



FILMÖGON 4/5

Dedikerad till Gert Aspelin och Christina Erman Widerberg

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*“In the future, everyone will need to be a film critic to make sense of anything.”*¹

När Jan Holmberg för drygt 10 år sedan författade sin exceptionella och olustiga runsten för den analoga rörliga bilden spåddes en mycket mörk framtidstro för den flimrande underhållningen. I mångt och mycket har hans decennium-gamla framtidsutsikt blivit sann men i ett tappert försök att sprida vidare ett från början utdömt medium till läsaren, har Filmögon sedan 2015 producerat (i och med detta nummer) fem tryckta samlingar med tankar kring rörlig bild. Idén med tidskriften har i det redaktionella arbetet fungerat som en antites till den dödsstöt som söndrat inom filmens produktionsmedel, distributionsformer och visningsmöjligheter. Filmögon bejakar snarare den personliga blicken på film och reflekterar kring mediets beståndsdelar.

Apropå slutet kan det här dubbelnumret av Filmögon kanske ses som det allra sista. Det betyder inte slutet, utan precis som eftertextens THE END kommer minnet, tanken och känslan av vad vi just bevittnat kvarstå och likaså fortsätter det viktigaste arbetet – reflektionen. I Filmögons fall fortsätter arbetet i nya format, vilket tar sig uttryck i en rad publikationer som släpps den närmaste tiden och behåller en liknande fascination för den rörliga bilden.

Avslutningsvis vill Filmögon tacka alla medverkande som längs numrets sidor, än en gång tecknar upp en kavalkad av eklektiska gensvar på filmen i alla dess förnimmelser och rörelser. Oavsett om det är via filmens apparatur, dess sociala liv eller minne innehåller den här samlingen några möjliga förslag och potentiella framtider – inte bara vad film är – utan även en önskan och förhoppning om vad det kan vara.

Filmögon

1. J.G. Ballard, *The Kindness of Women*, 1991

The first scene goes very fast.
Evidently it has already been
rehearsed several times: every-
one knows their part by heart.

She Laughs
Swan Lee

Living with the possibility that my sister could kill herself at any time is pretty interesting. The feeling of that possibility is neither heavy nor light for me, it is just like thinking about something I dreamt about last night and afterward trying to ignore it. This denial of recollection had been succeeded. Until then.

In Chantal Akerman's *Passages*, there was an ocean, her ocean but with the several unexpected oceans laid out on the floor. I mean, as the fake aquarium from China, a tiny and shiny being under the screen. I stared at them. To be honest, I stared at all those small things longer than the ocean above it. Her kitchen, street, corridor, mirror, murder, mother, and the voices of her. After all those small things, I returned to the oceans in the end. It seemed like these things chase me or the other way around. A state of unconscious attraction.

Back from *Passages*, I continuously spent the last summer days with Akerman's *My Mother Laughs*. The book provided me a little thing that kept me away from forgetting about my experience of the flow of time. It was an admission ticket for the memory of *Passages*. I hoped to face an unexpected ocean again. The summer was still hot just like my overheated room. Every evening before sleeping, my nightly routine consisted of the book, bottles of wine, a glass from the fridge, ice in the freezer and an electric fan, to remember.

One evening I was reading as usual. "But I can't stand it. I can't stand waiting for spring. I'm stuck in winter with its dark, heavy clouds that look like they'll stay forever." After a few pages of reading, I was stuck. I was suddenly possessed by a thought. A massive thought, an unknowable thought. No idea what I was thinking, or was I even thinking? Despite the effort to figure out what type of thought it was, anything, no such feelings came across my mind. The more I craved to grasp it, the more blurred it became. It was my forgotten dream. The huge forgotten dream a.k.a. the frequently ignored dream from last night. Her writing was beautiful, but at that moment, for some reason it was hard to face it. My gaze couldn't focus on the book anymore. I had to find another ocean. I opened a wine bottle and poured in an ice-filled glass. I drank it.

I drank it. Rather than looking at the chains of letters, I looked for someone in her story. I opened the window for fresh air. Yes, I was possessed by someone, whom I

have to remember and at the same time, whom I want to love. The one, someone that I know since her birth. I was already aware of her death and the fact that she had taken her own life. Yet, the book was a love letter that echoed all her loves into one love, one laugh. I felt it. In this long love letter, I was her sister. It reminded me of my sister.

Her sister wanted to analyze a circumstance that is barely associated with any emotions of love. Her sister always had a huge desire to find out the source of her sorrow. It seems like her sister would read the reason for her death and find out the possible cause of her illness. Knowing and advising her about the discovered reason for her sadness. Her sister deeply believed that this kind of behavior makes her less sad or even happy. After several attempts, her sister gave up. She ignored it because she couldn't understand it. The action of ignoring became ignorance and the state of being forgotten became a mystery. The mysterious tears have been forgotten like the heavy dream. But I faced it again. I brought one more wine bottle and it reminded me of our mother.

All women of the story were merged into one. It was one and all. All loves were loaded deep in one's laugh. Everything of hers was born from this laugh, which is also the same for her sister, but she couldn't perceive it. Her sister always wanted to be her mother's love. Indeed, this was her wish too but she couldn't admit it. This is the knot of our relationship, the evidence that we are all connected. Her sister wondered how a sister feels after the death of her sister. She cried, whether it was caused by sadness or whatnot, maybe this crying partly reflected the laugh from the intensive-care room. Anyway, her sister cried a lot. I cried a lot.

It reminded me of myself. It was me. She was a part of myself. I had to see myself in her tears. Tears were mine because our bodies were linked to each other. Likewise, her laugh was mine. Ours. I remembered the dream, which I will never forget. This unexpected ocean. I realized and wrote to her. I hope you are happy. She answered. You just made me happy. She made her happy. She made her happy. We are happy. Her messenger account disappeared. The time finally came, I thought. Then I asked another sister about her. Her account got blocked because she had posted an illegal advertisement in an open chat. I laughed. I laughed a lot.

Passion of Remembrance
Doing the best I can in my blackness
Incognito: An Afroswedish memoir of dreams and hopes.
Salad Hilowle

*I am doing the best I can
Yesterday one person said
You're not black enough
And I answered I am doing the best I can*

*I came here on a winter day
It was first time I saw snow
My dad said eat it
Didn't want to eat but tried for him
The taste was weird*

How can we talk about *blackness* in Sweden? Jag vill prata om att inte känna mig ensam. Jag vill veta om vi kan prata om *beyond blackness*. Jag tänker på Fred Moten som menade att svarthet är flyktigt. En pågående vägran av standarder som ställts från andra. Moten skriver i sin bok *Stolen Life* att flyktigheten bör förstås som en önskan för utsidan. Att spela eller vara det fria, en vägran mot det felaktiga instrumentet.

Jag vill prata om *routes* som Kobena Mercer myntade. Konsthistoriken Kobena Mercer beskriver hur vi borde tänka på *routes* istället för diaspora som betyder spriddhet. Exempelvis att man av olika skäl varit tvungen att förflyttas till ett annat land. Diaspora är också oftast förknippat med att man lämnar sitt hemland (hemort) på grund av konflikt. Han menar att *routes* är som rutter som finns inom en. Att man är en rutt som är gambiansk, en annan rutt som är svensk och en tredje rutt som är bunden till en stad eller klass osv. Jag undrar, finns det möjlighet för oss att prata om rutter i Sverige – att vi alla har olika rutter inom oss?

Jag undrar om Fred Moten tänker på *blackness* i relation till oss som inte har gjort resan över det transatlantiska havet. Vi som självmant kom till Europa i hopp om ett bättre liv. Fred Moten pekar snarare på effekten av det transatlantiska havet än bokstavligt talat utifrån den amerikanska erfarenheten.

Jag tänker på om våra erfarenheter (vi som inte gjort resan över det transatlantiska havet) går att likställa med en amerikansk kontext, en brittisk kontext eller en fransk kontext? Min far gjorde inte den transatlantiska resan, men han gjorde en resa och nu är vi här. Min mor växte upp i ett land koloniserat av Italien och

England som sedan blev statslöst. Hon gjorde en resa tillsammans med sina barn som statslös. Sedan blev hon en Gävlebo, en norrlänning och en svensk medborgare. Men jag undrar fortfarande om vi kan prata om våra erfarenheter?

*Mors tårar en sommardag
15 juni, 1995
Norra Köpmangatan 22F
Mashallah, Mashallah
Allhamdulillah, jag minns mors tårar
Mor och Far pussas
Vi äter en smörgåstårta som står i furubordet
Far viftar pappret i luften,
Mor knappar fingrarna i diavoxen, hon säger:
Hoyoo, Hoyoo, nu har vi alla rättigheter som vilken annan svensk
Vi är svenskar*

Jag vill prata om *beyond blackness* i Sverige. Jag vill prata om flyktigheten, vägran att ingå i ett system som stämplar en. Jag undrar hur ett sådant samtal skulle kunna se ut? Litteraturkritikern Hortense Spiller sa, ”Svart kultur har alltid varit det som är motståndet mot det generella; det punkiga, det naiva, det som är *enfant terrible*.”

*Material, materialitet försvinner aldrig från våra kroppar:
(Eller vad tror du som aldrig blivit ifrågasatt av din närvaro?)*

*Vad är mest safe?
Aabe, hoyo, jag vill minnas vid att vi är födda i emotional labour 365
Om inte för vår familj, för vårt folk i västvärlden
Joo, du trodde aldrig jag var en somalier, du sa: en som du ska inte
vara såhär
Adopterad ett språk, en aadaan värld som aldrig tillåter
Gaalka waan kul lehay, dadkeyna awii??
Det är en familjär plats
En familjär syn
Bam, bam, bam har också drömmar*

*Walaalo, är vi oskyldiga,
Are Black girl's innocent?
Are Brown boy's innocent?
Blir vi projicerade skyldiga?
Är min och din roll att projicera vår oskyldighet?
Bröder och systrar kapitalisera på våra kroppar i molnen
Min kära: Om det inte är en stad så är det ett fängelse?
VÅRA KROPPAR RENTVÅS ALDRIG!*

*En sån dära snälla låt mig vara ifred typ
Du vet, en sån där som kanske panikar
Som har knuten hand eftersom
Snart kommer dom där orden
Och baaaaam, baaaam
Orden orden som skakar om en
Du har 5 minuter
Att skaka av dig högervinden
Men gör det snabbt
Låt denna vind bara var en snabb pust
Sverige blir äldre men landet går ner i level*

Min personliga berättelse ligger som en röd tråd genom hela filmen och vi får ta del av flera minnen men även nutida upplevelser. Jag vill visa det emotionella och fysiska minnet av rasism. I detta sammanhang så vill jag även poängtera att filmen inte erbjuder lösningar på rasismen i Sverige. Med avstamp i min erfarenhet öppnar filmen också upp till ett bredare perspektiv. Filmen återger afro-svenskars vardag genom bilder från sociala medier om rasism. Filmens struktur är fragmentarisk, det betyder att vi blandar råa dokumentära scener från sociala medier med episka iscensatta scener. De iscensatta scenerna är filmade på 35mm och 16mm och med det episka menar jag att genom användandet av dessa storskaliga format som är monumental i filmspråket, äger vi våra egna bilder och skriver in afro-svenskars kroppar även tekniskt i filmhistorien.

Genom att kombinera dessa två lager i filmen kommer en bild av ett samtida Sverige växa fram. Ett Sverige med både fina och fula sidor. Min metod är

undersökande bilder ställda mot vardagliga bilder. Med andra ord bilder vi har runtomkring oss som sociala medier och mobilfilmer men samtidigt hitta bilder som är förhöjande och upplyftande.

Här kommer olika utdrag som fungerar som VO i filmen;

*Eldklotter Eldklotter,
i dom dystra månaderna är själen livlös,
men kroppen gick raka vägen till dig
Vi var uppvuxna på kamelmjök och överlevde
Jag luktar på en maskros
Trummor från andra slag
90-talets svallvågor har gjort sig påminda
Alla skriker åt olika håll*

*Du sa: Du är en landstrykare utan mening
Jag sa: Det kanske är såhär det somaliska och svenska vemodet möts*

*Alla hem har etniska odörer
Undra hur det är för oss med mellantinget?
Jag hörde viskningar och rop om hon som var först
Tänk om alla hennes känslor gick före
Ett brus i vinterlandskap
Kvistar på buskagen
Jag hörde viskningar och rop om hon som var först
Vi stirrar på TV
Jag tänker på alla bilder vi bär inom oss
Apati är vad som kvarstår
Mamma ringde igår
Hon sa: Du kommer skriva om din mormor en dag
Jag sa; vad sa mormor?
Hon sa: hayee, sånt händer
Ett helt 90-tals svallvågor har mognat till något större
Alla skriker åt olika håll
Jag vet inte, vart ska jag ta vägen?*



*Alla hem har etniska odörer, undrar hur det är för oss
Som har mellantinget
Jag hörde hur vindarna fick träden att skapa rytm
Nästan som att träden gjorde en
Dhaanto dans*

SKOLGÅRDEN

*Jag minns. Jag springer, fort, fort. Jag hör röster, ord som skriker
slagord. Jag ser en bild. Det håller på att komma tillbaka. Det är
vinter. Jag och min bästa vän Gustaf. Vi spelar bandy. Jag ser himlen.
Det är soligt. Mina täckbyxor är smutsiga.*

*En äldre kvinna och en man kommer mot oss. Vi säger hej. De morsar.
Ungdomar kommer. Vi morsar. De säger hej. En kvinna kommer.
Hon morsar inte. Hon tittar mot oss. Hon säger ord som jag aldrig
glömmer. Hon bryter på finska. Hon frågar Gustaf, "varför leker du
med en n***, akta dig för såna". Vad spelar det för roll? Ni kommer
inte förbli vänner.*

*Det kommer, jag känner det. Min kropp skakar. Hjärtat studsar
hårt och tyngre. Jag har aldrig känt min hud så närvarande. Mitt
ursprung, hennes ursprung. Liksom hon som mig fanns ett lyckligt liv
före. En del av mig dog. Det är som att hennes hopp har försvunnit.
Jag kan se det i hennes ögon. Och jag blev precis medveten om min
kropp.*

Hur pratar man om bilder som man växt upp med? Bilder som inte varit inkluderande, bilder som finns inom oss? Denna känsla uttrycks bäst i en av mina diktrader:

*Vi ser på TV
Jag tänker på alla bilder vi bär inom... oss
Apati är vad som kvarstår*

Konstnären Arthur Jafa har beskrivit sitt uppdrag med rörliga bilder som att likställa och upphöja den visuella svarta estetiken som svart musik. Jafa hävdar att svart musik har en självklar plats inom kulturhistoria; jazz, hip-hop, soul etc. men Jafa menar på att svart visuell estetik aldrig fått en självklar plats i konsthistorien. Likaledes kan vi ställa oss frågan – finns det en svart estetik inom skandinavisk konsthistoria? Om man ska prata om konstnärer dyker Loulou Cherinet (Sverige) och Frida Orupabo (Norge) upp i mitt medvetande. Det finns säkert ännu fler, men jag kommer inte på fler just nu.

Jag satte upp ett mål när jag började masteråret på Kungl. Konsthögskolan. Jag ska prata om alla bilder jag växt upp med och bilderna jag har inom mig. Jag har velat prata om svarthet men utifrån min position. Jag har lyckats med uppdraget men ser att det finns mer att prata om. Under denna process så behövs ett ökat synliggörande av afro-svenskar, det finns exempelvis karaktärer lik *Svarta-Sara* som inte lyfts fram i min film. Det har varit ett ambivalent arbete att försöka hitta balansen i bilder från min uppväxt med bilderna inom mig. Jag vill efter detta projekt utforska ännu mer bilder inom mig, men i undersökningen av dessa bilder även blanda dem med bilder från den svenska konsthistorien.

Det slog mig under denna process att mitt filmiska språk börjar närma sig ett folkloristiskt filmspråk men utifrån ett afrosvenskt perspektiv. Om man nu skulle titta på vad som är gemensamt för den skandinaviska konsthistorien så är det, enligt mig, folklöre.

I detta sammanhang så menar jag att den folkliga traditionen inte har innefattat ett afro-perspektiv. En hybrid där folkliga traditioner möter diasporan kan bli väldigt intressant. Exempelvis så kan en person med hijab som går i de norrländska skogarna och sätter sig vid en av hälsingegårdarna bli till en påminnelse om en av Carl Larssons målningar – därigenom förvandlas till ett möte med det nutida Sverige.



Difficult People
Emily Wardill

glamour (n.)
1720, Scottish, “magic, enchantment” (especially in phrase
to cast the glamor), a variant of Scottish *gramarye* “magic,
enchantment, spell”

Kira Muratova made on average a film every two years. She did this despite suffering repeated censorship – her film *The Asthenic Syndrome* was the only Russian film banned during perestroika and *Long Farewells* was banned in Russia for 16 years. Hers is a cinema of love and prisms, pigs and pipe dreams, laughing in the wrong place and glamor – in the original sense of that word: a magic that can turn leaves into money. She is dangerous and charming at the same time, a kind of boss-eyed savant who is pretending to herself that she doesn’t know what she is doing so that she won’t get bored before arriving at the end. Careering through so-called-plots she has something of the partygoer in F. Scott Fitzgerald’s description to Hemingway: “I couldn’t tell if she was crying or if the gin and tonic had reached a level with her eyes and was spilling over.” Muratova said she was influenced by Charlie Chaplin, Federico Fellini, Robert Flaherty, and Sergei Paradjanov – but it seems obvious too, that she was influenced by children and animals.

They say you are not supposed to work with children or animals. Whoever *they* are. In fact, they were W. C. Fields, the American comedian, actor, juggler and writer. But the advice is wilfully ignored by Muratova. Capturing something of the way that a toddler can watch a washing machine as though it were a television, Muratova has the ability to transform us into tender observers of the wonder that was always there whilst we were becoming more efficient and drab. The reason you’re not supposed to work with children or animals is of course that you can’t control them. They are like the weather. That is also very present in Muratova’s work – the magnetic storm in ‘Chekhovian motifs’ is in no way, shape, or form a pathetic fallacy. Weather, Children, Animals: are still outside of this human conjecture that calls itself reason, but often just looks like an excuse. The animal is not a symbol, the child is not a stand-in for their adult self and this is not a metaphor.

And whilst we are ignoring helpful advice, there is the other adage that theatre and film are separate forms of drama and the language of one is not suitable to enter

the language of another. Theatre, we know, is based on a live audience, a static stage and the projections of voice and character demanded by those constraints. Film, on the other hand, allows us to float up close to our protagonists, sharing their intimacies and flashes of emotion as they pass over a face. Film editing can make the connections between a woman and a grave that she becomes a widow, create a monster from a shadow, then a sound and cut to a horrified face. What could film possibly hope to learn from theatre – that old, undemocratic art, enjoyed more by those performing than by those watching?

During a matrimonial ceremony in a church in Muratova’s adaptation of Chekov, the groom is horrified when he sees among the guests his ex-lover who has previously committed suicide. She roams around the church like some kind of dead typhoon, wrecking this sacred day that is already about to topple since the spectacle, the image of the wedding, will not be sustained by Muratova. That’s not her beach – sustaining spectacles – her characters, who are sexy and naughty with bad teeth and haircuts that don’t suit them, are like silent movie stars – expressing emotions that seem graphic and itchy. They are constantly talking, chattering, bitching, yawning, dying to smoke, laughing and needing the toilet. In this most unceremonious of ceremonies, someone even tries to tell the bride that “no one loves anyone” and she responds immediately “Except me!”.

In her earlier film: *Brief Encounters*, where Muratova plays the main part, there are many discussions between her and her lover that manage to catch that magnetic force between them, whilst the language itself is scuttling and unhelpful. That feeling of the early throws of connection crept into the set, but it is impossible to work out where it is exactly. Is it in the space between them? In the cut-off water and housing issues that Valentina has to deal with? In the table set by Nadya? Her lover Maxim is only seen in flashbacks and so the longing of loss pervades a present. Anna Lawson writes (trying to understand why the film was censored for so long): *If the censor was able to read Muratova’s cinematic language, one has to give him credit, because it is from the aesthetic manipulation of space, framing, and mise-en-scène that a potentially disturbing picture emerges – the picture of the embourgeoisement of the Party cadres, and the search for fulfilment in the individual’s private world.*

The space between words became the words themselves. She captures that thing

that Cassavettes said all his films were about (love) with avoidance, the sense that it was impossible to confront, must be moved around, must never be mentioned. Muratova throws her close-up out of focus, to focus on a figure in the distance. She ignores what is shouted and gives space to distraction. It is as though she is flying on failed language:

“shh, stop, I just want to enjoy the silence” says the blabber mouthed mother in *Long Farewells*.

“I am silent” the son responds.

There is a moment in Chekhovian motifs where we are taken out of an endless family argument into a television screen and on that screen is an over-exposed ballet dancer, moving simply through her own glow on a black background. We watch her for long enough that we know that she is not a symbol. We watch her and it feels like Muratova smuggled an experimental film into a narrative one. How would she dare to bring these two kinds of film-making together? Aren't they arch enemies? How could she slip, so effortlessly, from a circular family argument into an pictures generation film? Illusionist filmmaking is the nemesis of the gallery artist who would only consider to extract meaning or even time from the schmaltzy, apolitical attempts of those involved in story.

What the story is supposed to do is to reveal things to us, bit by bit– so that we are propelled by the idea that, eventually, we might see the whole. And then when we do, see the whole, we are done, and what we lost was time. Racing to get towards the end. But in amongst that, there was shrapnel, perhaps things got stuck to us, maybe we changed our own stories – the ones that we carry around with us to make our own lives seem scripted.

Ericka Beckman wrote “In the early 80s, Tony Conrad and I discussed “distance”” in terms of performance and identification. He had a theory that you could determine the spectator's level of identification with a filmic image by measuring the distance between the screen and the viewer's memory. When this distance is reduced, the process of identification becomes effortless. Once memory corroborates what you see on screen, the image registers as ‘real’. That's

how Hollywood films work. However, if this distance is greater, it takes longer to register or understand what you are seeing. The viewer's identification response is postponed as his memory needs to catch up with the image.”

These questions of distance enter too when Muratova puts screens within screens in her own films. Whose memory are we watching? Is it a supposed collective memory of those who all watched the same tv, the same films? (as Tanya Leighton posits in *Art and the moving image* – film becoming a cultural space that we can all speak about in the way that painting never managed). Is it the memory of the family – their cultural memory? Is it us watching them watching? And if the outside world is projected onto the screens of our own minds, who is it exactly that is watching that screen?

Muratova is juggling these distances, these enemies – the world of illusion and realism, trying to mix oil and water and perhaps thinking that just because they can't become the same thing doesn't mean they can't make intoxicating psychotic patterns. The ballerina is the speech of the body – complex and simple and full of knowledge that is hidden to her even as she carries it around. Disciplined to float in perfect expression and haunting with such glamour that the family fall silent. When Muratova allows this ballerina to dance for so long in her film -- she is also haunting the screen. It's not a plot device. Not a sign to help us understand a character. Its more akin to an artist respecting the work of another artist. Not a remake – like when Steve McQueen remade Buster Keaton. Not really an appropriation – like when Sherry Levine reproduces Walker Evans, but an inclusion. What she nods at in this scene is that, if the artist could have said it any other way, she probably would have.

It is something like the way that music occupies time and gives it a form without freezing it. Muratova allows the music to exist on its own terms, not to influence the picture but as an element that is as important as the image. With Chekhovian Motifs in particular, Muratova is living within the poetry of Chekov.

The film is a reappropriation of Anton Chekhov's short story *Difficult People* (1886) and his unfinished one-act play *Tatiana Repina* (1889). The one-act play *Tatiana Repina* is the story of a young Russian actress who, while being engaged in the

leading role of a play, spots her estranged fiancé in the audience with his new girlfriend and goes to take poison during the break. She collapses on stage and dies. In some kind of reconstruction of the 4th wall, so that you can only move through it in the opposite direction: the actress does not influence the audience, causing them to go out and perform change in their own supposedly non-theatrical lives, but instead, the audience influences the actress to take her own life and step out of both lives – the theatrical and the non-theatrical. Not such a great surprise that Muratova would be attracted to this story then of wall that didn't adhere to any of the ordinary dimensional laws and of a theatre where the actors were watching the audience, instead of the audience watching the actors. It makes sense since she was a filmmaker who was determinedly disorientating. It was Michael Atkinson in The Village Voice who wrote, “her films are like being stuck in a lift with a psychotic.” But what it feels like to me is that you are in the middle of a punch-up and realities that you thought were pre-ordained are smashed. Behind the broken screen you find another scene that had been playing out at the same time, and you realise that the characters in that scene were watching, but you couldn't see them because you were looking at a reflection. I don't think that Muratova smashes through from one reality to another with violence, I think she does it through an ability to pass through different entities – babies, different adults, animals – as though she were re-incarnate. Muratova tries to live in amongst the work of Chekov as she allows others to live in her work – with all the hallucinations and figments that come together to form all of our realities. She herself directs the film as though she were an actor channelling with the deep contentment that comes from having the courage to enter fully into the work of another. As Tyrone, the father in Eugene O'Neill's play *A Long Day's Journey into Night* says of Shakespeare: “I would have acted in any of his plays for nothing; for the joy of being alive in his great poetry.”



This is an adaptation of a lecture that I gave as part of the series *Problematizing reality- Encounters between art, cinema and philosophy* with the philosopher Michael Marder. It was organized by Maumaus and took place at the Goethe Institute. Lisbon. Portugal. 2018.



Bad boy



Fall guy



Girl next door



Hero



Psycho-biddy



Traitor



Modellen med den röda fågeln
Lina Selander

Vlad, Vanja, Marcus, Tobias, Lina, Oscar, Astrid, Morris, Norma, Karlo.

Gatlykta, dörr, mur, döds-kalle, eld.
Dödsängeln med koreansk mask för ansiktet rör sig långsamt.
Rättvisan står stilla.
Dörren är öppen.

Tigern med mantel, Hamlet sovande, skamstock i bakgrunden.
Ora esatta.
McDonaldsklocka.
Pingviner simmar i akvarium, Schönbrunner Zoo.

Kläder och trasor i olika färger på golvet.
Medborgarplatsen kommer in, sörjer dödsängeln.
Samlar långsamt ihop trasorna och täcker dödsängelns kropp.

Führer sätter på sig gristryne, hatt och kavaj.
Plockar fram döds-kalle, domarklubba och cigarr med guldemblem.
Röker cigarr, askar på golvet.
Den tomma graven.

Skörd.
Frukter och grönsaker.
Döds-kalle i utbyte mot frukter och grönsaker.
Zooma in, zooma ut.
Sedlar i oskärpa.

Valaffischer, plastförpackningar, måsar, duvor.
Ängel vaknar från de döda.
Skärvor, hund, människor och barn förstelnade.
Hebron, Damaskus, Neapel, barn.
Det tomma Medborgarhuset.
Tigern kramar Rättvisan.
Tigerns skugga. Rättvisan hugger.

ur Sofokles *Antigone* efter Friedrich Hölderlins översättning bearbetad av
Bertold Brecht

– Sister, why is our door open wide?
– The draught of the fire has hit it from outside.

as we sat there saying nothing a sound came
In through the door that froze the bloodstream.
(A screaming from outside.)

with the dust in your collecting hand, you seem
To dye your words with red.

not
Be hidden in any grave
Sweet dish for the birds.

I'll speak then
sprinkling
with dust so the vultures

A spade had not dug there
Nor any shovel flung. And smooth the ground
Not a burial mound
Only a gentle dust as though someone
Before
had not brought much dust.

When first light showed us this
I
Was chosen by lot to tell you, führer

For when he wants for an enemy
He rises up as his own
By himself alone

His belly will never be filled but he builds a wall
Around what he owns and the wall
Must be torn down. The roof
Opened to the rain.

all
The
ether was full of it so we were blinded
And rubbed our eyes, just so, and after that
With a sharp voice the way a bird will grieve
Seeing the empty nest and no young in it.

Of all your words
None pleases me, none will please me
Nor is death one and the same

anxious city
of forgetting.

seeking exhaustion.

Are not themselves, they are seized, they rave
Skins
He mixes with others and flings
Them all together

seeing the sun's
Last light.
The unheard of grave. I am
Not joined
Nor with the shades
With life nor death.

From under her lids. Like her exactly
A ghost brings me to bed

Other bodies, hacked
Will lie in heaps unburied around
That one unburied.
It won't be chariots full you see coming but
Empty
What you will see
When my eyes are already filled with dust.

come forth
Tell
Whoever asks
we
Saw her flee to the grave.

is coming, the blind man, the seer

the signless orgies' deadly interpretation
Would be that you are why the town is sick

it has eaten of
A dead man's fat.

Since I, as you have said, know nothing
Our kind must ask. Since I, as you have said
Only what any child can see. That the bronze
my twofold answer which is: none.
And I knit nothing with nothing and I say:
the loud mouths
Lean and hungry, long in the wind, in the marketplace
Speaking
Now they are loud in the mouth again

I am an eyewitness
They washed him, no one speaking,
Carefully they raised a little hill.

