pazmaker

No. 5

Antonin Artaud-Daniel Baumann-
Catherine Chevalier-Aurora Corbalá-
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Traducción y Emancipación

Daniel Baumann

Chicken Song por Adolf W°lÿi
Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi,-Bii-ih ÿii-ih; Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi,-
Bii-ich zii-ich; Bi-Bi-Bi-bi, Bii-ih ii-ih; Cha
Doch nit me, Hii-ih?wii-ih;;;; Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi,-
Bii-ih Brii-ih; Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi, Bii-ih Drii-ih;
Wiiga, i giiga; Dôr Britt het ja, n a Schiiga;;
Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi,- Bii-ih nii-ih; Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi,-
Chlii-ih Chlii-ih; Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi,-ii-ih bii-ih;
La doch nit me, Vii-ih. Rii-ih;;;; Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi,-
Bii-ih Brii-ih; Bi-Bi-Bi-Bi,-Hii-ih Hii-ih;
DôSchiiga, Sie Chriiga; de todas formas el cuc¼ se ha ido
Es una marcha, 32 compases.
Firmado Adolf W°lÿi
Berna 1912

Este ensayo es en parte respuesta a la entrevista hecha por Rita Vitorelli a Nicolas Bourriad, que apareci· en el ¼ltimo n¼mero de la revista SPIKE (Primavera 2007) bajo el titulo de òAltermodernidadó. En muchos puntos estoy de acuerdo con las descripciones y observaciones hechas por Bourriad. Sin embargo, sus argumentos emancipatorios contrastan con la forma en que plantea su pensamiento critico al servicio de las tendencia, aunque subordinándolo a su propia necesidad para ser parte del discurso decisivo. Todos tenemos nuestra propia función, y mi ensayo empieza de esta manera:

Siempre que doy una pl§tica sobre Adolf Wolÿi (1864-1930) y leo partes de sus textos, no falta quien pregunte si Adolf Wolÿi conoci· a los Dada²stas. En t®rminos de tiempo y espacio, habr²a sido muy posible, ya que Wolÿi fue internado en el Instituto Psiquiátrico de Waldau, cerca de Berna, de 1895 hasta su muerte en 1930, por lo tanto estaba a solo 120 kms de Zurich. Adem§s, Fritz Baumann, un artista cercano a los dada²stas, lo visit·. Aun as², Wolÿi sab²a nada de los Dada²stas, o de los Surrealistas, o de su arte y ®sto apenas le habr²a interesado. Estaba trabajando en otro proyecto. Entre 1899 y 1930, con la ayuda de periódicos y libros, transformó su historia en una comprensiva ð formativa, como dir²a Bourriadð autoþcci·n[1] que s·lo podr²a haberse creado en el siglo XXI, y en cierta manera caracterizaba al siglo XXI. De hecho su proyecto es un relato de viaje y creaci·n mundial de 25,000 paginas, en el cual Wolÿi realz· su ego al estatus de santo con palabras, im§genes, poes²a, collage musical y aritm®tica. En su trabajo, narrativa y abstracci·n, m¼sica e imagen, an®cdota e historia mundial, desastre e idilio, violencia y belleza, pasado y encuentros futuros, se encuentran como iguales, porque las jerarqu²as del mundo ya no tienen signiþcado o porque son reinterpretadas y redistribuidas como un eco distante.

La cuesti·n es: àqu® vamos a hacer con un trabajo que es parte de la historia y aun as² esta fuera de la historia del arte y sus discursos? àUn trabajo que nunca se interes· en la historia del arte pero encontró soluciones que piden ser comparadas directamente con trabajos que hoy d²a son parte de los gestos fundadores de la modernidad? As² que, àd·nde ponemos al òH¿hnôrðLiedó que W°lÿi escribi· mucho antes de la poes²a sonora de Filippo Tommaso Marinetti (òZang Tumb Tumbó 1914), Hugo Ball (òGadji Beri Bimbaó,1916) y Kurt Schwitters (òAnna Blumeó, 1919 y òUrsonateó, 1921-1932)? En los ¼ltimos cien a¶os, varias soluciones se han propuesto a esta pregunta. La mejor fue hecha por Jean Dubuffet y naveg· bajo el concepto de ò*Art Brut*ó hacia la idealizaci·n y la segregaci·n. Basado en trabajos de otros, Dubuffet propagó la idea de un arte, producto de intactos, aut®nticos y solitarios impulsos. Como tal, en su opini·n, este arte era superior a los llamados ò arts culturelsó y por esta razón deben mantenerse a distancia de la industria del arte y de la historia del arte. En el mundo anglo parlante, sus ideas fueron diseminadas, aprobadas y desaprobadas bajo el titulo de òArte Marginaló. Ambas ideas se mantienen hoy d²a, en parte por la clase acad®mica blanca. Ellos lo hacen posible y tambi®n controlan la distribuci·n, interpretaci·n y mantenimiento de los trabajos hechos por marginales, que son admirados como tal, siempre y cuando sus creadores mantienen sus voces calladas y no intervienen en la discusión.

Una vaga y diferente respuesta, a esta pregunta: òàDonde los ponemos?ó viene de los llamados artistas establecidos (de los cuales Dubuffet era uno). Ellos aceptan de inmediato, c·mo el trabajo hecho por marginales consciente e inconscientemente, reÿeja profundas dislocaciones, y los admiran por sus gestos radicales y soluciones formales no comprometedoras, que entienden y en los cuales se reÿejan. Su inter®s contribuy· en gran medida a la aceptaci·n general de sus trabajos marginados, pero la cuesti·n espacial en la historia segu²a sin respuesta. Adem§s, muchos artistas son sensibles a las comparaciones con trabajos hechos por un artista que ha sufrido una enfermedad mental o que ha estado en la cárcel.

As² pues, la situaci·n se ve as²: la historia del arte se encuentra incapaz de integrar trabajos como los de Adolf W°lÿi dentro de los patrones que teje, que a su vez le da peso histórico, mientras que los representantes del arte marginal, insisten en su estatus separado como artistas, sintiendo aþnidad con estos trabajos, y al mismo tiempo temiendo la biograf²a del artista. En los tres casos, la barrera impenetrable es òbiograf²aó que como tab¼ se planta enfrente como t·tem. Pero la cuesti·n de biograf²a permanece como punto clave. En otras palabras: un soþsticado entendimiento del trabajo e importancia de Adolf W°lÿi solo puede encontrarse al saber mas de su historia personal. Eso, en cambio, signiþca romper con una de las posturas fundamentales y una de leyes de hierro de arte reciente e historia literaria: la separación del autor (biograf²a) del trabajo, como William K. Wimsatt y Monroe C. Beardsley postularon en òLa Falacia Intencionaló (1946), Roland Barthes en ò La muerte del autoró (1968) y Michel Foucault en òàQu® es un autor?ó (1969) y fueron muy exitosos al hacerlo. Su percepción de que el autor no es más que un punto de intersección de varios discursos existentes, hizo posible ver textos e imágenes como partes de una extensa, compleja y signiþcante red y que los deja desdoblar sus signiþcados independientemente del autor y de la an®cdota. De esta manera, no obstante, el receptor, especialmente el teórico de arte y literatura , se convirtió en el creador þnal, poseedor y administrador del trabajo.

Ahora, si ponemos a òH¿hnôrðLiedó de Adolf W°lÿi sin referencia a su historia de vida, y más bien hacia la densa trama que la historia del arte y de la literatura han tejido, tendr²amos conclusiones tales como ò Adolf W°lÿi era Dada²sta avant la lettreó o ò Adolf W°lÿi era Cubista antes de los Cubistasó (su primer collage es de 1905). Puntos de vista tales como estos, son honorables pero no acertados, porque no tienen nada que ver con la realidad del trabajo o con nuestra historia. Deben ser evaluados como intentos para salvar un anticuado entendimiento ideológico de la historia, ahora listo para las necesidades del mercado. Más que nada, por mucho, ®stos sirven para evitar el llamado preciso a las injusticias y as² elevar el arte a un espacio aut·nomo ideal.

Adolf W°lþ ð que aqu² funciona como sujeto representativo- fue un hu®rfano, un ni¶o mercenario, un prisionero convicto (por intento de violaci·n) y þnalmente un interno en una institución psiquiátrica. Ni la sociedad, ni la historia ha provisto un lugar para gente de este tipo y desde el momento en que son hospitalizados se convierten en casos anónimos. Ahora W°lþ ha alzado la voz de tal forma que por cien a¶os, artistas, escritores, historiadores de arte, compositores, psiquiatras, m¼sicos y un p¼blico internacional se han interesado por su producci·n, y todav²a, a pesar de todo, no saben en que lugar ubicarlo. A¼n as², su trabajo es el resultado y la reÿexi·n de los muchos rompimientos y fragmentaciones que han caracterizado al modernismo, el siglo XX y nuestras maneras de pensar sobre ®stos: este intento desesperado de combinar signiþcativamente todo lo sustancial, con todas sus contradicciones, en una narración no sólo coherente sino tambi®n vendible. Este proyecto es precisamente lo que puede ser reconocido en W°lþ, incesantemente, en veinticinco mil paginas y hasta el momento de su muerte, haciendo todo para asegurar que la historia no se colapsa- solo para terminar con Funeral March en una extensa letan²a de poemas sonoros que se dirigen a la abstracción.

Estamos confrontados con el dilema de que, por un lado, la historia del arte y sus discursos no empatan con un arte que nos ha ocupado por d®cadas y que, por el otro lado, un fetichismo de la biograf²a motivada ideol·gicamente no nos ayuda a avanzar tampoco. Pero la biograf²a es s·lo un elemento entre muchos que nos ayuda a discutir mas precisamente el contexto en el que un trabajo se origina. La ¼nica salida para esta poco interesante condici·n es permitir coexistir maneras contradictorias de ver, en vez de intentar eliminar las diferencias a cualquier precio. Si no es posible reconciliar diferencias, la ¼nica soluci·n posible es la segregaci·n. En el caso de Adolf W°lþ hay una permanente, irreconciliable distancia que nos separa de sus or²genes, su historia y su visi·n. El fue un for§neo m¼ltiple, su trabajo formula asuntos importantes con gran intensidad, con una brillantez formal ¼nica y una ambivalencia combinando realidad, deþnida por la realidad. àQu® es lo que hay que me detenga de enfrentar su trabajo como un igual? Clase, ideolog²a, mercado, prejuicio.

