

My task is to make something on stage into which you can project
--And yet you are not bored because there is no “narrative or psychological (vis a vis characters) involvement”.
Boredom is avoided because two levels go on at once—film and stage--
Yet neither is complete
And you oscillate between the two—
There is a “spark gap” which your consciousness jumps—and this keeps you awake.

Neither level is complete—(which is always the problem with both theater and film, in which all levels—language, image, movement in 3-dimensional space fill in all levels of perceptual experience) as opposed to other art forms which leave at least one level empty.

(And this relates to Gertrude Stein saying that in theater she was always either behind or ahead of the transpiring play—so she wrote “landscapes” through which consciousness could wander.)

Why can I return to a painting, a poem, aphorisms, music—? Yet to see a play or film more than once is usually unbearably boring? Because these other forms elude one by leaving out at least one level of perceptual experience. So a play must discover how to “leave out” a level—yet, a play with no dialogue for instance, isn’t necessarily interesting; it’s simply another full world but composed of people “not talking”—it’s not a world (like dance) which is strangely “lacking” in a particular dimension.

But splitting focus between film and stage, the way I do it—that lacks a dimension, which is the dimension of “making the connection” between these modes. Yet it’s not simply “2 separate tracks running parallel” --which would be the case if any old film were just shown while the play transpired. No—the static tableaux I employ “imply” a potential relation (symbolic) — while the fact of live performers occasionally reacting to the screen imply a different kind of relation (dynamic and psychological)—but the dimension in which this could indeed happen must be left out—just as, for instance, the visual is ‘left out’ of a poem, or language is ‘left out’ of music that nevertheless seems to copy the fluctuations of consciousness that seem to surface automatically in speech.

No—we seek a form that forces the perceiving mind to “jump” like a spark from one level of “potential content” (film) to another (on-stage performance)—which means that normal “tracking consciousness” is bypassed while the new field created between spectator and the “in between” space manifest on-stage in a field of total alertness --without a subject! (The minute you have a subject, you have a prison created by that subject—and the deep content of this art is freedom)

This object
Is about itself.
That is to say
It is about impulse
Occurring against the backdrop
Of an event horizon
That changes slowly (the film)(slow seems permanent)
And that impulse—
Pokes holes (void) in the on-going film
(generating gaps—non-definable)
creating a space between impulse and event horizon
where truth arises

(my life story, desire to be 'good boy' and hated success of that as 'killing' self, so I sneak in
proof (circus) I don't want to kill audience. . .

Cut sound (shock!)

Don't write clever phrases,
Just register

No to complexity

No, to seductiveness

(philosophical) of "write to make exception to system, a statement that generates its own disappearance:"

perhaps

this is achieved by the REGISTER of film tableau,
and statement

and "thrown" (impulse) action

the combination of which is "real" (truth)

Non-narrative

Problem is always—there are bits that seize one
And others that don't

(narrative—in and out

stein- landscape (vs before or behind)

but how to deal with in-out

of landscape

(stein— normally you are not in control as you watch, so there is relief, not completion)

but—is between screen and stage? A way of control?

(in between, minimal space

like in between first row and stage

museum is solution, as is 3-ring circus

screen and stage—3 ring circus

you are in control if you FOCUS?

Every human face
Is a double
Accident

Reaching into the future
To simulate
Human beings

Listening to oneself
Becoming
Infallible

The next moment
Is a miscalculation

Collapsible furniture
'beckons'

Intelligence means
No way out

Wait for the bus
It smiles
On your favorite
Endeavor

Never
participate

hopeful
one automatically
capitulates

specific motives
confuse heroes

The dog
Wept
Without thinking

Scissors
to build
a real world

Intense feelings
But empty

A subliminal exercise
Gone wrong

When the reality of the world
Comes under investigation
Then

What do the next few moments--
hold

What maneuver
And style of playfulness
Will surface between us

Living in a world where the un-manifest part—the greatest part—is being denied

“in some sense”
“so to speak”

(suppose I “WERE”..... that tense)

Dear Richard

There are things that can't be known. Your task is to find them.

In between. In between

Be afraid. The unconscious may be dying.

Away with bad objects

This is the only way

Of traveling

Towards the future.

Smile.

Smile.

Wisdom, doing its work

Unavoidably

The dream object, the symbolic object

The functional object, the virtual object

The object re-discovered, the transparent object.