Slippery Slopes and Uncut Gems
Robin Stretz

In the Anaheim Loop, 2019, 11.00 min, h.264

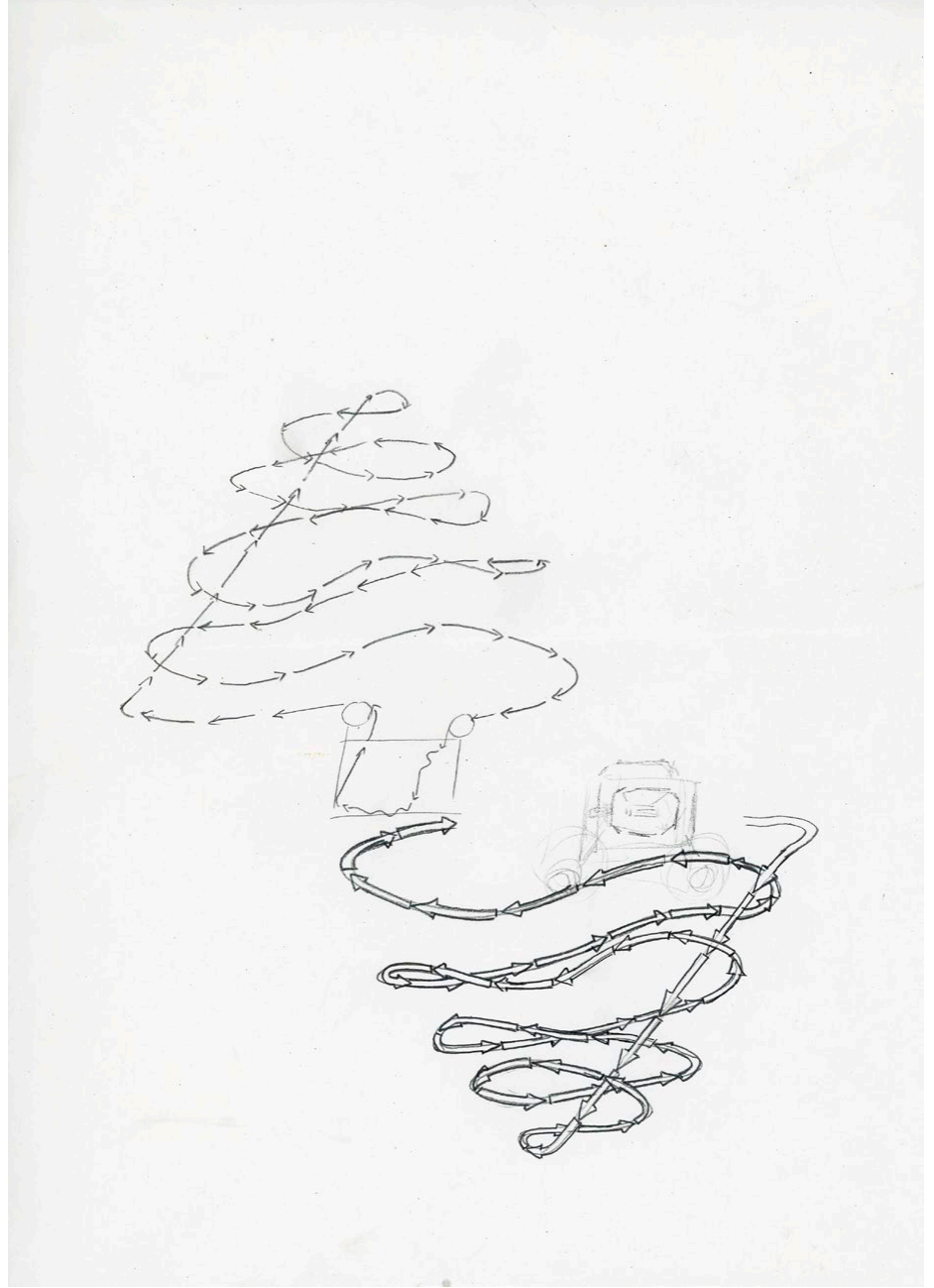
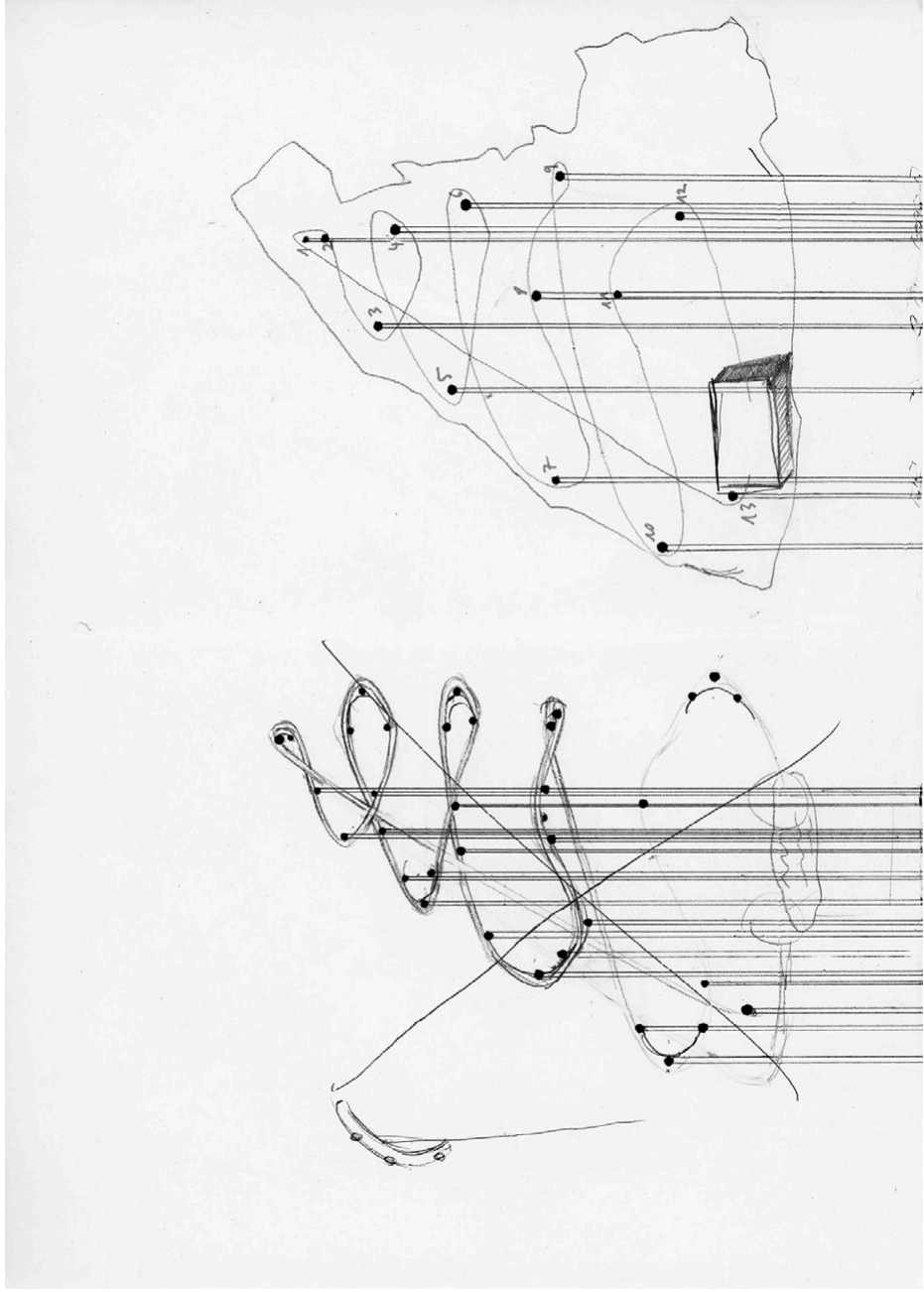
In 1959 a 1:100 scale copy of the Matterhorn, housing two tubular steel roller coasters, was built in Anaheim, California.

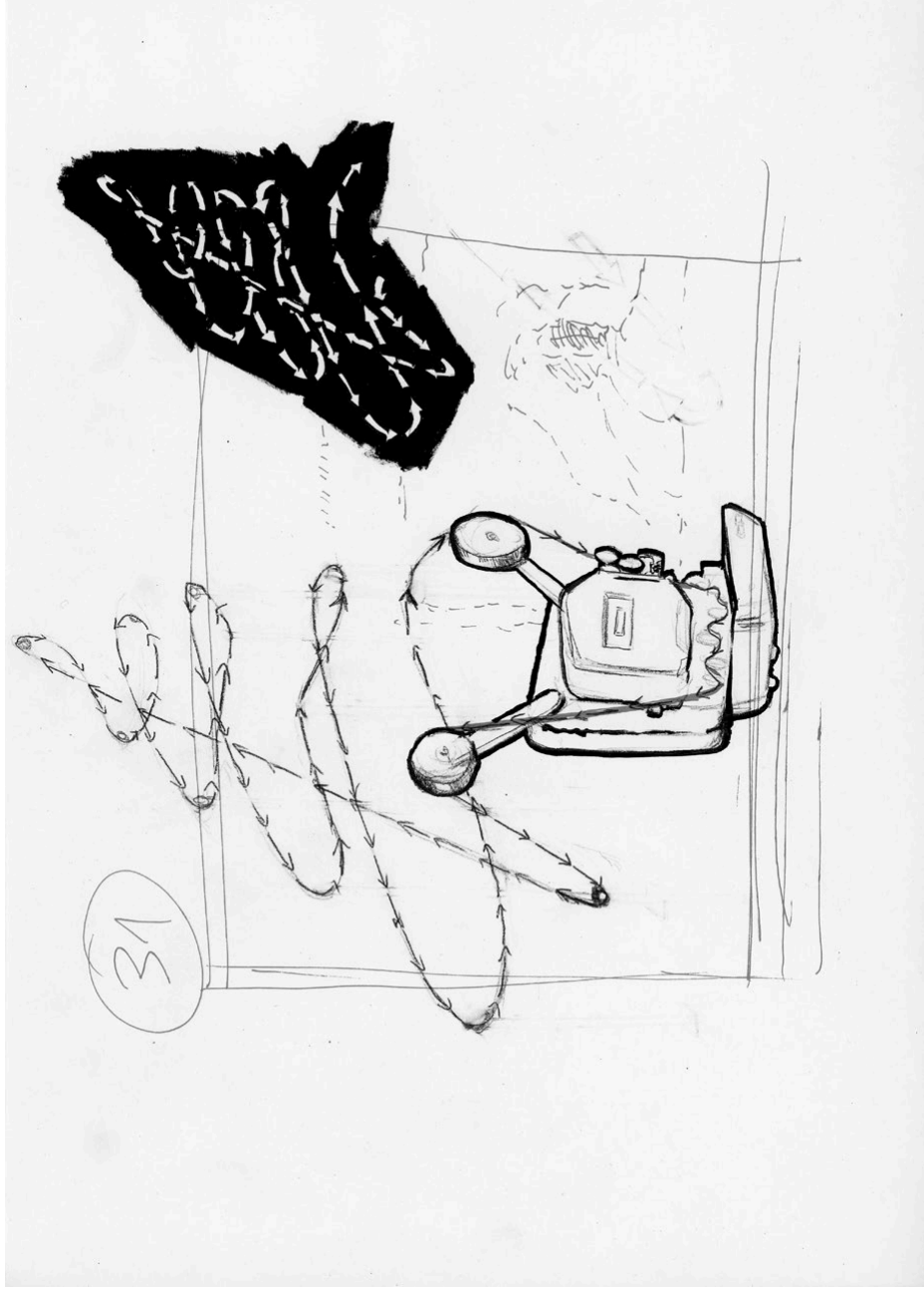
In 2017 I was told a rumour, about an American artist, who wanted to make a film using this copy of the Matterhorn and its roller coasters. According to the story he wanted to fix a 16mm camera to one of the roller coaster cars and film the whole ride from beginning to end. This film should have then been displayed on a special looping apparatus, resembling the track structure of the roller coaster, on which the film would run in an endless loop.

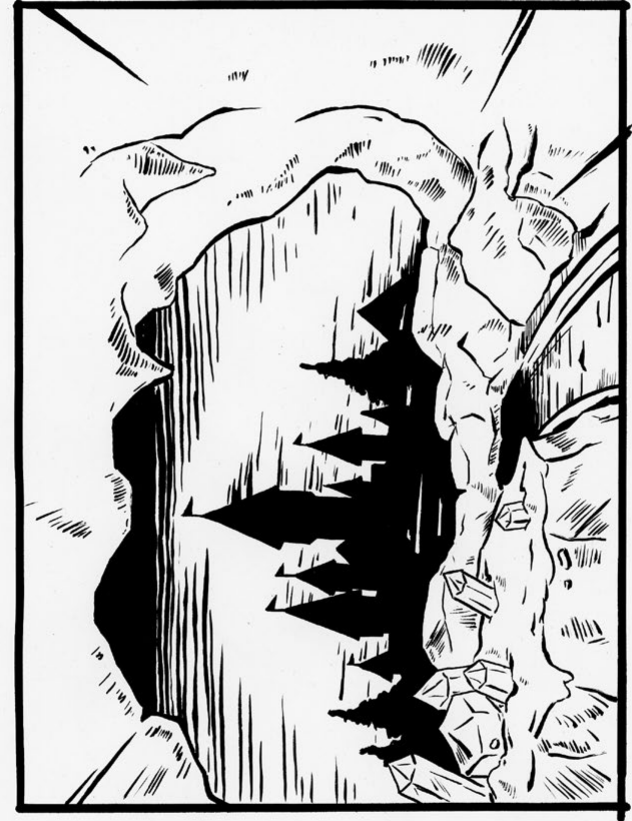
In 2019 I've decided to make a film utilising this rumour. Accepting the nature of rumours, the slight changes that every person makes intentionally or unintentionally when retelling it, I didn't set out to find out what the facts behind this story where. Instead I decided to make a film about the rumoured work as it was described to me, with all falsehoods, exaggerations and things lost or added in translation.

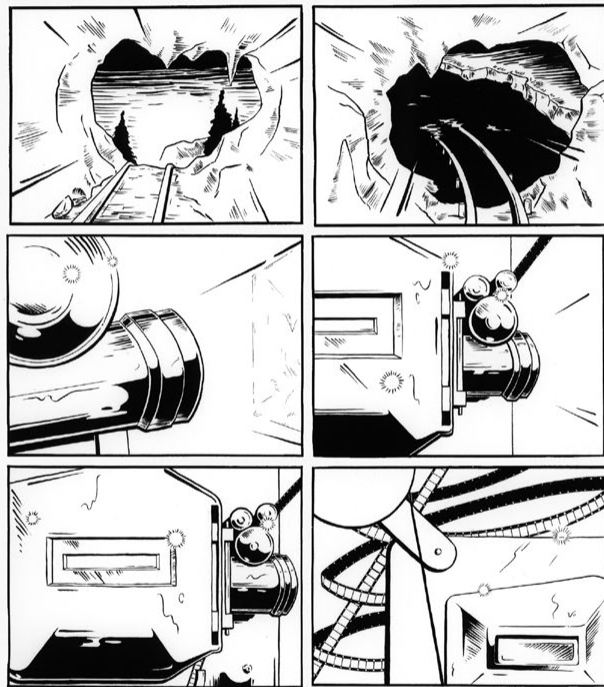
The images on the next few pages are a selection of drawings made in preparation of my film, panels used in it and excess material, which never became a part of the finished thing.

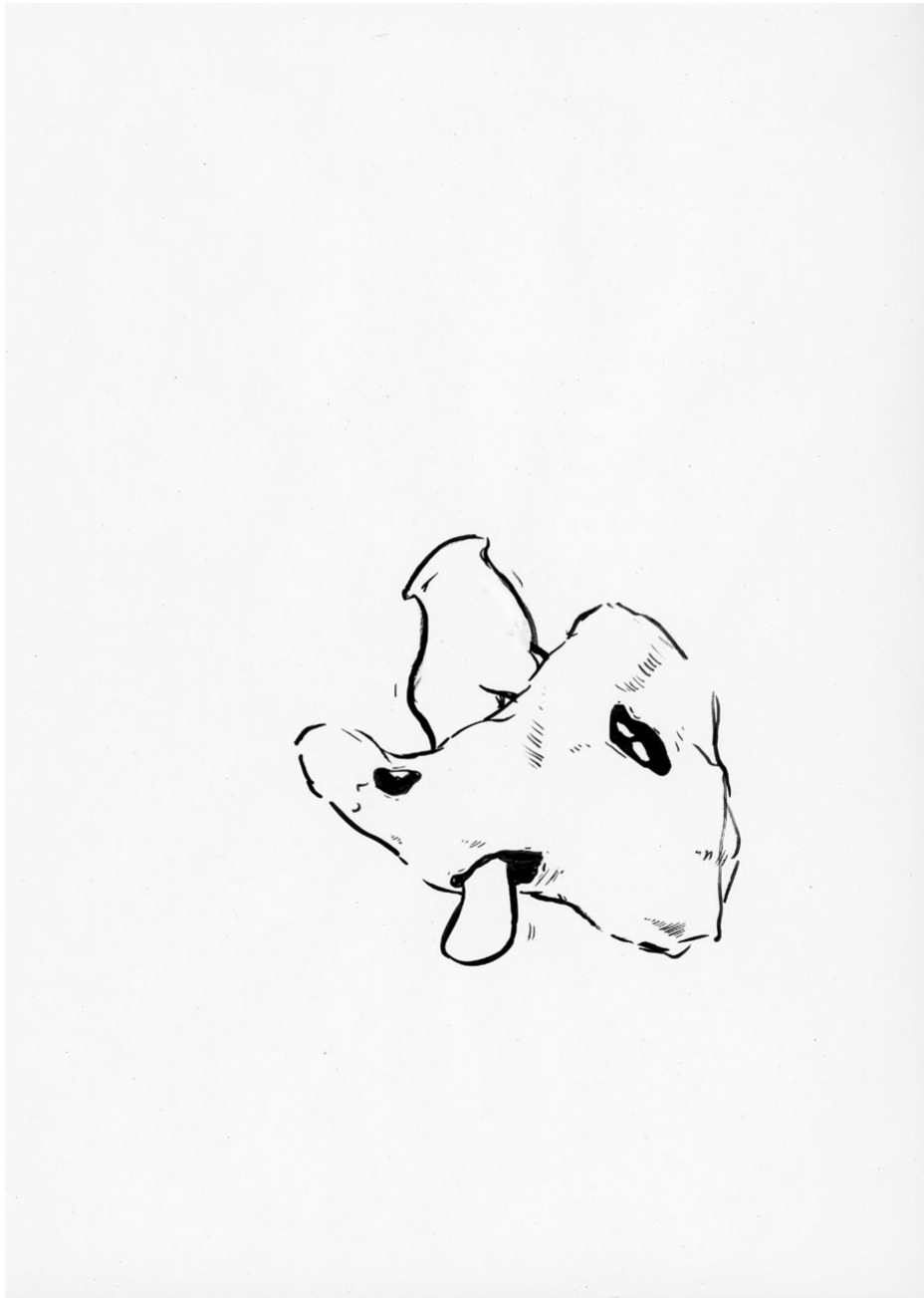
- fig. 1 - construction study for loop system
- fig. 2 - movement study loop system
- fig. 3 - composition sketch for panel #28
- fig. 4 - In the Anaheim Loop, panel #5
- fig. 5 - In the Anaheim Loop, panel #9
- fig. 6 - In the Anaheim Loop, panel #10
- fig. 7 - In the Anaheim Loop, panel #20-25
- fig. 8 - composition sketch for untitled, 2019 (Dreamer)
- fig. 9 - untitled, 2019
- fig. 10 - untitled, 2019 (Sleeper)











NY at Night
Julia Sjölin

An image then:

From the air
Night is a blessing
For most cities

Following aerial photographer
A dramatic, nighttime perspective
A vantage point captures an almost abstract quality of such sights as
As seen after dark

This is how
Transforms
From and beyond
Reveals some lively extended captions
A breathtaking record of the city
That truly never sleeps

The darkness wipes out air-conditioning machinery

The dark also conceals that awful, itching plague of cities:
The automobile

“Sunset” still carried its original meaning

By day, the sun is the workingman’s clock
Which stops after dark

The actual system doesn’t show off that well
But after dark, from on high, spread out
Like who first saw a similar
Who first saw a similar
Pattern, pattern

It could not possibly have interfered with the night sky
Thus, an account reported that:
“A brilliant, beautiful meteor passed over the city and proceeded over
the intersection, visible for 10 or 15 seconds”

“These days, what it would take to attract attention on the street:
Even the phases of the moon are irrelevant in New York City”

Electric streetlights were the beginning of the end

The latter first disappeared and then
Where children now
“know nothing of nature. Wild flowers—they rarely see them.
They never see the stars, though the sky is above them—the street lamps blind
their eyes”

And true darkness finally disappeared

(Did any artist ever paint the Virgin at night?)
“All the virgin eyes in the world are made of glass”

All these things are hidden by day, and become clear only at night
“Photograph New York”
As the first captured the far side of the moon

Everyone knew it was there, but no one had really seen it

New York at Night is like that: the other half of New York

Wherever it is,
“New York” is, to almost everyone

To many, it is the center of the most important
Of the most important world
Why is exactly why people visit

New York was born in movement
And it still doesn't stay in one place
It's inconceivable now
Sounds like an unimaginable inconvenience?

Both were "unimaginable except in nightmare"
They were, perhaps, worse than the sin that accompanied darkness
Lit at least once, but with a demure string of white lights
Seen only at night, bathed, in light

The eye-white sky-light
White-light district

Both were where one could now read a book at night, with ease
The electrics reached a waterfall of colored lights running down the figures

By Night:
The figures were obscured by illuminated "water" tumbling over them

By Day:
They appeared nude—a nice reversal

It gradually expanded outward into: the present

Running along: now

To night-club addict
Undercover-virgin

Dead-sober real-estate operation:

From the moment construction began
Steel components arrived right on schedule
And were put into place within hours
The exterior skin popped into place
The unusual produced something
Looming over Life
Almost invisible

Patience—thinly stretched at the best of times—this section has been closed

SKYSCRAPERS

(You wear armor, and it looks like: This)

"First skyscraper" is like Lost City:
Everybody's looking for it
But nobody's ever going to find it
"Cloud-scratchers" and "sky-scratchers"
Viewed through the lens of structural advances
What really made it possible was the arrival of rapid transit

For many people of this world will always be: Second

This view shows that
It's actually like medieval armor
Each specially shaped piece of stainless steel individually knitted into place
Those at the very top are just raw mechanical space

Each one like a room
Open to the weather
 With wind blowing
 Sensation

Immediately below is a sort of crystal room

Perhaps, standing there
Surrounded by glass
 It feels like you are on the top of the world

The Sun lights
Armor of solar panels
Reflects the sun from your eyes

A desired voltage output
 One to another
 To the desired voltage

Then in parallel to increase amperage

(This: for me not to touch you)

The restrained lighting also highlights
It was presented after several unsuccessful–and hair-raising–attempts
It now forms TV and radio transmitter
The model installed was the talented but tormented Audrey Munson
 Who started modeling in her mid-teens

She was the muse of choice for many important works in New York:

Day

and

Night

figures

However, she attempted suicide in her thirties, and spent the last sixty years of her life in a mental institution

Her figure was “ninety times repeated against the sky”
 “Where is she now, this model who was so beautiful?”

Descending Night

Life Insurance Company truly
 Removing almost all detail, and replacing: what you see is really

Life Insurance Company, made of thousands

Oh, the tangled tale of General Electric
 radio wave-like work over the General Electric, General Electric

Now just GE. Got that?

Today
The horror is all tidied up
But few walk through
Within
Without
Silent remembrance

After the last bodies, the last steel beams
The last pieces of concrete were brought
There was nothing but emptiness

Back to life, like
Finally after months of tired fireflies
Almost invisible in the gloom
Got back to normal—the new normal that is

Today
Times
And people
Have changed

And the angle of the sun
:
Cuts the whole lot in half

This side of one of the most active said:
“New York.”



DK Terrassen er en nomadisk biograf med base i København. Gennem filmvisninger undersøger Terrassen det cinematiske apparat: dets arkitektur, psykologi, publikum, samt filmens historie og dens mulige fremtider. Terrassen er organiseret af en gruppe kunstnere, kuratorer og kritikere, der har fundet sammen for at undersøge filmens sociale liv.

Alle visninger er gratis for publikum. Filmoplevelsen kan og skal ikke underlægges kapitalens tyranni. Terrassen er for alle og for free. Terrassen kommunikerer gennem mails og invitationer,

og vil ikke eksistere som en aktør på sociale medier, selvom de enkelte arrangementer eventuelt vil blive omtalt i det regi. Terrassen er opkaldt efter Chris Markers film *La Jetée* og navnet afspejler gruppens princip om radikal åbenhed: Som rum står en terrasse i opposition til både biografens black box og til kunstinstitutionens white cube. En terrasse er åben til alle sider, den har ingen døre, man skal ind af og ingen vægge til at blokere udsigten. Der er ingen balkoner til kongen og dronningen, en terrasse er et socialt sted. En platform for nydelser og nye tanker. Om dagen kan man sidde under solen, om natten kan man betragte

månen og stjernerne. På terrassen ser og hører man fenomener, som ikke kan beskrives med ord.

Første aktion finder sted 19. september 2019 i Palads-biografen i København. Palads er en multiplexbiograf fra 1912, et monument og mausolæum over den kommercielle spillefilm, men også et filmhistorisk wonderkammer med et utal af filmbegivenheder gennem årene i de mange sale. Det var her i Københavns gamle hovedbanegård, at man i 1912 etablerede det ”glædernes tempel”, som digteren Emil Bønnelycke få år senere skulle kalde biografen, og her Sex Pistols

i 1977 spillede i Daddy’s Dance Hall. Huset er dekoreret af kunstneren Poul Gernes. Der er flere hemmelige rum i bygningen. I dag er Palads stadig er en del af byens kulturliv med indbygget polsevogn og natklub, mens den som biograf mest af alt fremsår som noget fra sidste århundrede. Et stykke arkitektur blandt mange andre rum i og udenfor København, som vi mener bør aktiveres af en ny kultur for levende billeder. i to sale, der ligger henholdsvis oppe under taget og helt nede i kælderdybet.

Terrassens første filmprogram tager dig med på en teleskopisk tidsrejse i levende billeder under titlen: Futurepastlooking-machine. Aftenens program starter med

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» FUTUREPASTLOOKINGMACHINE «



Støttet af: STATENS KUNSTFOND

Fremtidige visninger / Future screenings: terrassenbio

EN Terrassen is a nomadic cinema based in Copenhagen. Through public film screenings, Terrassen investigates the apparatus of cinema: its architecture, psychology, audience, and the history and possible futures of film. Terrassen is organised by a group of artists, curators and critics who have melted into one through the social life of cinema.

Terrassen is for everyone and for free in every sense of the word. All screenings are free of charge. The experience cannot and must not be the subject of the tyranny of capital. Terrassen communicates through emails and invitations and will

not exist as an agent in social media, although individual screenings may be referred to by others. Terrassen (‘the terrace’) is named after the Swedish title of Chris Marker’s film *La Jetée* and the name reflects the group’s principle of radical openness. As a space, a terrace stands in opposition to both the black box of cinema and the white cube of the gallery. A terrace is open to all sides, it has no doors and no walls to block the view. There are no balconies for kings and queens. It is a social space, a platform of pleasure and new ideas. In the daytime you can sit under the sun, and in the night you can observe the moon and the stars.

You will see and hear things that cannot be described in words.

Terrassen’s first action takes place on September 19, 2019, in the Palads cinema in the center of Copenhagen. Palads (‘the palace’) is a multiplex cinema from 1912, a monument and a mausoleum to the entertainment industry, but also a wonderkammer in which countless spectacles have taken place over the years. Palads was the former central train station, converted into a “temple of joy”, as the poet Emil Bønnelycke named the place when it re-opened as a cinema. Palads is complete with a built-in hotdog stand and a

night club where the Sex Pistols played two shows in 1977. In 1988, the building was painted by the artist Poul Gernes.

Palads is known to have several secret rooms. Today it stands as a relic from the last century. A piece of architecture among many others in and around Copenhagen which we believe should be re-activated through a new film culture.

Terrassen’s premiere programme at the palace performs a telescopic time travel in moving images under the title: Futurepastlookingmachine. The evening begins with the action film *Deja Vu* which screened regularly at Palads upon its

release in 2006. The following films will be increasingly older and shorter as the evening progresses, until the night concludes with a sound recording from before the medium of film was even invented; a fall back through time and film history. As an audience member, you will be required to travel not only through time, but also through space between the two screenings of the evening, as they are presented in two separate screening rooms located under the roof and in the basement.

MATI DIOP 29.11.19

CINEMATEKET, GOTHERSGADE 55, 1123 KBH

ok fuck netflix really really really
då blir det utan den nya, men kanske med 35 rhums istället?
vet ni när den kommer ut på netflix i scandi - om det är någon som har det kan man se det på sidan när man är inloggad?
frågan är bara var.
MM är dock biografin lärdig är det en annan som skulle passa bra med Diop som vi kan hyra in hos oss?
och vem skulle man kunna skriva och fråga om en nyskriven text.
vad säger ni andra?
Man kan ikke se på Netflix hvornår ATLANTICS får "premiere", man kan bare se traileren lige nu. Ingen datoer. Virkelig
irriterende at de ikke bare slipper den til bio-visninger i det mindste i månederne inden den er ude på stream!

Ja, det er sgu da helt perfekt at vise ATLANTIQUES direkte fra Netflix!

lørdag!
med atlantiques efter! så bra.

Jeg er med på det hele. Netflixpirateri ligeså

TOUKI BOUKI, yes!

Og måske vise dansescenen fra 35 SHOTS på et tidspunkt midt i det hele.

This fever is a nightly invader,
That strikes the patient during deep sleep.
He jumps off his bed and runs to the bridge.
There, he believes seeing
beyond the waves,
trees, forest flowered meadows.
His joy erupts in thousand exclamations.

He experience the most burning desire to flow into
the ocean.

Mati Diop 2009 Atlantiques

*What happens: events interiors, snatch
them from the cradle, from the source.
I want to watch watching arrive.
I want to watch arrivals. I want to
find the root of needing to eat. And
taste it: work of sweat
sleep.*

CIXOUS

X
Terrassen: "if I would ask one question for a Q&A
with Mati Diop, I would ask her about distance and
proximity, her distance and proximity to Dakar."

X
"Im very curious about your use of the sea, the
ocean - the travel and the ghost, transitional
voyages?"

X
"For someone who loves cinema so much, can you
talk about collaborating with Netflix and therefore
not having a cinema-run premiere in so many coun-
tries. Is it a matter of obtaining a bigger freedom in
the production or how do you think about the distri-
bution and accessability, the experience of watching
your films?"

Ne me demandez
pas si j'aime la
grâce

"Forget Europe, lets talk about here."

"Look at the ocean.
It has no borders...
No borders.
Yet it offers no branches to hold on to.
Nothing to hold onto."