Cuando las diferencias no están niveladas y diferentes formas de ver coexisten, ¿cuál es precisamente el resultado? Para empezar, una anarqu²a bienvenida y la relativizaci·n del espectáculo, luego la destronamiento del recipiente como el todo poderoso interprete y marcador de tendencias y espec²þcamente tambi®n: irritante consciencia. En el caso espec²þco de W°lþ, tal consciencia de que el gesto del poema sonoro Dada²sta, el cual percibimos como revolucionario y ¼nico, no es realmente tan ¼nico, o que m§s bien, es ¼nico s·lo en relaci·n a la concreta estructura can·nica de pensamiento. Entonces ahora hay dos patrones similares parados uno al lado del otro en el espaþcio y el tiempo; hablan del mismo lenguaje, pero signiþcan algo diferente y no podemos integrarlos entre s². àEs ese le problema? No, es simplemente la manera en que es. Pero, àque hay sobre el signiþcado de estos dos gestos? Uno de ellos es clasiþcado como grandioso, no est§ de menos porque es parte de un poderoso sistema; en el otro caso es visto como asombroso o como una curiosidad. Esta forma de ver , comoquiera, est§ todav²a dentro de las opciones que tenemos hoy en d²a para describir el arte y su signiþcado.

Una posible salida de esta situación insatisfactoria es descrita ð si traduje sus palabras propiamente- por el texto de Jacques Ranc¯re òEl Espectador Emancipadoó. El enfatiza que la diferencia y la distancia no est§n ah² para ser unidas más que por el bien de las traducciones que inspiran. Un trabajo que viene hacia nosotros, pasa por nuestro equipo receptivo y traducimos nuestras impresiones a lenguaje. Solo entonces es que podemos hacer comparaciones y, por ende, lograr entendimiento. Esta es la verdadera razón por la que «diferencia» y «distancia» son tan ricas: nos desean producir «textos», no para sacarlas del camino sino porque nos proveen con discusión, entendimiento y ultimadamente, emancipación. Todo esto es, claro, bastante poco espectacular, pero que queremos realmente? òLos artistas, solo como investigadores, construyen el escenario donde la manifestación y el efecto de sus aptitudes se vuelven dudosos al enmarcar la historia de una aventura en un nuevo idioma. El efecto del idioma no puede ser anticipado. Éste llama a espectadores que son interpretes activos, que intentan inventar su propia traducción con la intensión de apropiar la historia para si mismos y hacer de eso su propia historia. Una comunidad emancipada es de hecho una comunidad de cuenta cuentos y traductores.ó[2]

Traducción: Danette Newcomb

[1] òFuture modernity will be radicant: instead of returning to origins it will let its roots grow in keeping with its forward movement. It will produce an art that is not identitybased but creates singularities.ó Nicolas Bourriaud, òAltermodernityó, en spike art quarterly, Primavera 2007, p. 35

[2] Jacques Ranc¯re, òThe Emancipated Spectatorç, lecture 2004, recientemente publicado en ingles por Continuous Project #8. Editado por Bettina A.W. Funcke. Cneai, Chatou 2006, p. 17ð28 and Artforum, marzo 2007, p. 271ð280. Descarga gratuita en www.denver.cn/continued/continued.html

Benjamin: “PM63-96”

…Take for example this picture. It's a copy of the Mondrian painting in the Museum of Modern Art, here in New York. We can see it any day when the museum is open. I'm sure that many of you who've had the chance to see it will have noticed that it differs quite a lot from the works of other artists exhibited there. Let us now suppose that this copy is also exhibited in the same museum, not in the Mondrian room with the originals, but in the room several decades later, which corresponds to the period when these pictures appeared in public for the þrst time, because we have seen that we cannot rely on the dating of these paintings. This means that this painting would be displayed together with works representing this decade. And so, one nice sunny day, we set out for the Museum of Modern Art. If by chance the day isn't Wednesday, and we arrive at the time when the museum is open, then it is quite certain that we'll have a chance to look at its reach collection of modern art, from its early years until present day. Among others, we'll see some of the great names of modern art: Monet, Cezzane, Matisse, Picasso, Malevich, Duchamp, and of course we will notice a room with our Mondrian. And now carried away by curiosity, we continue to follow the dramatic developments and exciting changes in modern art throughout the past decades, and in the enthusiasm of our exploration we failed to recognize that we þnally found ourselves in the room with the works made in this decade. Suddenly, it seems to us that we've seen something familiar. Believing that there's been some mistake, at þrst we reject the very thought that we have seen the painting we are looking at. We'll think that this painting only seems familiar to us. In a state of doubt we get closer to the painting, and there's Mondrian! We rub our eyes in disbelief and take another look. It's really Mondrian. And it is the very same one we saw several rooms ago, that is several decades earlier. Puzzled and still not believing our eyes, we rush back to check, and no matter how much we doubted our senses, we will see that the real, original Mondrian is nicely hanging in the in which it belongs to, þrmly tied to its own epoch. Still puzzled, but now with a chill in our harts, not feeling quite happy and enthusiastic as before, we return with somewhat slower steps forward through time and with resignation accept the fact that the second Mondrian is still there. Suddenly we feel the ÿoor is beginning to shake under our feet. We look quickly at the wall… and we see it is shaking too. The thought ÿashes through our heads: an earthquake! We immediately realize how our beautiful ediþce of history, change, progress is being shaken from its foundations and slowly but surely collapsing. With horror we watch paintings, sculptures, all those masterpieces of our civilization crushing down with the museum ediþce. But, what is happening with our painting, the second Mondrian, the copy? It is completely still. It practically hovers in its non-existent place, as if it isn't touched by anything going around it.

Well, that could be the consequence of such seemingly senseless deed as copying Mondrian. However, we'll soon see that this isn't the only one. But, let's continue our story. Let us assume that, by chance, we have survived this catastrophic earthquake and that also, by mere chance, we have saved the very two paintings which interest us here. I'm sure you are guessing which these paintings are. Of course, the real, original Mondrian and its, by now already legendary, copy. We lift the original out of the ruins, shake off the plaster and the dust, than we take the copy, which we will not have to clean for understandable reasons, and then we take them home and hang them up in our modest little room, one next to other. Still shaken by the previous dramatic events, we make a coffee, sit down on the ÿoor, light a cigarette, and thus, thinking over everything that's happened, by some chance, almost absent-mindedly, our glance wanders to the wall where we've hung the paintings. And there, in almost empty, half-dark room, on the wall which was once white, hang two Mondrians: an original and a copy. We'll not at all be surprised by their similarity. After all, formally they are in fact the same picture. But we know that only one is an original. The other is of course a copy. The original is the painting that was done by Mondrian. It was created as a result of his interest in the problems of space, composition, verticals, horizontals, primary colors, gray… black… yellow…red… And all this can be seen on the picture.

Now, we look at the copy, and everything in it is the same as in the original. The same colors, the same structure… However, almost with certainty we could assert that the unknown author of the copy was not concerned with horizontals, verticals, colors, background, when he made his picture. He was simply making a copy for reasons unknown to us. We have assumed that the only sensible reason for the creation of this painting is the senselessness of doing something like copying Mondrian. It seems the object of his interest was only the copy as such, and its relationship with the original. Thus, in front of us are two identical paintings, but behind them stand two completely different ideas. While on the original painting we could see what is the idea behind it, this can't be said about its copy. Because on the copy we still see only Mondrian! This means that the copy contains both the idea of its model, the original, and its own idea, the idea of being a copy. Paradoxically, but it seems true, this results in the conclusion that copy is multi-layered and more complex with regard to its meanings, than the original. And imagine, it almost doesn't differ from the original at all.

Perplexed by all these considerations, we do not even notice how much time has passed. The cigarette has burnt long ago and coffee's already got cold and we haven't even tried it. Really, it is almost unbelievable how two identical pictures can be so different. But, that's not all. Let's come back to this lecture room and look these two paintings. One is a copy of the Mondrian painting in the Museum of Modern Art which we've been talking about up to now.And this other one? You'll say that this is also a copy of the same Mondrian from the Museum of Modern Art. Perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't. Firstly we don't know whether the same author did both copies. Perhaps, these are two copies by two different authors. If this is so, what mutual relationship would exist between these two paintings? And what relation would they have toward the original? What if the case is quite different? If, let's say, the second author made a copy of the þrst author. A copy of the copy. What is the relationship between these two paintings then? And what would be the relationship of the second copy with the original painting?

To be honest, I am rather perplexed by all these questions. Even those, so-called answers which we've arrived at in this lecture are only conditional answers. They are based on assumptions and not on facts. The only true facts are these paintings which stand in front of us. Such simple paintings and such complicated questions. We still don't know who is the author of these paintings, when they originated and what is their meaning. They rely neither on the co-ordinates of time, nor on co-ordinates of identity, nor on co-ordinates of meaning. They simply hover, and the only comprehensible sense of their existence which we can accept with certainty are these questions themselves.

From the lecture: Walter Benjamin ð òMondrian ô63-ô96ó

**Walter Benjamin is an art historian whose basic biographical data are unknown. He is best known for the lecture titled “Mondrian '63-'96”, about the paintings of Piet Mondrian dated from 1963 until 1996. The lecture took place 1986. in Cankarjev Dom in Ljubljana and was organized by the SKUC Gallery and Marxist Center . The same lecture was then þlmed and broadcasted in 1987 on the Belgrade television (òTV Galleryó 1987). After a long pause Walter Benjamin appeared again with the short article “On Copy” published in the catalog “The International Exhibition of Modern Artó at the 2003 Venice Biennale. In 2006. his interview òMy Dear This is Not What it Seems to Beó was published in the catalog òWhat is Modern Art?ó. He was also one of the curators of this international exhibition which took place in the Kunsthaus Bethanien. His few remarks on the 2008 exhibition of Kazimir Malevich titled òAutobiographyó in 2008 is his most recent known appearance.*

WESTERNS AND METAL

BRIAN KENNON

Westerns and metal, these are recent obsessions of mine. ey are also two forms my recent work has been dealing with. While I've been interested in the sub-genres of metal for the last couple of years, it was when I started combining that interest with a newfound interest in westerns that both begun to explain themselves to me – at least what exists between the two forms that interests me.

First, let me define my terms. In the following, I will be talking about the metal sub-genres of death metal, Black Metal, and Grindcore. However, for simplicity's sake, I refer to them with the umbrella term “metal” – but, when I use the term metal, I am only referring to these specific sub-genres. In other words, I am not referring to early metal (Black Sabbath), the new wave of British metal (Iron Maiden, Judas Priest), Neu Metal (Korn, Slipknot) or Glam/Hair metal (Poison, Warrant --which, despite its namesake, isn't even a form of metal). e subgenres of Death Metal, Black Metal, and Grindcore, are forms of metal that developed in late 80's to early 90's and would currently be considered to be in there second generation. ey are the three dominant forms of metal that are still active today. In regards to westerns, my specific interests are anti-hero westerns, most notably, Sergio Leone's Man with No Name trilogy (Fistful of Dollars, For a Few Dollars More, and e Good the Bad and the Ugly). I will also include in this group Leone's Once Upon a Time in the West as well as Eastwood's reprisal of e Man with No Name character in his own film, High Plains Drifter.