Live in that world
Created by other worlds

(etc)

Shoes
Have always been important

(etc)

ortega: human life as THE reality, self & circumstances. Art of 'real thing' you collide with—in between—art =collision, don't develop in between

action (jet lee) carries you along and you lose self (what next?)
slow=project into : your head expands, vibrate in that space, thicken

self—circumstance—vibrate between

plucked notes

color grey

project into
live the between
(teach self to love the unconscious
(dig in same hole, blindfold, no "move on")

wisdom snippets that bleach out, light

(have nothing, know nothing, want nothing)

basis-- to live with in-between that can't be 'known', to drink of it (unconscious)

film: seems archetypal, boring, doesn't move on, intensifies (are you up to it?)
Flutter of real, feverish, keep going, impulsive
The space between these two levels is where it is at—it's like learning to listen to the after-effects of the said (when you listen and don't "know")

If truth lives
The human project fails

Truth operates
Like a trap door

The real is
Behind my back
I turn around
Dizzy

Inconclusive results
Establish universal truth

Everything is true

(the above premises—how to make theater out of THAT: one's irresponsible lust for that paradox that wipes out the world's everyday sensuous reality, when THAT is what theater is made of.

But no—I see “elegant staging” which is what I used to do, and it seems a dead end. The IMPOSSIBLE is the only non-dead end)

“see” what others miss

Only subject

WHAT TO DO TO YOURSELF SO YOU MAKE PROPER USE OF SELF” (and you intuit when the use of self is not best)

Be a frame, not a grid thru which things pass

What is operative, yet not seen

Hints. Codes. Rejected unimportant, left out

All things co-present at all moments? Narrative—you lose things

We are all hypnotized by life. De-hypnotize

No content: (false idols)

Reveal frame, step back from scene, rather than be in it

MY JOB (lust) IS TO EMPTY OUT CONTENT

Offer, accept, womb, project into it

Material that then saturates it

If now, life is no longer vivid (usual is to jazz it up, adventures) but I say AVOID EXPERIENCE, create empty space

Where deep intensity (ORIGIN) can be projected

Modern life would KILL self thru efficiency and order

So

Create “NON-LIFE area

An empty frame DRAW THAT FRAME

Let words occur inside it;

NOT DIALOGUE, which kills source bubbling up

Like “outside life there is an empty room”

MY THEME (split me)

My quandary—torn between (Bloom) people need others as feedback and stimulus

Yet—need avoidance, since others “sap the deep original

(as a considered matter—what does the world need, I choose therefore, avoid life as basis)

NO DIALOGUE

There is empty space in us—filled by “world” (a false, limited view)

CLEAN OUT that space

ART: wash clean

Instead of looking at world, erase world

Bad art doesn't erase, but just IS ITSELF—actor acting, words “like”

In a room: wait

For something that will make a difference

EMPTY FRAME

Put in a phrase

Then

SEE IT AS OBSTACLE

+++++++

take away pressure to understand> What we don't understand: matters most.

There is a gap here—dialogue can't do it, it centers, dialogue is evil as is narrative—co-opts

+++++++

human life (as it is) is organized around absence or avoidance of "real" (all those errors, inefficiency etc)

(there is no one) multitude---- each one is all, in that it's = to others
though each one is banal, superficial, is NOT DEEP connected to one (God) but just "nothing"
which reflects all other multiple (nothings)

Hold the shot, project into it more "nothings"

"Expect not happiness"

A fallen world

Dream of happiness always inside us (in the body) can't be realized. (reality!) But we have that
dream

(gnostic)

Problem—expect to "see" God, to listen for God

But not in 'words' of man. Listen deeper (to invisible)

CRACK IN THE WORLD

OTHER SHOWS THROUGH (open door, stuffed animals)

AXIOM: THERE IS NO GOD: THE ONE IS NOT.

The multiple, without "one" (every multiple a multiple of a multiple) is the law of being.

Only stopping point is the void. The infinite is the banal reality of every situation (not a predicate
of transcendence)

Badiou:

What is art's work? What art teaches is nothing other than its existence.

So many attempts to formalize the formless

Render visible all that which from perspective of establishment is invisible or nonexistent.