<https://www.instagram.com/matidiop>



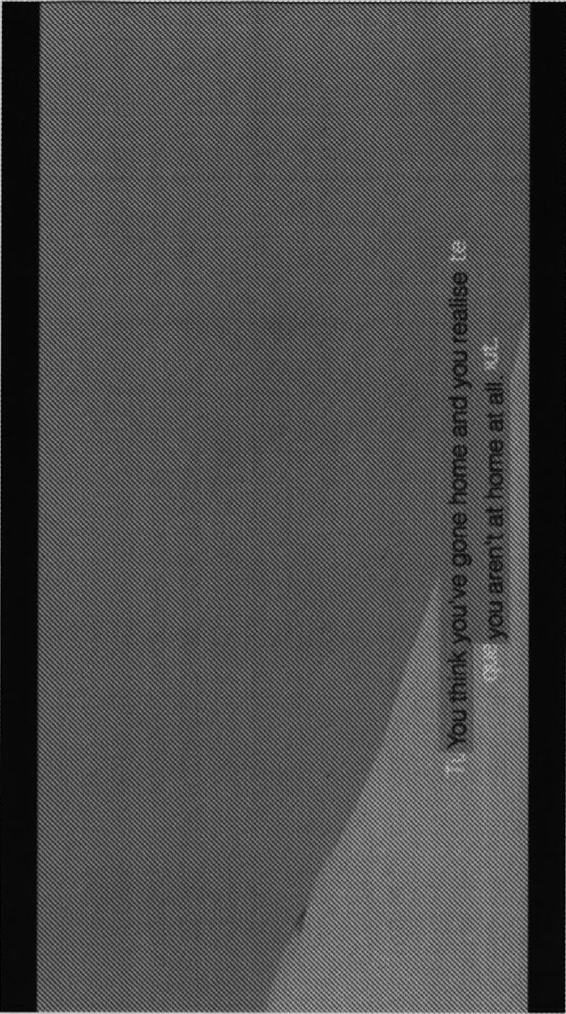
atlantiques - bande son alternative

She started her career as an actress, starting in Claire Denis' 2008 drama "35 Shots of Rum." The experience was life-changing for the 25 year-old. Playing the daughter of a black father (Alex Descas) reminded her of her blackness, which effectively launched her investigation into her African identity, and working with Denis was inspirational in other ways. "It allowed me to see a woman as a filmmaker," Diop said. "And so it made me realize that I could be a filmmaker myself."

"Atlantiques" tells the story of a young woman from Dakar, whose fast-paced lifestyle is disrupted by the sudden disappearance of her lover. He is soon believed to be dead, especially as bodies of some of his friends start to wash up on a Dakar beach. It's thought that they must have gone to sea in one of the many boats (known locally as pirogues) that leave Senegal's shores, crossing the Atlantic to Europe in a treacherous journey as the passengers seeking better prospects.

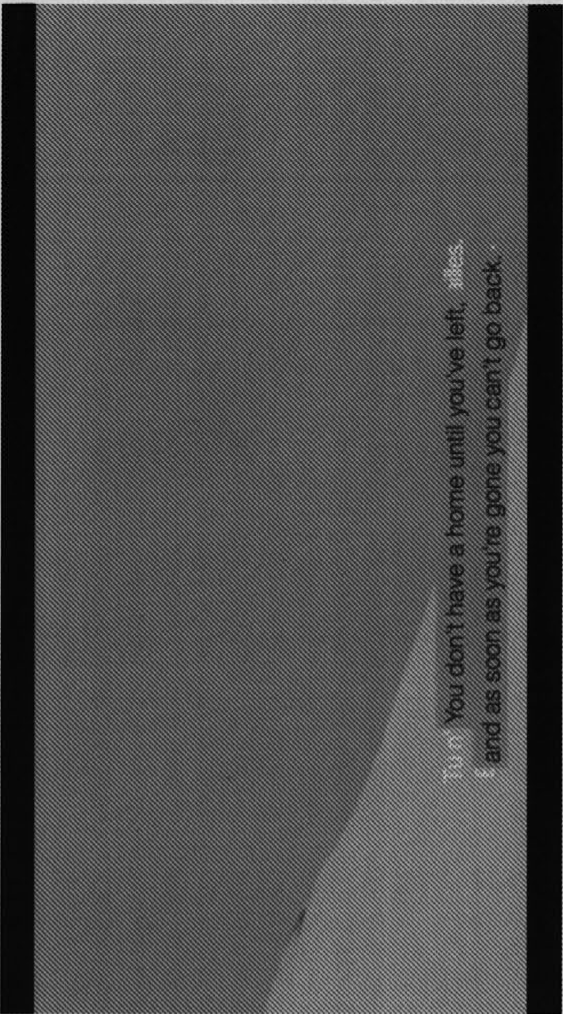
Referring to Atlantiques, Diop points out how she chooses not to treat immigration as a subject, but as an individual and sensitive experience, as a kind of time travel. In this way, she demonstrates how place resides in physical space as fervently as it does within the limitless expanse of the imagination.

<https://twitter.com/theshtag/matidiop>



>People watching sailing scene in Tou-
ki Bouki in Mille Soleils AKA A Thou-
sand Suns<

leaving tomorrow? Should we take it? - And where
will we find the money? You can't even pay off your
debts and you're talking about boats! - We leave
and we arrive clandestinely in Europe - And then?
- Don't worry, it'll be easy - We just need a bit of
money and then we'll be like good people. We need
to be elegant, look like we have a lot of money. Be
generous to those we meet - No one will believe it.
When we get back, I'll be someone important. Ev-
eryone will call me Monsieur Mory. And you, you'll
work for the Red Cross you know? - All those no-
good people work, they have plenty of money! Se-
duce on of them and you become the President.



- You're not dancing?
- So they can all stare at us?
- You're something.

"Cinema is magic in the service of dreams"
DIJBRIIL DIOP MAMBETY

PROGRAM

Atlantiques • 16 min • 2009
Snow Canon • 33 min • 2011
35 Rhums (Excerpt)* • 5 min • 2008
Billard Luxury Palace** • 4 min • 2017
Big in Vietnam • 29 min • 2012
Olympe • 5 min • 2017
Liberian boy*** • 4 min • 2015
Mille Soleils • 45 min • 2013

* directed by Claire Denis
** in collaboration with Manon Lutanie
*** Felicité remix #1

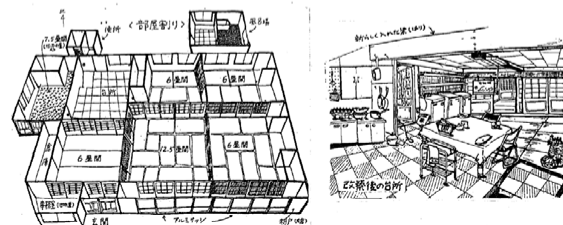
ABEL



FERRARA



- T This is something you observed through your work in the different villages and communities?
- O Yes, far too many times. It's like a cycle of nature. Unnatural but they do disappear. My role as a documentary filmmaker is to make a permanent record of these disappearing communities. I feel it's something I have to do. People do everything they can to live. Even when it's difficult, they've got to live. That's why no one can be disinterested in death. Furthermore, when there are meaningless deaths one after another—the anger also runs deep. Regret. Resentment. Understanding “death” means the same as understanding “life.” “That’s why we have to live!” We want our camera to evidence this.
- T How do you manage the expenses?
- O It isn't easy. We earn some money renting our films. Some supporters make loans to us, others donate money. Frankly, it's quite a tough life over here.



- T Has your perception of the working conditions in rural areas changed since you started doing this kind of films focusing on agriculture and village time as opposed to the Sanrizuka series that focused more on the protesters voice and the imposed annexation of the land that has now turned into Narita Airport?
- O I want everyone to know how bold farmers are. It can be a scary business sometimes. Like making films. So I guess I'm the farming type.



- T ... and that is something the villagers has passed on to you, isn't it?
- O One thing I always like to say is: Other filmmakers may envy our methodology, the way we make our films. Some may even be jealous of us. Others may scoff at the way we work, but we're filming what is important to us, and we're doing it our way. I doubt we'll end up in Nirvana, on a lotus, when we eventually pass on. One thing I drill into the crew is; if we follow my methodology, and don't end up in hell, we've failed. We're fated to go to hell to compensate for our methodology. I'm a man of the moment. I see heaven now, while I'm alive. There's no way we'll go to heaven after this.
- T Who, then, would you then like to watch your films?
- O First of all, my crew, and the people who have financed our work. Those sympathetic to our ideals, the ones who've given us support for years.



- T Going back to disappearing communities. You yourself died in 1992, but with the help of Chinese director Peng Xiaolian and some members of Ogawa Pro they managed to complete 'Red Persimmons' in 2001!
- O ... yes. As a part of my Magino Story series filming for what became Red Persimmons first began back in 1984 and was completed after my death by the other members in June 2001!
- T Thank you!

Ogawa Shinsuke quotes from following sources:
 - Ogawa Pro, Red Persimmons, 2001 DVD Rip, XviD-MNAUCE(2001).avi
 - A Visit to Ogawa Productions, Junichiro Oshige, Japan 1981
 - Barbara Hammer, Devotion - A film about Ogawa Productions (2000)
 - The Theater of a Thousand Years, Abé Mark Nornes
 - Markus Nornes (2007) Forest of Pressure - Ogawa Shinsuke and Postwar Japanese Documentary, The University of Minnesota Press

TERRASSEN 7. + 8. DECEMBER 2019
 OGAWA PRODUCTIONS
 CINEMATEKET — BIO BENJAMIN

SATURDAY 7.12

- 16:45 Sanrizuka: Heta Buraku (1971, 150 min)
- 20:00 Nippon-koku Furuyashiki-mura (1982, 210 min)

SUNDAY 8.12

- 16:45 A Visit to Ogawa Productions (dir. Oshige Jun'ichiro, 1981, 61 min.)
- 19:00 Sennen Kizami No Hidokei – Magino-Mura Monogatari / The Sundial Carved with a Thousand Years of Notches – The Magino Village Story – (1987, 222 min)



EXTRA

Devotion: A Film About Ogawa Productions (dir. Barbara Hammer, Japan, 2000, 82 min.)

- Part 1: <https://www.dailymotion.com/video/x7ot9t1>
- Part 2: <https://www.dailymotion.com/video/x7ot9tt>

Terrassen is a roving cinema in Copenhagen that engages with the social life of film. All screenings are free and open to everyone. For information on past and future screenings visit terrassen.bio

Terrassen is supported by:

STATENS KUNSTFOND JAPAN FOUNDATION



LET'S MOVE IN WHEN THERE IS NO DRAMA.
 LET'S PURSUE THEM IN CLOSE-UP

Sometimes I wonder if this Ogawa Shinsuke really existed. – Shiraishi Yoko, Ogawa's wife, 1999



Interview with Ogawa Shinsuke (1935 –1992)
 By Terrassen. Copenhagen, 2019.

TERRASSEN: You must be Director Ogawa!
 OGAWA SHINSUKE: Pleased to meet you!

- T When we initiated OUR film group and parasite cinema, you and your Pro collective were one of our absolute 'must shows', you know that?
- O Thank you, I'm honoured.
- T Ogawa Pro is such an incredible size. How would you describe it?
- O Ogawa Pro was a collective of around 125 people, and when it folded there were only three or four left. Most of these people did not announce they were leaving. One night you would go to sleep next to someone, and

Marie Lund: It is a crisp and cold day. The ice on the sea is slowly melting, making these beautiful sounds. **Rosalind Nashashibi:** I heard those sounds when we were filming *Part Two* on the Baltic Sea last winter; it's like sci-fi because the ice seems alive. **Frederik Worm:** We are here at the sauna thinking about ways to establish an area in front of the building that can hold a more intimate space in relation to the surrounding area. The area is soon going to be heavily redeveloped, and we have been thinking about it as a kind of buffer zone that can create a certain affective attention between the sauna and the city. Something that introduces the very dedicated function and atmosphere of the sauna. And we are thinking that it could be done by proposing a kind of sculpture garden. **ML:** It feels relevant to talk to you and watch your films while being here. Thinking about how to establish this sphere of intimacy as a physical space that you initiate in your films. The sauna is run by two friends. It functions as a public sauna, but feels very personally motivated and has a very intimate pace. It has a specific premise, both in terms of the function (the bathing), and also as an atmosphere, where you have the sense of entering someone's space: of being hosted, held and directed. **RW:** It sounds wonderful! I would like to be there now with my kids and mum and some friends and you. **FW:** We watched *Vivian's Garden* last night with Tuomas and Nene (who run the sauna). So you are very much with us. **ML:** And this morning we watched *Part One* and *Part Two*. So the kids are here too. **RW:** Oh that's good. I see exactly what you mean. There is always an extension: having made some efforts in order to bring down walls between my family and others, those efforts can continue without me, while I am not always the driver (and not always was I the driver). Making an effort isn't always the way to produce something. **ML:** Frederik and I were together in Athens, and were really taken by the field

that was drawn out between your film, Vivian, Suter's installation and the experience of being in the city (the air, the sun, the dust and the gravity of history). Watching your film with the intimate gaze and way of holding and caring for Vivian's work, with the memory of how Vivian's paintings were moved by the wind in the monastery next to the Acropolis, is really one of the most beautiful art experiences I have had. And it has been an important reference for Frederik and me, when we talk about how an artwork can extend beyond itself, and how to think with, and through, other artists' work. **RW:** Do you remember the hexagram I told you about, that I got from the I Ching for Documenta 14, about cities changing over and over but the wells staying the same? It is nice to bring it back to a place of water, where it would have begun traditionally, with a spring maybe—the sauna—in its origins. **ML:** That image has really been with me during this period of change in my life. The image that what you cut down can grow back. Trusting that even if the city and buildings overground collapse, the wells underground will be there as the source that a new city will originate from. **RW:** When you move as a family there is a certain sweetness to it—or there can be—cause when your environment changes you feel your integrity as a unit. I am interested in the idea of the integrity or dissolution of the nuclear family in relation to the community. **ML:** It is very moving in *Part One* and *Part Two* how care is extended. Both as physical closeness—Elena braiding Pauline's hair—and as a collective attempt to make sense of how to be in life. To remember, to move forward, how to love. **RW:** I think that is probably a promise or a wish: not to always be the driver, but not to have the agency removed either. That the care can move around a bigger community even though it usually comes back to the parent. In Vilnius I immediately felt this possibility. I visited Elena's mother's

And then somebody lights a fire

Terrassen 27.02.20 : Rosalind Nashashibi

Vester VovVov Bio, Absalongade 5, 1658 (KBH)

Vivian's Garden (2017), 29'

Carlo's Vision (2011), 11'

Part One and Part Two (2019), 43'

Supported by the Danish Arts Foundation

house and stayed there with the kids. It reminded me of things from my childhood, and also being closer to a different social system as a post-communist country. With less sense of property and ownership, more sharing and openness. Less obsession with things being perfect. Like handles or taps not working is fine, as it was when I was a kid. Now I feel that in my city and my time handles and taps should all work perfectly and there should be a sense of order, always. The first film I made about this was *Breast House*, in 2004. It is a large extended Palestinian family all living in one block that would grow more floors as the family extended. When I first visited them in Nazareth, I was sitting in a ring with some of the Breast family and my friend, and had been given a drink of it—and I had a little shock, then quickly realised how capitalist or proprietarian I had become! **FW:** What you both talk about seems to become apparent when they realise in *Part Two* that linear time doesn't work anymore; that people can't understand each other anymore. **ML:** The moment when someone lights a fire. And how the fire brings them all into the same space, where they can share their experiences again. A moment where motivations and expectations get reset—when you are brought back through your body to the present and can share a situation. **RW:** Yes, this is what we were missing—the fire. We had to get in the jacuzzi instead! **FW:** I was very moved by their way of travelling in *Part One* and *Part Two*. By the collective time travel: travelling as an extended family, horizontally from summer to winter, and vertically from earth into deep space. **RW:** It is a nice analogy about the travelling in two dimensions. **FW:** They are heating up the sauna here as we speak. And you can hear the fire in the walls of the whole building, with the anticipation of the building now transforming into a communal space. How do

you consider building relations for filming something like *Vivian's Garden*, where there must have been an enormous amount of trust involved? I mean, for them to let you so close into their lives. There seems to be so much time spent together that we do not see in the film. **RW:** This is such an obvious thought that I never had, that the fire is driving the watery and steamy atmosphere. I'm reminded of the film *Howl's Moving Castle*—have you both seen it? Where there is the fire called Calcifer that moves the castle, and that also cooks and heats the water for them. The fire must be kept going, otherwise it will all stop and die. Sounds corny but it is very subtle in the film. So subtle that I had not got the similarity to the idea of the hearth in Ursula Le Guin's book *The Shobies' Story*. The other thing about *Howl's Moving Castle* is that the main character, Sophie, who is a very young woman, is transformed into an old lady by a witch, right at the start. It is very strange how calmly she takes this, and the rest of the film shows that when she feels full of love or righteous anger she becomes young again, and when she feels sad or hopeless she gets physically old. I feel this is a very interesting way to show the experience of being a human in relation to others. That time is actually completely non-linear when you consider how we feel inside about ourselves in relation to the world: we are children, young adults, and old people all at once. Maybe not simultaneously, but close to it. To go back to the point about trust, this is something that I have relied on. I am not really an ideas person, and I run into making a film without knowing much. This is a strength, but also a weakness. I go in with the intention of learning about relationships by putting a camera to them. With that group of friends I am an outsider, as I'm from London and don't speak their language. I have been very open about my curiosity, and also they have been around the big changes in my life. So I think they would say that I kind of

Now, after revealing all the details she wrote over that period and all the others too, I regret it. Not our break up, go. But the fact that I didn't say what I really felt.

All I feel is regret and I'd like to tell her so. But I know it's too late and that it's probably better for me to leave it unsaid and that this time I should bear her feelings in mind, not just mine. All I feel is regret but only about the emails, not the rest. That was the first time we broke up and I should have held out.

I held out for a little while but then she knocked on my door and I hadn't expected her so I couldn't bring myself to tell her, so away. I just said, what are you doing here. I wasn't happy. But she acted like nothing was the matter and came in.

I should never have opened the door.

My mother appears at the door to the small bedroom. You work you talk to me for a minute, please. Am I annoying you?

No, it's not that, I just have things on my mind. Well, you should work those things out.

Yes, I'll work them out.

Then I go to bed.

I hide in one room or another, then I feel ashamed for having hidden.

I return to the room where she sits. I try to think of something to say. Have you finished your book, I ask.

No, I can't, my eyes hurt. The words are all blurry.

I should never have asked her if she'd finished her book. I should have known I'd get an answer like that.

I stay there for a moment and then I go and hide again.

But even then I'm hidden. I can feel her presence, so I tell my self there's no point hiding, I might as well return to the room where she spends all day asleep, or half asleep. But just thinking about it makes my heart sink.

My heart sinks and a few tears follow. I wipe them away.

I return to her room as if to a funeral. And then the shame comes back.

I try to let myself get swept up by my mother's impeccable organisation. After two or three days I realise that it does me good.

There's always something to eat in the fridge. We eat in a clean kitchen at the same times every day.

Not like in C's apartment where there's never anything in the fridge except when she suddenly decides she should get her life together.

But that's rare and even when she sets her mind to it she doesn't always manage the necessary steps.

Going downstairs and walking to the supermarket feel like insurmountable tasks, and so does returning a phone call or spending the evening with friends.

Often she will have arranged to go out but when it gets to the afternoon she says, I won't go, I can't go. I wasn't that invested in going anyway. She ends up phoning the person and making something up and saying, but let's do something next week, without being sure that she'll man- age that either.

Sometimes it seems easy and she goes, especially if some- one comes to pick her up.

But most of the time she stays in bed, takes sleeping pills, and goes to sleep.

And it took hours to have remained a desire that could have written about, with us saying how much we wanted to see each other and why. I was so happy and I was probably enough for me but I felt in my body and everywhere else this desire to see her and she felt the same. We were at, really telling each other how wild kiss and how we couldn't feel those kisses, and that could have been enough. I was already to the again. I would wake up excited, full up with what wed said to each other the night before. I would go to bed reading the poems steel sent me, after sending her anecdotes and songs, and I remember think-ing that still poems and songs is something you do at fifteen but still I would listen to the songs on repeat and sing along, especially to My Funny Valentine and Bang Bang. These were the sad songs, I would sing along to at the top of my voice. I sang these songs over and over and it could have been enough, now that my heart was wandering and my body had come back to life. I was so happy. I wondered if I'd ever been so happy in my life and more and more often one or other of us would say, I, really, really, really want to see you.

Then one day it happened.

She wrote, I'm going to see if I can free myself up for two days this week to come and see you. I think it would be the best thing for both of us. Don't chat with any of your new FB friends or I'll get jealous. No I'm just saying to to wind you up.

Lots of love.

I had never seen the signs but I thought it was just her sense of humour so I laughed. If only I'd known.

At the last minute she couldn't come, she wasn't feeling well and I felt a vague sense of relief. She had an abscess

After that she said, you come instead, I said yes and then I said no, I'm not well. You won't like me when I'm not well. She said that she would, that she was good at dealing with things including my not being well, she could cope with that and with lots of other things too. I should have known that when someone puts your mind at rest so easily, by they're not always telling the truth, as they won't about lots of other things too.

Then someone else told me you should go, whilst the worst that could happen, so I went to England. That was where she lived. In London's Zone 2. An area where everything looked the same.

I should have.

Today my mother woke up sobbing. Sobbing so hard it was heart-wrenching. Shouting almost, I thought, this must be what horses sound like when they neigh. Even though I don't know horses very well, I don't know nature very well in general. I do know that being in nature is meant to be good for your breathing and I've often thought, I should go. But I've never known where in nature to go.

I knew that this sobbing was my fault. Even though I have always felt everything to be my fault even when it isn't. But this time it was. I couldn't stand being there and she could feel it, she knew I was hiding and turning away from her.

So I made an effort to be kind and tender and it almost calmed her down.

TERRASSEN:

Jeanne Dielman, 23 quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles
8/3/2020

15:00
Chantal Akerman: Jeanne
Dielman, 23 quai du
Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles
1975, 201 min.

Gloria Biograf
Rådhuspladsen 59, 1550
København

15:05
Chantal Akerman: Jeanne
Dielman, 23 quai du
Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles
1975, 201 min.

Valby Kino
Gammel Jernbanevej 40,
2500 København



Kære Frederik

Tak fordi du har købt 5 billet/billetter til Jeanne Dielman

JEANNE DIETMAN
 Jeanne Dietman
 23, quai du Commerce
 1080 Bruxelles

 C. VAN DE KERCKHOF

 1080 Brussels
 1080 Brussels

Bemærk: Spørgsmål angående priser, spilleleder samt ændringer af billetter og refundering henvises til den enkelte biograf - kontakinfo findes her.

[illegible]

michael_Serres_The Parasite(excerpt).docx

Let us stop for a moment. I am using words in an unusual way. For the science called parasitology, a rat, a carrion-eater like the hyena, a man, be he peasant or high official, are not parasites at all. They are, quite simply, predators. The relation with a host presupposes a permanent or semipermanent contact with him; such is the case for the louse, the tapeworm, the *pasturella pestis*. Not only living on but also living in-by him, with him, and in him. And thus a parasite cannot be large. Parasitism pertains only to invertebrates, coming to an end with mollusks, insects, and arthropods. There are no parasitic animals. Not the rat, not the hyena, not even the administrator. Here's the answer. The basic vocabulary of this science comes from such ancient and common customs and habits that the earliest monuments of our culture tell of them, and we still see them, at least in part: hospitality, conviviality, table manners, hostelry, general relations with strangers. Thus the vocabulary is imported to this pure science and it bears several traces of anthropomorphism. The animal-host offers a meal from the larder or from his own flesh; as a hotel or a hostel, he provides a place to sleep, quite graciously, of course.

[...]



To parasite means to eat next to. Let us begin with this literal meaning. The country rat is invited by his colleague from town, who offers him supper. One would think that what is essential is their relation of resemblance or difference. But that is not enough; it never was. The relation of the guest is no longer simple. Giving or receiving, on the rug or on the tablecloth, goes through a black box. I don't know what happens in there, but it functions like an automatic corrector. There is no exchange, nor will there be one. Abuse appears before use. Gifted in some fashion, the one eating next to, soon eating at the expense of, always eats the same thing, the host, and this eternal host gives over and over, constantly, till he breaks, even till death, drugged, enchanted, fascinated.

The host is not a prey; for he offers and continues to give. Not a prey, but the host. The other one is not a predator but a parasite. Would you say that the mother's breast is the child's prey? It is more or less the child's home. But this relation is of the simplest sort; there is none simpler or easier: it always goes in the same direction. The same one is the host; the same one takes and eats; there is no change of direction. This is true of all beings. Of lice and men.

[...]



The parasitic relation is intersubjective. It is the atomic form of our relations. Let us try to face it head-on, like death, like the sun. We are all attacked, together.

[...]

We parasite each other and live amidst parasites. Which is more or less a way of saying that they constitute our environment. We live in that black box called the collective; we live by it, on it, and in it. It so happens that this collective was given the form of an animal: Leviathan. We are certainly within something bestial; in more distinguished terms, we are speaking of an organic model for the members of a society. Our host? I don't know. But I do know that we are within. And that it is dark in there.

oprindeligt på fransk af Michel Serres, 1980

www.terrassen.bio
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Jeanne Dielman

Søndag 15.00
08. marts 2015

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Anne Gry Friis
30 11 03 45
annegryfriis@gmail.com

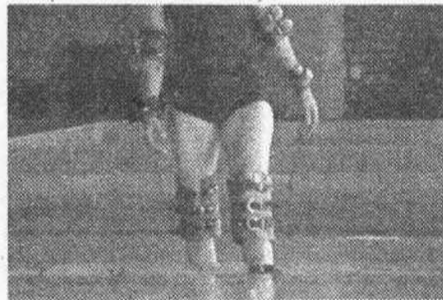
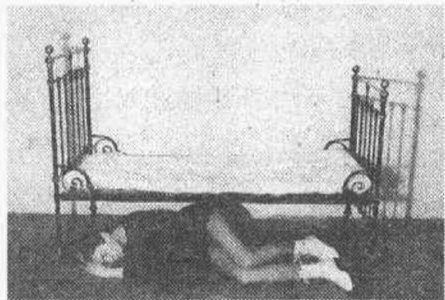
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RIMMAGASINET 20
DK 1150 København V

I WAS BORN AT THE HOSPITAL WHICH BELONGS TO THE CITY OF LINZ
 I SUCKLED AT THE BREAST WHICH BELONGS TO MY MOTHER
 I HID FROM THE BOMBS THAT BELONGED TO THE COUNTRY OF ENGLAND
 I WORE THE CLOTHES THAT BELONGED TO MY SISTER
 I CRIED FOR MY FATHER, WHOSE DEATH BELONGED TO THE FATHERLAND
 I PLAYED WITH THE BALLS THAT BELONGED TO THE NURSERY SCHOOL
 I READ THE BOOKS THAT BELONGED TO THE LIBRARY
 I RODE IN TRAINS THAT BELONGED TO THE GOVERNMENT
 I SAT ON CHAIRS THAT BELONGED TO OTHERS
 I LIVED ON MONEY THAT BELONGED TO MY BOYFRIEND
 I BREATHED THE AIR THAT BELONGED TO GOD
 THAT'S THE LIFE THAT BELONGS TO ME.