In the first scene of For a Few Dollars More, we see, in the far distance, a lone cowboy riding across the plains towards the camera; a western film troupe signifying entrance of hero into the film and thus beginning of the movie. However, before the films hero can reach half way across the screen, a gun fires from o screen, and we watch our hero collapse and die out among the plains, alone. Yet the film begins anyway -- hero-less (and anti-hero-full). e film tells the story of a pair of bounty hunters played by Clint Eastwood and Lee Van Cleef. Together, they are the film's protagonists, but as the intro sequence tells us, these two are not heroes. is is also confirmed by script that also begins the film, stating: “Where life had no value, death, sometimes had its price. at is why the bounty killers appeared.” is text, as the introduction of the two “protagonists” of the film, leaves no space to view Eastwood and Van Cleef's characters in the film as heroes.

e introduction of this form of hero, or anti-hero into the western film genre displaces the ultimate meaning of violence that westerns continually depict. In more traditional “white hat” westerns, the violence acted upon others by the hero is understood as in service of the better good, but in the Leone films, there is no “better good,” leaving the violence, at least in terms of good and evil, meaningless. It is important to note here that the first of Leone's Man with No Name trilogy, Fistful of Dollars, is a remake of Akira Kurosawa's Yojimbo, the story of a samurai (who is also nameless) after the fall of the dynasty that he served. As the film's introduction states, “A samurai, once a dedicated warrior in the employ of Royalty, now finds himself with no master to serve other than his own will to survive…and no devices other than his wit and sword.”

Without an overall moral code of “good vs. evil” the films find themselves without an overall meaning for the violence depicted in them, leaving the viewer of these films without a cause to cheer for and without a means to justify the violence. For the viewer of these films, the violence is depicted just for itself, for the pleasure of viewing it.

And here's the first point that I'd like to talk about regarding the overlap between anti-hero westerns and metal: the pleasure in depicting violence. While westerns are criticized (as well as beloved) for the constantly mounting body count the films produce, the imagery and lyrics that surround the metal sub-genres black and death metal are overloaded with the depiction of violence. Album covers are often found police photos of suicides or murders, autopsy room photos, and staged murder scenes. In one of the most influential of these album covers, the band Carcass, originators of gore-based death metal, is a collage of dissected corpses . Probably the most famous of these comes from Norwegian black metal originators, Mayhem who used a photo of their singer, (who coincidentally went by the name “Dead”) after he had committed suicide by both stabbing himself in the stomach and shooting himself in the head as the album cover for the live album they released after his death.

One of the most deep-rooted aspects that are shared between both westerns and death metal is an obsession with speed. For the western's gunslinger, the speed one can draw their pistol, aim, and fire is the determining factor of whether or not they will survive to end of the film. e legend of the gunslinger that drives much of the western genre revolves (pun not intended) around the idea of speed. e same is true in the case of metal. While the heavy metal of the 80's might be best known for its concern with speed and dexterity of their guitar player, cultivating guitar heroes such as Eddie Van Halen and Randy Rhodes, with the advent of Napalm Death and the development of Grindcore (which Death Metal and subsequently Black Metal originated from), the focus shifted from the guitarist to the drummer. Drummers in the genres of Grindcore, death, and black metal are expected to do more than keep beat, they are expected to create a massive wall of sound, resulting in both the spectacular speed of the music as well as the force of its sound. And just like with the gunslingers, the desire to be the fastest is an ultimate goal.

In both westerns and metal, speed is not a goal in itself, but it is through speed that mastery can be judged. e fastest is the most masterful. Both westerns and metal seek and respect the masterful. Also for both of these forms, it is through mastery that domination is achieved. In the western, the fastest gunslinger is in complete control of the town he inhabits, his word is the word of law. is is humorously displayed in Clint Eastwood's, High Plains Drifter. In the film, after killing the town's three hired gunslingers, (a killing that was immediately preceded by a conversation between Eastwood's Man with no Name and the towns three gunslingers regarding which among them was the fastest) the town begs Eastwood's character to become their new gun for hire. While Eastwood resists at first (he only came into town for a clean shave and a bath), he is then o ered anything he wants in return for protecting the town. e result is Eastwood taking full advantage of this o er, helping himself to local store goods, his own hotel room (eventually taking the entire hotel to himself, forcing the town-folk to house the hotels other guests), mocking the entire townsfolk by appointing the town's midget to be both sheri and mayor, and finally forcing the townsfolk to paint their entire town blood red and renaming the town “Hell.” .

Metal also has this same concern with dominance. is concern with dominance can be seen through Metal's insistence on mastery (in direct opposition to punk's democratic DIY and “Go start your own band” credos) coupled with the super-humanness of both their musicianship and, in the case of the Black-Metal subgenre, their on-stage personas. While the drummer takes center stage as the key instrument in current metal, all musicians are expected to be more than technically proficient. Simply described, the sound of metal can be considered a sonic attempt at a display of a technical brutality. Going through a handful of record reviews in metal magazines, one will find that the level technical di culty and brutality are often the criteria that an album or band will be judged by. Drums are superhumanly fast, massive aural assaults, guitars are distorted, used more for their grating sound (similar to the sound of a chainsaw) than melody, and vocals are limited to brutish, tortured screams. While conforming with a standard pop song idea of lyrics, the delivery of the vocals make it impossible to discern them, and the screams themselves are of such and intensity and duration that, especially considering the length of an album or performance, they leave the listener wondering how it is possible for a person to

continue (same page)--»

deliver them without destroying his own vocal chords.

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Discussing Clint Eastwood's performance as the Man with No Name, Paul Smith states: In some ways what is interesting about the way Eastwood is deployed is not so much the production of an anti-hero, but the production of a particular kind of masculinity, which Eastwood as an actor lives with for the rest of his career."

It is this masculinity that, according to Smith, is defined as, and limited to, a presence. A presence or a calm, silent, emotionless body, one defined through his actions not words. is emotionless presence is accented by Leone's filming Eastwood and other characters. Leone's long, extreme close ups focus not on the display of emotions, but are used in direct contrast to their more traditional function, to focus on a lack of emotion. Smith characterizes these shots as depicting “static, impassive faces.” But in these shots, in fact never show static faces. e gunslingers being shot are always in the act looking: looking at each other, at their surrounding environment, taking in the situation that they have found themselves in. With in these shots, the act of looking is an act of control, of dominance (or at least an attempt to gain dominance). ese particular shots are generally used in the context of an impending gunfight, or between gunslingers in the process of summing each other up (in other words, figuring out who's the dominant male). Smith goes on to talk of this as Leone's attempt to subtract any sense of interiority of the character, that any emotive quality within the face acts as a “sign of weakness and imminent defeat.” While to some extent he's right, I'd like to qualify this last statement: these shots do not subtract from the characters interiority, from their emotional status, but instead show a moment in which emotions and feels are inconsequential. It's not that the characters are without emotion, they're just not displaying emotion. e moment of a gunfight, which defines both the protagonist and the antagonist in the western film genre, is a moment that operates through action, not emotion or dialogue. Again, the lack of interiority that Smith refers to conveys not a lack of emotion, but the viewer's lack of access to the character's emotion. To both the viewer and the other characters in the film, the gunslinger is a closed, inaccessible person. ere is no access to his thinking, no predicting his actions. Within the gunslinger persona, to show emotion is to reveal a lack of control -- a lack of mastery. And in westerns, a lack of mastery is always punished by death. e inaccessibility that creates the masculine presence Smith refers to, is also a signifier of mastery. Also, this inaccessibility makes the gunslinger unpredictable, and it is from this unpredictability that the gunslinger achieves the threatening-ness of his physical presence.

is wall of presence, or emotive inaccessibility continues into the character's limited use of language as well. For as Jane Tompkins states, “talk dissipates presence.” Tompkins also states that, in westerns “language is false or at best ine ectual; only actions are real.” In westerns, the masculine is defined by its actions, not his words. An overuse of language only signifies inability, and therefore death. is is clearly displayed in Shane, as Tompkins points out, that “Stonewall” Tory's bragging about how he can take on the Riker Gang, is only a foreshadowing that he will be killed by them when he finally attempts to later on in the film.

is same idea of masculine presence is portrayed in metal as well. As I mentioned before, the drums taking the position of the lead instrument over the guitars is a key element of this idea. e drums in death metal do not merely keep time, but dominate the sound of the music. e speed and power in which they are played turns the music into a demonstration of physical prowess. Death metal songs and albums rarely (if at all) slow in tempo or volume; the band playing both as loud and as fast as it can at all times. is lack of variation in the music along with a lack of melody focuses attention on the power and presence of the band. Language is also limited in the vocal approach of death metal. As I mentioned before, vocals are always screamed to the point of making any lyrics undecipherable. While variations exist between the di erent subgenres of death metal, they always work towards the same goal, to remove all aspects of the (merely) human. While death metal vocals are growled in a very low register (sometimes augmented with vocal e ects to make them lower in tone than is humanly possible), black metal vocals are screamed out in more a shrill, vulture like sound. Finally Grindcore vocals, displaying their roots in hardcore punk, keep a human register, but are screamed to such a degree that it is hard to believe that can be anything but painful to perform. e vocals in death metal are in e ect not language; they are, in essence, the physical potency of the singer. So in the same way the silent western's hero (or anti-hero) articulates a form of masculine domination through presence, Metal does so by creating an idea of presence through its sound.

Also, in the case of Black Metal subgenre, whose theatrics and visuals are as important to the genre as the music is, one can see a similar approach to the use of the body that the western gunslinger has. e body of the musician in Black Metal is also meant to be viewed as a threatening presence. e use of face paint, a consistent feature in Black Metal bands and entitled “corpse paint” is far from the Glam and gender-bending usage of face paint by David Bowie and Kiss. e corpse-paint used within Black Metal functions in a horrific manner, meant to de-humanize the musician and generate a suspension of disbelief that turns the musician into a inaccessible, unpredictable, and therefore threatening presence much like that of Leone's gunslinger.