Putting sensual experience

Into verbal, visual, audible, form

Minimal image at the edge of the void: artistic subtraction

Artistic subtraction

The presentation of presentation

Nothing to communicate—draws its substance (authority) only from itself

Cut the line of communication with a 'diagonal' use of language

DIAGONAL!

Bore a hole in what significations concentrate of knowledge

Subtract language from the world in which it is normally put to work, SUBTRACT LANGUAGE
from the manipulations of knowledge

Subject annulled, made absent (Marllarme) of effectively plural (Rimbaud)

To make something appears only so as to be canceled by the PLURAL

Create what cannot be interpreted (That is a thing—The "thing")

ALL ART TESTIFIES TO WHAT IS INHUMAN IN THE HUMAN, since it is oriented toward the
limits of what can be sensed, experienced, endured.

GENERIC humanity

Leave theater not cultivated but stunned, tired, thoughtful

Goal—to give thinking the form of a work

Truth is different from knowledge

(not correspondence but

ruled production

a process opened by an event which a gushing forth of indefinable

What of this present

Does not let itself be reduced to its reality—

But summons the eternity of its presence.

Truth is never amusing

The real is on which
Side of the mirror

The truth is
Suddenly
Empty

What's empty
Is
What's true

The real
Is small

Automatically
Real

The believable
And the real
Why not

The wonderful adventure
Of the woman
Who would not dance

Some people
Observe other people

The face
Which is inescapable
In its demands

Suffering
As the ultimate
Divertimento
Hurts

The experience: spreads
Behind the memory

The lost
Kiss

Outside the field of vision
More: world

Named fun
Not meant
As a permanent accomplishment

Bodies that hold
Knowledge in reserve

Waiting

For special behavior

Scene runs--

Continual delays—hitch—“wait a minute—what’s it really LIKE here?” (what “other” thing is it like, i.e. Project into it)

Multiple ‘tracks’ – in which the between, the energized (gap)

That shocks one

That energizes one

(tenses one like sexual excitation?)

How “THROW” the indefinable—outside all categories—onto the ‘canvas’

Like we are ‘thrown’ into life

By throwing 2 knowns

But each known is multiple

(emptied out)

EMPTY OUT: so presence is there

(empty of the things, in things, so presence alone is there)

“ZOMBOID”: The ‘motif’ (a la Cezanne) – is Being blindfolded-- and what it leads to, which is “everything”, since when one is blindfolded the local perspective is eliminated, and everything else, from all levels of being, can speak to one.

In other words, “Zomboid” is a theater that shows how everything is reflected in everything

else (no matter how tiny or contingent)—which can easily be experienced if one keeps saying, as we do inside this hour long performance, “stop!” --to the normal, habit imprisoned life we all lead.

“ZOMBOID” offers a stage dominated by static, projected digital tableaux (in which filmed bodies make occasional adjustments) --against which eruptions of live action on stage invoke all those impulses which invisibly twist our daily routine into what is called “the life of the emotions”, but is really the creative motor energy of the nervous system at work.

What is it that drives this work? This “Zomboid” thing? Well—it is the obsessive inner question “what is it REALLY like here, in this space where I am being a human being?”

The fact is, just as William James described conscious life as being a “buzzing blooming confusion” —so underneath normal life we postulate a continual network of projected rays, lurches, quakes—a multi-track system in which the deep mind is always lurching from one grove to another. Normal conscious life smoothes out that disruptive inner system, and in doing so lies about how things really are with us—here inside life.

But in fact—the real speaks in the form of these gaps and lurches, and it’s that bumpy ride I try to capture in my art. Not to make life “better” for those exposed to this vision (version) of ‘how things are’—but to confront the spectator with the dilemma, as I see it, that to be human is to be necessarily split between the self discipline of the inner system that both produces civilized life and co-incidentally suppresses large parts of the deep soul-self—and the opposite self-- that works inside humans, the schizoid-like inner lurching of impulse in its undisciplined trajectory-dance.

To confront art which makes a sensual object based on thinking this “split” and putting it to work in a concrete medium—this is not to improve anything (I no longer believe the world “improves”) but to face, heroically, the impossible—the split that can’t be resolved. (Freud’s tragic vision) To walk the tightrope over the abyss of the real—which can provide a moment of exhilaration for those who dare. I.E.—true art.