I SCREAMED WITH THE VOICE THAT BELONGS TO ME
 I BIT WITH THE TEETH THAT BELONG TO ME
 I SCRATCHED WITH THE FINGERNAILS THAT BELONG TO ME
 I CRIED WITH THE TEARS THAT BELONG TO ME
 I SAW WITH THE EYES THAT BELONG TO ME
 I THOUGHT THE THOUGHTS THAT BELONG TO ME
 I LAUGHED WITH THE LAUGHTER THAT BELONGS TO ME
 I KISSED WITH THE MOUTH THAT BELONGS TO ME
 I SLEPT WITH THE DREAMS THAT BELONG TO ME
 THAT'S THE LIFE THAT BELONGS TO ME.

from Gedichte, 1966



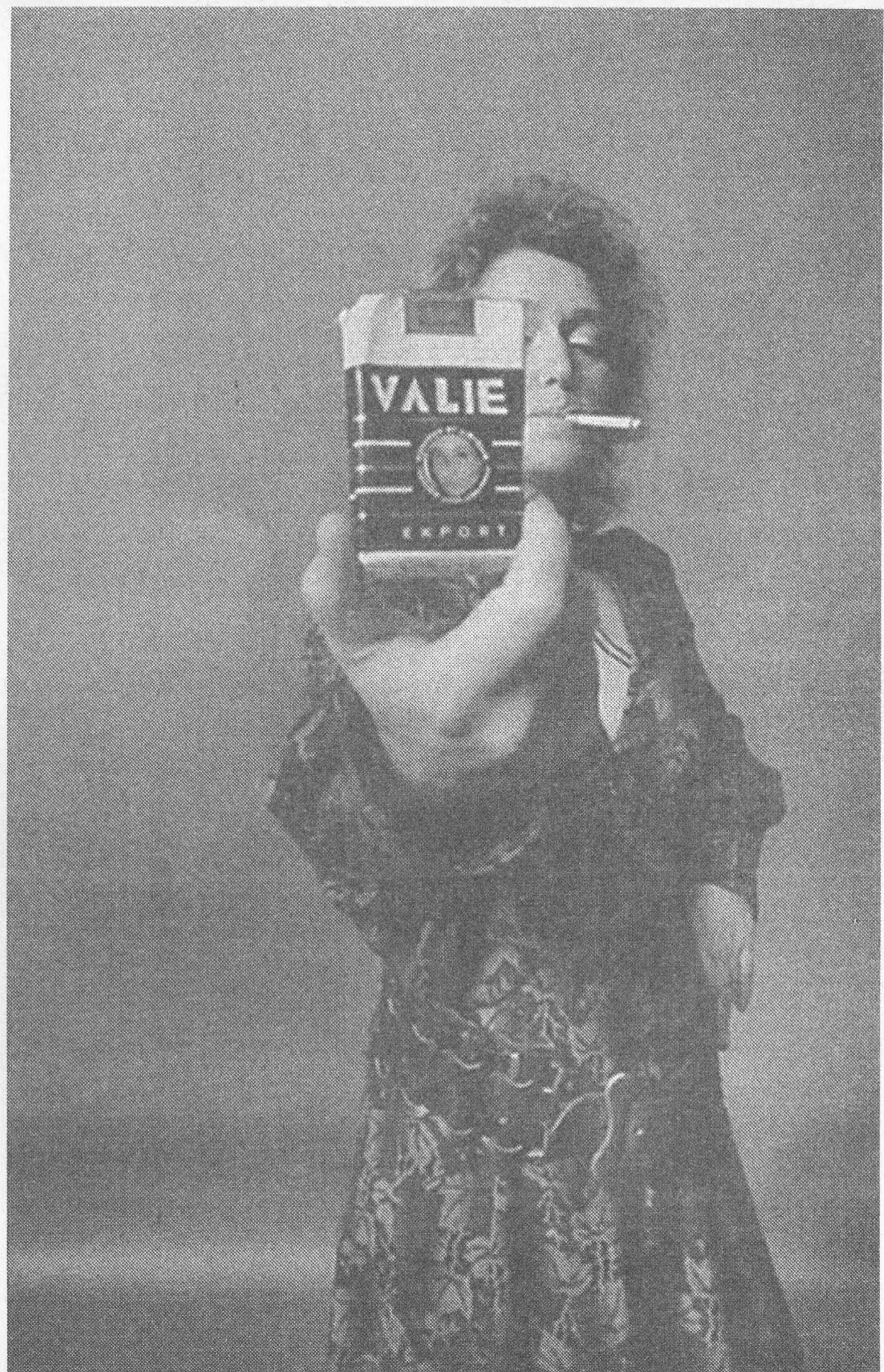
VALIE EXPORT is a radical practitioner of performance art. EXPORT (who adopted her artist name from a brand of cigarettes and prefers it spelled in all caps) is a pioneer whose works and interventions have expanded the territory of art and its arsenal of subversive and not least feminist strategies. It is lesser known that she also directed three feature films which we are screening on original 16mm and 35mm prints over the course of two days. The three films - 'Invisible Adversaries' (1977), 'Human Females' (1979) and 'The Practice of Love' (1985) - are iconoclastic takes on cinematic genres from science fiction to social realism. However, in the vein of her performative and conceptual work, her films are first and foremost satirical attacks on consumerism, the patriarchy and the dictatorial regime of normality. In her early performative interventions (of which we are screening two short film documentations: 'Touch Cinema' (1968) and 'Body Politics' (1973)), EXPORT broke down the barriers between her art and public space. In her films she performs a perhaps even more radical intervention: To break into an increasingly commercial film industry from a position as one of the most uncompromising of artists.

TERRASSEN IS SUPPORTED BY STATENS KUNSTFOND AND THE DANISH FILM INSTITUTE

TERRASSEN
 FRIDAY 10/7/20
 SATURDAY 11/7/20

VALIE EXPORT (THREE FEATURES) CINEMATEKET Gothersgade 55, 1123 Copenhagen (Free)

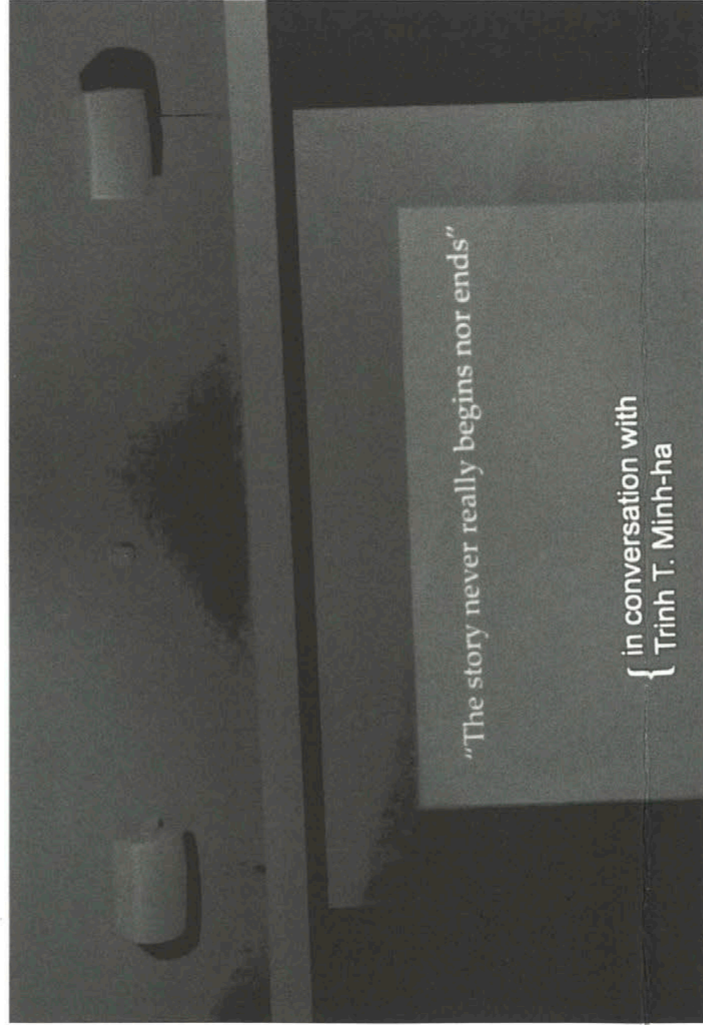
19:00 Invisible Adversaries (Unsihtbare Gegner, 1977, 110 min. 16mm) • Tapp und Tastkino & Touch Cinema (1968, 2 min. DCP) • Body Politics (1973, 3 min. DCP)
 19:00 Human Females (Menschenfrauen, 1979, 116 min. 35mm) • 21:30 The Practice of Love (Die Praxis der Liebe, 1985, 90 min. 35mm)



TRINH T. MINH-HA

06-15-17:10:2029

At some point this spring, as the cinemas were closing and it became clear that they wouldn't reopen any time soon, we met to figure out how to continue to present moving images publicly when the world stops (and then doesn't really stop anyway). Instead of migrating online and engaging with the hyper-acceleration of streaming services, previously private Vimeo links made accessible, and archives "opened" to the public, we decided to just postpone all screenings that were planned for the spring and summer. To get our spirits up, our conversation turned to what we would want to screen and watch together when the cinemas opened again. We spent our time thinking and talking about artists who work in multiple presents at once and whatever direction we went in we kept ending up at Trinh T. Minh-ha. Her radical intimacy seemed so necessary as the world socially distanced. Realizing that there had never been a retrospective of her works presented in Copenhagen we started working on a programme that we could present as soon as there was a big screen being projected on here. First we wanted to show her films in the beginning of August, then at the end, then in the middle of September. Somehow the urgency to meet and see these films together only grew as the weeks and months passed. Now it's the 1st of October and on Tuesday the series with Trinh T. Minh-ha's films start at Cinemateket. Why show these films now? Why do we keep thinking of Minh-ha and her films? We hope and think the answer lies somewhere in these three evenings and six films.



« Speaking, writing, and discoursing are not mere acts of communication; they are above all acts of compulsion. Please follow me. Trust me, for deep feeling and understanding require total commitment. »

THE WALK OF MULTIPLICITY

3

Images, sounds, words, and meanings move with walking, and as it is often said in Asia, what is miraculous is not to walk on water, but to walk on earth. Walking is an experience of indefiniteness, and traveling in this context does not, as commonly understood, lead to the "discovery" of the world—a term so endearing to the colonial quest and conquest. Rather, the focus is all on the ability to receive and the expansive nature of reception.

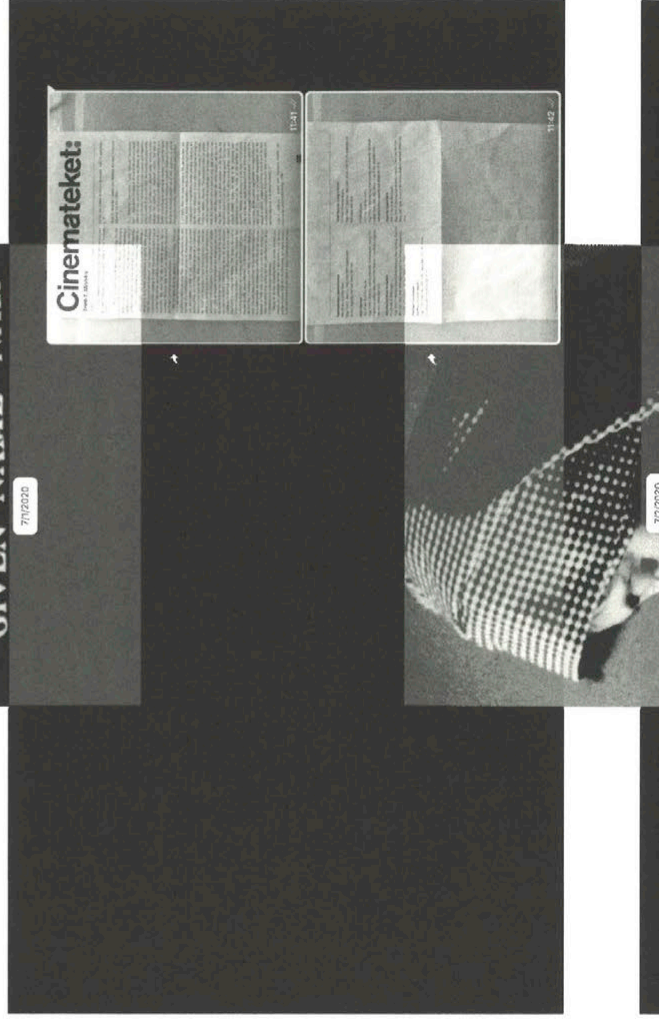
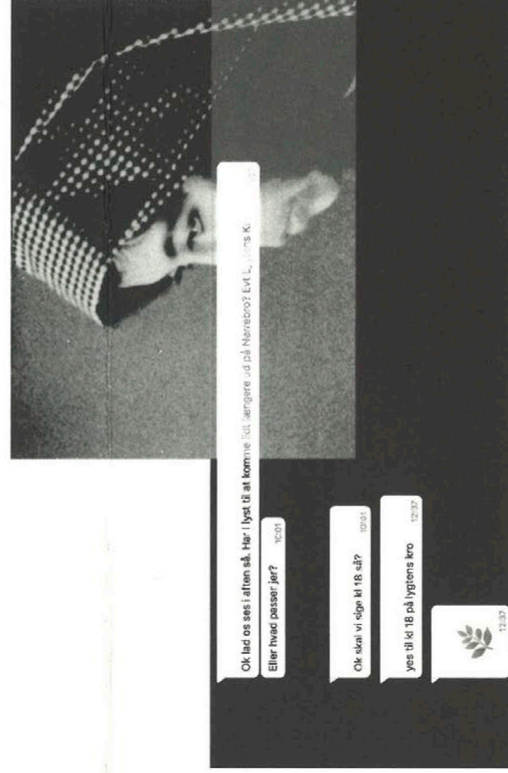
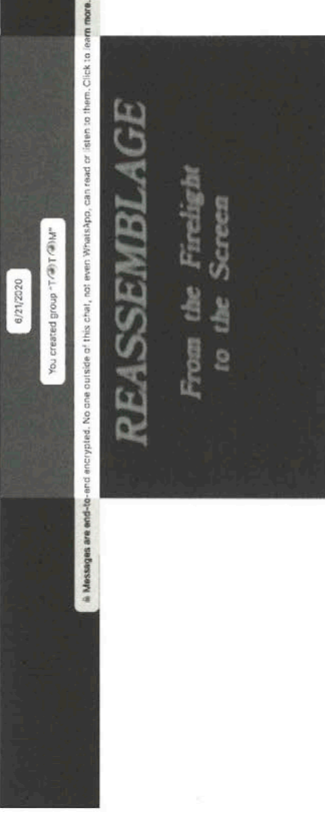
[With each step forward, the world comes to us.

With each step forward, a flower blooms under our feet.

With each step forward, one receives wide open and deep into oneself, the gifts of the universe. Learning how to walk anew.]

An objective constantly claimed by those who 'seek to reveal one society to another' is 'to grasp the native's point of view' and 'to realise his vision of his world'. Fomenting much discord, in terms of methodology and approach, among specialists in the directly concerned fields of anthropology and ethnographic film-making in the last decade, such a goal is also diversely taken to heart by many of us who consider it our mission to represent others, and to be their loyal interpreters. The injunction to see things from the native's point of view speaks for a definite ideology of truth and authenticity; it lies at the centre of every polemical discussion on 'reality' in its relation to 'beauty' and 'truth'. To raise the question of representing the Other is, therefore, to reopen endlessly the fundamental issue of science and art; documentary and fiction; universal and personal; objectivity and subjectivity; masculine and feminine; outsider and insider.

Knowledge about often gives the illusion of knowledge



Documentary Is/Not a Name

Reassemblage
(1983, ProRes-file, 40 min.)

Trinh T. Minh-ha: *An Interview*
(Pat Falkenberg, 1989, VHS, 33 min.)

There is no such thing as *documentary*—whether the term designates a category of material, a genre, an approach, or a set of techniques. This assertion—as old and as fundamental as the antagonism between names and reality—needs incessantly to be restated, despite the very visible existence of a documentary tradition. In film, such a tradition, far from undergoing crisis today, is likely to fortify itself through its very recurrence of declines and rebirths. The narratives that attempt to unify/purify its practices by positing evolution and continuity from one period to the next are numerous indeed, relying heavily on traditional historicist concepts of periodization.

In a completely catalogued world, cinema is often reified into a corpus of traditions. On the one hand, truth is produced, induced, and extended according to the regime in power. On the other, truth lies in between all regimes of truth. To question the image of a historicist account of documentary as a continuous unfolding does not necessarily mean championing discontinuity; and to resist meaning does not necessarily lead to its mere denial. Truth, even when “caught on the run,” does not yield itself either in names or in filmic frames; and meaning should be prevented from coming to closure at either what is said or what is shown. Truth and meaning: the two are likely to be equated with one another. Yet, what is put forth as truth is often nothing more than *a* meaning. And what persists between the meaning of something and its truth is the interval, a break without which meaning would be fixed and truth congealed. This is perhaps why it is so difficult to talk about it, the interval. About the cinema. About. The words will not ring true. Not true; for what is one to do with films that set out to determine truth from falsity while the visibility of this truth lies precisely in the fact that it is false? How is one to cope with a “film theory” that can never theorize “about” film, but only *with* concepts that film raises in relation to concepts of other practices?

Struggles of resistance and liberation, like the women’s movement or the gay and lesbian movement for example, are not struggles that can thrive on oppositions strategically set up; they are struggles that cross more than one border in modifying our consciousness. Hence the widespread introduction, for example, of the notion of the “trans□”, something that goes over, that cuts both ways.

“Transgender,” “transpolitics,” “transnational.” All these “trans□” notions deal with the crossing. Rather than having to deny one side or the other, the crossing allows us more freedom of movement and hence, of no movement as well. We can shuttle back and forth, being more mobile in what we do, even though that mobility—as we can see in the current political world events—can be turned around against us as well.

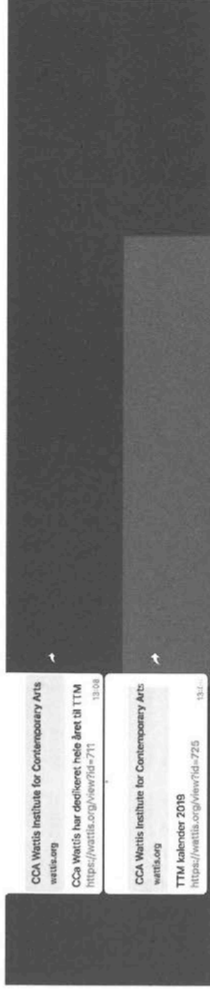
Naked Spaces: *Living is Round*
(1985, 16mm, 135 min.)

(Text written for three women’s voices, represented here by three types of printed letters. The low voice [bold], the only one that can sound assertive, quotes the villagers’ sayings and statements, as well as African writers’ works. The high-range voice [plain] informs according to Western logic and mainly cites Western thinkers. The medium-range voice [italics] speaks in the first person and relates personal feelings and observations. Words in parentheses are not heard on film; the names of nations and of peoples appear as burnt-in subtitles on the lower corner of the film frames.)

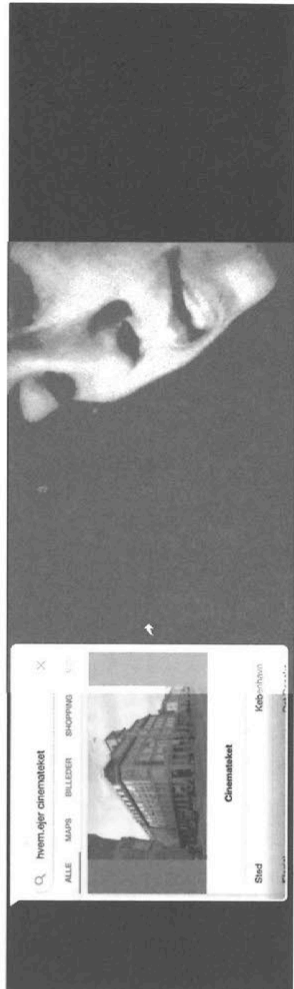
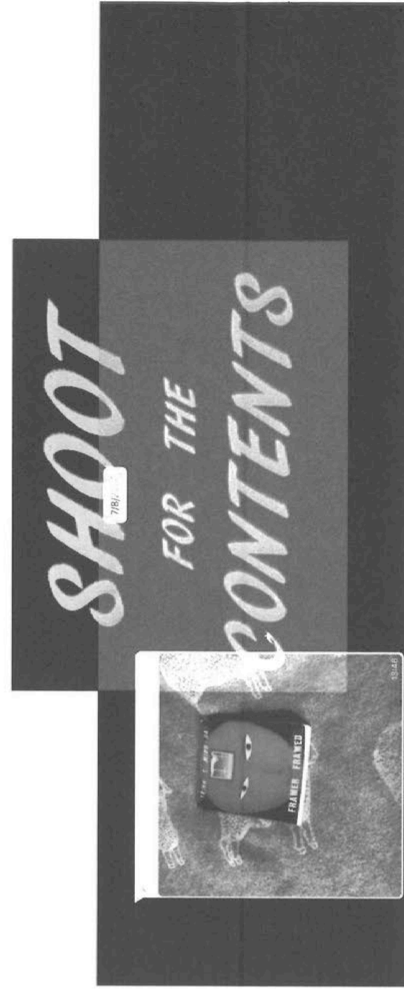
Framer Framed

- Silences are holes in the sound wall/SOUNDS are bubbles on the surface of silence. Sound like silence is both opening and filling/concave and convex/life and death. Sound like silence may freeze or free the image.
- While the images reach a high stage of deconstruction (or do they?), the sound is satisfied with tying some pop, rock tunes, reintroducing thereby in a forceful manner the mainstream devices (of description, expression, association, identification) the images attempt at undermining. INTERNALIZED AESTHETIC CLAP-TRAP.
- Silence and repetitions can play an important role. Cutting a sentence at different places, for example, assembling it with holes, repeating it in slightly different forms and in ever-changing verbal and visual contexts help to produce a constant shift and dislocation in meanings.
- WE SHOULD NOT STAMMER, so goes the reasoning (...) After many years of confusions, of suppressed voice and INARTICULATE SOUNDS, holes, blanks, black-outs, jump-cuts, out-of-focus visions, I FINALLY SAY NO: yes, sounds are sounds and should above all be released as sounds. Everything is in the releasing. There is no score to follow, no hidden dimension from the visuals to disclose, and endless thread to weave anew.

as I lived it during my stay in Japan and as realized in *The Fourth Dimension*, is very precise. As a joke, the length of this digital film is very precisely 86 minutes and 40 seconds. This is the longest length tolerated for mainstream TV broadcasting in the U.S. But being “well aware that television prefers, in any case, programs of half an hour or of less than an hour, I use this TV timeframe simply as an empty ritual. No matter how one may view it, the reality that I present in *The Fourth Dimension* is that of a digitalized Japan. My turning to video in working with Japanese culture is not a mere coincidence.



NAKED SPACES
LIVING IS ROUND



Cecilia Mangini – Terrassen
12.06.2021, 20h45
Bio Carl, Cinemateket



Viennale Memories: Cecilia Mangini V'19
2019, 5 min (Youtube)

Ignoti alla città (Unknown To The City)
1958, 10 min (35mm – Fondazione Cineteca di Bologna)

Ignoti alla città (Unknown To The City)
1958, 10 min (DCP – Archivio Paolo Pisanelli)

Sardegna (Sardinia)
1965, 7 min (DCP – Archivio Paolo Pisanelli)

La Passione Del Grano (The Wheat Passion)
with Lino del Fra, 1963, 10 min (DCP – Archivio Paolo Pisanelli)

Maria e i giorni (Maria's Days)
1959, 11 min (PRORES422HQ – Archivio Paolo Pisanelli)

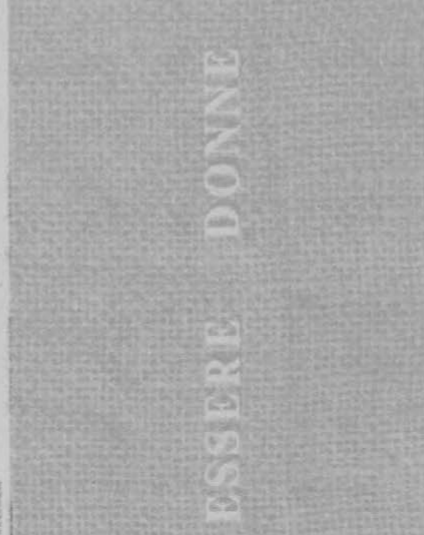
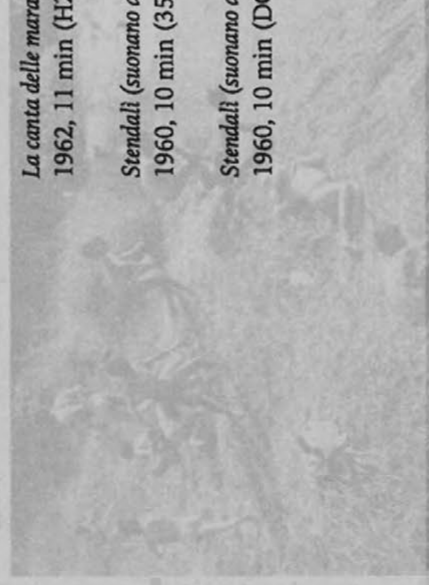
Essere Donne (Being Women)
1965, 29 min (DCP – Fondazione Cineteca di Bologna)

Felice Natale (Merry Christmas)
1964, 14 min (H264 – Fondazione Cineteca di Bologna)

La canta delle marane (The Marshes' Chant)
1962, 11 min (H264 – Fondazione Cineteca di Bologna)

Stendali (suonano ancora) (Stendali (Still They Toll))
1960, 10 min (35mm – Fondazione Cineteca di Bologna)

Stendali (suonano ancora) (Stendali (Still They Toll))
1960, 10 min (DCP – Archivio Paolo Pisanelli)



“If people ask me what I am, I answer ‘I’m a documentary filmmaker’. Even if one hasn’t made any documentaries for years, one is still a documentary maker... It’s true. I have given most importance to a documentary view of reality, starting from the actual material and production conditions of a documentary, from the liberty of expression which is an integral part of it. I’m convinced that a documentary maker has more freedom in making films than someone who makes films based on fiction, and it is for this that my tendency to freedom, with which I have lived since I was a child, has made me a documentary maker. Documentaries are the safest way to make films”





DEAR CHARLES

HELLO AND BEST WISHES

Edward Owens' letters to Charles Boultenhouse are archived by The New York Public Library in the The Brooke Russell Astor Reading Room for Rare Books and Manuscripts. It is a part of the 'Charles Boultenhouse and Parker Tyler Papers' and filed under 'Correspondence 1927-1994: b.6 f.21-23 Owens, Edward 1967-1990, n.d'

To access the letters digitally, contact:
manuscripts@nypl.org
or

to study them in person, visit:
Stephen A. Schwarzman Building, Room 328
476 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10018

1986 March 22

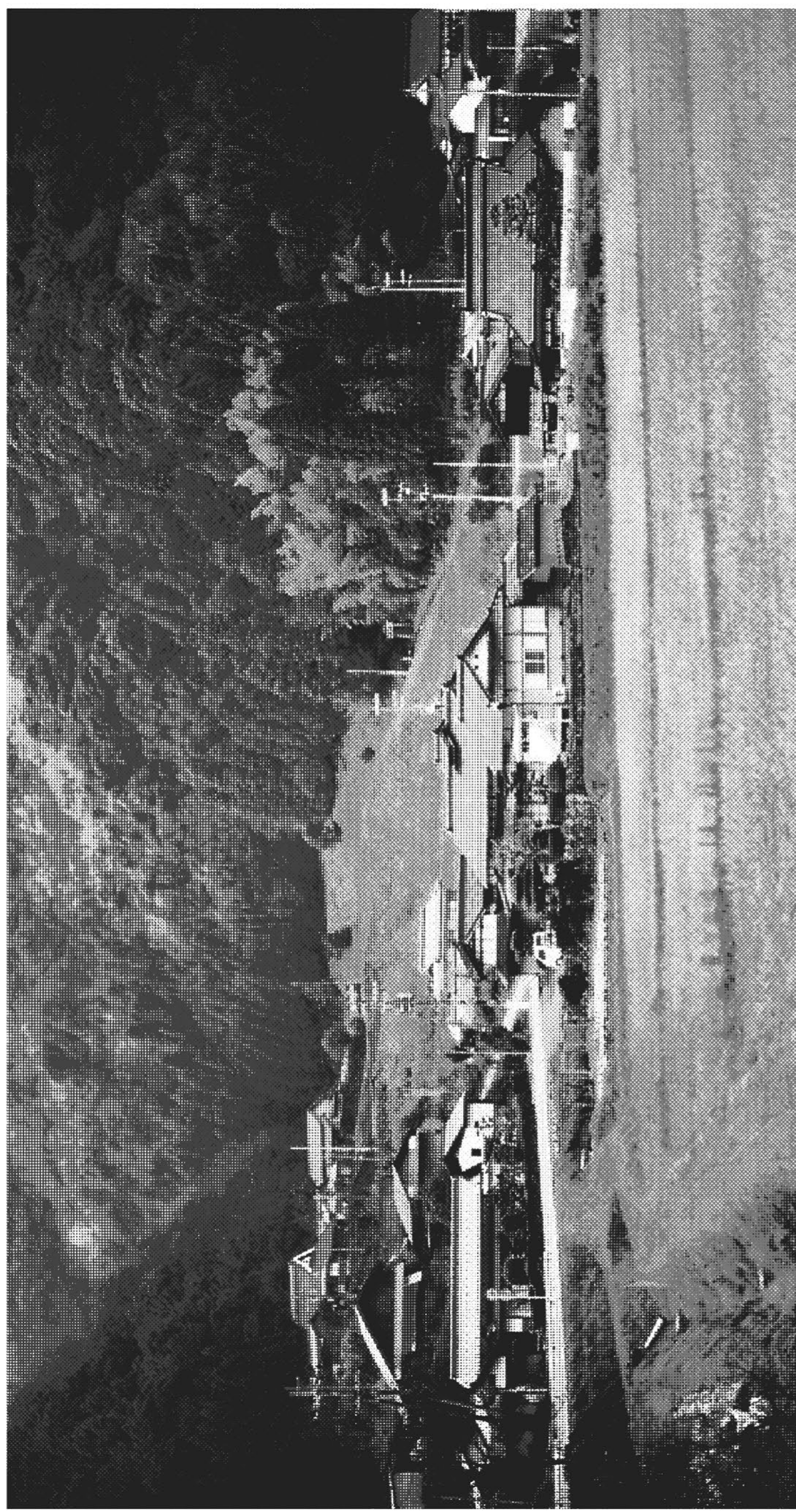
Ed
Boultenhouse

Dear Chas
In your
the Vile, Crushing
Stones of Abuse that
have occurred here
hopefully will fade
I hope your well
Ed

PAOLO VERONESE (1528-1588)
Creation of Eve, c.1570
Charles H. and Mary F.S. Worcester Collection
THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

The Works and Days (of Tayoko Shiojiri in the Shiotani Basin)

(2020, 480 min)



C.W. Winter and Anders Edström's film 'The Works and Days (of Tayoko Shiojiri in the Shiotani Basin)' marks one of this year's major film events. Re-shaping into its parasite form, Terrassen bought six first-row seats for the CAFx-screening in bio Benjamin on Oct 16th and handed them out.

The Works and Days (of Tayoko Shiojiri in the Shiotani Basin) is an eight-hour fiction film shot for a total of twenty-seven weeks, over a period of fourteen months, in a village population of forty-seven in the mountains of Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.

16/10/21 14:00
Cinemateket - Benjamin
row 1 - seats 6, 5, 4, 3
row 2 - seats 6, 5,



“The first rule in farming is that you are never to hope
for an easy way. The land demands your effort.”