It's interesting to note, that while the sub-genres of Death Metal, Black Metal, and Grindcore developed between the late eighties and nineties, and is currently thriving, the western is essentially non-existent in current filmmaking. One of the few westerns made in the nineties and by far the best received western of the decade, Clint Eastwood's Unforgiven is interesting to view for Eastwood's depiction of it main character, Edward Mooney, who, though out the film is apologetic for the reckless, coldhearted gunslinger he was in his youth……(unfinished)

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is brings us to the work in my thesis show the book Hello Victims -- or maybe we're already there, since the relationship between anti-hero westerns and Metal is one of the book's primary themes.

Hello Victims starts with a preface that is a re-printing of Raymond Pettibon's Tripping Corpse #4. Pettibon is an interesting figure for me, specifically because of his early production of 'zines. e Tripping Corpse #4 'zine, along with the entirety of the tripping corpse series are compilations of single panel drawings of LSD trips ending in either murder of suicide. Issue #4 of the series focuses on this failure of the LSD trip to produce mind expansion and its relationship to the decline of hippie idealism. e 'zine cover is a drawing of a shaggy haired, naked hippie slashing with bloody knives at the frame of the drawing with the caption “ is is 1968, not 1967.” e 'zine which is inscribed “To Charlie” which is a reference, of course, to worlds most famous hippie-gone-wrong, Charlie Manson. e 'zine continues with drawings of 60's counter culture hopefulness and idealism, youth with body's painted with hearts, flowers and phrases such as “turn me on” jumping out of buildings convinced they can fly during the height of an LSD trip. Also included in the 'zine is some journal writing from Los Angeles punk icon Mike Watt (of Minutemen and fIREHOSE fame) describing his thoughts over the six hour span of an acid trip and ending with description “Anticlimactic.”

continue (next page) --»

Molecular recognition or the social endeavours of molecules

Jordi Tovilla

Although a single completely accurate deýnition of *Supramolecular Chemistry* is not available, most chemists dwelling in such areas of scientiýc research would agree that it is the ýeld of chemistry that focuses its attention on the intermolecular forces in order to develop highly complex chemical systems from simpler components. This is achieved by manipulating such non-covalent intermolecular interactions. The overall motivation behind the techniques employed regularly within supramolecular research is to acquire the delicate selectivity and mimic the highly developed chemistry observed in biological systems, such as in enzyme-substrate complexes, antibody recognition, or in the receptors for hormones and neurotransmitters.

Intrinsically coupled to the emergence of nanotechnology, it is not surprising that over the last couple of decades, “supramolecular science and technology has become a broad multidisciplinary and interdisciplinary domain providing a highly fertile ground for the creativity of scientists from all origins.ò[1]

At present, research in supramolecular chemistry is carried out regularly in many labs where synthetic chemistry, catalysis, materials engineering, crystal engineering, molecular and nano-device fabrication, and applications in biosciences are of importance. The potential applications of supramolecularly engineered systems range from molecular sensing and recognition to information storage at a molecular level and even working molecular machines.[2]

Self-organisation is employed as a wider term encompassing the behaviour of systems that tend to organise spontaneously into more complex structures, without being directed by an external stimuli.

In fact, supramolecular chemistry has catalysed the evolution of chemistry into an ñinformation science through the implementation of the concept of molecular information[3] with the aim of gaining progressive control over the spatial (structural) and temporal (dynamic) features of matter and over its complexiýcation through self-organization, the drive to life.ò[1]

Self-organisation, or more speciýcally *self-assembly*, is a concept that lies in the core of supramolecular chemistry. It is employed to describe natural occurring processes involving the approaching and non-covalent binding of at least two molecular species, into aggregates of higher complexity or *supermolecules*. Basically all the variety in shapes and forms in Nature proceeds from self-assembling processes, even the formation of a cellular membrane is an example of self-assembly. A logical requirement for two species to self-assemble is the *complementarity* of size and shape between them.

Self-organisation is employed as a wider term encompassing the behaviour of systems that tend to organise spontaneously into more complex structures, without being directed by an external stimuli. Self-organisation processes are not uncommon in thermodynamics, economics, social behaviour, bacterial growth, population distribution and dynamics, and information networks.

The unifying element between all these different phenomena is the quite recent understanding that they can be roughly described with the same models, for example in maths, the *cellular automata* is an old example of self-organising algorithm. The key element behind self-organisation is the concept of information; it is when *in-built* information expresses that self-organisation happens.

In supramolecular chemistry, the information is stored in the building blocks (molecules) by means of design, pre-organisation and topological arrangement of the molecule itself and the binding sites through which the interactions will be established. This information is then processed (and expressed) when the blocks interact between themselves. This can be considered as an algorithm that is based upon speciýc patterns of interactions amongst a speciýc set of blocks. This algorithm is known as *molecular recognition*, and in the simplest case it means the selective association of a molecule (receptor) with a speciýc target (guest).

The typical interactions that act as the driving force behind self-assembling processes are those that molecules establish commonly with their surroundings: electrostatic interactions between charged or polar molecules, hydrogen bonding, Θ-Θ stacking, etc. The most widely used strategy when designing molecules with structural information (receptors) is to provide them with donors and acceptors of hydrogen bonds, as they are very strong (comparatively with other supramolecular interactions) and intrinsically directional. In this way the structural information contained in the design molecule is focused through space beyond the molecule. In reality, most of the receptors reported in the literature make use of several forces aimed at different binding sites in the molecules in a cooperative fashion, and this versatility nurtures the ever-increasing selectivity and complexity of the receptors being synthesised.

A striking yet well-known example of what the cooperative effect of a great number of hydrogen bonding interactions can accomplish is the supermolecule of DNA: the two independent nucleotide chains are held together by hydrogen bonding interactions between their complementary bases. These interactions determine not only the morphology of DNA but also the energy, and thus selectivity, to split the chains and access the information contained in them.

Research groups all around the world are making use of this type of example as a motivation to fabricate and study increasingly complex systems where information can be manipulated at a molecular level for different purposes. In the future, molecular devices synthesised in a lab will be able not only to selectively self-organise in diverse manners (depending of the stimuli we give them), but will also be able to adapt and to absorb that information of diversity through time. Those are the conditions for chemical evolution to take place, and we are about to enter.

1 J.M. Lehn, *PNAS*, **2002**, *99* (8), 4763-4768.
2 Further references in: J. Tovilla, *PhD Thesis*, ICL, University of London, **2006**, p 14.
3 Molecular information refers both to the structural information (size and shape of the molecule and the þexibility to bend, twist, etc), and to the electronic information (origin of the chemical and physical properties) contained in the molecule. All that information can be expressed and intensiýed by using the design molecule as a building block of a more complex architecture.

horoscopos.

Aurora Corbalá

Aries-Vas a tener mucho tiempo libre. Ten cuidado con tus vecinos. Tauro- Tus rencores no te llevaran muy lejos. Procura comer mas sano y ser menos codo.**Geminis- La hipocresía, aunque parece ayudar a obtener ganancias, tambien ayuda a perder el respeto por ti mismo y por los demas, procura no ejercerla. Checa los emails de tu pareja.**Cancer- Evita tus paranoias. Pasa un þn de semana solo/a.**Leo- No seas tan servil ni tan castigador. Tienes un gran talento para la poesía.**Virgo-Artista no inspirado, hypercritico. Liberate de la imagen de tu padre.**Libra- Olvida el rechazo de tu madre, eres casi perfecto.**Escorpión- Ama y seras amado. Aprovecha lo que han dejado abandonado en tu puerta.**Sagitario- Ya no llegues tarde, con excepción de eso, sigue siendo tal como eres.**Capricornio-El ser bueno no signiþca hacer el bien a los demas. Se þel a tu pareja.**Acuario-Si no te gusta estar solo deja de sentirte independiente. Tu belleza te llevará a obtener cualquier cosa que busques.**Piscis- No te obsesiones con el amor, talvez no es lo que piensas que es. Con respecto al trabajo, habra algunos reajustes, preparate para lo que sea.*

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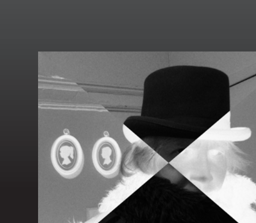

A to N
notes on teaching (extracts)
Catherine Chevalier

[1] I think it [an artwork] only works if there are no private jokes. The main idea is die Aufklärung ! The funny thing is that if you show everything to cut away the enigma you open it and you open it and there is no end. You come back to the platonic forms. The problem is not at the end, This a kind of a method I have : to cut away, to cut away and to make everything open so that everybody could participate to it. So it is not for esoteric clubs. You see if it works or if it doesn't work. You can not say : this has to work. It is not the artist who has the responsibility. It is not the power of the artist to establish the meaning.

[2] The modernity as we know it is a gigantic process lead by a sort of psychic entropy. The psychic entropy is the movement down to earth released by an expansion made possible by a technical discharge.

[3] - What is for you the most emblematic artwork of the XXIe century ?
- the Queen Mary II. This real ÿoating crystal palace is the purest, the most arrogant, the most performatif, and the most expensive expression of the alliance between contemporary art and engineering art

[4] You can feel it in the air. It calls you. Beckons you. Tempts you with the promise of excitement and possibility. This is where the story begins.
A most civilized adventure.

[5] World exhibitions glorify the exchange value of the commodity. They create a framework in which its use value recedes into the Backround. They open a phantasmagoria which a person enters in order to be distracted. The art entertain industry makes this easier by elevating the person to the level of the commodity.

[6] Enlightenment is man's emergence from his self-imposed immaturity. Immaturity is the inability to use one's understanding without guidance from another. This immaturity is self-imposed when its cause lies not in lack of understanding, but in lack of resolve and courage to use it without guidance from another. Sapere Aude! [dare to know] «Have courage to use your own understanding!»--that is the motto of enlightenment.

[7] Thinking back on D's text, I wonder whether we may not envisage modernity rather as an attitude than as a period of history. And by 'attitude,' I mean a mode of relating to contemporary reality; a voluntary choice made by certain people; in the end, a way of thinking and feeling; a way, too, of acting and behaving that at one and the same time marks a relation of belonging and presents itself as a task. A bit, no doubt, like what the Greeks called an ethos. And consequently, rather than seeking to distinguish the 'modern era' from the 'premodern' or ³postmodern,² I think it would be more useful to try to þnd out how the attitude of modernity, ever since its formation, has found itself struggling with attitudes of 'countermodernity.'