Having spent years wondering what I do

“What’s missing”?

invent a style with which to ask “what’s missing”

(and it’s right here, under our nose)

the “stop”—of lines, light, string

I spent a life, feeling cheated (we are all cheated) of being able to find an arena where we could mutually NOT SPEAK OF but allow impulses that reflect “deep things”

So—“what’s really happening in this place?

“what am I being cheated of?

Take anything, any

tiny thing, sloughed over thing
and making "stops" to let a certain kind of impulse surface

Now, make not film, make not theater
But in between

Buy a magazine, or buy book on designer – true, that I too look for FLASH (astonish!)
Yet—that doesn't feed me long. It turns thin
what feeds is Blake's "universe in grain of sand"
The mundane, not as banal exactly, but as reflection of all (even if all else reflected is thin)
STOP in any scene—see the world and the all, reflected in this)

2 brain halves
split= Gemini also

Meditate, icon, archetype (blindfold)----- impulse agit
Art is in no-place between
Where new arises, event—that has no name

SNAKE

(use cure songs, etc)

during the week of oct 8 2006, in Gessen , Federal Republic of Germany, my image was captured for future digital projection on a variety of blank surfaces. Was my unconscious mind thereby erased or sucked effectively from my consciousness.

In the month of Feb in 1982, two german nationals of the male and female sex conceived my being in the midst of an event of sexual congress. Were the seeds of my unconscious mind planted during that same act of congress, or was it a phenomenon, elsewhere, later, deposited through time in a form with the potential to flourish, and likewise to wither from external deprivation.

Hands on heads

“is it true that
You ask is it true. . .

Once and for all, find out. . .(question)

What happens when you promise yourself . . .(order)

We know not
Where the behavior would be relevant
Only that the agitation was
Inevitable
So
Exercises
In the form of a kind of
List making
Followed

One of the three women sitting here
I have been told
Is very much in love with me
(Camera, flash pot, in front of painted screen)

Now
A possibility of happiness

Information is on the agenda
No cathartic
Immersion in experience
Through
Immersion in the river of time
But
Seeds.

This is unfortunate
For angels
--for demons
--for beings of higher grade
-- for the hidden masters
 (etc)

Do not go here
Here, there is moral depravity

Then
Where to go
Where to go if not here

This is the city of deception
No one lives here
Except living death

Those who are agitated—do not survive
Those who are calm
Vanish into the fog

Those who fall prey to sorrow
Survive
But death takes over

The city of (X)
Despondency
Where speed trumps the unconscious
With layers
Of information

The city of (x)
Not yet
Where (multitudinous) layers of information
Irresistable
Increase mind speed
And under the impact of mind speed
The unconscious
Now
Is dead.

My God—the world sees itself

My god—when the world sees itself
It only sees a part of itself

Why and how does the world
Conceive the desire
To see itself

When the world
Conceives the desire to see itself
It necessarily
Suffers, in that process

This is the original mystery

What is revealed
Will be immediately concealed.
But what is concealed
Will again
Be revealed

I am now
Less about “making”
And more about setting into play
And listening

Things are in life
(select music, shots)
and living is (like breathing) the
art-process

(Newton story (G Spencer Brown on web) just waiting with problem in mind, not thinking or
working) Oriented

How to be oriented (tuned)

Go to Berkeley
Make film!
(carries box)

To show thing
Is to show something else
Behind thing.
SHOW THING

The look of intensity
At object? At you?
At space?

The moment, not as fulfillment
But as a RIDDLE
What's going on?

Moment of impasse: blockage
In between—MEXTAXY (Voegelin)
Pull away from both world and transcendence

(film tells big stories so not on real subject. Don't talk of it, embody it
never fall into trap of giving way to exhilaration, seduction, dance
and never limit self to facts and information (psychology and story)
but
always between (uncanny)
In tension between 2 poles
Real—possible
THIS is human, return humans to their deep self.

You will gain'
Eternal life
Through—

Yes
I've seen
Something like this
Before
But
On another level perhaps.

What level--

Music and math

Aren't in physical world—where are they?

In holocosom

Real art doesn't report on reality as seen through "lens" of society and the going mental paradigm

But is isomorphic with that which

Thuds, pulses, as the grid flux of the "whole" that is

UNDER, SUSTAINING,

And MAKES POSSIBLE the surface eruptions of 'life'

TO DRINK FROM THAT SOURCE—

Art

Dance (badiou) as disobedience to impulse (when that impulse is socially driven)—rather a slowness that allows impulse of deeper grid

Show equivalence between quickness and slowness, gesture and non-gesture—gestures in some sense undecided (My "turn away from, refuse...")