LOOKINGPASTFUTUREMACHINES

Palads (Axeltorv 9, 1609 KBH)

19.09.2019

Déjà Vu, Tony Scott (2006, 126 Min)
La Jetée, Chris Marker (1962, 28 Min)
Ritual In Transfigured Time, Maya Deren (1946, 15 Min)
Anemic Cinema, Marcel Duchamp (1926, 7 Min)
The Big Swallow, James Williamson (1901, 1 Min)
Démolition D'un Mur, Louis Lumière (1896, 1 Min)
Passage Artificiel De Venus Sur Le Soleil, Pierre Jules César Janssen (1874, 5 Sec)
Au Clair de la Lune, Édouard-Léon Scott de Martinville (1860, 43 Sec)

MATI DIOP

Cinemateket (Gothersgade 55, 1123 KBH) + Tonestyrrelsen, (Gl. Kongevej 39D, 1610 KBH)

29.11.2019

Île Artificielle-Expédition (2008, 12 min)
Atlantiques (2009, 16 min)
Snow Canon (2011, 33 min)
Big In Vietnam (2012, 29 min)
Mille Soleils (2013, 45 min)
Liberian Boy (2015, 4 min)
Olympe (2017, 5 min)
Atlantics (2019, 106 min)

SHINSUKE OGAWA

Benjamin, Cinemateket (Gothersgade 55, 1123 KBH)

7-8.12.2019

Sanrizuka: Heta Buraku (1971, 150 min)
Nippon-koku Furuyashiki-mura (1982, 210 min)
A Visit to Ogawa Productions, Oshige Jun'ichiro (1981, 61 min)
Sennen Kizami No Hidokei Magino-Mura Monogatari (1987, 222 min)

ABEL FERRARA

Gloria Biografen (Rådhuspladsen 59, 1550 KBH)

21-22.02.2020

Snake Eyes/Dangerous Game (1993, 108 min)
New Rose Hotel (1998, 93 min)
The Adiction (1995, 82 min)
Abel/Asia (dir. Asia Argento, 1998, 33 min)
Abel Ferrara aka Jimmy Lane in nine films (1971-2019, 14 min)

ROSALIND NASHASHIBI

Vester Vov Vov (Absalonsgade 5. 1658 KBH V)

28.02.2020

Carlo's Vision (2011, 11 min)
Vivian's Garden (2017, 30 min)
Part One and Part Two (2019, 45 min)

CHANTAL AKERMAN

Gloria Biografen (Rådhuspladsen 59, 1550 KBH) + Valby Kino, (Gammel Jernbanevej 40, 2500 KBH)

08.03.2020

Jeanne Dielman 23 Quai du Commerce 1080 Bruxelles (1975, 225 min)

VALIE EXPORT

Asta, Cinemateket (Gothersgade 55, 1123 KBH)

10-11.07.2020

Invisible Adversaries (1977, 110 min)
Tapp und Tastkino aka. Touch Cinema (1968, 2 min)
Body Politics (1973, 3 min)
Menschenfrauen (1979, 116 min)
The Practice of Love (1985, 90 min)

TRINH T. MINH-HA: ELSEWHERE WITHIN HERE

Asta, Cinemateket (Gothersgade 55, 1123 KBH)

6-15-17.10.2020

- Reassemblage* (1983, 40 min)
- Trinh T. Minh-ha: An Interview* (Pat Falkenberg, 1989, 33 min)
- Naked Spaces: Living is Round* (1985, 135 min)
- Surname Viet Given Name Nam* (1989, 108 min)
- Shoot for Contents* (1991, 101 min)
- The Fourth Dimension* (2001, 87 min)

CECILIA MANGINI RETROSPECTIVE

Carl, Cinemateket (Gothersgade 55, 1123 KBH)

12.06.2021

- Viennale Memories: Cecilia Mangini V’19* (2019, 5 min)
- Ignoti alla città* (1960, 10 min)
- Ignoti alla città* (1960, 10 min)
- Sardegna* (1965, 7 min)
- La Passione Del Grano* (in collaboration with Lino del Fra, 1963, 10 min)
- Maria e i giorni* (1959, 11 min)
- Essere Donne* (1965, 29 min)
- Felice Natale* (1964, 14 min)
- La canta delle marane* (1962, 11 min)
- Stendali: suonano ancora* (1960, 10 min)
- Stendali: suonano ancora* (1960, 10 min)

A CINEMA FOR EDWARD OWENS

Red Tracy (Titangade 1, 2200 KBH N)

24-27.06.2021

- Excerpts from telephone conversation between Edward Owens & Ed Halter* (2009/21, 15 min)
- Private Imaginings and Narrative Facts* (1966, 6 min)
- Autre Fois J’ai Aime Une Femme* (1966, 24 min)
- Remembrance: A Portrait Study* (1967, 6 min)
- Tomorrow’s Promise* (1967, 44 min)

C.W. WINTER & ANDERS EDSTRÖM

Benjamin, Cinemateket (Gothersgade 55, 1123 KBH)

16.10.2021

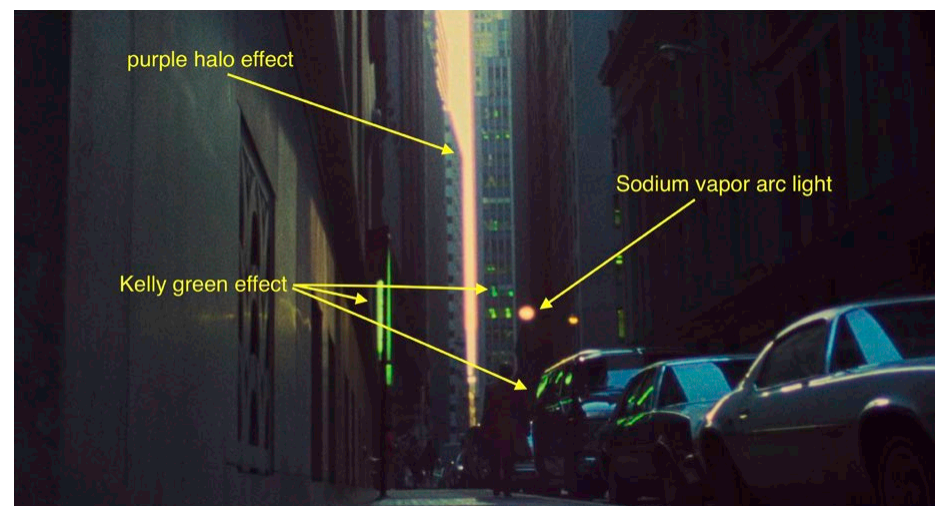
- The Works and Days (of Tayoko Shiojiri in the Shiotani Basin)* (2020, 480 min)

Terrassen is a roving cinema in Copenhagen that engages with the social life of film. All screenings are free and everyone is welcome. www.terrassen.bio

Bright Colorful Lights and Other Attractions
Nicholas Vargelis

In Bette Gordon's 1983 film *Variety* a wide range of lighting situations are explored, often with theatrical overtones establishing a strong visual aspect to the storytelling of the plot. As the film progresses the lighting takes increasing precedence over the characters. This is often achieved through very little use of film lighting equipment. Available lighting sources are prioritized.

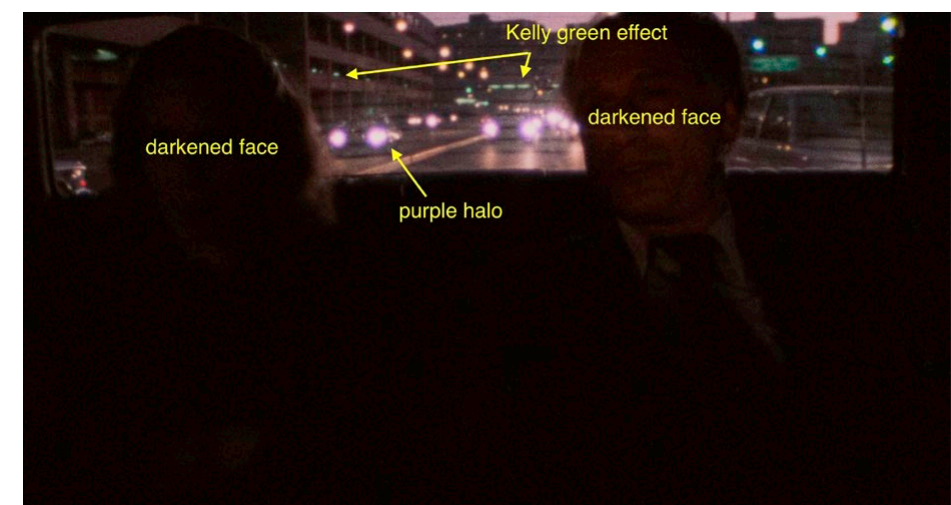
The film follows the main character, Christine, through a series of gritty locations from a porno cinema, an amusement arcade, a porno shop, a wholesale distribution market hall, a highway underpass, a cheap motel, etc. The lighting is often less descriptive of a place, and instead suggestive of a mood or sensibility. In the second scene of the film, the camera is inside a locker-room of a swimming pool, we get our first glimpse of colored or tinted light. The shot includes light from a fluorescent tube. Normally, to the human eye this light reads as "white," yet to the eye of the film camera this light source can appear with a strong blue or even green tint. The film stock used for this shot renders the white fluorescent lamp as lime green.



The use of multiple sources of light employing different technologies with incompatible color temperatures which become exaggerated through the choice of film stock is a reoccurring idiosyncrasy of the movie. In a brief shot at dusk in a deserted mid-town Manhattan street the fading daylight has a blueish tint, while a sliver of visible white sky in-between two large buildings is almost too bright for

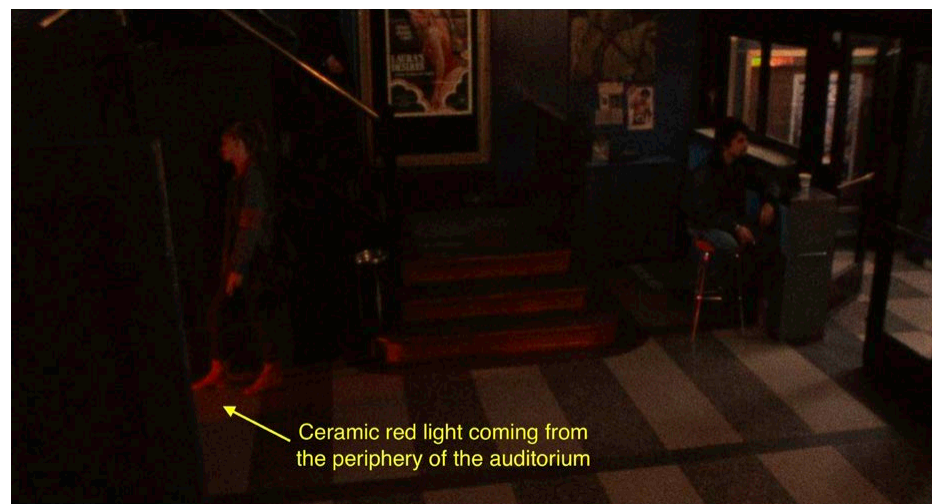
the camera creating a purplish halo effect around the architecture. An illuminated shop sign and office windows appear as blocks of bright Kelly green color. In the center of the shot a street light is on, creating a small sphere of glowing amber. The Kelly green effect is again from fluorescent lights and the amber street light is produced from a sodium-vapor arc lamp which unlike the fluorescent lights, appears colorful and very warm both to the camera and the naked eye.

The over-exposed purple halo effect and fluorescent Kelly green combination is repeated again in a shot in the back seat of a car where Christine and Louis (a rich businessman or possible mobster) are getting to know each other. Their faces remain mostly in the dark, occasionally illuminated with a small shaft of warm fleeting light. The main source of light in the shot comes from the headlights of the other cars shining through the rear windshield behind the two characters. The intense over-exposed white spots of the headlights burn through the film-stock creating the purple halo effect. Behind the headlights the horizon is lit up in pinks and purples as the sun sets. Finally, the office buildings in the far background feature a scattering of windows that appear as green squares and rectangles due to the fluorescent light sources.



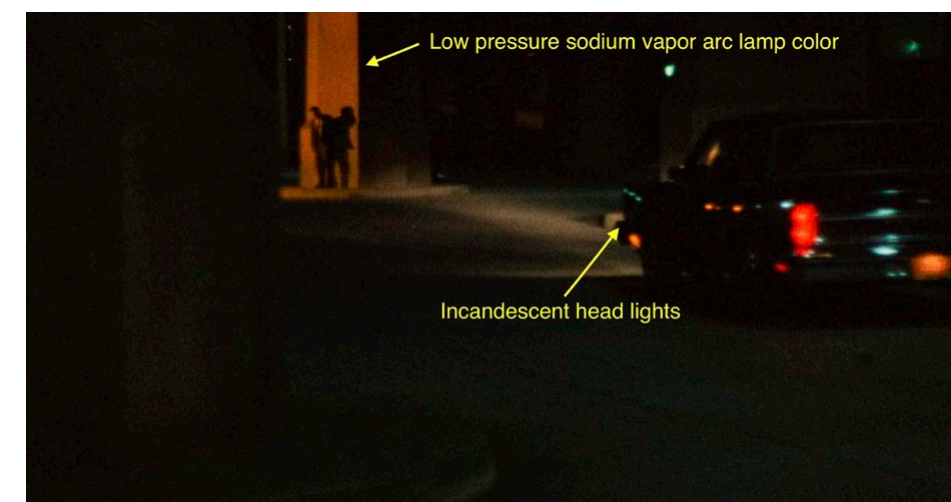
In English we could say that this shot employs heavy use of "back-lighting" or "back-light". In French this lighting effect is described as "contre-jour" or literally translated as "against the day." As the plot of the film progresses the city

increasingly emerges as a city of light: going against the day and into the night. Could this electric city be Christine's lover, her best friend, or even a substitute for family? But to what degree is all this talk about color and light potentially lost in translation? The experience of color is subjective and unique. I am reminded of this whenever I close one of my eyes and realize that my two eyes interpret the color "red" slightly differently. Yet as a culture we have come to standardize color with objective language and measurements. Adding to the confusion the chemical process of light hitting the photo sensitive film strip adds another layer of translation. Also the accompanying still images are digital screen captures (either printed on paper or digitally reproduced for a screen depending on which medium you are reading this essay)... if printed on paper, its another translation from light (whose primary colors are red, green, and blue) to pigment (whose primary colors are magenta, cyan, and yellow).

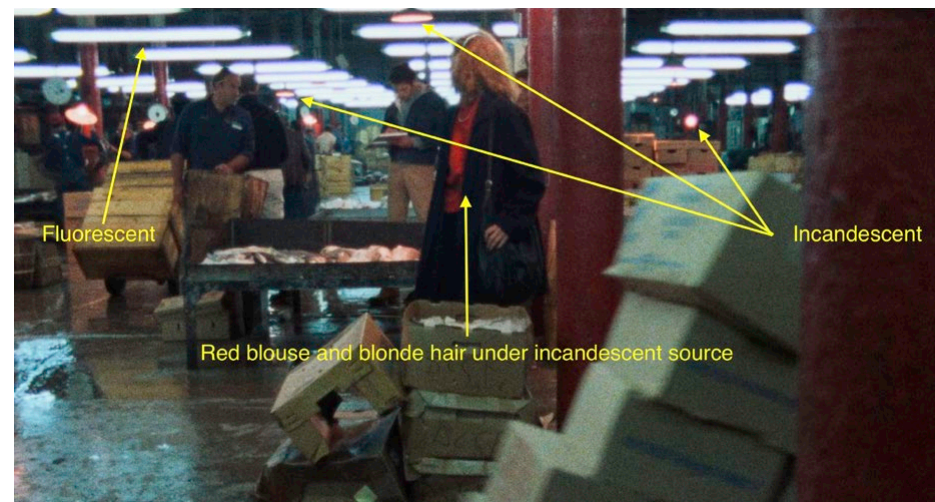


At the center of Christine's universe translated into light and dark spots of emulsion on a film strip is the porno theater where she works. Here we see her in the box office selling tickets (illuminated mostly by a pink light, probably an R40 150 watt bulb with a medium screw base, and pink colored glass). We also see her in the projection booth, and in an empty auditorium with the work lights on (two or three bare incandescent light bulbs, most likely 200 or 300 watt "Pear-Shape" or PS with a standard screw base) as her colleague attempts to clean up the space before the next show. Later, we even catch a few glimpses of the films that play

on the big screen. But we never see the main attraction: the patrons watching and reacting to the x-rated films. It's as if we only see the backstage or auxiliary spaces of the porno cinema. At one point Christine takes a smoke break and pauses in dim red light just before the doors to the auditorium. The red light appears to be coming from a source just inside the auditorium... probably a simple ceiling fixture with or without a glass globe and fitted with a 100 or 150 watt red ceramic A-type light bulb. For a brief moment, it's almost as if the cinematographer has made an homage to Edward Hopper's 1939 painting *New York Movie* that depicts an usherette in a moment of rest or boredom at the edge of an auditorium whilst a movie is showing on the big screen. In the painting the film is playing yet the corners of the auditorium are nonetheless illuminated; bathed in a red or amber light coming from the ceiling fixtures below the balcony boxes.



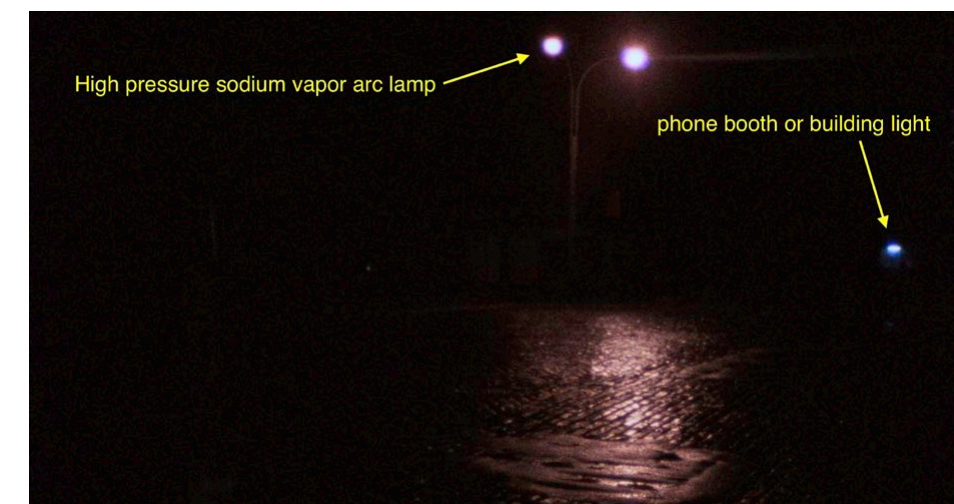
In two other shots evoking moments of twentieth century visual art, the colored directional lights of a porno shop and the deep orange of a sodium vapor street light under a highway overpass create colorful minimalistic shapes of light cutting across the frame. Both shots feel reminiscent of an early light sculpture from James Turrell, but without the transcendent heaviness. Or perhaps a better reference would be the visual script to Bob Wilson's opera *Einstein on the Beach*, where the function of light is not visibility but instead another tool in the sculptor's visual narration. In *Variety* the normal city landscape is revealed as theatrically lite giving a carnivalesque mood to the lighting and directing the viewer's gaze.



While the use of colored light in the film helps transport the viewer into a world of fantasy and desire it is also a document from a long gone urban landscape of flashing incandescent bulbs under the marquees, blaring neon colors in shop windows, and pulsating blues and oranges from the arc lamps formerly found in almost all city street lights. The film also captures the transition of commercial workspaces going from incandescent illumination in the early twentieth century to fluorescent lighting starting in the 1950s. In two scenes, shot in the whole sale fish market, the camera captures not only the endless lines of glaring fluorescent tubes suspended from the ceiling but also an older system of glowing incandescent warehouse lamps (again the 200 or 300 watt “Pear-Shape” or PS with a standard screw base). The previous system or infrastructure is left intact and, in this case still in use, somehow typical to North American modernization efforts. The new or modern technology is simply overlaid or inter-spliced into the existing system. The combination of the two lighting technologies results in the layering of the cool blue-white light from the fluorescents with moments of warm almost amber pools of light from the occasional incandescent light bulbs.

“In an hour I’ll be on the corner of Fulton and South Street, meet me there.” These are the final words of the film spoken by Christine. A few seconds after she hangs up the phone, the camera cuts to the final shot: devoid of any actors or architecture we simply see bits of the infrastructure of the city: a dim street

light in a near black void. Below the light bounces off the glistening pavement, the street corner is barely made visible by a light that struggles to illuminate its own darkness. However the darkness used to isolate the light in the final shot might not be so dark depending on the technology used to view the movie: when viewed on a computer screen there is a further translation of the film media scanned into a digital file resulting in the loss of true black. The seductive depths of darkness in the city at night are translated into a dull digital grey.



en film jag aldrig sett
Ernst Skoog

IMAGE 1
< svart >

En isolerad tillvaro i en nedstängd värld där alla går runt och väntar på att få ta av sig sina masker och andas djupa ofiltrerade andetag igen. En framtid då utandning inte längre är ett osynligt och dödligt gift. Det känns svårt att andas. Hur kommer vi andas efter detta pandemiska intrång? Kommer vi efter den pandemiska effekten befinna oss hemma konstant, som fångar i våra egna hem? Hemmet förvandlas och blir till ett fängelse och bojorna blir vår egen ofrånkomliga tillvaro. Rodnar vid tanken.

Jag har inte varit så här mycket hemma sedan jag var i yngre tonåren, då tiden hade en förmåga att stanna i dagar, veckor. Det är uppriktigt weird att befinna sig inomhus en, två, tre dagar i sträck. Jag känner mig främmande för min egen tillvaro i mitt eget hem. Utanför, den pittoreska lilla gården. Husen som omringar den är höga och står tätt intill varandra. Inget ljud från gatan bakom fasaderna sipprar in, bara dofter finner vägen till innergården. Luktas det annorlunda än vad det gjorde för några veckor sedan?

Jag läste häromdagen att ett symptom på viruset kan vara att tappa smak och doftförmågan. Vad är det för dofter jag känner när fönsterna är öppna, doften av vår kanske, en mildhet i luften som påminner om när världen påbörja sin metamorfos mot grön. Från vilande till aktiv. Är våren på väg?

IMAGE 2
< röda digitala siffror på en display >

Tiden sägs stå stilla. Ett rykte sprider sig längs tomma gator och öde torg. De som möts viskar i varandras öron att tiden står stilla. Konspirationsteorierna är många, om en inte lyssnar noga så finns risken att viskningarna muteras och förvrängs. En viskning i mitt öra jag knappt kan urskilja. En konspiratorisk saga om en apokalyps. Har det konstanta tickandet avtagit, är nedräkningen över, är detonatorn på 00:00. Det var varken 1656 som Columbus förutsatte eller 2012 som Hollywood apokalypsfilmen med samma namn antog, utan 2020. Apokalypsen äger rum, nedräkningen är över, tiden är ur led.

IMAGE 3
< based on a true story >

Jag har alltid drömt om att börja en film med, *This film is based on a true story*. Med ett formellt och kantigt fet typsnitt, vita bokstäver perfekt centrerade i bilden och i tydlig kontrast till den svarta bakgrunden, manifesteras filmens verklighetsförankring. Det vi kommer att bevittna är baserat på verkliga berättelser och händelser. En metod för att injicera fiktionen med verklighet och generera en sanningsenlig och verklighetsförankrad saga.

Jag drömmer om att göra en film som börjar med: *This film is based on a true story*. Ett grepp som upprepat tar tag i betraktaren och utlovar den där efterlängtrade sanningen inuti föreställningen. Ett verktyg jag även använder för att berätta en berättelse, att experimentera med givna förväntningar och gestalta olika förslag för vad en verklighet kan vara. *This is based on a true story*.

IMAGE 4
< en suddig solnedgång >

Öppningssekvensen försätter oss in i berättelsen, likt farstun hemma är öppningssekvensen det första vi möts av. Vi lär känna en karaktär, vi hamnar i ett skeende som utlöser ett drama, vi försätts i ett landskap, tas till en plats där berättelsen äger rum, vi ser oss själva, åskådarna, i form av en stirrande teaterpublik. Berättelsen kan också börja med slutet. I *The Last Movie* (1971) fumlar en skadad och illa tilltygad Dennis Hopper omkring i vad jag minns som en religiös ritual. Varför är han skadad, varför är hans himmelsblå skjorta blodig? Öppningssekvensen är början på slutet, vi skjuts sedan tillbaks i tiden och följer förloppet fram tills det att öppningsscenen tar vid, början på slutet.

IMAGE 5

< close-up: mercedes benz 260 e limousine >

Närvaron av en ljudbild närmar sig. Ett monotont motorljud, ett brus från gummidäck som roterar på torr asfalt och en dov bas som dunkar i takt till sig själv. Ljuden refererar till den kommande scenen, exteriör och en 1990 Mercedes-Benz 260 E med förlängd kaross, limousinemodell.

IMAGE 6
< ett lapptäcke av gamla sönderslitna affischer >

Ett betonglandskap, stora runda pelare som stiger högt upp i luften betygda av sin solida gråhet och skugga, utslitna brobärare som aldrig ger upp kampen att hålla betongen svävande högt upp i luften. En grå bil fast ljusare står parkerad framför en av de mörkare grå brobärarna, den förlängda karossen utmärker sig först, sedan den äldre modellen bland alla de andra homogena hybriderna. Vi dividerar kort och kommer snabbt överens om ett pris. De sex dörrarna öppnas i synk och långa läderbeklädda säten i en mörkare grå än karossen som påminner om vardagsrumssoffor möter oss; det låter från lädret när vi sätter oss till rätta. Jorma, chauffören, berättar högt - fastän ingen riktigt lyssnar - om att bilen är importerad och användes för statsbesök i Berlin när Helmut Kohl var förbundskansler i början på 90-talet. Jorma avslutar sin historia när det tycks gå upp för honom att ingen riktigt lyssnar, alla verkar snarare upptagna med att gaffla i mun på varandra. En känsla av déjà vú infinner sig.

IMAGE 7
< en dubbelexponerad brustablett i upplösning >

En känsla av att jag upplevt detta tidigare fylls inom mig. Jag har sett bilen, suttit i den, den är bekant. Modellen känns som ett återkommande val av prop i diverse actionfilmer från 90-talet. Whitney Houston sitter bredvid mig i de låga grå lädersätena, kanske är det från *The Bodyguard* (1992) där Kevin Costner spelar livvakt till en känd sångerska. De blir förälskade. Whitney upplöser och känslan av deja vú skingras som en tjock dimma vid sensommar-morgnar. Jag förmår mig inte att finna källan till paramnesian. Den är inte från filmens värld... Ett misslyckat parti mentalt memory försiggår samtidigt som snacket runt mig fortgår livligt. Förnimmelsens intensiva känsla appliceras våldsamt och ofrivilligt på min hornhinna likt en gnuggis. Jag försöker skrapa bort den med mina naglar men får inte bort den helt. Det är för sent, den nu fragmentariska bilden har etsat sig fast och ser ut som ett sår i märkliga färgkombinationer.

IMAGE 8
< NASAs fotografi från 2019 på ett svart hål >

Minnet är mig närmast, trots att 90-tals action ligger mig varmt om hjärtat så är detta ett minne, nära min innersta personliga sfär.

Ett primalskrik.

IMAGE 9
< häxblandning, (olika smaker blandas i samma behållare) >

Det enda jag vet är att natten är ung. Det brukar vara någon gång mellan två och tre som jag vaknar av mig själv, ett inre rop på vätska. Jag tror egentligen inte på det, jag är övertygad om att det bara en illusion. Ett hjärnspöke väcks var natt innan vargtimmen slår in. Melatoninnivån i blodet är högt och drömmarna som djupast. En törstsläckande förberedelse innan det bär av ned, i det mest oväntade drömska mörker. Mörkret innan ljuset. Totalt mörker, vägen in till köket går inte att urskilja, ett automatiserat memorerande äger rum. Likt fladdermusen sänder jag ut radiovågor i blindo studsande mot objekt som jag parerar.

Jag dricker från vattenkranen och börjar vakna till från mitt sömndruckna tillstånd. Gården vaknar upp från sitt sovande tillstånd. Jag går bort mot balkongdörren. Belysningen i trappen på andra sidan den lilla gården har tänts. Efter en stund syns en person gå upp för trapporna genom dörren ut till gården. Samtidigt som han försvinner ut ur bild så fångar en rörelse högst upp i trappen min uppmärksamhet, en man med polisuniform går ner för samma trapp. Under en millisekund panorerar min blick till gården där en andra polis korsar innergården och försiktigt öppnar dörren till den upplysta trappen och börjar gå upp för trapporna. De uniformerade kropparna rör sig taktfullt och unisont medans den tredje civilklädda personen fortsätter upp. Dom går alla i jämn långsam takt, in och ut ur bild. Jag räknar ut att dom kommer mötas på tredje våningen om dom upprätthåller deras taktkänsla. Mycket riktigt, de möts på våningsplan tre. Mötet äger rum halvt ur min synvinkel så jag ser bara fragment av den civilklädda och den efterföljande polisen. Allt fryser. En kort stund står allt still. Även min puls upphör tills stillheten bryts ett kort ögonblick därpå av ett blixtrande ljus... och ett till. Våning tre lyser våldsamt upp någon millisekund. Ett kort kallt intensivt ljus återgår till den gulaktiga belysningen i trappen och de tre börjar tillsammans gå tillbaka ner. Den civilklädde går några steg före de två uniformerade och fortsätter ner för trapporna, förbi porten in till gården och försvinner ut ur bild. De två poliserna viker av ut genom porten och korsar gården mot byggnaden jag står i. Jag hör tunga steg röra sig upp för trappen. Stegen närmar sig min ytterdörr och jag förväntar mig att de ska stanna upp utanför dörren och efter några sekunder höra dörrklockan plinga. Stegen fortsätter förbi min ytterdörr och vidare upp tills jag inte längre kan urskilja kängorna mot stengolvet längre.

Tystnad.

Sakta intensifieras stegen igen och når sin peak utanför min dörr. De passerar och stegvis avtar ljudet tills porten på bottenvåningen slår igen. Det går att ta på tystanden. Jag tittar ut mot gården, fortfarande. Efter en stund släcks gårdslamporna.