Modernity is often characterized in terms of consciousness of the discontinuity of time: a break with tradition, a feeling of novelty, of vertigo in the face of the passing moment. And this is indeed what F seems to be saying when he deþnes modernity as ³the ephemeral, the ÿeeting, the contingent.² But, for him, being modern does not lie in recognizing and accepting this perpetual movement; on the contrary, it lies in adopting a certain attitude with respect to this movement; and this deliberate, difþcult attitude consists in recapturing something eternal that is not beyond the present instant, nor behind it, but within it. Modernity is distinct from fashion, which does no more than call into question the course of time; modernity is the attitude that makes it possible to grasp the 'heroic' aspect of the present moment. Modernity is not a phenomenon of sensitivity to the ÿeeting present; it is the will to ³heroize² the present .

You have no right to despise the present.

This ironic heroization of the present, this transþguring play of freedom with reality, this ascetic elaboration of the self -- G does not imagine that these have any place in society itself, or in the body politic. They can only be produced in another, a different place, which F calls art.

[8] But what gives his discovery a genuinely revolutionary character is that F did not limit himself to reproducing within the artwork the scission between the use-value and exchange value, but also proposed to create a commodity in which the form of value would be totally identiþed with the use value : an absolute commodity, so to speak, in which the process of fetishization would be pushed to the point of annihilating the reality of the commodity itself as such.

[9] A commodity appears at þrst sight an extremely obvious, trivial thing. But its analysis brings out that it is a very strange thing, abounding in metaphysical subtleties and theological niceties.

[10] If the soul of the commodity which H occasionally mentions existed, it would be the most empathetic ever encountered in the realm of souls, for it would have to see in everyone the buyer in whose hand and house it wants to nestle. Empathy is the nature of the intoxication to which the ÿ©neur abandons himself in the crowd. 'The poet enjoys the incomparable privilege of being himself and someone else as he sees þt. Like a roving soul in search of a body, he enters another person whenever he wishes. For him alone, all is open; if certain places seem closed to him, it is because in his view they are not worth inspecting.' The commodity itself is the speaker here.

[11] Like all my friends I have tried more than once to look myself up within a system in order to preach there at my ease. But a system is a kind of damnation which forces one to a perpetual recantation; it is always necessary to be inventing a new one, and the drudgery involved is a cruel punishment. Now my system was always beautiful, spacious, vast, convenient, neat and, above all, water-tight ; at least so it seemed to me. But always some spontaneous, unexpected product of universal vitality would come to give the lie to my childish and superannuated wisdom – that lamentable child of utopia ! It was no good shifting or stretching my criterion – it always lagged behind universal man, and never stopped chasing after multiform and multi-coloured Beauty as it moved in the inþnite spirals of life. Condemned unremittingly to the humiliation of a new conversion, I took a great decision. To escape from the horror of these philosophical apostasies, I haughtily resigned myself to modesty ; I became content to feel ; I returned to seek refuge in impeccable naïveté. I humbly beg pardon of the academics af all kinds who occupy the various workrooms of our artistic factory. But it is there that my philosophic conscience has found its rest ; and at least I can declare – in so far as any man can answer for his virtues – that my mind now rejoices in a more abundant impartiality.

[12] As an example of modernity, F cites the artist I. In appearance a spectator, a collector of curiosities, he remains 'the last to linger wherever there can be a glow of light, an echo of poetry, a quiver of life or a chord of music; wherever a passion can pose before him, wherever natural man and conventional man display themselves in a strange beauty, wherever the sun lights up the swift joys of the depraved animal.

But let us make no mistake. I is not a ÿ©neur; what makes him the modern painter par excellence in F's eyes is that, just when the whole world is falling asleep, he begins to work, and he transþgures that world. His transþguration does not entail an annulling of reality, but a difþcult interplay between the truth of what is real and the exercise of freedom; 'natural' things become 'more than natural,' 'beautiful' things become 'more than beautiful,' and individual objects appear 'endowed with an impulsive life like the soul of their creator.'

[13] This show is really about making choices in your life and the consequences based on those choices.

[14] d is philosophically an essay about freedom. […] It is very radically near to the body, really to the essential problems. In every episode, there is this radical problem.

Enfant Terrible

Ken Russell in conversation with Olivia Plender

Ken Russell has often been referred to in the past as the Enfant Terrible of British Cinema, and has been lauded and vilified in equal measure for films such as Women in Love (1969), The Devils (1971), Tommy (1975), Altered States (1980) and The Lair of the White Worm (1988). However he began his filmmaking career making biographical documentaries about artists, writers and composers for 'Monitor', the BBC's original arts programme, now considered to be one of the high points of experimental television and a training ground for filmmakers (including John Schlesinger). More recently Russell is, by his own admission, considered 'un-bankable' by the film industry but is unstoppable as ever having returned to making amateur films in his own back garden with a video camera. He is currently working on a film about Alistair Crowley. Olivia Plender spoke to him earlier this year about documentary making, his controversial career and whether, in the words of Dilys Powell - film critic for the Sunday Times in the 1970s - "the talent is there in him alright but it's an appalling talent."

Olivia Plender: How did you start making films?

Ken Russell: I tried to get into the film industry when I was in my teens, but unless you knew somebody in the industry already you didn't stand a chance. You couldn't get past the studio gates even. But by the time I'd done a variety of things, from ballet dancing, acting and photography to cinematography... and finally applied to the BBC for a job as a film director, all the studios that had turned me away were owned by the BBC and doing television. They wanted new talent.

OP: Why did you start making films about artists, was it because of the format of the programme?

KR: I started by making amateur movies with family and friends... I did one documentary on Lourdes, when I was converted to Catholicism. And then I did a film that was rather like the Jean Cocteau movie, Beauty and the Beast (1946). It was called Amelia and the Angel (1957), it was about a little girl in a school nativity play who takes her wings home after a rehearsal to show her mum and her brother breaks them. She has twenty-four hours to find another pair of angel's wings in London before the performance. That was one of the films I submitted to the BBC. It was a very sought after job. Dozens of people submitted films and ninety nine percent of them were about barrow boys at the Elephant and Castle. Mine was the only fantasy. Out of sheer desperation Huw Weldon [the editor of the programme] took me on. He was my mentor... Huw also influenced people like Lord [Melvyn] Bragg, half a dozen brilliant stage producers, film producers and musicians.

When I joined Monitor it was a forty-five minute magazine programme. It was on every Sunday night after the feature film at nine thirty. Now when you see arts programmes they're usually on at two in the morning because they're not very popular. But Huw really encouraged the producers on it to express themselves and concentrate on subjects that they were mad about. Well I was mad about music... so I was encourage to make films about composers.

OP: Of the programmes that you made for Monitor, the film on Elgar (1962) was the most popular, however you said, retrospectively, that your representation of Elgar was too Romantic – too much of a PR job - in direct contrast with Delius: Song of Summer (1968), the biopic that you made about the composer Frederick Delius. The latter film abandoned the documentary style entirely and dramatized Delius's dominating relationship with the young composer Eric Fenby.

KR: I had done many films in between and Huw Weldon would always say, "We want facts". The first film I made on a composer was about Prokoviev, so I said to Huw, "Can I have an actor?"... [He replied], "An Actor playing him? But he's dead isn't he? No you can't have an actor, that's madness." ... And I said, "What if I had a pond and you see the reflection of a man?"

OP: Was that somehow permitted within Weldon's very strict idea of what documentary should be?

KR: He said, "Well maybe, as long as it's a muddy pond and you stir it with a stick to get the reflection all broken up"... by the time we got to Elgar he allowed me to have seven people impersonating Elgar, from a little boy... to an old man, as long as they were in long shot.

OP: In your biographical films about artists and composers you increasingly introduced semi-fictionalised 'visionary' scenes - such as the sequence in Mahler (1974) in which the composer undergoes symbolic religious conversion on a mountainside at the hands of Cosima Wagner, wearing a Nazi uniform. Do you see yourself as a visionary?

KR: Well it's the visual equivalent of a conductor. I can play a Bernstein record of Mahler or I can play a Klaus Tenstead version and then you'd think it was almost a different composer. I had a sequence in Mahler where he imagines himself being burned by the Gestapo. Well he died in 1910 and the Gestapo didn't come along until much later so I was accused of fantasy and all the usual embarrassing stuff... then I discovered that one of the greatest conductors of Mahler was looking for me - I thought he wanted to kill me – but when he [Tenstead] finally tracked me down he invited me for an audience... he said, "That scene where you have Mahler being burned by the Gestapo its exactly what I think of when I'm conducting the sixth symphony".

OP: Within the British context you have been criticised for taking those leaps of fantasy and not conforming to the conventions of realist cinema...

KR: But I'm not interested in realist cinema. There are plenty of people doing realist cinema. And I've often been accused of being operatic. Well England's the only country in the world where operatic is a dirty word... I think some of the most powerful scenes in my films have been just the music and the image... I don't know if you've had the good fortune of attending a silent film with an orchestra playing? Well the impact is indescribable. That's how movies were born.

In the nineteen twenties some of the greatest films were made by Germans. During the war I had a little hand-cranked projector and the library where I use to go only had German Expressionist films. I had one gramophone record, on one side it had a march by Arthur Bliss from a marvellous English sci-fi movie called Things to Come (1936) and on the reverse it had a march by Grieg. The two things that I played mostly in my Dad's cinema, raising money for the spitfire fund, were Fritz Lang's Siegfried (1924) and Metropolis (1927)... I found that the Grieg march fitted and brought the picture alive and when I played Metropolis, the march from the English sci-fi movie brought that alive. So from the age of ten or eleven I knew the power of music and image and that's always stayed with me.

OP: Throughout your films you've introduced references to popular culture. In Women in Love Ursula sings the tune I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles and you situate D.H. Lawrence's metaphysical characters in relation to the everyday world and popular material. Do you think that is an important tendency within your work?

KR: I do. We're all living mixed up in popular culture, for better or for worse. I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles was written the same year that Lawrence wrote Women in Love (1920) and he may have heard it. He wasn't against popular culture. He often went to movies. For me I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles represents the twenties era of fantasy and dreams just blowing away, popping like bubbles. The girls in the story have a romantic notion of love, the men do as well, and it turns out in the end to be just bubbles.

OP: A lot of the criticism directed against your films - particularly in the 1970s by Alexander Walker [Evening Standard film critic] and Dilys Powell – seems to be about that 'vulgar' popular material. Do you have a fascination with vulgarity?

KR: In a film I did on myself [in which] my four and a half year old son played me aged fifty five, there's a sequence when his wife (played by my six year old daughter) reads out a whole lot of arbitrary horrible criticism – "A fiend of the senses" – degrading, desolate, horrible reviews. He's looking through a whole sheaf of photographs of his films, he's so depressed that he gets up to throw them into the fire and she says, "Hey, they're not about you they're about Debussy". We all know Debussy, one of the great geniuses of music, but in his time these were the opinions of so called music critics. Well they [the critics] lie. Barry Norman [the former BBC film critic] gave The Lair of the White Worm - probably one of the funniest horror films ever made - a terrible review... He hates films.