Dance plays out the even before the event is named

Encounter, entanglement, separation

The 'flash' of the gaze, not its fulfilled attention

Eternity is what watches over disappearance

The recurrent theme, over years—
World under construction, always, shifts
Except never at home—destabilize the image

Find a form in which knowledge about life can be folded in, the “said” never allows saturation
(folding in) only being ISOMORPHIC—then the ‘dough’ can rise as it’s baked by consciousness
(the oven it enters)

Keats negative capability—not making but accepting (the undecidable)

Each item overflows with its not said, its excess that bursts what it is! --DESTABILIZE THE
IMAGE.

A compulsion to make sense is a resistance to unknowing

Culture of not doing—soft doing

Symbol a synonym for meditation

DO nothing but let it operate through you.

(the current you ride takes you, who knows where, though you avoid the rocks (or bounce off
them—the fixed ideas, achieved cultural prisons) that would STOP the flow)

1)
theater fails
at its task of turning people
to stone

--
Eliminate the human
Setting the Gods lose.

2)
one's relation to the vast
'unknowable' at every moment

3)
Puzzle, not effect
Or ravishing involvement

4) everything with see
in everything else
(destabilize the image)

5)
Stop looking
Yet "see" let it in
& it speaks to you.
(stalking prey)

6)
Say things that don't comment on
But
Enter at an angle
A GLANCING BLOW!
That "leaves a trace"

Oh look
The world is turning against itself
But can you see that
Can you really see
That the unconscious is dying

Words are
Now
Against words
Can you see that
Words
Turning against
Words

See the enemy of words
Emptied
And the unconscious dies
Inside Freedom
Inside that
Void only
Like a
Void
Inside
Words only

When the unconscious dies, things no longer speak to each other
And when things are no longer speaking to each other
Space between things empties
Proof: The unconscious had died because—everybody is happy, except people with problems:
Proof: Proof:
Problems no longer pour forth riches—and poverty stricken, this is a problem that can be
solved
Danger! Danger! When a problem can be a solved problem—Danger. Danger
Let the world of things
Speak to this truth
And in so doing—
Deepen.
Filling space left void—
No longer
Void.

The bell tolls for the unconscious
The unconscious is dead

The unconscious is dead
Because powerful mental processes
Self-destroy

SAYING ONLY THOSE THINGS
THAT COHERE, ONLY INSIDE
A POWERFUL PRE-ESTABLISHED SYSTEM.
CAN YOU USE SUCH CLUES TO UNCOVER
SUCH A SYSTEM
(suppose you discovered . . .X. . . Could you, re. . . -adjust)

Say things that don't comment on

But

Enter at an angle

A GLANCING BLOW!

That "leaves a trace"

(what follows, for Film/Per #3?) Objects? Cloth?)

TABLE)

Almost un-necessary

An event.

Name this:

Table-like

Naming one more

Deliberate

Mental accident

I go

Where you go

HEAD)

Was I: here

The outside

World can't

Quite,

Be imagined

Look at my

Memory system

GLOVE)

This tragic glove
Utilizes
The human hand

An instant
Waiting to be
Rendered
Non-local

Zip, between
The double
Procedure

TOY)

This toy doll
Non-embellishment
Intense: twice:

Achieving
Everything

To use
The
Real story

TOP)

An object
Vanishing
Second
Self-like

Oh, where is
My lost
Appetite

No
To the
Disappearing future

DOG)

I spoke to
My
Superior friend

Come
Fetch me

This one
Then
That one

BREAD)

What tries to
Enter this bread

I know
The real story

Tears

A SHELF

This shelf
Keeps
It from
Falling

Weight
Like one
Opportunity

Decisive, bland.

Art= simply heightened noticing

Framing medium

Focus: select a “thing” in some medium, try different. . .