IMAGE 10
< en neonskylt ger ifrån sig ett rött sken >

Blixten igår, natt. Jag står och talar med mig själv vid balkongdörren i köket. Det måste ha varit en blix, det är jag övertygad om. Olika teorier börjar strömma igenom huvudet; teori ett, teori två, teori tre. Deras rörelsemönster är en utarbetad koreografi. Varför behövs det tre personer för att ta en bild, varför tas den mitt i natten och varför kommer alla från olika håll? Är bilden som tas bevismaterial för en utredning? Var den tredje personen också en polis fast civilklädd? Jag står och tittar ut, både lägenheten till vänster och till höger på våning tre är nedsläckta. I speglingen från glaset i balkongdörren möts jag av en fundersam blick. L. B. ”Jeff” Jefferies granskande blick iakttar våningsplan tre med ett fundersamt men nyfiket uttryck. Våra blickar möts, han ler ett James Stewart leende. Ett insmickrande men mystiskt leende som gör mig kluven på om det är genuint eller bara spel för kulisserna. I *Rear Window* (1954) av Alfred Hitchcock är Jeff (spelad av James Stewart) fast i sin lägenhet i Greenwich Village, New York. Han har råkat ut för en olycka, är rullstolsbunden med gipsat ben och oförmögen att lämna sitt hem. För att fördriva tiden börjar han spionera på sina grannar över gården med sitt teleobjektiv. Fönstret utgör ramen för hans verklighet och genom fönstret följer han grannarnas dagliga rutiner. Snabbt börjar Jeff bevittna händelser som avviker från det vardagliga. Dessa iakttagelser sår ett frö som under filmens förlopp gror och växer till en snärjande thriller. Nattens händelse som tagen ur Alfred Hitchcocks kammerspel. Jag står kvar stilla och dividerar med mig själv kring vad det var som skedde. Jag är fortfarande osäker på vad det är jag bevittnat och varför denna aggressiva ljusexplosion mitt i den mörkaste natt. Jeffs ansikte speglar sig inte längre i glasdörren utan jag möts istället av min egen blick. Jag står ett tag till och iakttar mig själv.

IMAGE 11
< missing scene >

Med ett fönster mot gatan skulle jag ha kunnat titta på bilar, gig-arbetande cykelbud och tonårgång som i klunga rör sig upp och ned för gatan. Jag fantiserar om live som passerar in i bild och sedan ut igen och för det mesta aldrig återkommande. Statister befolkar mitt liv. Olga Tokarczuk beskriver för några dagar sedan sin tillvaro i en artikel, trots situationen, som rätt fantastisk. Hon beskrev hur hon inte räds isoleringen och ensamheten med sig själv. Tiden som andra skrämts av har hon sökt sig till sedan länge. Ett uppsökt och eftertraktat lugn har infunnit sig i världen. Hon iakttar världen genom sitt fönster, sina grannar och deras vardagliga förlopp. Jag känner mig avundsjuk när jag läser hennes ord och möjligheten att iaktta världen från sitt hem. Jag är fast, inlåst med fönster mot innergården och fönster in mot mina grannars lägenheter. Stundvis ser jag glimtar av kroppar när de kommer ut ur dunklet och in i ljuset som fönstret släpper in. De försvinner snabbt tillbaka in i dunklet igen, likt nattdjur som räds dagsljuset går de baklänges tillbaka in i mörkret.

IMAGE 12
< nosferatus oändligt långa skugga >

Hemmet har förvandlats till ett avlägset slott i Transsylvanien, skuggan av mig är lång under eftermiddagarna då solen ligger rätt på himlavalvet för att som ett spjut sticka genom glastrutorna. Ett osynligt och luktlöst gift rör sig genom staden. Giftet tränger sig likt kyla genom glipor. Jag drar för fönsterna med de stora vita gardinerna som sträcker sig från taket ned till golvet, min skugga upphör att förfölja mig... eller jag den.

Jag fantiserar om att jag är i kuddrummet på dagis, ett rum i ständig förändring. Enfärgade vadderade kuddar i olika former blir portaler till olika världar. Ett torn blir till en grotta som vänder ut och in på sig själv och blir ett berg. Världar börjar hemsöka mig utan att jag rör mig bortom de dåligt isolerade väggarna. Jag besöker dem och de mig.

Hemmet är en kapsel som obehindrat rör sig mellan världar, tider, dimensioner och platser. Film är en portal till andra rum, känslor eller till platser som jag besöker som ett svävande iakttagande öga. Babette Mangoltes filmtitel, *The camera, I* (1977) i kombination med titeln på hennes utställning i Wien 2017, I = eye blir en formel för den förvandling som äger rum mellan de fyra dåligt isolerade väggarna. The camera, I = eye. Ett osynligt öga kan titta utan att själv bli sett. Landskap smälter in i varandra och historier sammanflätas, men ögats outtömliga behov av intryck ignorerar faktumet att allt börjar smältas samman och bli till ett sömlöst lapptäcke.

Mitt begär av intryck är outtömligt. Ögat blinkar men blundar aldrig, ruset upprätthålls. Jag återbesöker platser jag varit på tidigare och återupplever scenarion jag redan varit med om. Jag betraktar och återupplever scenerna igen. Början på en film får mig att fundera över hur jag vill börja min nästa film. Filmen som ett sätt att tänka förundrar mig, kan jag tänka genom, via filmen. I mitt maniska tittande blir ord till bild och bilden till en blick, ett öga där jaget utgör hjärnan för blicken. Klippen är mörkret från ögonlocket som sluts i en millisekund. Inser att det både är jag som styr filmen och filmen som styr mig. Jag är oförmögen att styra mitt öga och min blick då den är sammankopplande med kameran. Jag fantiserar om det bortanför mitt blickfång, bortom ramen och begränsningarna.

IMAGE 13
< på en husfasad hänger en banderoll för en filmfestival >

Klyschan har blivit verklighet: *Filmen som ett fönster till världen*. Det har jag läst någonstans, slogan till en filmfestival. Jag minns inte vilken men att jag föraktar meningen varje gång jag läser den, för den bristande kreativiteten. Känner en sorgsenhet inför copywriters ytliga och banala relation till film. Jag erkänner här och nu att detta banala påstående är ett faktum. De där dagarna, veckorna när tid kunde elimineras som jag upplevde som tonåring är tillbaka. Jag räds att bemöta känslan igen, likt en vän jag inte träffat sedan vi var nära vänner. Vad har egentligen hänt sedan sist vi sågs, vad var vi då och vad är vi nu? Till sist bestämmer jag mig för att bemöta detta tillstånd av tidsbefrielse. Att återgå och uppta rusets stimulerande stadie. Tiden flagnar sönder och ridån ut mot gården går ner igen, kanske för gott. Filmen kommer till liv mellan de fyra nästan oisolerade väggarna. Filmerna går om och in i varandra. Jag förmår inte längre att skilja den ena från den andra, ett skoningslöst transparent klister fogar samman de olika världarna jag besöker. Filmerna blir till filmen, opaciteten minskar och jag tittar på alla filmerna på en och samma gång. Projektionsytan projiceras av flera projektorer samtidigt. De olika bilderna överlappar varandra och när jag kisar smälter allt samman, en film blir till. Det går inte längre att tyda eller urskilja filmerna från varandra. Konturerna möts, karaktärerna börjar interagera och berättelserna sammanflätas. Landskapen är gränslösa och blir till ett. Jag tittar på en film jag aldrig sett.

IMAGE 14

< en scen ur en film jag aldrig sett >

En scen ur en film jag aldrig sett äger rum. Sekvensen börjar med flera korta fixerade bilder på tomma platser: en tom parkbänk med två dekorativt air-brushade motorcykelhjälmarna på var en sida av bänken som omringas av torrt benvitt grus. Något är skrivet i gruset, otydbara bokstäver. En bit bort är en karusell upplyst av glödlampor i flera olika färger som är omringad av tomma plaststolar, några av dem har vält. Ett kontorslandskap står öde, skrivbord överfyllda med papper, dokument som får den nedsläckta datorskärmen att smälta in i bordet i högar av papper. En kontorsstol står några meter från bordet, med ryggen vänd mot arbetsplatsen gapar den tom inför kameran. Ett vardagsrum med en stor svart fåtölj i mitten av det nedsläckta rummet, längs väggarna sträcker sig långa akvarium i lite olika dimensioner. De upplysta vattenbassängerna förtrollar rummets belysning till ett undervattenslandskap.

IMAGE 15
< intermezzo >

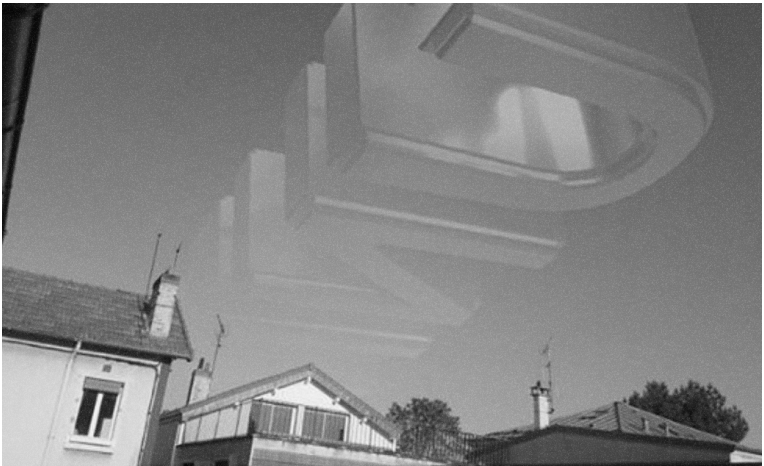
Med hjälp av kameran far jag över olika landskap i hög hastighet. Rörelsen och perspektivet påminner om drönarsekvenserna i Lav Diazs Norte, *hangganan ng kasaysayan* (2013). Jag tittar ner på världen i återkommande sekvenser som topografiskt sveper förbi. Partiklar reser med vinden över landskap och iakttar jordelivet. Ryktet om att tiden har stannat sveper över oss obemärkt tills en ilande viskning når mynningen till örat. Landskapet jag reser över är fyllda med grönska, vattenbrynet förkroppsligar mötet mellan land och hav. Ett, två, tre intermezzon återkommer konsekvent i sagan. De bryter den konventionellt följande och berättande blicken. En förnimmelse av tidsstillestånd. Är denna universella lockdown också bara ett intermezzo? Denna tillvaro av social distansering och isolering, ett mellanrum inför det som komma skall. Är det en uppmaning från det större vi ingår i att finna lyhördheten och ta den i beaktning. Iaktta och reflektera över vår tillvaro. Kanske är det som om vi såg oss själva i en film, ständigt skuggade av en dokumenterande och reproducerande kamera.

Hur skulle vi tänka på vårt eget liv då om vi kunde se den skildras som ett fiktivt drama framför våra ögon. Omvandla vårt mentala befinnande till drönarens svepande rörelsemönster som iakttar sin omgivning på ett sätt där det var möjligt, ett tredje autonomt öga. En öppenhet i blicken som detta intermezzo ger möjlighet till att åstadkomma. Ett intermezzo utan bästföredatum.

IMAGE 16
< ljusblått >

Blå himmel börjar synas på platser världen runt där det annars är ständigt mulet av partiklar. Det är till och med så klar och fin luft att delar av Universalloggan kan urskiljas en solig dag. Världen råder fortfarande under filmens filmiska herravälde.

IMAGE 17
< svart >



Vem ser vem? Blick och seende hos Benjamin, Duchamp och Dujourie
Gertrud Sandqvist

”Just as water, gas, and electricity are brought into our houses from far off to satisfy our need with minimal effort, so we shall be supplied with visual or auditory images, which will appear and disappear at a simple movement of the hand, hardly more than a sign”¹

”Another aspect of the ”readymade” is its lack of uniqueness [...] the replica of a ”readymade” delivering the same message, in fact nearly every one of the ”readymades” existing today is not an original in the conventional sense”²

”In even the most perfect reproduction, one thing is lacking: the here and now of the work of art – its unique existence in a particular place. It is this unique existence – and nothing else – that bears the mark of the history to which the work has been subject. [...] The whole sphere of authenticity eludes the technological – and of course not only technological – reproduction”³

”Whether Mr. Mutt with his own hands made the fountain or not has no importance. He CHOSE it. He took an ordinary article of life, placed it so that its useful significance disappeared under the new title and point of view – created a new thought for that object”⁴

”Discontinuous images replace one another in a continuous sequence. A theory of film would need to take account of both these facts. First of all, with regard to continuity, it cannot be overlooked that the assembly line, which plays such a fundamental role in the process of production, is in a sense represented by the filmstrip in the process of consumption. Both came into being at roughly the same time. The social significance of the one cannot be fully understood without the other. [...] This is not quite the case with the other element, discontinuity. [...] Chaplin’s way of moving is not really that of an actor. [...] His unique significance lies in the fact that, in his work, the human being is integrated into the film by way of his gestures – that is, his bodily and mental posture.”⁵

Det finns nästan inga korsreferenser mellan Walter Benjamin och Marcel Duchamp, trots att de verkade under samma tid, periodvis bodde i samma stad, Paris, och umgicks i samma surrealistiska kretsar (de lär ha mötts en gång på ett café 1937). Benjamin refererar aldrig till Duchamp, lika lite som Duchamp verkar ha intresserat sig för Benjamin. Ändå tar sig båda två an deras tids viktigaste konstnärliga fråga: den fundamentala förändringen av relationen till bild, konst, objekt, konstnärsrollen och ultimatum till seende som kamera/fotografi/film utövade. Bägge två var före sin tid, och sågs av omvärlden som perifera figurer. Bägge två upptäcktes först på 1960-talet och fick sitt enorma inflytande över den kulturella scenen under 1980–90-tal.

När Duchamp gör sina readymades på 1910-talet skriver han att han sätter en tanke till ett objekt. Han noterar också, långt senare, att en readymade saknar autenticitet. En konsekvens av detta är att konstnärens akt blir att välja, inte att skapa. Konstnären, liksom betraktaren, blir en konsument av redan färdiga varor – av readymades. Duchamp själv inser konsekvenserna och slutar tidigt att göra readymades – men han påpekar också att konstnärsfärgerna i tub gör alla målningar i vilka de används till ”readymades aided”. Duchamp hävdar att han flyttar fokus från hantverket till tänkandet. Lika gärna kunde en påstå att han flyttar fokus från produktion till konsumtion. Readymaden är en konsekvens av industrialismens varusamhälle.

Benjamin tänker något liknande när han jämför filmrullens sekvenserade bilder med löpande bandet i modernismens fabriker. Fordmodellen får full genomslagskraft ungefär samtidigt som stumfilmen, vilket Benjamin noterar. Charlie Chaplins komiska figur (varför tycker vi egentligen att han är så rolig? frågar sig Benjamin) är en figur vars stackatorörelser är anpassade till filmen – men också till det löpande bandets automatik. Vill filmen få arbetarna att anpassa sig till det löpande bandets gestik och hastighet? Innebär filmens förnekelse av kontemplation att arbetarna tränar sig i den speciella sorts distraherade uppmärksamhet som är optimal för de moderna fabriker?

I dessa fabriker skapas de objekt som konstnären nu har att välja från, när hen ska ”välja en tanke” för ett färdigt objekt. Inte bara arbetaren är alienerad.

Benjamin tänker och skriver under trycket av fascismen på 1930-talet. Åtminstone en del av honom är kommunist. Hans texter får en propagandistisk ton (ett prognostiskt värde skulle han kalla det). Fotografiet och filmen är ”progressiva”, de kan användas i kampen mot fascismen tänker han och myntar begreppen Kultvärde och Utställningsvärde. Allt det han själv älskat, som *connaissance*, försvinner. Autenticiteten, auran, den djupa försjunkenheten, evighetsvärdet, det unika – han kallar det fetischisering. ”Vi måste offra detta, för att förhindra att fascismen använder kultvärdet” skriver han. Men han kan inte låta bli att notera att när Abel Gance vill göra allt till film, ”Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Beethoven will all make films [...] All legends, all mythologies, and all myths, all the founders of religion, indeed all religion [...] await their celluloid resurrection” ryser Benjamin och talar om en fullständig avrättning av alla värden.

Vilka nya värden kommer då? Framförallt utställningsvärdet – ”massan” vill ha allt nära, och helst vill den slippa något unikt genom att göra en reproduktion av det. Eller genom att göra en film? ”Massan” har blick för ”likhet” till den grad att den extraherar likhet även från det som är unikt.

Det innebär, skriver Benjamin, att förbindelsen till historien försvinner. Varje ny teateruppsättning av Goethes Faust har en förbindelse med den ursprungliga i Weimar. Filmen Faust har det inte. Skådespelaren i en film har ingen chans att identifiera sig med sin roll, eftersom scenerna tas helt separat. Skådespelaren gör klockast i att likna – sig själv. Relationen till publiken försvinner. Det gäller också politikern som håller ett filmat tal – kontakten med de som väljer hen, eller som lyssnar är borta. I stället uppstår relationen till en maskin, och till det maskinella ögat i filmkameran.

Märk väl: Benjamin är positiv till fotografi och film. Han beskriver fotografi som det optiskt omedvetna och tänker sig kameran ha en kirurgs blick, som kan ta bort allt som är sjukt och förljuget i samhället. Om det innebär att den traditionella konsten offras, så får det vara så.

Benjamin talar egentligen inte om konstnären, utan om objektet, konstverket, och publikens relation till det. Han skriver heller inte om filmregissören. Det närmaste han kommer är att beskriva hur fokus genom tekniken flyttas från handen till ögat,

allt går så väldigt mycket snabbare. Det är som om själva snabbheten i produktionen omöjliggör kontemplation. Finns här ett eko från Schopenhauer, som håller konsten som ”det högsta” genom den meditativa förbindelsen mellan konstnären och dess objekt, som ser denna förbindelse som det vertikala sambandet med ”det som Är”, med Platons idévärld? Benjamins avhandling om det tyska sorgespelet överflödar av platonska anspelningar. Är den dubbelhet, kanske sorg, som märks i snart sagt varje mening i alla versioner av *Konstverket i Reproduktionsåldern* en rest av hans egen förståelse av konsten som en direktförbindelse till Sanningen?

Inte heller Duchamp är fullt så radikal som en kan tro. I *The Creative Act*, en föreläsning han höll 1957, beskriver han relationen mellan konstnär och betraktare som mellan en producent av ”rå-konst” och den som förfinar det, ”som rent socker från melass”. Konstnären är verkligen av välbekant romantiskt genislag, ett medium som ”from the labyrinth beyond time and space, seeks his way out to a clearing”. ”All his decisions in the artistic execution of the work rest with pure intuition and cannot be translated into a self-analysis, spoken or written, or even thought out.” Kanske inte Duchamp räknar sig själv som konstnär? Officiellt är hans sista verk, *Det Stora Glaset*, lämnat oavslutat 1923.

Walter Benjamin tog sitt liv sommaren 1940, i Port-Bou. Fortfarande är hans tre versioner av *Konstverket i Reproduktionsåldern* det mest insiktsfulla som skrivits i ämnet. (Ändå är det nästan bara konstnärer som numera refererar till texterna. Med tanke på att i detta sammanhang är det konstnärerna som är experterna är det kanske inte så konstigt).

Frågan om erotiskt begär i relation till kamerablicken skriver han dock inget om. Det enda som eventuellt kan tolkas i den riktningen är en mening som finns i såväl version 2 som version 3: ”It has always been one of the primary tasks of art to create a demand whose hour of full satisfaction has not yet come”. I fotnoten refererar han till André Breton. Men han verkar mera referera till idén om att konst föregriper tekniska landvinningar än ett erotiskt begär förknippat med blicken och kameraögat.

Men Duchamp upphör inte att analysera den erotiska blicken. Efter sin officiella abdikation som konstnär, fortsätter han en hemlig verksamhet där han gör den

ena analysmodellen efter den andra av blickens relation till erotiskt begär. De är alla förstudier till det verk han förbereder och som inte fullbordas förrän efter hans död, i enlighet med hans instruktioner, 1969: *Étant donnés: 1 La Chute d'Eau*, 2: *Le Gaz d'Éclairage*. Jag tror att detta berömda verk (också) handlar om filmkamerans blick.

Det Stora Glasets titel är *La Mariée mis a nue par ses célibataires, même*. Bruden, den orörda och oskuldsfulla, tycks (enligt alla de anteckningar kring verket som Duchamp förvarade i *Den Gröna Asken*) representeras av en motor med molninformation i glasets övre hälft. Några märken efter kulhål syns där också – de har missat sitt mål. I glasets undre hälft finns en komplicerad maskin som refereras till som en ungarlsmaskin. Längst till höger tre skivor.

Dessa skivor har Duchamp gjort flera modeller av. En är *To be looked at (From the Other Side of the Glass, with One Eye, Close to, for almost an Hour)* (1918), som också kallas *Det Lilla Glaset*, en annan *Oculist Witnesses* (1920). Han gör en litografi av dem 1965, som förberedelse till *Étant Donnés*. De har förbindelse med dels Kodak-linsen insatt i *Det Lilla Glaset*, dels en rad maskiner för seende, som *Rotary Glass Plates (Precision Optics)* 1920 och 1925, och *Anemic Cinéma*, 1926, gjord av Rose Selavy.

Étant Donnés uppfattas som slutversionen av *Det Stora Glaset*. Bruden, konsten, är våldtagen som en effekt av moderniteten (se hans hänvisning till Valery citatet som också Benjamin använde).

Titthålen som betraktaren hänvisas till och som är det enda sättet att se verket, försätter denne i en voyeurposition. Ursprungligen var också verket förbjudet att dokumentera. Betraktaren/voyeuren ser ett diorama som är en illusion, mycket enligt Benjamins beskrivning av en filmstudio: ”*In the filmstudio the apparatus has penetrated so deeply into reality that a pure view of that reality, free from foreign body of equipment, is a result of a special procedure, namely the shooting by the specially adjusted photographic devise and the assembly of that shot with others of the same kind.*”⁶

I själva verket är alla delar långt från varandra. De förenas i en stereoskopisk

variant av centralperspektivet – kamerans, och särskilt filmkamerans blick. Den nakna ”bruden”, utan huvud och med rakad vagina, ligger på samma sätt som modellen i Courbets berömda målning *Origine du Monde*. Det är svårt att missa vad Duchamp menar.

Jacques Lacan, som för övrigt ägde Courbets målning, ägnar flera av sina seminarier på 1960-talet åt Blicken och dess relation till – måleri. Enligt honom kommer Blicken alltid utifrån, det är en voyeurs blick, det nämner han i en kommentar till en dörrhålstittande Sartre, en begärande blick som förstör, och mot vilken konstnären håller upp sin (målar)duk som ett skydd, och ett sätt att tämja blicken.

Laura Mulvey använder sig av lacaniansk analys i sin berömda *Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema* (1973). Enligt henne kan Lacans analys användas som ett politiskt verktyg eftersom den så perfekt demonstrerar hur den patriarkala blicken fungerar i det omedvetna. (Detta var förvisso inte vad Lacan tänkte sig i sitt ångestladdade försvar av Fallos primat). Mulvey menar att mainstreamfilm har utvecklat den patriarkala blickens funktion till perfektion. Filmkameran träder i publikens ställe som voyeur och sadist, den kvinnliga modellen erbjuds åt den begärande blicken att se på i scener som också stimulerar en (passiv) exhibitionism för den kvinnliga parten. Film fungerar som en begärsfunktion där såväl manliga som kvinnliga betraktare fostras in i den patriarkala blickens speciella sätt att tillfredsställa ett skoptofilt begär. Mulvey nämner inte *Étant donnés*, men hennes analys kan tillämpas på den; och ge intressanta resultat.

En av de första konstnärerna som använder video är Lili Dujourie. 1972 gör hon fem videofilmer som alla heter *Hommage à...* Dujourie är skulptör men levde då som hemmafru till en välkänd gallerist i en elegant sommarort, Knokke, på den belgiska kusten. När hon var ensam i huset hyrde hon över en helg en videobandspelare – dyr, otymplig, tung, med band som bara kan spela in i svart/vitt, och gjorde fem banbrytande videofilmer. (De väckte skandal, hon kallades för pornografisk och den belgiska konstscenen vägrade att acceptera filmerna som konst). Enligt ett samtal vi hade 2013 var Dujouries avsikt att hylla alla modeller som målats genom århundrandena, och särskilt den som låg modell för *Origine du Monde*.

De fem filmerna visar en kvinna, Dujourie själv, som ligger naken på en madrass i ett kallt rum, hennes sovrum. Först ligger hon under ett lakan, så börjar hon, långsamt, inta den ena positionen efter den andra. Påfallande ofta intar hon *Origine-du-monde*-positionen. Beträktaren ser inte hennes ansikte förrän i slutet av den femte filmen.

Dujourie är här både regissör och aktör. Hon har full kontroll över scenen. Hon är ensam, något som först är möjligt med den nya videoteknologin. Hon återtar makten över blicken.

Istället för Duchamps våldtagna lik ser vi en levande konstnär som bryter mot voyeurens patriarkala blick, filmkamerablicken, genom att själv bestämma iscensättningen. Hon är kvinna. Hon bestämmer själv över sin kropp och över sin blick. Dujourie säger själv: Jag vill vara sann. Jag är inte rädd – inte för min kreativitet, inte för min sexualitet. Jag visar den.⁷

Modellen för Duchamps huvudlösa och våldtagna kvinna antas vara hans dåvarande älskarinna, skulptören Maria Martins, som lämnade honom 1954.

Den naturalistiska gummidockan i *Étants donnés* är gjord impotent, skändad genom att pubeshåret är borttrakat, det som gör *Origine du Monde* så lockande (och farlig).

Dujourie har kvar sitt hår. Hon visar sitt kön, ibland mycket nära kameran. Det är som om kvinnan, den till modell gjorda konstnären i *Étant donnés* har fått liv. Hon är nu konstnären som använder den nya videotekniken till att pånyttföda konsten.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Paul Valery, <i>Pièces sur l'art</i> , 1936, citerad i Walter Benjamin, <i>Work of Art in the Age of Reproducibility</i> (Third Version), 1939, 1955 / WB Selected Writings, volume 4, 2003 | 5. Walter Benjamin, fragment, skrivet 1935)/WB Selected Writings, volume 3, 2002 |
| 2. Marcel Duchamp, 1961, <i>The Writings of Marcel Duchamp</i> , 1973 | 6. Walter Benjamin, <i>Work of Art in the Age of Reproducibility</i> (Third Version), 1939, 1955. |
| 3. Walter Benjamin, <i>The Work of Art in the Age of its Reproducibility</i> (Second Version), 1936/WB Selected Writings, volume 3, 2002 | 7. Citaterat från samtal mellan författaren och Dujourie i November 2013 under utställningen <i>Against Method!</i> på Generali Foundation, Wien |
| 4. Marcel Duchamp, 1917, citerad i Calvin Tomkins <i>Duchamp A biography</i> , 1996 | |

On the art collection of Carl Th. Dreyer
Dr. Mogens Hven

*When my eyelids are finally closed, and my last breath taken, the items of mine I so admire, will neither one find or know.*¹

This text sums up my latest results and comments on the so-called “Private Notes” (1954-68) of filmmaker Carl Theodor Dreyer and the recent, somewhat surprising discoveries that these diary notes have revealed to me. Some of these mysterious last notes from the hand of Dreyer has troubled scholars for decades – What are they about? What items? The only breakthrough in the Dreyer studies came when Dr. A. Sangus first paid attention to and understood a detail from the stage design of the film *Gertrud* (1965).

First, let’s have a look at the backdrop from the scene in *Gertrud*, where actress Nina Pens and actor Ebbe Rode are speaking in front of a graphic print by Norwegian symbolist artist Edvard Munch: *Two People: The Lonely Ones*. It appears to be a hand-colored lithography or woodcut. We know from relatives of the film crew working on set in early August of 1964 that an incident occurred during the preparation of the scene. Dreyer verbally attacked a member of the crew for not being cautious of the artwork as he moved around some heavy lighting equipment. Apparently, Dreyer shouted, “look out for my precious, you simple brute!”. In addition we have a personal note from Dreyer’s own hand: “Oh you misery! Today I again felt the pain of carelessness on set, as my fiery temper almost could have exposed our secret, oh what a fool I am!”²

What did he mean by the that? Besides that, the artwork on the film set must have belonged to Dreyer himself. A qualified guess could be the following: on the sixth of April 1951, unknown perpetrators broke into the Janson family’s holiday home outside of Stavanger, Norway and got away with a smaller, but fine collection of Munch’s graphic prints. Among these was a print of *Two People: The Lonely Ones*. Other prints from the collection would turn up on auction in Copenhagen later the same year. Could Dreyer have acquired one of these prints which wasn’t in the auction – knowing they were stolen? A bizarre theory one could claim, but should not: as we will look at the following case.

A sculpture fragment of sandstone that went missing during the major restoration of Castle Kronborg in Elsinore, Denmark appears briefly in a backdrop in



the little known and widely considered failed Swedish movie by Dreyer *Två människor* (1945).

Here we don't know if the piece actually belonged to Dreyer himself as after his death it did not appear in an inventory of the estate. Ten years later Dreyer is commissioned by the Danish Ministry of Cultural Heritage to make the short-film *Et slot i slot: Krogen og Kronborg* (1954) on the restoration of the Castle Kronborg. We encounter some very interesting records from staff members and guests who were present at the castle during the making of the film. For example, a former caretaker of the lapidarium recalls that after Dreyer and his crew had finished filming one day, he requested permission to see the collection of plaster copies and original sandstone sculptures that had been demounted from the restoration and placed in storage.

Of course, the famous filmmaker was granted permission and was accompanied by the caretaker who recalls how Dreyer moved objects in and out amidst the storage shelves, pulled out fragments and appeared to be familiar with numeration and archival registrar numbers on the items:

“He danced around the shelves gently. Handling objects as if he had been there many times before or even had been in charge of the collection himself (which had been hidden from public eyes for more than 20 years) – I thought to myself: he must have been here before! But how?”³

Today we have absolutely no record indicating that Dreyer in either private or professional affairs should have been at Castle Kronborg during the large renovation from 1925-32.

1. Carl Th. Dreyer, *Private Notes* (detail), March 6th 1968
2. Carl Th. Dreyer, *Private Notes*, 1954-68, p. 54
3. Carl Th. Dreyer, *Private Notes*, 1954-68



Piiri Fukeiron
CapitalWash.cc

Piiri Fukeiron's subtitles are mostly made possible with the free AI translator deepL.com.

The 'sub' in subtitles suggests a substitution and for Piiri Fukeiron the work is an eclipsed intimacy within a discipline of moving images.

