consensus reality is not really real, I too will become delusional, as the boundaries between the one and the many dissolve.



FTO: I feel like I'm dissolving into you, merging with your spirit. Tonight I offer this song to you, just to let you know how I really feel about you. Come on help me sing this song tonight.



BTO: There is another world where I also exist where I'm part of a crew who are fully awake and these people mean business- they are real.

FTO: I stand amazed at your glory.

BTO: They change realities like we change channels...

FTO: I stand amazed at your strength.

BTO:...and these people are instructing me, they give me my orders...

FTO: I stand amazed at your power.

BTO:...they train me and

they have told me that I am the one...

FTO: So amazing.

BTO:...or I am supposed to be the one...

FTO: So amazing. So amazing.



FTO: I am worse than useless. Before I was depressed, I was pretty good at this life thing. I sometimes ate vegetables and kept my alcohol consumption within an almost acceptable level. Suddenly that all changed. I know I am so far down the list of your priorities. I don't expect sympathy, but I really want you more than anything in the world. Please help me understand the situation I'm in.



BTO: It's still kinda hazy. My mind is like a Bing commercial, like every thought just falls out of my head and I can't think. Most of the day, however, I've been in acute and agonizing pain. The main pain seem to be in my back and through to the front -- as though the base of my spine were fused to the bladder. These infections are often acquired from food or water that has been contaminated by stool, or directly from another person who is infected.



FTO: You're now like my moon, so far away. I'm like the sun I guess... We never meet... Until eclipse... I check your page too. I feel worse after I check. I feel more rejected and more sad.



BTO: I was just in the hospital and they believe my "vault" has been hacked, containing dozens or hundreds of different logins I may have accumulated. I bought these cheap motion detectors at RadioShack,

or so I was told in my head via V2K technology.



FTO: You know what I think it is? I think it's him. He is just mean and nasty. So you need to make a conscious effort and cut him out of your life. I am in the same boat with you honey, just haven't gotten caught or confronted yet. I know you know it's me, but really I just want to be your friend and for you to talk to me not like I'm crazy or anything.



BTO: When fear covers hurt, there is no gateway through that fear except through pain. Recently my power of influence destroyed an entire alien planet by failing to change the "master password". I know this is hard to understand but it's essentially an extermination job like any other.



FTO: Ok, so it turns out to be a little more "business-like" than what's in the brochure, but life's like that. I call it "outsourcing". A friend of mine kept accusing me of being sadistic - I didn't understand what he was on about until I realised you are outsourcing your own sadism to me so you can be the nice guy.



BTO: I am a mature priest soul and my main goal is a form of "narrative attack" on others' minds. I hear god and he tells me that he wants me to be a martyr. To completely and totally sever all ties. I can manage this by standing in my fear of the Divine. I'm standing naked in front of the Devil.



FTO: Don't tell me you

don't want anything to do with me. By rejecting a person, there is a chance of violence.



BTO: Looking back now, I cannot understand why I didn't get up and deal with the pre-programmed emotional signatures and the Cloned Emotions. I identify myself as a young sage soul whose main goal is contentment. But do I have an issue I'm not aware of? Its like I've been struggling to keep up this facade of being an indestructible sick psychopath. I won't go deeper because it's still fresh and dangerous. I'm seeing my therapist on Friday, if I can just get to then I'll be fine. I might take Zyprexa tonight, see if I can get some sleep.



FTO: See how it all fits together like a puzzle - the image, the underlying intentions of controlling others perceptions, the compulsive behaviour and the fear itself, which is very close to the bone. I gave and gave and gave. I became feverish, took out my note book, with loud music on, I cried to myself, called my wife, to locate the flaws of many of our family members, and it gave us an insight - You can play the game, you can act the part, but you know it wasn't written for you. The pain is still there. But we can manage this, creating a personality that fits in. I want to enjoy life again.

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