Compositional choice

The delight (rehearsal) trying different things to NOTICE

ALL THINGS (snippet effects) INTO THE UN-EXPECTED MOMENT
THE DOWNTIME

Trap of ‘expressiveness’ in art (no discoveries)

Performers—swept up and moralized by the ALL

ISOMORPHIC

What is my relation to everything that IS

(what can dissolve or neutralize man—language, ecstasy, meditation; TASK IS TO
NEUTRALIZE MAN (stone, dust)

NEUTRAL/BLAND

(perhaps/perhaps not)

I am being asked to say
--X—
is this in fact true?

(to hear you say – is perhaps true, perhaps not.

I am now able to say
--X—
Have AI in fact, been able to say this (or: is this true)

(you have indeed said—
not this is true)

Perhaps/ perhaps not

Neutral
Bland-ness

Not expression, but a puzzle

“You will be able to gain eternal life
Through this small object
How is this possible?”

(object present or not)

You tell me that --X--
I do not know how this is possible

I keep before myself
(immersed)
the image of the cosmos, working.

THIS feeds the soul

Don't find the best way to stage scene (express, focus on, etc)
(Ray, etc)
But
Find the 'worst" way
(disperse, interfere)

Look out taxi on park ave—see people in their problems—no one: What is my relation to everything that is.

QUICKSILVER (bounce amongst: trinity?)

Not exciting, but fascinating weave (paradox, puzzle)

Whitehead—experience, overlaid with flicker of intermittent consciousness

Brain; levels; get others approval (stroked) –eros, materiality—ideas, humm, interesting!—CLICK of BLANK (baffle)(higher ahha?)

life—keep revolving ball, see kernel thru different shaped windows
Windows give it a shape that isn't "it" (can't see light?)
To die is to lose that delight (frustration) in searching for new windows
But—are you "in" the center?

My relation to everything that is the case?

Seek new kind of space in theater?

Different space, different orientation, not psychoid stokes, but relate to other level of total presence, paradox, baffle, all at once

(People+ stroke, react to (act that is) arrow from a direction. BUT if arrows of act come from ALL directions at once? Make the input multi-directional, a sphere complete.

Mostly--

--people are interested in 'events'. But I find more potent, the time between events, the oscillation of the field, the before the event itself arises and deflates the throb of yet unarticulated energy.

Can I make a performance in which, therefore, the focus is not on a series of 'payoff' events—but on that 'always else' in which the cards are shuffled, before a hand is dealt?

So, a theater of the total "non" --(?) (What?)

"ZOMBOID" is a performance in which projected digital video tableaux enfold the live stage action, which 'wobble' that evoke a world where normal emotions are put on hold so that archetypal obsessions can arise and revert to idiosyncratic, impulsive behavior (which is 'normal behavior').

Because what interests me now is the dry electricity, the small 'mental shocks' that result from side stepping habit involvement, stripping experience down to the underlying oscillation of sensation-- an un-schematized 'noticing' of the alert witness (you) above that tremulous force field that secretly grounds every waking moment.

Perhaps this is a perverse undertaking in theater, which has always been based upon empathy for performers/characters by the normal emotions of interpersonal involvement in pursuit of recognizable goals.

So be it.

But I am fascinated and emotionally ravished by this 'something else' I have just tried to describe. The filming of 'very little happening' has opened me to a new 'excitement' —as I place such imagery hovering over the performance like a thunder cloud whose approach puts everyone on high alert, re-energizing all psychic systems.

Richard Foreman

**One's own existence, not as a personality, a subjectivity, but as a possibility or potentiality.
That as subject, that being on the verge, that staging area**

When the Messiah comes, everything will be just as it is now, just a little different. That little different as

Being not an identity or individual property, but a singularity without identity

Whatever is the figure of pure singularity. No identity, not determinate in respect to a concept, but neither indeterminate—it is determinate only through its relation to the totality of its possibilities Its bordering

Threshold phenomenon: Whatever is a singularity plus an empty space (therefore exterior, an event of th

Like adam—isolate knowledge and the word from the tree of life. Risk is the word—the non-latent, the risk of anything whatsoever—be separated from what it reveals and acquires an autonomous consistency Revealed and manifested (common and shareable) being is separated from the thing revealed and stands between it and humans.

What hampers communication is communicability itself.