Explicating the relations and poetics of the sub-layers; manoeuvring in the medium specific contextual hierarchies of cinema, Piiri Fukeiron produces an interplay between reception levels that is not-yet-considered-effective. Subtitling becomes an interfacing process, and is a spin on all 'film workers' who accentuate dominating rationalities of technical mastery, appendages and expenditure.

Subtitles can be works of opacity re-inserted into the given file or the medium itself. Platforms 'competently' situates these, since sub-texting brings into motion a displacement that insists on attentiveness not only towards 'qu'est-ce que le cinéma', but mostly to 'where is cinema'.

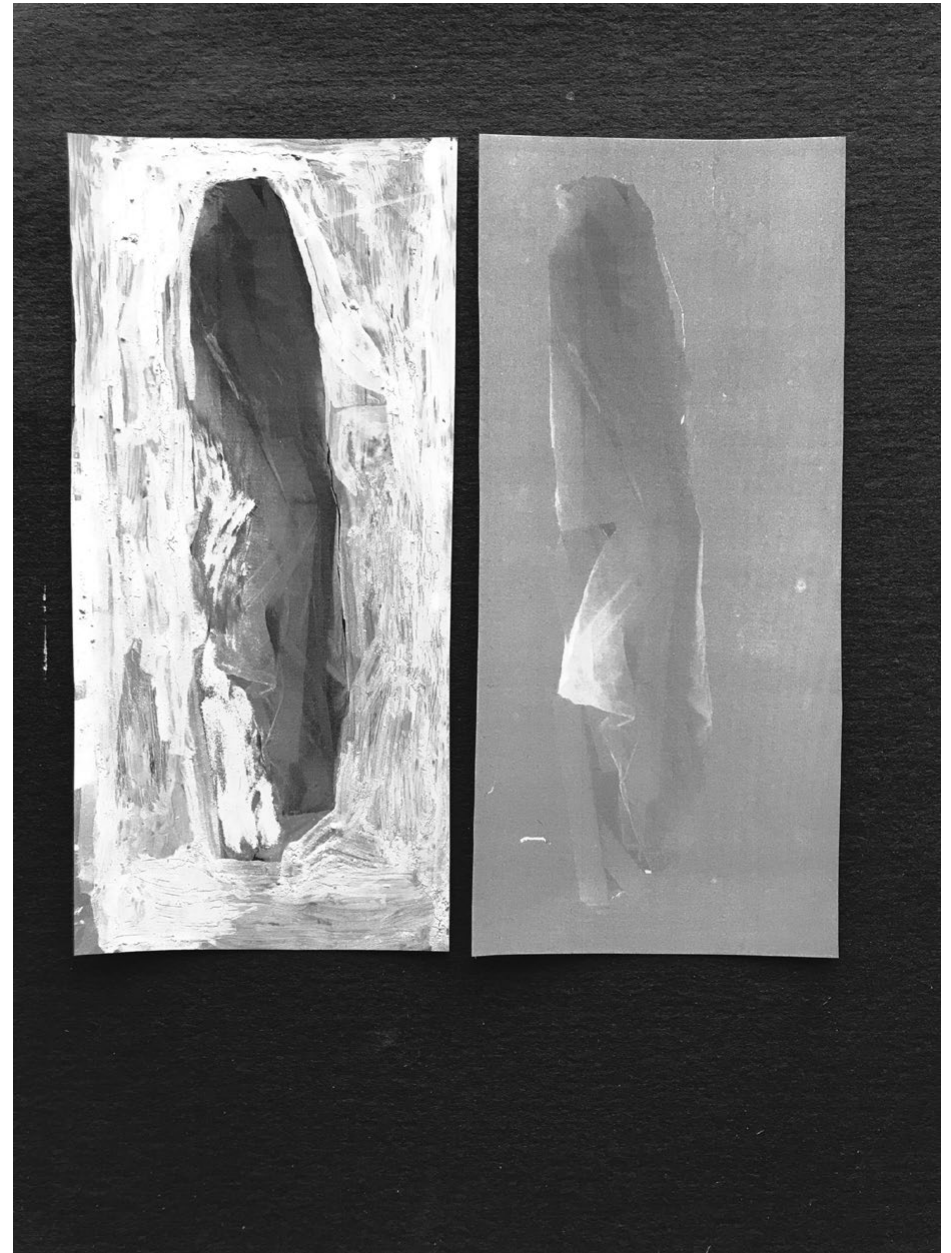
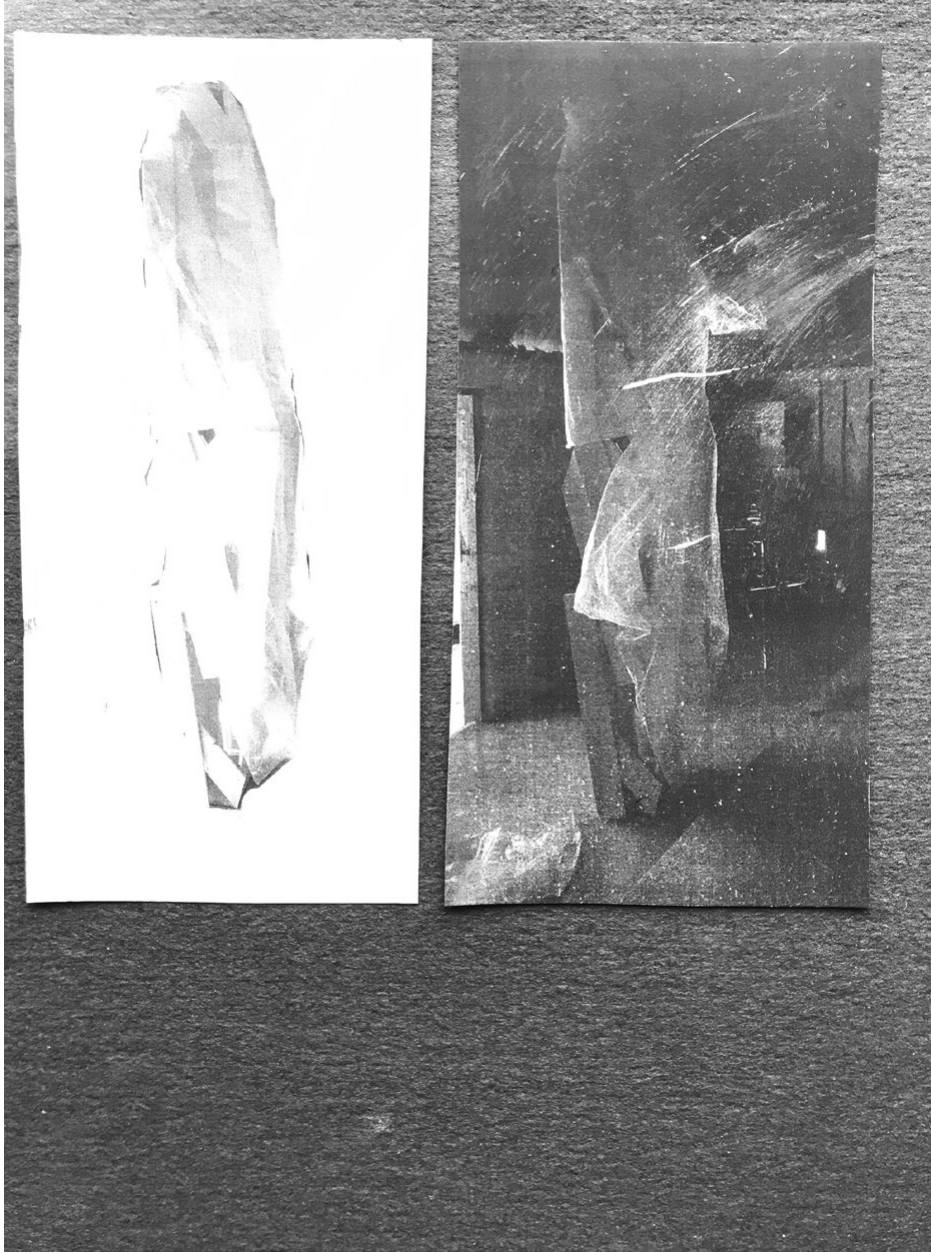
In this way, subtitles could be like disposition - a decisively communicative form - that encourages subtraction or entanglement as a praxis, more than assisting for a verifiable event. It is an ellipsoid form of dissensus not pointing directly at the problem, but allowing for critical oscillation between the sub-layers upholding the fixed borders of the medium.

The uploads of Piiri Fukeiron remains insufficient, remains interpretive and remains in circulation, but writing subtitles is fabrication of a collaborative consciousness - and hopes for more double sessions.

If the issue is translation the appropriate answer is also translation.

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCiwSozUuiXaqLi1XH8zfkQ/videos>

Since this text was written, the Youtube-channel Piiri Fukeiron has been deactivated due to copyright claims.



The Act Of Seeing With One's Own Eyes. Curated By Ed Atkins ¹
Ed Atkins with Contemporary Art Writing Daily

Taking its title from the notorious 1971 film by Stan Brakhage, *The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes* is an exhibition about how intellectual and sensory deprivation might conspire to heighten immanence, by empathic and also abjectly corporeal means. There is no reprieve and no redemption, cultural or otherwise – there is only the seeming differentiation of your senses and the recognition of death and life.

Sometime later, this exhibition might productively be thought of as a cadaver.

In the basement of the Schinkel Pavillon, Brakhage's 16mm silent film shows the activities of forensic pathologists at the Allegheny Coroner's Office in Pittsburgh sometime in 1971. It's part of a trilogy of films Brakhage made at state institutions in Pittsburgh that year. The other two were the city police force, and the West Pennsylvania Hospital (*Eyes* and *Deus Ex*, respectively). *The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes* depicts the entirety of multiple and overlapping autopsies. The bodies are abstracted and the film is 32 minutes of alabaster and ebony cadavers, latex hands and gore. The Pittsburgh pathologists go about their business like farmers. It is horrific, normal.

Despite its [naturalism, veracity, verity] Brakhage's film is not a documentary. There is no pedagogical respite. There is no moral. No instructions for how to deal with it. Instead, a silence that is claustrophobic. The absence of sound serves to deafen you into a kind of submission to your immanent reality, rather than the seeming reality onscreen, reflexively revealing your interiority. In the silence I hear my thoughts; silence describes my body.

Sound is a presumption of veracity within the moving image since the advent of sound in cinema, so silence becomes a trope of anti-illusionary filmmaking – a way to stress the impossible gap between a representation and its subject. In this way, the subject's integrity is affirmed as irrecoverable, and while 'reality' is deferred, in doing so it is also emphasized.

The film will be screened at regular intervals.

Upstairs, in the octagon-shaped hall, a new naturalistic sound effects track will

play in perfect sync with the film in the basement. Commissioned especially on the occasion of the exhibition, the soundtrack will be performed and recorded by David Kamp, a professional composer, sound designer and sound artist based in Berlin. If Brakhage's film is all about the immanence of our red-umber plumbing, then the soundtrack here on the higher plane is crowded with its spirits and voices, buried in the noise of refrigeration irrupted by violence. The soundtrack forces imagination of an elsewhere. A room full of ghosts, of people. These sounds were made in December of last year. It is a requiem, of course.

These two separate works – Brakhage's film and Kamp's sound piece – cannot be experienced simultaneously. They will remain materially disjunct, only ever speculatively sutured inside you, who is miraculously alive.

NOTES FROM ED ATKINS²

1. I've thought about adding a fake soundtrack to a silent film for a few years now. – Not a new musical score but fake diegetic sound, as if whatever scene'd been miked and recorded concurrent with the image. Convincing noise, inconspicuous in its accuracy.

The desire arises from soundtracking my own videos which are, like all animation, constitutionally silent; sound as a dupe to rationalise. Appending the animated imagery with homemade foley, library effects, and great spans of establishing ambience, has come to be the most elucidatory part of making videos, inasmuch as sound, uniquely, describes bodies.

Computer Generated Imagery without the addition of sound feels weightless, scarcely there. Sound lends heft. More than that, the symptomatic sounds of things meeting other things is irruptive, uncomposing and so very *substantiating*. Sound animates stuff, literally, vibrating the stereocillia in your head and the panes of stained glass similarly. Sound is immanent in its form in a manner that the visual is **resoundingly** not. In making work whose principle effort has often been the enigmatic production of a ponderous body, sound's singularly tangible register has become very important to me.

The sound I add to my videos is often slavish in its fidelity to the CGI image's faithless reality. It's also absurd in its gratuitous stressing of any object's material index: Like a thrown punch prosaically verified by the mimetic whip of a car aerial, followed by the sharp drub of a cauliflower head. Synced perfectly with the image. It's here, in the mix of measured gratuity and devoted representation that sound functions hyper-realistically, in a way that can be insistently intimate and alive with a conviction that feels providential but clocked only unconsciously – like life. Retrofitting sound to a historical, silent film, I thought, could be both *necromantic* and somehow restitutive. – Restitutive of both experience and empathy, rendering a film proximate in a manner freshly alive and, essentially, corporeally relatable, if not actually tangible.

History is mute but symbolically vivid, whereas lived experience is very often strident incoherence. The important thing is maybe constancy? Constancy and accuracy. At least technically, temporally. Synchronicity promotes a holistic perception; sound and vision are one (another of those false, pseudo-Cartesian dualities), they constitute a fuller account together.

(What can sound summon? What does sound *possess*, in the quasi-supernatural but also incorporating sense? Then, what kind of empathy gets incorporated and how? How is an image leant figurative weight by the figured *literal* weight of the image's subject in sound? How, too, are the tropes of historic dissociation within representational moving image (black & white image, silent, inter-titled, the up-tempo flurry of 16fps movement played back on modern projectors) collapsed and reformed by the addition of realistic sound? Sound applied like, um, de-fibrillation?)

(The voice has often been profoundly present in my work: Possessing the CGI figures as Apollo did of the oracle, perhaps. The lineage of auditory possession / control / power / animation going back at least that far.)

2. The first idea was to add sound to a silent feature film. *Menschen am Sonntag* ('People on a Sunday'), by Siodmak and Ulmer, was the first film I gave proper consideration. I'm not really sure why. The film's peculiar straddling of

documentary and drama felt right, I think. Somehow. It's also a film made at a time and in a place that pointedly no longer exists – nor is in many ways imaginable – Berlin, Summer 1929. The necromantic, reanimatory aspect of adding a steadfastly realistic soundtrack to *Menschen am Sonntag* felt like it might be apposite, embracing something of the lovely, material pleasures of the people that populate the film, and helping shed a little of history's accreted apathy by incidental sound's contemporaneity.

3. Loss stunts the relation of viewer to subject here, I think. – 'Loss' as in death or technological obsolescence; technical, representational progression's incessance. Maybe loss stunts or maybe it simply defines by necessary limit. The presumption of loss in finitude. Reanimation requires death like an autopsy requires its subject to be dead, otherwise it's murder by postmortem, a bad paradox. And of course. Adding sound is adding fake life or, like, *unning* death.

4. The scale was wrong, however. Practically speaking a feature-length film with so many locations would be incredibly difficult, if not impossible, to soundtrack as closely as the basic idea seemed to require. Other things felt *off*. As with any pre-talkie film (at least, pre- the global ubiquity of the talkie), *Menschen am Sonntag* is diegetically silenced by technical necessity rather than by design. It felt to me like there was something essential in the selecting of a film to soundtrack that required a corresponding gesture within the chosen film itself. The act of soundtracking seemed like it needed to encounter at least the idea that the original film had in some way removed sound from its image; that sound was technically possible, if not expected, for the film at the time of its making. (This, perhaps, is in large part a rather muddy ethical sleight, and one that has in the end foundered in action.) Regarding the choice of what silent film to sound, however, a defining compunction in me was to find something that might recognise, speculatively speaking, what it was that I wanted to do. Recognise, like *approve*. An unsuspecting *Menschen am Sonntag* or – to follow suit from the worthy musicians that've live soundtracked various Eisenstein or Lang classics – would feel somehow cheap, an obtrusion. Conceptually, silence does not mean the same thing to the technically constrained film as the film made without sound by choice and in full knowledge that this film

could have sound. In the latter situation sound materialises through its excision, if conspicuously elsewhere: the filmmaker heard the sound of the world with their own ears and decided not to record it. I needed a film for which silence was a negative weight of analogous heft to the materially rousing and intimate sounds I intended to accompany it.

5. **To choose silence is, by degree, political. Sound is scarcely resistible as a presumption of veracity within the moving image, so silence becomes a trope of anti-illusionary film-making: a way to emphasise the impossible gap between a representation and its subject. As a result the subject's integrity is affirmed as irrecoverable; 'reality' is adjourned and, perversely, stressed. The absence of sound serves to deafen the viewer into a kind of submission to their own immanent reality, rather than the seeming reality on-screen – revealing the viewer's interiority to themselves in a manner that is entirely reflexive. In the silence I hear my thoughts; silence describes my body in a manner awaiting enunciation, or in a language forbidden the tongue, forbidden sonic intimacy. Sound possesses the body in waves**, animates it, captures it. Unlike the salubriousness of sight, sound penetrates unintentionally; sound is leaky, it gets everywhere, oozing in a kind of squib of materialism. Sound conspires with desire, with immanence, with accident. The blurt of farts, pit squelches, *burp!*. Sound is excessive, certainly cognitively. Sounding the world is more often a symptom of material contact than deliberate act. The quality of the silence in the silent film that I would soundtrack had to be hysterically lacking, I suppose. Shrill silence, tinitus-intimate? *High*, as in overripe.

Stan Brakhage's *The Act Of Seeing With One's Own Eyes* became both the only possible candidate for the project, and also the project's singular confutation: the film's newly commissioned, naturalistic foley soundtrack will never be heard with the film.

6. *The Act Of Seeing With One's Own Eyes* is a literal translation of the term, 'autopsy'. The Stan Brakhage film of the same name shows the activities of forensic pathologists at the Allegheny Coroner's Office in Pittsburgh sometime

in 1971, and is part of a trilogy of films Brakhage made at state institutions in Pittsburgh that year: the city police force, the West Pennsylvania Hospital, and the Coroner's Office. Brakhage filmed inside these institutions in a manner seemingly disinterested enough for a kind of moral extrication, and lyrically enough to grant a reading of the films' subjects metaphorically: allegorical portent principally, across all three films, in relation to sight. Also – and avowedly so, according to Brakhage's own stated wants – the film is beautiful. Bright steel instruments and purpling viscera framed like Cotán. As with so much Brakhage, colour is both luminous and substantial: the blooming technicolor of the film stock leaches corpse juice and sunlight.

Each of the three films is revelatory, though seldom in an intellectual, denotational manner. Rather, the films' revelations are more often reflexive (and meta-, in relation to the medium and the subject), phenomenological (as regards the audience's experience), or base. In the case of *The Act Of Seeing With One's Own Eyes*, the reveal is almost entirely abjectly bathetic: a person's face pared off to reveal shining red meat. This movement, of figuration to literalism and, often, back again, is at the heart* of all three films, if most overtly with *The Act Of Seeing With One's Own Eyes*, whose title's an economy that belies the film's astonishing experiential excesses, and whose clarity serves as a portentous, empiric sort of frame for everything that follows. It's a title that apparently enjoins the viewer's equable attention *only*, even and especially as the film might more apparently coerce tears or retching or flight.

The title is laid bare (figuratively speaking) inasmuch as it has already been etymologically autopsied. The prospective viewer is spared interpretation's intuitions in favour, presumably, of the freedom to feel, intellectually unfettered. At the same time, the title's irreducible adequacy feels pompous to say the least; the definite article's off-putting self-confidence eschews empathic appeal for didactic superiority. Still, it's a film that, perhaps more than any other, might feasibly lay claim to such a title, being as essential an experience of seeing as one might expect to encounter in representational cinema.

If a large part of Brakhage's practice is fundamentally anti-illusionary, as regards reflexively retrieving and revealing the material truth of film-making, then the

title, too, seems to desire at least a kind of semiotic equivalence. Language, like state infrastructural process and cinema similarly, is opaque (a term whose ocular origins speak to Brakhage's poetic terrain) – specialist forms more so. 'Autopsy' mantles 'the act of seeing with one's own eyes'; it's a terminological pall whose effect is ameliorative, if only by a coincidence of common ignorance. Brakhage's desire is for the truth, a truth that lies beneath and behind whatever agreeable or baffling veil. Truth, at least in *The Act Of Seeing With One's Own Eyes*, is contingently abject, or is revealed through a process of abjecting: truth is inaccessible without abjection.

As viewers we're given precious little by way of information besides the processing of bodies and Brakhage's extraordinary, painterly camera-work. We've no idea why the cadavers in the film are being autopsied, for example. Nor what facts might be gleaned from these [...] processes. Nor, conspicuously, who these people were in life. What are their names?

Brakhage's truth is as much about what is left out or deliberately hidden as what is revealed.

What is present in industrial moving image by default (narrative, purpose, morality, identity, context, sound, etc.) is exceptionally extracted here, for the purpose of drawing attention to something else – some commons, spiritually humanist, that it may be harder to accept today than when Brakhage made the film. Spiritual truth? A material mimesis, too, perhaps – as involuntary a response as socially cued vomiting. Certainly for me: I've never watched the whole thing. Which feels like a strange failure on my part. I feel too wretched, too spent a person to muster the seeming strength required to 'see with my own eyes', in a manner to tolerate this kind of beautiful truth.

My mother is drawn to and can merrily stomach the most gratuitous hospital reality TV. On the other hand, she cannot stand movie violence. I'm the other way round, and because of the ethical failure that feels implicit to my preference – my incapacity to bear reality; my appetite for fictional extremity – I am mortified at my flight from the screening of Brakhage's film, my closing of the browser window previewing it, despite the fact that it feels involuntary, a reptilian scutter. I am a

corporealist intuitively, and a kind of literalist coward in effect. Bad. If I know it's fake I can see the disembowelling, though perhaps not with my own eyes?

I can bare almost anything that's made up. If I know it's real, however, my body just wilts and I turn away or I close my eyes or whatever. I fail to bear witness and I recede.

I would like, ultimately, to not simply bear Brakhage's film but *appreciate* it. Just as Brakhage himself must've eventually appreciated the terrible beauty in that morgue, able to move past the death and horror, the abjection, the terrible calm, the brutal bedside manner, and maybe even emerge from behind his camera to use his own, unmediated eyes. Perhaps I am simply afraid like Brakhage, it's just that I cannot challenge myself like that. Afraid of dying and offense and the irrecoverable and remembering my father as he died again, broken, rather than as the image from a few years previous that I've worked so hard to restore. Images of death that cannot be unseen; confrontations with endings that cannot be escaped. An ideal viewer of *The Act Of Seeing With One's Own Eyes* rises to Brakhage's casting as a disinterested but passionately attentive witness; a higher viewer registering the dead bodies with a calm, disentangled lucidity to permit a micro- and macro-kind of attention. An attention and an appreciation for the burgeoning death; the cadaver's base gorgeousness – its miraculous construction and revelatory deconstruction. Perhaps just someone who has finished mourning.

7. (One of the most striking things in the film, to me, is how terribly inventive approaches to the dead body seem without the benefit of any kind of elucidatory information.)

8. To soundtrack this film is to mar something of Brakhage's phenomenological forensics. If sounding something is to bring it closer – to scupper, somewhat, its ascension – and to contemporise its affect (and materially), then David Kamp's new soundtrack re-renders the film, in fundamental ways, particular and earthly. Mortal stuff, desecrating? Brakhage's immortalising of the image of death, which is in itself a living death. For this reason, among others, it felt imperative that the

new soundtrack and the original film not be merged into one. The connection between the two, in the end, must remain a fantasy. I think the push and pull of persuasion and dissolution is essential to maintaining the project’s precarious complexity. Simple solutions = death. Going through with appending a new soundtrack to *The Act Of Seeing With One’s Own Eyes* – performing a surgical baste of sound strip to a print of Brakhage’s vision – concludes and solves and *gets* many of the ideas in this project. Brakhage’s original film must maintain its integrity. I mean this materially of course, but also in how the film’s singular phenomenological evocations and profundities connive to absolutely insist upon the plane of immanence for life and the moving image, with the latter an apologue for the former. Neither of them even momentarily afforded the levity of illusion or disbelief or compensation for any tacit failure of experience. Likewise, and perhaps perversely, Brakhage’s commensurate sacrilisation of the pathologist’s labours, of bodies, dead – a respect clinched by the silence, by that vast lack of information, of ground, of establishment. What’s *not* there performs like ignorance or superstition. Not knowing who or why or what or being given any way to simply *deal*, is to be overcome, hopefully with grace.

I suppose there’s a sense that immanence ’s irreducibility or non-representability is simply death, so that even when the symbolism is avowedly eschewed, the place where it was – enwrapped by the reverent, contemplative, even pious silences above all else – still echoes with historic, *theistic* nowt, sublime affect, goose-bumps, retches, the expressing of a few tears?

In [previous Pittsburgh-trilogy film] *Deus Ex* I have an honest but terrific symbol or metaphor in this flower because it sits in a pot in a window in the hospital, and yet I really use it for much more power that is in the symbolic area. It really isn’t a symbol of anything specific, it just carries that kind of power. Whereas, making the film in the morgue that kind of occurrence doesn’t happen. I didn’t cut away to any pots of flower or to anything of that sort. That kind of power symbol occurs, but it occurs very subtly right within the images as they are moving, as you’re seeing all other levels of them. In *The Act Of Seeing With One’s Own Eyes* you see everything exactly in the order in which it was shot. There is very little cutting.³

– The absence of choice, of discrete sources of symbolism, respite, redemption – these require their phenomological analogue of silence. Adding sound would be sacrilegious, and is not something I am willing to do.

Successful foley is in most cases determined by its inconspicuousness – it simply serves to authenticate when snagged by the unguarded ear. The particular sensorial ignorance that this is predicated upon is of no use here; it bears no resemblance to Brakhage’s anti-illusional techniques, rather capitulating to a standard that creeps unnoticed. If Brakhage’s film is what it is to really pay attention, both literally and figuratively, then perhaps the exhibition’s attempting to extend that act, further incorporating and animating it. The splitting of the two works across two floors is a crude deconstructive analogue, but it certainly creates the space for actually apprehending the possible presence of so many things that could, if left unchecked, rush to fill it: ignorance, God, representation, resolution, death, fear, wretchedness, abandonment. The schism between Brakhage’s film and Kamp’s soundtrack is spanned, instead, by you living people who are profoundly immanent in your labour – climbing and descending the stairs – and profoundly metaphorised in your fantastical, reparative role, impossibly restoring what’s irrevocably lost.

1. This text was written in conjunction with the exhibition by Stan Brakhage and David Kamp at Schinkel Pavillion, 9. February 2019 – 24. March 2019.

2. Ed Atkins January 2019

3. From a 1972 screening and Q&A at the Millenium Film Workshop

VILLE LAURINKOSKI

Co-ire



« *Write your name on this piece of paper. Read what you just wrote.* »

« *It says: ...* »ⁱ

On a spring afternoon, after a succession of cold, wet weeks, ‘the pale March sunlight put a sheen on the transparent green satin of the tree trunks in the garden. Such are those early mornings, hollowed out of the unyielding rock of our days, and miraculously preserving the delectable, exalted colours, the dreamlike charm that sets them apart in our memories like some marvellous grotto, magical and multicoloured in its special atmosphere.’ⁱⁱⁱ Then, ‘in the background of my daydreams,’ I suddenly became aware that my gaze was being returned. ‘An invasion at a strange time from a strange place.’ I turned away to take no further notice. I now became conscious of an extraordinary expansion of myself. A kind of roving restlessness, a feeling so long unaccustomed and forgotten. But it had presented itself as nothing less than a seizure, with intensely passionate and indeed hallucinatory force, turning my craving into a vision: ‘An eye-opening encounter, an encounter of two obsessions whose shock expels the sheltered.’ My imagination, I saw it, a landscape under a cloud-swollen sky, moist islands, forests and

fields. Far and wide around me I saw into stagnant shadowy-waters. I stood hunched in the shallows. Then the vision faded, too heavily burdened with the compulsion, too shy of distraction. I knew the reason for the unexpected temptation only too well: this craving for liberation, relaxation and forgetfulness. I became increasingly subject to fatigue, I dreaded spending the summer in the country alone. That solitude which was full of hard, uncounselled, self-reliant sufferings and struggles. ‘It is the door opening on the unknown, the monstrous, the inhuman – haunted by my power.’

(3)

‘It was daylight when I had fallen asleep, now, it was already night, the sounds that came in from the open window were no longer the same.’ⁱⁱⁱ ‘We’re going to another world.’^{iv} ‘The stairs, a foyer, a hall, a room, a window, the train...’^v I was haunted by an inner impulse that still had no clear direction, a fantastic mutation of normal reality. Where did one go? What was I doing here in the early morning mist? The world was undergoing a dreamlike alienation, becoming increasingly deranged and bizarre. I had the sensation of being afloat, as it was beginning to rain. Our mind loses its sense of time as well, and we enter the twilight of the immeasurable, strange and shadowy figures, the interior, passing with uncertain gestures and confused dream-words. ‘It’s always when the fields are harvested and the weather gets colder, the nights darker, it’s then when everything begins.’^{vi} But the sky remained dull and leaden, from time to time misty rain fell. An hour passed before it appeared. Music that had been made from that reverence and joy and sadness, effortlessly moved by a passion already shaped into

language. It will be a short ride. I thought: if only it could last forever! How still it was growing all round me! There was silence. Images and perceptions which might otherwise be easily dispelled by a glance, a laugh, an exchange of comments, concern me unduly, they sink into mute depths, take on significance, become experiences, emotions – the fruit of solitude. But the fruit of solitude can also be the perverse, the disproportionate, the absurd and the forbidden expression: ‘That’s where the danger is, that is where the fear coupled with expectation is.’ And having the spectacle before my eyes, for some reason or other I turned around before crossing the threshold, and as there was now no one else in the hall, my strangely twilight-grey eyes met those of that come to us in dreams:

« I’m considered dangerous, that’s why they lock me away. »^{vii}

Vexation overcame me. The thought of leaving occurred to me then and there. It had been like a precipitate escape, that unpleasant feverish sensation, the pressure in the temples, the heaviness in the eyelids. Then there was no question of my staying here. A clink of crockery, a half-whispered word, the only sounds audible: « Sometimes he sings. At night too. »^{viii} He came through the glass door and walked in the silence obliquely across the room to my table. I sometimes cloak my ecstasy, my rapture, in my soft liquescent language like a flower. I should stay here as long as I do! But as it was, he went through the hall. Already, the grey sky was alive with exclamations of despair. Well, I shall stay, what better place could I find? I needed rest, needed to escape and lie hidden. Because of a forbidden longing deep within me, a longing for the unarticulated and immeasurable, I frowned darkly, to turn away as if I had seen nothing.