OP: Is there a degree of satire in what you are doing? In The Lair of the White Worm are you satirising the horror genre?

KR: Yes in a way, its tongue in cheek. The hero [Hugh Grant] is supposed to be Prince Charles... There's something unique about that film which nobody has ever discovered. Maybe it's not worth discovering. The film is like a snake. Each cut is linked to the next cut, like a snake, a continuous form and it's either joined to it visually - so you'll see a car leaving one scene driving into the next - or you will hear a unique sound in one scene and it carries into the next. So the whole thing has a form.

OP: Do you think the horror genre can contain 'vulgarity' better than the high cultural film product?

KR: I think anything is fair game if you know how to do it. Horror is probably the easiest genre. Recently I was doing a film for the BBC, a lot of which took place in Southampton, where I was born, at the Broadway cinema where I spent the formative years of my childhood. I told them about a film I saw in 1935 - now I am sort of parodying it - called The Secret of the Loch (1934). It was about the Loch Ness monster. I was five years old and I'd been taken to the cinema. I knew that I would eventually see the monster. There was a sort of cave - actually a cracked flowerpot - that the monster would come out of. When finally he did, I totally freaked out... Do you know what the monster looked like? What is the most horrifying image of a monster you can imagine? It was a plucked chicken. Can you imagine anything more horrific?

Anyway I saw it again recently and it wasn't a plucked chicken at all it was an iguana. But who's seen an iguana when you're five years old?

OP: In many of your films there is a parallel between a human body and a dead body. Physicality is quite disgusting, especially in The Devils and Women in Love, where you cut from a sex scene to two drowned bodies in the lake.

KR: Well it's life and death. The events in The Devils did take place, according to Aldous Huxley, at the height of the plague in Loudon [in Medieval France] so there was death everywhere. They'd be burning people at the stake one day and then they were shovelling bodies into a pit... Life was cheap and it was all mixed up together. People were killed at the drop of the hat. Death was no stranger to the people of the city. So if I hadn't mixed them up it wouldn't have been a true picture.

OP: It seems part of a recurring assault on the idea of the autonomous or 'true' self and a step towards post-modernity. An early example of post-modernity in your work appears in Dante's Inferno (1967) – a Monitor film about Dante Gabrielle Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The costumes and settings are all historically accurate, however one character breaks the linear historical narrative for a split second by throwing a yo-yo.

KR: That's a deliberate ploy to start you thinking, because it's only a film and what is real? It's only an opinion.

OP: Can you tell me a bit about the process of making your most recent film The Fall of the Louse of Usher (2001), and how it came about?

KR: It's a compendium of several tales of mystery and imagination by Edgar Alan Poe. I tried for ten years to get it set up as a feature film but there were always too many hang ups, they [the studios] wanted the actors I didn't want or they wanted a pop group. Also I wanted to find out whether it's possible to make a film in the garden with friends. I'm not sure it was to be perfectly honest.

OP: The Fall of the Louse of Usher is full of references to your previous films; for example, the scene in which Roderick Usher is wearing a bird mask surrounded by nuns, seems to mirror the sequence in The Devils in which the protestants, dressed as black birds, are being shot...

KR: I guess I'm scraping the barrel.

OP: I was wondering whether it was a conscious deconstruction of your own oeuvre?

KR: Well there's a subconscious element, I suppose...

OP: Do you always work with the same troupe of actors?

KR: Especially these days... my wife, myself and the man up the road.

OP: But even in the 1960s Oliver Reed appeared in most of your films or Christopher Gabel...

KR: Or someone like Murray Melvin who's lesser known. He was a debauched priest in The Devils and a dancer in The Boyfriend (1971). For a long time I considered it to be like a travelling show, I took my family around and you could see my five children (the first five) growing up in all the films... Ingmar Bergman made a very good film that I have never seen reissued called Sawdust and Tinsel (1956). It's about a group of players going around putting on a show. With these little films I'm making in my back garden, I'm still doing the same thing.

OP: Is it important that people see them or is it more about the process of film making?

KR: Yes, I hope they do get a showing. I still hope they have a life in one form or another.

Art Criticism

Chris Kraus

ere's a photo of a young man jerking o in a room in front of a mirror. Soft focus: the young man is half-dressed, the colors are muted. It's a very contemporary image. e room is neutral enough. It reeks of nothing but boredom. He's jerking o pretty hard, his face blurred on the dull edge of orgasm.

I make up a story about his life outside of the room. Nothing is always a smokescreen. ere's always something inside the box. e boy's name is Derek.

Eight months before taking this photo, Derek was traveling. He grew up in a backwater place (Perth, Australia) and travel was something he always expected to do because most of the people he knew had done it before him. He ends up in Mexico because it's a cheap third-world place and it's close to America. He's 23, and in a "relationship" with his ex-art school professor and she was supposed to send him a ticket and also his plans for the summer. She, Derek's girlfriend, (her name is Trina), is on some kind art fellowship junket in Europe and she was supposed to send him a ticket for the end of the summer when she got settled but so far she hasn't. He doesn't know what he thinks about this, about Trina, except it's making him crazy not knowing what's happening, and also it would be so nice to be in Berlin, in Trina's hotel room after living out of a bag and crashing with people for weeks. But the friends-of-friends (actually, friends of Trina's) that he's staying with in LA seem to be pushing him out the door, talking about how great it would be to travel alone, how good for his work, etcetera. ey introduce him to some 40 year old rich guy, a painter, Derek's never heard of his work, who goes on and on about his Travels in Mexico a decade ago, the missions, the ruins, keeping a sketch-book.

When Trina's Los Angeles friends can't stand Derek hanging around anymore, they drop him downtown at the bus terminal with a Rough Guide to Mexico.

Derek catches a Greyhound from LA to the Mexican border. He has no idea where he's going, where he'll find a place to sleep, when the bus stops in TJ. e change rate from his country sucks and he resents this. It's not as if he can wire his parents for money and he's heard nothing from Trina. Also, he doesn't speak Spanish.

Skipping Baja, he catches a bus to Hermosillo, finds a motel for $20 a night, and then starts catching small local busses from town to town, the kind that used to be school busses. Passing through one generic Mexican village after another (goats, dust, diesel and chickens) Derek considers his future. e thing with Trina seems to be over. It's not the first time he's been used by a girl. Will it hurt his career? Who has she talked to about him? Probably everyone back in Melbourne already knows Trina has dumped him so he can't change his ticket and just go home early.

As he moves farther south, he starts finding youth hostels, not that he meets anyone interesting but at least they're cheap and they give him some destination. But then his money gets stolen and he calls up his friend Gilbert in Melbourne practically weeping and Gilbert wires him $400. Somehow this calms him down, and he decides to spend the rest of his time at the beach in southern Oaxaca. One of Trina's friends gave him a book about Puerto Angel about two guys who went down there to stay in the early '60s and ended up taking hallucinogens with an evil police commander.

In Puerto Angel, he finds a cheap guest house and there are other foreigners here, other travelers. He settles into a pleasant routine of swimming and sunbathing during the day, and moving between four or five local bars in the evening. On his fifth day he's lying out at Panteon Playa. e beach is pretty empty at mid-afternoon. ere's just one other guy snorkeling out by the rock jetty. e locals are ok about sunbathing nude on this beach, and Derek sits up on his towel watching the waves. While he's sitting, the snorkeler starts moving around fast in the water, not snorkeling at all, but swimming against a rip-tide that's trying to pull him out of the bay. e guy's ripped o his mask and Derek runs out on the jetty. e guy is flapping around by this point. Derek's still naked from sunbathing and he crouches at the end of the rocks and he doesn't know what to do, he's not much of a swimmer, and the guy is looking directly at him. For the first time all summer Derek has no thoughts at all. Finally, the guy's head disappears under water.

Holy shit. Derek walks back to the beach and puts on his cut-o s. ere's no way he can go back to sunbathing, the drowning has ruined the afternoon's drowsy calm. Derek tells no one what happened. He goes back to his room and packs up his things. e next morning he catches a bus to Mexico City and changes his ticket to go back to Australia.

e drowning is Derek's secret. It becomes more than a secret, it is e Secret, the most powerful law, we create our lives with every thought every minute of the day. He came that close to death but he just walked away. Whatever he is must be art because he lives in the present. He is the subject.