At this final point, language, in an autonomous sphere reveals nothing at all-- only the nothingness of all is nothing of God, or of the world, or of the revealed in language

The root of all pure joy and sadness, the world as it is. So be it. What is properly divine is that the world does not reveal God

Basically, every compositional strategy (formalist, narrative, etc) is a distortion of reality, a relative lie-- a limitation of options. Every CHOICE closes down most of the world-- (all other alternatives)

Yet a certain amount of choice, and compositional procedure cannot be avoided. (But try!) Of what remains—make the lie evident as a lie. Radical choice: Make the stage event “unconvincing”.

Then—what is one left with? Phenomenon which, as it arises, must be “tossed away”. This “tossing away” as the interesting aesthetic event. The fascinating new rhythm.

“Ah—this moment starts to be interesting?—Toss it away!” The “music” of that “toss it away”-- a kind of ecstasy, a stripping down that reveals—what? Some strange, new oscillating “thing” under all other “things”.

THE STAGE EVENT IS PUNCTUATED BY THE REPEATED “TOSSING AWAY” OF THEATER AND EVENT AND NARRATIVE.
THE FILM PROJECTED THROUGHOUT IS THE HOLDING ONTO THE NON-DEVELOPING “BLINDNESS” (Blindfolded) IN WHICH OUR HUMAN LIFE IS GROUNDED.

We humans understand, finally, only what illusionary systems we “construct” for ourselves (the social contract). We are blind to the complex “whole” that operates outside our consciousness.

The “radical space” of this performance is a “staging arena” that hovers in that “in between” space-- between projected image (the sustained archetype of blindness) and the live performance of our impulse-grounded behavioral twitches.

Richard Foreman

The trajectory is the rejected thing.

The “compositional” aspect—reject that. Use just the building blocks, putting them together into a composition is the lie, the distortion of the real, the illusion of wholeness (Lacan mirror-stage)

The development in time to make a climax, etc, a ride you can’t get off—this is to be rejected as it distances you from the truth,

DRAIN of psychology, replace with the twitch of impulse and the task. (psychology is an overlay of capitalism)

Create a “setting” where it takes place. . .

The un-justifiable “plop” (the “real”

Collaborate with your unconscious?

**Create a space where truth can come to be—do not FILL that place!
(aura; space only?)**

**quicksilver (grasp—it slips away—make it slip away)
so: avoid excitement (slips away)**

**elevator to wrong space
how am I related to everything that slips away?
ELEVATOR!**

ELEVATOR TO WRONG-----!

Make it like quicksilver—in staging or writing—quicksilver it!

Fall on bed—plot—illumination (sphere)

Go to Berkeley, make film (tree in forest)

It appears on the surface that I say nothing coherent, but in fact—

Waiting for the accident that will allow us---

STAGING AREA

One sits, gets apparatus. (single words? Gibberish?)

Doll and candle in Headquarters

Sterioptican

Head tie to sides

airplane

stockade

bungy cord

white reflector

pandora box (tie, untie)

radio and earphone

held light cluster

drum

boat (ship of fools) two

tester, doctor, observes, feeds, does things for

drain of psychology and replace with tasks, impulses

The house is burning down
But there is no house
What's burning
Well, it has been built inside me that I want to exist
Now, if that is over—if that “I want to exist” program has shut down

Then everything turns to fire
You and me and my associate members of the human race and much else
The house is burning down
There is no wiggle room left

Everything is fire
When nothing “is”
Then there is no fire
Yet the nothing
Is a special form of fire

The world is many worlds

The many worlds are on fire

_____ \
This is for your eyes (ears) only
Don't look but – look
Don't listen—but listen.

(staging area)(objects presented)

Tomorrow?

Not tomorrow

In some alternative arena

Not elsewhere—here.

(staging arena)

The coherent monster

The semi-coherent monster

The identification tag in the dust

The identification tag inside the dust

The bus with seven curtains

The bus with 29 curtains

The second bus

The third bus

The broken lock

The broken lock doubled

The itemized agenda

The itemized agenda with or without paper.

You spent your whole life searching for the justification (the window through which to view)-- of the fact

You basically—

Do not understand things.

Finding the deep necessity in that

Now, ready to die

That project takes on even greater urgency.

If, at the moment of death—

You can say “I have never understood things”

Will that cast a wonderful retrospective light

On your entire life?

It would indeed do so—so try harder (useless—there are too many windows, you will never be able to view—all views—available through all windows)/

Understand not-

Crystallize that fact

Catch the light with that crystal

(enfolded, in voluntary blindness)

Blindfolded