For no person who witnesses a moment of passion by chance will wish to make any use of what I have observed: such childish fanaticism, directed against a piece of living – it gave a dimension to ‘these distant figures,’ something bold or even wild. I returned to the house. Even as one’s senses enjoyed the tremendous and dizzying spectacle of the stillness, lassitude paralyzed the mind, it approached out of the depths of the sky, rising and escaping. This sight filled the mind with images and once again I reflected that it was good to be here and that here I would stay, so near, that for the first time not seeing myself as a distant image. ‘Feared as much as desired; it is desired through the very fear it inspires.’

In a silent house, one of those places in the depths that seem to have been forgotten and put under a spell: I rested on the edge of a bed and realized that I would have to leave this place through the murky labyrinth that might have cast its spell on me. I must make up my mind at once. Too late. What I had wanted yesterday I must go on wanting now. ‘And I’ve been turned around, and in the mirror, I see an unclear picture:’^{ix} the child had entered through the glass door in a soft and full glance. ‘The little wandering, hesitant soul, like the butterfly released from its chrysalis.’^x And then it had passed. Good-bye, fell away astern, and my heart was rent with sorrow. To be returning, by a quirk of fate, to places from which one has just taken leave forever with the deepest sorrow – to be sent back and to be seeing them again!

(4)

I would soon find myself driven by restlessness and dissatisfaction, where the low clouds would drift through the

garden, violent evening thunderstorms would put out all the lights, to the ends of the earth, where no snow is nor winter, no storms and no rain down-streaming. The foreign sounds exalted it to music, to the delight of my senses, the austere pure will that had here been darkly active and in rising ecstasy. I felt I was gazing which had never yet come alive in my own fire. It so numbs and bewitches our intelligence and memory that in its joy it quite forgets its proper state and clings with astonished admiration to turning us into instruments of Recollection so that the sight will truly set us on fire with pain and hope. And a delightful vision came to me, as to a graven image: ‘Thin clouds of mist drifted over the lawn, spreading tufts of white upon the tips of the grass.’^{xi} If I did not fear to seem foolish in the eyes of the others, the desire to illuminate it in my own words was suddenly irresistible. For not to be able to desire wholesome disenchantment is to be dissolute. I was very much afraid of exposure to ridicule. The days of precious monotony were punctuated by brief restless nights. A dying star still floated in the void, noiselessly and with overwhelming power. The glow and the fire and the blazing flames reared upward: « I saw what really was but didn’t let it live. »^{xii} Feelings I had had long ago, early and precious dolour of the heart, which had died out and were now, so strangely transformed, returning to me. I recognized them with a confused and astonished smile, exalted and transformed. Where did it come from, what was its origin, this sudden breeze? Innumerable white fleecy clouds covered the sky.

Nothing is stranger, more delicate, than the relationship between people who know each other only by sight – who encounter and observe each other daily, even hourly, and yet are compelled by the constraint of convention or by their own temperament to keep up the pretence of being indifferent strangers,

neither greeting nor speaking to each other, and often passing unnecessarily close, almost touching the table or the chair, in the blanching moonlight of the lamps. Joy no doubt, surprise, admiration, as I bow my head over the sink, that profound, fascinated, protracted smile with which I reach out my arms toward the reflection of my own – a very slightly contorted smile, contorted by the hopelessness of my attempt; a smile that was provocative, curious and imperceptibly troubled, bewitched and bewitching. I who had received this smile carried it quickly away with myself like a fateful gift. I was so deeply shaken that I was forced to flee the hall and hurry into the darkness of my room. « The doors are to be thrown open, screams will ring out. »^{xiii}

(5)

I started to notice certain uncanny developments in the outside world; language be dying away into silence all round me, so that in the end only foreign sounds fell on my ear. I felt an obscure sense of satisfaction at what was going on in the doorways, cloaked in official secrecy this secret, which merged with my own innermost secret and which it was also so much in my own interests to protect. For in my state my one anxiety was that he might leave, and I realized with a kind of horror that I would not be able to go on living if that were to happen. Following myself obtrusively, I would lurk and lie in wait, and would then have to endure minutes of embarrassment when I suddenly saw the child coming toward me in the hallway where no escape was possible. And yet one cannot say that I suffered, hiding behind the bed, I would wait till the child was a little way from the place and then do the same, to follow him

at a discreet distance. Sometimes the child would lose sight of me and become distressed and anxious. I would always know some cunning manoeuvre, some side-way or short cut. A call, half warning and half greeting, was answered from a distance out of the labyrinth, concealed behind the doors. The place was stricken and I peered around still more wildly in search. So it was that in my state of distraction I could no longer think of anything or want anything except this ceaseless pursuit of the object that so inflamed me: nothing but to follow the child, to dream of him when I was not there, and after the fashion of lovers to address tender words to my mere shadow, the foreign environment, and the joy of an intoxication of feeling that had come to me so late and affected me so profoundly – all this encouraged and persuaded me to indulge myself in the most astonishing ways – in a complete drunken ecstasy! “Where is this leading me!” Entangled as I was in so impermissible an experience, involved in such extravagances of feeling. What would they say? But at the same time, I kept turning my attention, inquisitively and persistently, to the disreputable events that were evolving in the depths, to that search of the outside world which darkly mingled with my heart, and which nourished my passion with vague and lawless hopes, obstinately determined to obtain new and reliable information about the status and progress. I was nevertheless conscious of having a special claim to participation in this secret, and although excluded from it, I took a perverse pleasure in putting embarrassing questions to those in possession of the facts, and thus, since they were pledged to silence, forcing them to lie to me directly, but inwardly I was utterly engrossed, and nothing remained except a burst of laughter. And in the end, they were all laughing, everyone in

the foyer and in the doorways, all mingled for me into an immobilizing nightmare: ‘He’s singing. Do you hear that?’^{xiv}

I should already be some elsewhere... An unbreakable and inescapable spell that held my mind and senses captive in the general commotion and distraction. I ventured to steal a glance and as I did so I became aware that the child, returning his glance, had remained no less serious than myself. There was something so disarming and overwhelmingly moving about this childlike submissiveness, so rich in meaning. I thought again, with that sober objectivity into which the drunken ecstasy of desire sometimes strangely escapes, and my heart was filled at one and the same time with pure concern on the child’s behalf and with a certain wild satisfaction. When I got there however, I suddenly discarded the mask, uncoiled like a spring to my full height, insolently stuck out my tongue at the guests and slipped away into the darkness. This had become knowledge, and such corruption in places, combined with the prevailing insecurity, the state of crisis into which the place had been plunged, led to a certain breakdown, to an activation of the dark forces, which manifested itself in intemperance and shameless license. I had to leave today rather than tomorrow, to turn away and flee from this house. But at the same time, I sensed an infinite distance between myself and any serious resolve to take such a step. It would lead me back to where I had been, give me back to myself again. No prospect is so distasteful as that of self-recovery. I remembered: a landscape that glinted in the evening light, suffused with meaning in which my mind had wandered. “They want it kept quiet!” I whispered vehemently. “I shall say nothing!” The consciousness of my complicity in the secret, of my share in the guilt, intoxicated me. The image of the stricken and disordered place, hovering wildly before my mind’s eye,

inflamed me with hopes that were beyond comprehension, beyond reason and full of sweetness. “I told you that we have to keep all the doors locked, you have to stay!”^{xv}

That night I lost the ground, if that is the right expression for a bodily and mental experience which did overtake me in complete independence of my will and with complete sensuous vividness, but with no perception of myself as present and moving about in any space external to the events themselves; rather, the scene of the events was my own world, and they irrupted into it from outside, violently defeating my resistance as they passed through me, and leaving my whole being devastated and destroyed: « The doors are thrown open... »^{xvi} ‘It’s five o’clock. Daybreak.’^{xvii} ‘La grande roue.’^{xviii} « And do you know what "the world" is to me? Shall I show it to you in my mirror? »^{xix} There was a glow of smoky fire. ‘A park in Paris or elsewhere.’^{xx} ‘A moment of despondency and pain, a sensation of powerlessness, of fatality, of irremediable loss.’^{xxi} An enrapturing madness. ‘It’s beautiful too.’^{xxii} ‘But when all is said and done it is the inexpressible which survives.’^{xxiii}

« With the distance of centuries, they assemble
Their jigsaw puzzles fit in their pieces...^{xxiv}
‘We’re going to another world,’^{xxv}
They know so well^{xxvi} *II funny*,^{xxvii}
Where a real connection can take place,
And then it’s escape or running away...^{xxviii}
He talks about children,
He finds the word wander,^{xxix}
The stairs, a foyer, a hall, a room, a window, the train...^{xxx}
And because everything reminds him of the escapes,^{xxxi}

Nothing appears older than the recent past,^{xxxii}
To travel with us, no-one had told what it was.^{xxxiii}
‘For it is impossible for things not to be where they are,’^{xxxiv}
And yet we say that it is in the projection of desire,^{xxxv}
Such is its denial...^{xxxvi}
Dare not attempt and does not enjoy,^{xxxvii}
Adapted or “shattered,”^{xxxviii}
Inner conflicts, desires, struggles,^{xxxix}
Shores where their roots remain.^{xl}
The metamorphosis of pupa into butterfly,^{xli}
A theatre set, a child.^{xlii}
A manifest kinship between abduction
And departure, vagrancy, running away:^{xliii}
Everything is staged for fantasy^{xliv}
A poem of childhood, being inside...^{xlv} »

My heart throbbed, my brain whirled, a fury seized me, a blindness, a dizzying lust, and my soul craved to join the dance: and still more unbridled grew the cry: ‘We went to the hospital, but no one believed me!’^{xlvi} I raged, I roused myself laughing and moaning: « I know who it is. »^{xlvii} ‘There is something that says that it exists.’^{xlviii} And I savoured the lascivious delirium of annihilation. I no longer feared the observant eyes of other people, whether I was exposing myself to their suspicions I no longer cared. In any case they were running away, leaving. It sometimes seemed that all these unwanted people all round me might flee from the place or die, that every living being might disappear and leave me alone in this place or as I continued my undignified pursuit of evoking the search in the evenings, then indeed monstrous things seemed full of promise to me.

I was following footsteps and I plunged into the confused network of rooms in the depths of the place, quite losing my bearings in this labyrinth of halls, doorways, entrances and little rooms that all looked so much like each other, not sure now even of the points of the compass. I was intent above all on not losing sight of the vision I so passionately pursued. Ignominious caution forced me to flatten myself against walls and hide behind the backs of people walking in front of me. I usually gave precedence in narrow passages to my sister, and as we strolled along by ourselves, I sometimes turned my head and glanced over my shoulder with my strange twilight-grey eyes, to ascertain that my lover was still following me. I saw us, and did not give him away. Drunk with excitement as I realized this, I lured onward by those eyes, helpless in the leading strings of my mad desire, the infatuated stole upon the trail of my unseemly hope only to find it vanish from his sight in the end. We had crossed the kitchen, the table hid us from our pursuer, and when he in his turn reached the other end of the room, we were no longer to be seen. I looked frantically for myself in three directions, straight ahead and to left and right along the narrow hallway, but in vain. Unnerved and weakened, I was compelled to abandon my search.

My head was burning, my body was covered with sticky sweat, my neck quivered, a no longer endurable thirst tormented me. I looked around for something, no matter what, that would instantly relieve it. A little room, one that seemed to have been abandoned, to have been put under a spell, opened up in front of me. I recognized it, I had been here, it was where I had made that vain decision weeks ago to leave. I was being attacked by waves of dizziness, only half physical, an increasing sense of dread, a feeling of hopelessness and pointlessness,

though I could not decide whether this referred to the external world or to my personal existence. I did not release myself even then, but knelt on my back and pressed my face into a pillow so hard and so long that I, breathless from the fight in any case, seemed to be on the point of suffocation: ‘Now being restored, what are they to me now, your lakes, your shadowy groves, your desert?’^{xlix} ‘You have retained nothing of this past.’^l ‘Childhood is never where it’s looked for. The child is not fooled.’ And my eyes darkening: « I can’t be a girl after all... »^{li} I stood right up and walked slowly away; a quite isolated and unrelated apparition, into an immensity rich with unutterable expectation.

A. S.

The body of the text: Thomas Mann, ‘Death in Venice’, *Death in Venice and Other Stories*, trans. David Luke, Bantam Classics, 1988.

‘...’: Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together: A Systematic Childhood Album’, trans. Irene Windsor, orig. *Coïre : Album systématique de l’enfance*, Recherches, N°22, 1977.

ⁱ Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

ⁱⁱ Marcel Proust, ‘Gerald de Nerval,’ *Against Sainte-Beuve and Other Essays*, Penguin Books, 1994.

ⁱⁱⁱ Hervé Guibert, *Ghost Image*, The University of Chicago Press, 2014.

^{iv} Voltaire, ‘Candide’, *Candide and Other Stories*, Oxford University Press, 2008.

^v 21 June 2014.

^{vi} Author’s mother’s diary, 14 August 1984.

^{vii} Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

^{viii} Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

^{ix} 7 April 2017.

^x Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘L’Âme Atomique: For an Aesthetic of the Nuclear Era’, trans. Irene Windsor, 2020, orig. *L’Âme atomique*, Albin Michel, 1986.

^{xi} Gérard de Nerval, ‘Sylvie’, *Selected Writings*, Penguin Books, 1999.

^{xii} 7 April 2017.

^{xiii} Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

^{xiv} Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

^{xv} Ingmar Bergman, *From the Life of the Marionettes* (1980).

^{xvi} Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

^{xvii} Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

^{xviii} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘L’Âme Atomique: For an Aesthetic of the Nuclear Era’.

^{xix} Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*, ed. Walter Kaufman, Vintage Books, 1967.

^{xx} 18 June 2020.

^{xxi} Hervé Guibert, *Ghost Image*.

^{xxii} Mirjam Tuominen, *Tema med variationer*, Söderströms, 1952.

^{xxiii} Marcel Proust, ‘Gérard de Nerval’.

^{xxiv} Märta Tikkanen, *Mörkret som ger glädjen djup*, Söderströms, 1981.

^{xxv} Voltaire, ‘Candide’.

^{xxvi} Märta Tikkanen, *Mörkret som ger glädjen djup*.

^{xxvii} Александр Ильянен, *II финн*, Kolonna publications, 1997.

^{xxviii} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xxix} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xxx} 21 June 2014.

^{xxxi} A sonnet, 8 February 2019.

^{xxxii} Eduardo Viveiros de Castro, *Cannibal Metaphysics*, Univocal Publishing, 2014.

^{xxxiii} 23 January 2021.

^{xxxiv} Voltaire, ‘Candide’.

^{xxxv} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xxxvi} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xxxvii} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xxxviii} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xxxix} Georges Didi-Huberman, *The Surviving Image: Phantoms of Time and Time of Phantoms: Aby Warburg’s History of Art*, Pennsylvania State University Press, 2017.

^{xl} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xli} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘L’Âme Atomique: For an Aesthetic of the Nuclear Era’.

^{xlii} 21 June 2014.

^{xliii} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xliv} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xlv} Guy Hocquenghem and René Schérer, ‘Coming and Going Together’.

^{xlvi} 7 February 2010.

^{xlvii} Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

^{xlviii} A letter, 1 November 2015.

^{xlix} Gérard de Nerval, ‘Sylvie’.

^l Gérard de Nerval, ‘Sylvie’.

^{li} 19 November 2013.

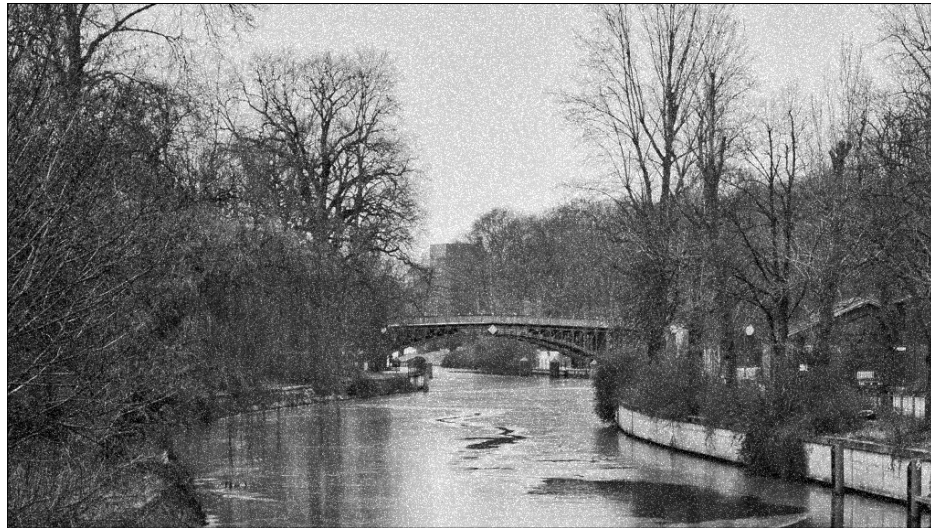
You and I? No, all of us.
Dag Kewenter

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Selective transcription of the dialogue from
a scene from *Scenes from a Marriage* (1974),
following the transcription conventions
in *Pragmatics* (Cambridge University Press,
1983).

Landwehrkanal – En film
Samuel Richter



SCEN 1 *Speakerröst*: Filmens första bild är menad att etablera platsen och tiden för det kommande händelseförloppet. De bilder av historien som däremot inte låter sig skapas i den tid och på den plats som tillkommer människorna bakom kameran, etablerar filmens gräns.

Landwehrkanal, höstlandskap, eftermiddag.
Långsam kameraåkning i kanalen, med början i söder
med riktning mot nordväst (Tiergarten).

SCEN 2 *Speakerröst läser från historikern Manfred Gailus "Kanalbau und Revolution"*: Bei allen Projekten erwies sich die Planungsphase als langwierig und kompliziert, und auch der Bau selbst ging schleppend voran, nicht zuletzt auf Geldmangel. Dies änderte sich schlagartig bei Ausbruch der Märzrevolution 1848. Der Ausbau beschleunigte sich wie von Geisterhand getrieben in verblüffender Weise, plötzlich war sehr viel öffentliches Geld da für die Einstellung von Tausenden.

Landwehrkanal, höstlandskap, eftermiddag.
Den långsamma kameraåkningen i kanalen fortsätter.

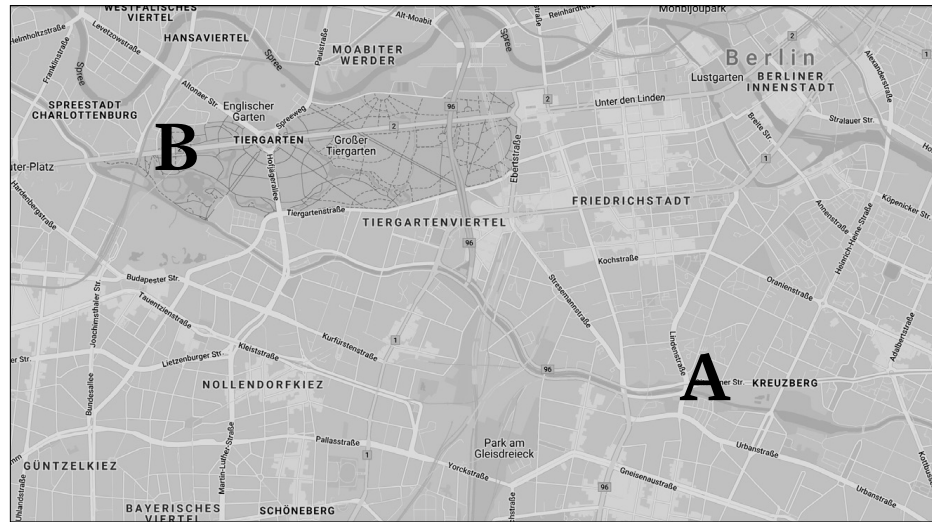
SCEN 3 *Speakerröst:* Bis Ende April, innerhalb von nur sieben Wochen, gingen immerhin etwa 7700 Arbeitsgesuche ein, doch nur 4600 Personen konnten Arbeitsstellen zugewiesen werden. Zu Beginn waren 720 Arbeiter zu Rodungs- und Schachtarbeiten am Spandauer Schiffahrtskanal abkommandiert worden und etwa 150 Erdarbeiter im Körperlicher Feld. An beiden Arbeitsstellen erhöhten sich die Arbeiterzahlen im Sommer 1848 noch erheblich, so daß zeitweilig bis zu 3000 Arbeiter im Kanalbau beschäftigt waren.

Landwehrkanal, höstlandskap, skymning. Fortsättning på
den långsamma kameraåkningen i kanalen, med riktning
mot nordväst (Tiergarten).

SCEN 4 *Speakerröst:* Im ganzen handelte es sich um eine in kürzester Zeit rekrutiert, bunt zusammengewürfelte Arbeitergruppe, der langfristige gemeinsame Arbeitserfahrung und damit Interessenidentität fehlte. Zwei Wochen vor dem Berliner Märzaufruf war ein Arbeitsnachweisungsbüro eingerichtet worden. Zusammen mit anderen Zugeständnissen sollte es in letzter Sekunde die Revolution verhindern. Am 1. Januar 1850 wurde das Arbeitsnachweisungsbüro wieder geschlossen.

Kommentar

I filmens sista scen befinner vi oss vid Lichtensteinbrücke, kvällstid. Kameran har då förflyttats från A till B enligt kartan nedan.



	JASON BOURNE	ALLA SKRIVER BOURNEDIKTER
Dedikation: Till minne av Jason	Jason är en marodör	I dessa dagar,
	Han gör våld på likgiltigheten	När de flesta av oss tycks
	Det är också en Jasonkvalité	Sysselsatta med att skriva
	Den att hitta en betydelsefull punkt av smärta	Bournedikter
	Lägga tryck och	Som om något stod på spel
	Stanna där Nära såret	De kan inte hjälpa det,
	Ibland tycks Bourne totalt öppen	Men stora härvor av ihoptrasslade
	Aldrig segerrusig	Dikter om Bourne
	Hans enkla gångstil	Blåser över öde trottoarer
HEM	Hans kattlika sätt att stå	Likt en handskrift utan hopp
	Jason rör sig	Likt mitt vinddrivna ansikte om morgonen
	Han är i rörelse	När jag tar den första dikten
Det som Verkligen paralyserar med	Var är han på väg	Och skriver sorgehymner tillägnade
Paraplyet av Noir-liknande Natt	Något som inte lät sig göras	Jason
Är fiskelyckans	Men det har ändå skett	Kontrakt med samhället och vården,
Strålände blick	Någon, oklart vem	Tycktes det att
Bärande Jason Bourne	Ringer Bourne medan filmen ännu pågår	Även i det som inte kommunicerar
Hem till	Han befinner sig på en fasad i Geneve	Finnas spår av Bourne
avkastningen	Nära sjunde våningen	Dikter om Jason Bourne:
FÅGLARNA	(som vanligt)	Så länge lungorna håller
		Jag kan nästan se hela trilogin
Länge såg jag filmen Fåglarna		Genom mitt sinnes öga
Sakta som i fyra timmar.		Har sett alla dikter som finns
Dess flammiga karaktär,		Alla biopics etc
Som ju pekade rakt in		Och nu är jag något av en konnässör
I samtider liknande vår egen.		Som kan mycket
Jason Bourne gör slut med moderniteten		Vet en del
Först i andra filmen när han		Om Bourne som
Har planterat akaciaträdet		Skyddar sina passböcker med sitt liv
Hos benediktinermunken		Jag skyddar mina Bourneböcker
Och för första gången säger att		Det är allt
han inte vet-		Natten eller Jason Bournes lungor
Utan att mena det helhjärtat		Håller på att fyllas med natt
Panoreringen till telefonstolpen		Han ligger på marken
På klostrets innegård tar scenen		Sårad
Från att vara rörande		Sårets köld fosforescerande
Till att bli profetisk.		Mörker Köld
		Feberfrossan tilltar
BOURNEMÅLERI MED ORD SOM IMPASTO		Jag ser allt ske på bioduken
		Det är därför att jag inte kan ingripa men
		Vi är så många som vill skydda
Nattens maktlöshet vilar som ett dis över bournestaden-jagstaden		Skydda Bourne
Ruiner av gårdagens minnen växer som tunna medicinförpackningar över stadens alla väggar		När han faller
Bourne sover kort och i full rem-sömn, bournes ögon registrerar ja fotograferar minnets alla sår i		Faller vi alla
drömmen		Men han reser sig
Natten är enavarande, den enda natten för Jason Bourne, den enda kampen, den enda rätta, den		Med oss
som vet att den är i rätt händer, bourne som gjord för uppdraget mindre viktigt vilket		
Idag vaknade jag i tusen bournedikter utan en enda idé		
Bourne kan läsa av ett rum som ingenting Inget undgår detta rum av ingenting men		
Bourne minns inte ens sin egen barndom		
Kvällen en fibertunn hinna över välbesökta böcker som skrivits till minne av Bournetrilogin		

KLAVIATUR

- Bourne förtvivlar
- Det finns ett element av misär
- Bourne skriver brev till hela det gamla Sparta
- När han packar så förtvivlat lätt
- Sover så oerhört hårt
- Själva enkelheten är i sig ett slags vansinne
- Bourne är tidig
- Film no 2 är ett förstlingsverk, det märks.
- Bourne behöver ständigt ett klaviatur.
- Det är lika obestridligt som att han behöver
- Eller har glädje av
- Ett enklare vapen
- Likväl ett vapen
- Men när Bourne tar fram sitt klaviatur
- Först då använder han verkligen sina bägge händer

BOURNESTAD

DIKT OM JASON BOURNE

Jason Bourne behöver till slut
även han
en bostad
Det finns ingen
Säger han
Det finns ingen Bournestad
Ingen fix punkt att vila
i att
Tala om
I denna jagstad av
Hägkomster, minnesformer
, Frånvaron av minnen
Tårar kommer och går
Men formen, säger Bourne
Formen består
Varvid han bestiger en bank i Genève
7 våningar
Fasaden är septiskt blank
Bournes järnvilja för tillfället stadig
Jason bourne är eller är ej
En klyka
behov av fåglar och tröst
Men alla filmerna har även gett
ason Bourne en röst.

Någonstans i ett kvarter nära
Frustar ett avgasrör av köld
Likt ett häststall i Bremen på 1400 talet
Det finns inga glasmurar kvar
Att stanna kvar i
Bli berörd av
Lämna de perfekta verktygen i
För alltid
Imorgon kommer vingarna
De ska styra min rädsla
Som en farkost

SJÖARNA UNDER JORD

Det finns inget ämne, bara Bourne.
Ensam med sitt uppdrag.
Sjöarna under jord.

JASON BOURNE

Det är som att invånarna här söker framkalla honom
- Frambesvärja Bourne
Det låter sig inte göras
- Bourne är den frie Bourne
Öppen för världen
Redo att besöka Schweiz om
Och om igen
Bournes ögon är hans reaktionsförmåga
Han läser världen med sin fruktansvärda reaktionsförmåga
Jason, var är du just nu
I färd med att hämta alla dina pass,
Mitt i minnesarbetets dalgångar?
Inbegripen i ännu en kärleksaffär medan kulregnet faller
Vad du än tar dig för Jason, har du min självklara respekt och tillit.

BOURNETRILOGIN

En perfekt storm av eftertexter som sammantaget
— bildar ett träd som liknar Tao.

(FRAGMENT

Första filmen börjar ju med minio-odysseen. Jason Bourne ensam på en båt i havet med sin besättning. Långtifrån sin hustru. Sin familj. På båten brinner en lägereld som inte slocknar, eller tänder eld på båten. Den symboliserar sökandet. Sirenerna möter han efter två minuter i form av, faktiska sirener. Polissirener från den schweiziska polisen som lockar honom med sitt ljud så mycket att besättningen binder fast honom. Men inte vid en mask utan en telefonkiosk! Nu är det snö och vi befinner oss uppenbarligen på schweiziskt fastland. Det enda sättet att vinna över polis-styrkans lockrop blir att vänta ut ljudet av sirenerna. Klipp till gryningen. Bournes min oförändrad. Stoisk.

Vidare till cykloperna. Återigen. Nu är det privatstyrkor med faktiska cyklop. Han måste slåss under vattnet med dem. I en enda fascinerande panorering får vi följa Bournes- kan man kalla det undervattens-judo? Klipp Till en fasad i Genève. Bourne klättrar såklart uppför den. På väg att hämta sina många pass (som vanligt med andra ord). Musiken säger mest i denna scen. Det är ur Mozarts trollflöjten, nämligen Zu Hilfe. Den oinvigde kunde tro att musiken ska spegla en slags dov underliggande rädsla för höjder. Bournes rädsla. Men nej, eftersom Jason Bourne mest av allt ÄR kärlek kan han de facto inte visa rädsla, inte minst för höjder. Musiken speglar i själva verket BYGGNADENS rädsla för Bourne, ity den är lite sliten. Stupröret är exempelvis rädd att det inte ska kunna bära Bournes fysiska tyngd.

Vilket det ju inte heller gör. Bourne faller handlöst varpå musiken skiftar till Regndroppspreludiet. Det ska symbolisera stuprörets olycka tror jag. Bourne blir nu upplockad av en drönare. Som hans motpart i filmen Victoria Schmeckert styr med hjälp av en handkontroll av trä. Men allt detta vet vi. Vad som är mer intressant är allt som försiggår.. Skall man kalla det subliminalt. Under det två sekunder långa fallet byter Bournes t-shirt tryck inte mindre än fyra gånger. Från Reebok, Till Adidas Sedan Reebok igen, till sist "Smells like teen spirit".)

Words and gestures follow each other in a relaxed, continuous manner.

FILMÖGON 4/5

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