El chorro de sangre

Antonin Artaud

EL JOVEN. Te amo y todo es bello.
LA JOVEN, con un tr®molo intensificado en la voz.
Tú me amas y todo es bello.
EL JOVEN, en un tono más quedo.
Te amo y todo es bello.
LA JOVEN, en un tono aún más quedo que el suyo.
Tú me amas y todo es bello.
EL JOVEN, dejándola bruscamente.
Te amo. Un silencio. Ponte delante mío.
LA JOVEN, siguiendo el juego, se ubica frente a él. Ya está.
EL JOVEN, con un tono exaltado, sobreagudo.
Te amo, soy grande, soy limpio, soy pleno, soy denso.
LA JOVEN, en el mismo tono sobreagudo.
Nos amamos.
EL JOVEN. Somos intensos. Ah, qué bien establecido está el mundo. Un silencio. Se oye como el ruido de una inmensa rueda que gira provocando viento. Un huracán los separa. En ese momento se ven dos astros que se entrechocan y una serie de piernas de carne viva que caen con pies, manos, cabelleras, máscaras, columnas, pórticos, templos, alambiques, que caen, pero cada vez más lentamente, como si cayeran en el vacío, luego tres escorpiones uno tras otro, y þnalmente una rana, y un escarabajo que cae con una lentitud desesperante, una lentitud que hace vomitar.
EL JOVEN, gritando con todas sus fuerzas.
El cielo se ha enloquecido. Mira al cielo. Salgamos corriendo.
Empuja a la joven delante suyo. Y entra un Caballero de la Edad Media con una enorme armadura y seguido por una nodriza que sostiene sus pechos con ambas manos y resopla porque tiene los senos muy inýados.
EL CABALLERO. Deja tus tetas. Dame mis papeles.
LA NODRIZA, con un grito sobreagudo.
¡Ah! ¡Ah! ¡Ah!
EL CABALLERO. Mierda, ¿qué es lo que pasa?
LA NODRIZA. Nuestra hija, allá, con él.
EL CABALLERO. No hay hija, silencio.
LA NODRIZA. Te digo que se están besando.
EL CABALLERO. Qué carajo crees que me hace que se estén besando.
LA NODRIZA. Incesto.
EL CABALLERO. Matrona.
LA NODRIZA, hundiendo las manos en sus bolsillos que son tan grandes como sus senos.
¡Mantenido! Ella le desparrama sus papeles, rápidamente.
EL CABALLERO. ñBasta, déjame comer.
La Nodriza desaparece. Entonces él se levanta y del interior de cada papel saca una enorme porción de gruyère.
Repentinamente tose y se ahoga.
EL CABALLERO, la boca llena. ñEhp, ehp.
Muéstrame tus senos. ¿Dónde se ha ido?
Se va corriendo.
El Joven vuelve.
EL JOVEN. He visto, he conocido, he comprendido. Aquí la plaza pública, el prelado, el remendón, las cuatro estaciones, el umbral de la iglesia, el farol del prostíbulo, la balanza de la justicia. ¡No puedo más!
Un sacerdote, un zapatero, un bedel, una ramera, un juez, una vendedora de hortalizas, llegan a la escena como sombras.
EL JOVEN. La he perdido, devuélvemela.
TODOS, en un tono diferente.
Quién, quién, quién.
EL JOVEN. Mi mujer.
EL BEDEL, con tono lacrimógeno. ¡Su mujer, psuif, farsante!
EL JOVEN. ¡Farsante! ¡Podría ser la tuya!
EL BEDEL, golpeándose la frente. Quizás sea cierto.
Se va corriendo. El sacerdote se aleja del grupo a su vez y pone su brazo alrededor del cuello del joven.
EL SACERDOTE, como en confesión. ¿A qué parte de su cuerpo hacía usted más frecuentemente alusión?
EL JOVEN. A Dios.
El sacerdote desconcertado por la respuesta toma inmediatamente acento suizo.
EL SACERDOTE, con acento suizo. Pero no se hace más eso. Así no lo entendemos. Hay que preguntar esto a los volcanes, a los terremotos. Nosotros vivimos de las pequeñas suciedades de los hombres en la confesión. Y eso es todo, es la vida.
EL JOVEN, atónito. ¡Ah, así es la vida!
Entonces, todo se va al carajo.
EL SACERDOTE, siempre con el acento suizo. ¡Pero claro!
En ese momento, repentinamente, la noche cae sobre el escenario. La tierra tiembla. El trueno hace estragos, con relámpagos que zigzaguean en todo sentido, y en el zigzagueo de los relámpagos se ve a todos los personajes echándose a correr, y enredándose los unos con los otros, caen, se levantan y corren como locos. En un momento dado una mano enorme toma la cabellera de la prostituta que se inýama y crece visiblemente.
UNA VOZ GIGANTESCA. ¡Perra, mira tu cuerpo!
El cuerpo de la prostituta aparece absolutamente desnudo y horrendo, bajo el corpiño y la enagua que se vuelven como de vidrio.
LA PROSTITUTA. Déjame, Dios.
Ella muerde a Dios en el puño. Un inmenso chorro de sangre desgarra la escena y se ve en medio de un relámpago más grande que los otros al sacerdote que se persina. Cuando vuelve la luz todos los personajes han muerto y sus cadáveres yacen por todas partes en el suelo. Sólo quedan el Joven y la Prostituta que se devoran con los ojos. La Prostituta cae en brazos del Joven.
LA PROSTITUTA, suspirando y como en el extremo de un orgasmo. Cuéntame cómo ha ocurrido esto.
El Joven esconde la cabeza entre las manos. La Nodriza vuelve llevando a la Joven bajo el brazo como un paquete. La Joven está muerta. La deja caer al suelo y ésta se aplasta y achata como una torta. La Nodriza no tiene más senos. Su pecho es completamente chato. En ese momento regresa el Caballero que se echa sobre la Nodriza y la sacude con vehemencia.
EL CABALLERO, con voz terrible. ¿Dónde lo has puesto? Dame mi gruyère.
LA NODRIZA, atrevidamente. Aquí está. Se levanta las polleras.
El Joven desea irse corriendo pero se queda como un t²tere petriþcado.
EL JOVEN, como suspendido en el aire y con voz de ventrílocuo. No le hagas mal a mamá.
EL CABALLERO. Maldita.
Se cubre el rostro con horror.
Una multitud de escorpiones sale en ese momento de las polleras de la Nodriza y comienzan a pulular en su sexo que se hincha y se resquebraja, haciéndose vidrioso, y reverbera como un sol.
El Joven y la Prostituta huyen como trepanados.
LA JOVEN, se levanta deslumbrada. ¡La virgen! ah, eso era lo que él buscaba.

Telón
FIN
De
Extracto de El Ombligo de los Limbos
Antonin Artaud
http://www.bilboquet.es/documentos/Artaud,%20Antonin%20-%20El%20Ombligo%20De%20Los%20Limbos.pdf

12 de marzo del 2008
-Por þn una noticia de cultura en los periódicos!

http://www.exonline.com.mx/XStatic/excelsior/template/content.aspx?se=edicionimpresa

HIPERREALISMO
Ricardo Nicolayevski

òPoema por tel®fonó

é de parte de qui®n
de parte de qui®n
no se encuentra en este momento
ella tiene su n¼mero
lo que le estaba diciendo
d²game usted
tiene el n¼mero se lo doy
disculpe se¶orita
hablo de Nueva York
HELLO
No logro entender
gracias se¶orita
mire estamos hablando
para entretenernos
entendernos
mire en este momento no está ella
s·lo d²gale que ella me est§ buscando é

CV (trabajos selectos)
Susana Laborde
no estan por orden de importancia, ni cronologico. ni siquiera alfab®tico.

1. Becaria en Inverlat (casa de Bolsa)
2. Demostradora de comida en SamÊs Club
3. Edecan /Fot·grafa para una campa¶a de AXE
4. Guia en Central Park
5. Asistente para David Lachapelle
6. Mesera en Hard Rock Caf®
7. Lolly girl en Papa Booble-tienda de caramelos
8. Copyright para la agencia Z Publicidad
9. Fotoperiodista de Wallmart

Lectura de I-Ching
Maku para la exposici·n òRhiannon King Kongó
Febrero 7 del 2008. Hexagrama 42

El Aumento
La idea de Aumento se expresa mediante el hecho de haber descendido el trazo fuerte inferior del semisigno superior coloc§ndose debajo del semisigno inferior.
* El pensamiento fundamental de libro de las Mutaciones encuentra su expresi·n tambi®n en esta concepci·n. El verdadero gobernar debe ser una forma de servir. Un sacriþcio de lo superior que tiene por efecto un aumento de lo inferior, se denomina Aumento por antonomasia para insinuar de este modo la ¼nica ²ndole del esp²ritu capaz de ayudar al mundo.

El dictamen
El Aumento. Es propicio emprender algo. Es propicio atravesar las grandes aguas.
Debido al sacriþcio operante desde lo alto en aras del aumento de lo inferior, surge en el pueblo una dispoción de ánimo caracterizada por la alegr²a y la gratitud, sumamente valiosa para el ÿorecimiento del bien p¼blico. Cuando de este modo sienten los hombres afecto por sus pr²ncipes, bien puede emprenderse algo y a¼n en los asuntos dif²ciles y riesgosos se lograr§ ®xito. Por eso, en tales epocas ascendentes cuyo desarrollo se vea acompa¶ado por el ®xito, es cuestion de trabajar y de aprovechar el tiempo. La ®poca es similar al tiempo en que celebra su bodas el Cielo y la Tierra; en que la Tierra se hace part²cipe de la energ²a creadora del cielo, dando forma y realidad a los seres vivientes. El tiempo de Aumento no dura, por lo tanto es menester utilzarlo mientras está.

La imagen
Viento y trueno: la imagen del Aumento.
As² el noble: cuando ve el bien, lo imita, si tiene defectos, se deshace de ellos.

Al observar como el trueno y el viento se aumentan y se refuerzan reciprocamente, aprende uno como encontrar el camino hacia el aumento de s² mismo, hacia el propio mejoramiento. Cuando algo bueno se descubre en los dem§s, debe uno emularlo, haciendo suyo de este modo todo el bien que hay sobre la tierra. Cuando uno observa algo malo en s² mismo, debe quit§rselo de encima. As² se libera uno del mal. Semejante modiþcaci·n ®tica constituye el aumento m§s importante de la personalidad.

Dick Art
Tim Patch

PAZMAKER No. 5
Muy interesante…

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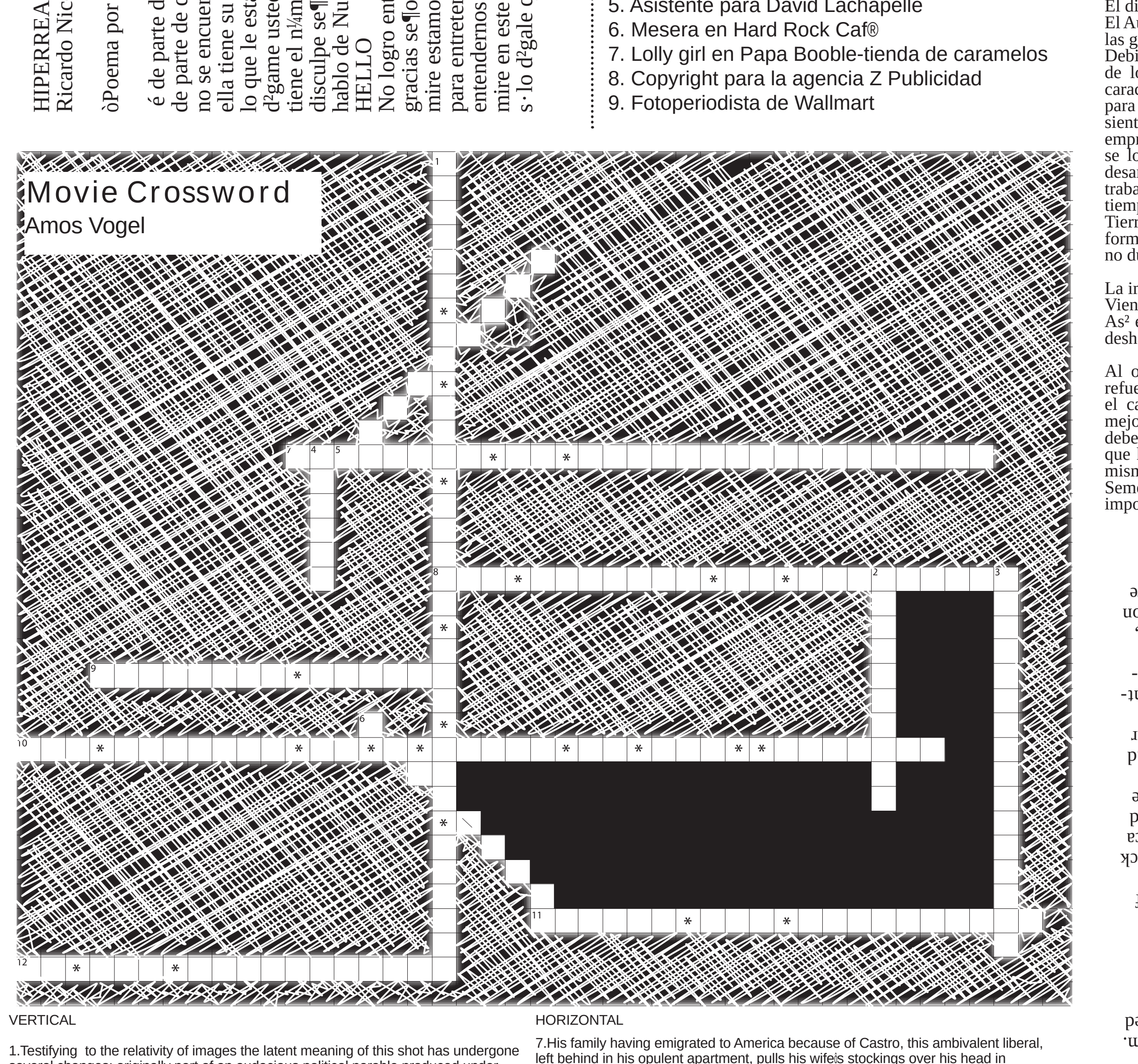

VERTICAL

1.Testifying to the relativity of images the latent meaning of this shot has undergone several changes; originally part of an audacious political parable produced under Stalinism (and banned) it became a still in a ýlm hailed Ander Dubcek; and now is once again forbidden. Its ýnal poignancy resides in its cast: Nemec gathered leading artists and intellectuals to ‘perform’ in this scene; they look at us, by now no longer in triumph but in stubborn determination and perhaps in accusation.

2.Man neither dominates this composition not is he necessarily dwarfed by it; he faces the sun squarely, questioningly, and with determination. He, the earth he stands on, the air he breathes, the vegetation surrounding him, are one. Signiýcantly, Emshwiller's visual metaphors of man's place in the universe draw on both science and metaphysics.

3.In a strange ýlm the painter Kusima paints dots on bodies þowers, grass, and even water in a suddenly signiýcant attempt at expressing pantheism and ego transcendente by purely visual jeans.

4.The most dangerous image known to man. Though it portrays the most universal, most fundamental, most desired human act, it must not be shown (either in its joining of bodies or coupling of organs), be it because sex is (still) considered sinful or because of an atavistic fear that the act will spring from the screen and invade the audience with its heavenly power. As long as this image is forbidden, its presentation will be a liberating act.

DIAGONAL

5.The bizarre ýrst ‘musical’ of the Brazilian Cinema Novo movement ende with a gargatuan open-air party, at wich the assorted bourgeois, precariously dangling from trapeze bars, are forced to swing across a piranha-ýlled swimming pool with predictably colourful results.

6. In the course of this sixty-second animation, two hippies, rather incongruously, make love during a political demonstration; a policeman, unasked, joins them from behind. A dirty joke from Yugoslavia.

HORIZONTAL

7.His family having emigrated to America because of Castro, this ambivalent liberal, left behind in his opulent apartment, pulls his wife's stockings over his head in anguish. His doubts and lack of involvement increase. Finally, as other prepare for action against America during the missile crisis, he watches them detachedly through binoculars. Politically, the most mature and ‘open’ of the cuban ýlms.

8.Early proponents of the counter-culture; St. Francis and his followers return to nature, simplicity and poverty in Rossellini's neglected masterpiece of the humanist cinema which portrays subtle, haunting episodes in the life of a fervent and innocent seeker. Scenario by Rossellini and Fellini.

9.The censor at work, forever attempting to ýx the unýxable. His task is unenviable, messy, bottomless, and secretly exciting. Broughton's comic, yet ideological fantasy celebrates the victory of sensual pleasure and love over prudery and authoritarism; but the clumsy ‘hammer’ (here even held wrongly) is nowadays being wielded more insidiously by ever more repressive forces in society and the outcome is not necessarily pre ï ordained.

10.The use of ‘real’ (not condensed) time; an immobile camera; a tiny event ï deýnitions of both minimal and earliest cinema. Lumi®re's 1895 train caused a riot as it neared the spectators, proving the relativity of the tabooed image and its emasculation by exposure and familiarity.

11.During a discussion of his political doubts, the young bourgeois attempting to be a revolutionist symbolically walks in an opposite direction from a group of communist marchers. Bertolucci's entire work is permeated by an unresolved tension between a luxuriant aesthheticism and an attempt at a radical cinema.

12.Climatic still from the deýnitive ýlm on watermelons. They can be cut, sawed, shot, run over, used as bombs, or for masturbation. A sickly satire on documentary ýlms, its manic intensity spills over into sombre solemnity in which the satirical almost becomes the posible.

All of the following excerpts were taken from:
Vogel Amos (1974) "Film as a Subversive Art", USA and U.K. , Weiedenfeld & Nicolson and Random House
2nd edition in the United Kingdom by C.T. Editions (2005)
in the United States of America by D.A.P. Distributed Art Publishers

It is important to note that Tripping Corpse #4, is not just about of the failures of the LSD trip as mind expansion and the impending doom of hippie idealism, but that it comes at these two things from the position of punk, establishing punk as a critical reaction to hippiedom. Pettbon's 'zines, as a staple of the early 80's punk scene, position punk as a dystopic reaction and rejection of hippie idealism. Of course, Pettibon isn't the first to make this link between psychedelic and punk, it is widely understood that punk's forefather's e Velvet Underground and e Stooges are clearly emerging out of the psychedelic music scene. However, it is Pettibon's zine that I will be using as an artifact of this relationship. Pettibon's Tripping Corpse #4 zine is re-printed in its entirety with one addition. To focus the reading of Pettibon's zine on the end of hippie idealism through its relationship to the emergence of punk, I've included on the inside title page, prior to the beginning of the 'zine, Pettibon's Untitled (I was born at Woodstock), 1985, a Pettibon drawing of a young punker girl mostly nude with a mohawk, alone in a room injecting heroin into her leg. e drawing is captioned "I was born at Woodstock."

e second book, and main book of the collection, also titled Hello Victims, is an examination of another dystopic reaction to hippiedom, the emergence of metal in the late 60's and 70's. Following the figure Lemmy Kilmister from his moved from the psychedelic space-rock band Hawkwind to starting the seminal metal band Motorhead. Of particular interest is the song e Watcher, which Kilmister wrote and recorded in Hawkwind and then re-recorded in Motorhead. e song e Watcher was the last song on the Hawkwind album Doremi Faso Latido, a concept album of 1972 telling the story of a last stand "against the tyranny of the corrupt forces of law and evil." An allegory for the cultural resistance of hippie culture, the album ends with the song e Watcher. Ending with the lyrics I gave you the chance to do the right thing / I gave you the chance to do the bright thing / Now our sense is all disgusted / Re-a rm you can't be trusted / A world imprisoned screams with pain / ere are no leaders you can blame / You avarice has destroyed you sphere / And there's no room for you out here / is is the end now.

What I am interested in is how, in remaking the song e Watcher on the first Motorhead record in 1977 the last line of the song changes from " is is the end now" to "You're on your own now." Reading this in regards to the notion of community that hippies thought of as the cornerstone to their resistance and idealism (just listen to the rhetoric about Woodstock preceding the events of Altmonte in the documentary Gimmie Shelter), I read the phrase " is is the end now" as referring to the end of community and loss of the hippie's idealism. With the re-writing of the song, now in the context of metal and the switching of the last line to "You're on your own now," I read in relation to Kurosawa's Yojimbo and Leone's Man with No Name. Going back to the introductory text of Yojimbo (that also served as the inspiration of Leone's westerns), the Samurai who "now finds himself with no master to serve other than his own will to survive…and no devices other than his wit and sword), I read the transition from " is is the end now" to "You're on your own now" as the same transition that immediately precedes Leone's westerns: the transition in viewing the loss of community as a loss, to that of it being an empowerment.

e rest of the Hello Victims book deals with the overlapping relationship between Metal and anti-hero westerns, which I dealt with to some length above, so I will be brief here. e book particularly uses the shared relationship of landscape (the desert in the western and the forest in Metal) as a place void of community, where the individual is left, again, with "and no devices other than his wit and sword," the shared posture of the gunslinger and musician, and the desire for dominance and the accompanying need for a victim.

e final book in the series, an addendum entitled Something to Do With Death: the Black Paintings of Ad Reinhardt 1953-67, stems from how in switching from Hawkwind to Motorhead, Kilmister repainted his guitar amplifiers from psychedelic colors to a flat black, making his amp a black square. Using this tangential relationship along with Reinhardt's own concern with the ultimate and end of painting, the book begins with the duel at the end of Once Upon a Time in the West. All three of these, Reinhardt's black paintings, Metal, and the duel between Frank and Harmonica that concludes Once Upon a Time in the West, are interested in the notion of an end. ey also all happen within a relative timeframe: Reinhardt's paintings being concurrent with Leone's films and just preceding both the advent of metal and Pettibon's marking of the end of hippiedom in 1968 (the year of Reinhardt's death). As I have established above in regards to Metal, and with Reinhardt's interest to create the last paintings that can ever be made, the duel between Frank and Harmonica, the most rhetorically filmed duel in Leone's lineage of rhetorically filmed duels, revolves around the encroaching, westward bound railway construction and both the civilization it brings with it and the resulting end of the gunslinger figure that accompany it.

CROSSWORD: 1. Robert Nelson, Oh dem watermelons , USA, 1965/ 2. Bernardo Bertolucci, Before The revolution, Italy, 1964/ 3. Louis Lumi®re, The arrival of a train in the station, France, 1895/ 4. Jan Nemec, Report On the Party And The Guests, Czechoslovakia, 1966/ 5. Joachim Pedro de Andrade, Macunaima, Brazil, 1969/ 6. Tomas G. Alea, Memories of Underdevelopment, Cuba, 1969/ 7. Fred Baker, Events, USA, 1970/ 8. Zlatko Grgic, Make Love, Not War, Yogoslavia, 1971/ 9. Jud Yalkut, Self-Obliteration, USA, 1967/ 10. Roberto Rosellini, The Flowers Of St. Francis, Italy, 1950/ 11. James Broughton, The pleasure Garden, Great Britain, 1953/ 12. Ed Emshwiller, Relativity , USA 1966