

Martin,

Thanks for taking time today. I want to try to address you here, as a reader, outside our spoken conversation, to try to understand what kind of space that is, the reading, and how I can address someone (you) that way.

The text I would like you to read is something I plan to give away on the 20th in Mumok Kino to everyone who attends the event. It will be handed out by one of the guards at the ticket control upstairs, and wrapped like this one, in a red glossy paper. That colour should correspond to a 7 seconds long video I made, a 'red screen', which will be shown at least five times per hour in between other videos in the program.

I know that our meeting is a very different format than the event in Mumok, and I do not intend to address every single guest on that evening like this. I met with Amitai and Kathi last week, and I have been editing the text along the way. I was not sure if I wanted to bring the text into 'the work'. I have decided to do that, and to leave this introduction, and the ones for Amitai and Kathi. I would like to discuss these different 'addressings', and the text and the experience of reading it with you today.

I hope this is not all too confusing. I will let you read on, print this now and wrap it.

Signe, 16 June 2012

Kathi,

Thank you for meeting with me today. I want to try to address you like this, to see how that feels, to talk to you without speaking, though we are still in the same room. A kind of telepathy? It is also a way of opening up this text again, because I feel it has closed down, that I have turned blind on it.

The text I would like you to read is trying to deal with the work I am planning to do in Mumok Kino on the 20th of June, but it is not quite clear in the text what the work actually is. I will tell you about that when you have read the text.

I spoke with Amitai this Thursday, and yesterday I did some editing and cut away parts of the text. I am still not quite sure what function the text has in 'the work', and if it will be there at all on the 20th. It

might simply be a note I make for myself before the actual work happens, and something that facilitates a meeting like this, but it could also be something (folded in a glossy red paper) that people get on that evening to take home. This is one of the things I would like to discuss with you today.

Signe, 9.6.2012

Amitai,

Jeg har lyst til at prøve at henvende mig til dig her, åbne den her tekst lidt op igen. Det kan måske virke akavet at den er på engelsk, når vi begge to taler dansk bedre, men det er fordi der muligvis er andre, der ikke taler dansk, der skal have adgang til den. Jeg ved endnu ikke om og hvordan den skal være en del af det jeg vil vise i Mumok. Men teksten handler mest om at arbejde på noget til screeningen. Jeg kan fortælle dig mere om hvad planen for værket er, når du har læst teksten, jeg tror ikke, det fremgår af den. Jeg er ret i tvivl om, som sagt, hvad teksten her skal bruges til, måske er det et filmmanuskript, som jeg skal realisere, måske er det noget folk skal have den aften til screeningen, pakket ind i et blankt rødt stykke papir, og tage med hjem. Det er noget af det, vi kan snakke om. Nu går jeg ned på en Internet-café og printer.

Signe, 7.6.2012, 14:39

”Good evening, everyone. Friend and foe, good evening”

You are reading this because I have arranged for a work to happen. A work that, besides its title, does not include language (words, sentences). It is not that I want to explain the work in a literal way. Since I started working, I have been writing daily. In that sense, I have already produced a body of text, but it is not public, it is not in the work.

Writing 'I' here is a strategy for taking on a voice. It feels awkward (this is not even my first language, and perhaps not yours either) but I think it is useful: I want to be understood. I am addressing someone — 'you'. That relationship is always already there when I write, even though I am writing to myself.

Follow me

I park my bike in front. From outside, the building appears like a dark closed block, its roof curving down low on the edges. I climb the grey stairs, and enter one of the doors in the side; I don't like to use the carousel doors. I go straight to the counter and buy a ticket. I turn, and head towards the elevators. Ticket control. I wait for the elevator. Inside, I lean my back against the mirror, watch the floors go by. I get out and walk across a dark floor, towards a large double metal door. I show my ticket to the guard. Entering the space, I am confronted with a view under the metal construction that carries the staggered seats. I walk left along it, and look up to my right to get an overview of the seating area (is there anyone I know tonight?) The floor and the walls to a certain height are covered with black carpet. I pass in front of the screen, and start to climb the stairs in the other end of the space. I decide on a row, go in and take a seat. I sit here for a couple of hours. Then I get up and walk further up the stairs. On the top, I pass the projection room. There is a door in the side and windows facing the screen. I go down the stairs on the other side, and across the light terrazzo floor to the bar. I get something to drink. I stand by one of the round polished metal tables for a while. Then I walk to the double door, and leave the space.

Grid

I was looking at a catalogue with works by Yvonne Rainer. In a stage work she put a white grid construction vertically in front of the stage, between viewers and dancers. We can only 'read' the dance through this geometrical pattern. But the logic that is imposed on our viewing is not an underlying principle, that we forget about, it is rather demonstrably a construction set up to classify what we see.

Distraction

I remember seeing a film in which a dancing couple (waltz?) holds a small video camera between their hands and films the ceiling as they dance. The ceiling is decorated with several large round mirrors. We saw a rotating ceiling and now and again, in the mirrors, a glimpse of the couple from above. The recording was swirling shakily, and went on for a while. I felt dizzy and had to look away (I looked at the side walls, the floor, the people sitting in front of me, the back of their heads)

I remember going to see a film with a friend, and because the film was so violent, he fainted. When I looked over at him, he was very pale, but staring at the screen with wide open eyes. He did not react when I asked if he was okay, and I realized he was in a sort of cramp, so I got up and tried to lift him, but he was too heavy and almost fell over. Two men came to help from somewhere in the back. The film stopped and the lights went on. We got outside and they put him on the pavement. Someone had called an ambulance. I never saw the end of the film.

Screen

I read that Marcel Broodthaers produced a screen for his films to be projected on. The screen is not a blank surface that becomes invisible to serve the visibility of the film projected onto it; instead it is already inscribed with numbers (Fig. 1, Fig. 2, etc.) The screen offers a synchronous commentary on the images, a classification, but, as the numbers are stuck on the screen, while the images change on top, the rigid attribution of order is random.

”Pay Attention Motherfuckers”

How does it look (from an audience seat) when a person gets in front of the projection? How does it feel to go there and stay there, knowing that you are in focus, disturbing the consistency of the image because the projection now has to fold around your body?

Someone in the audience holds up a piece of paper in front of the projection, and its shadow marks a square on the screen.

I imagine showing a live transmission of a scene that takes place in the auditorium. But just a detail in that space, starting with someone’s hands. An actor I asked to sit in the audience is filmed by a person sitting next to her, and doubled in the space as the recording is projected onto the screen. As the camera goes up to her face, the actor sees herself looking at the screen.

I imagine showing a live transmission of a scene that takes place in the auditorium. But just a detail in that space, starting with my hands. I ask a friend to sit next to me in the audience seats, and to film me for a short while. I am doubled in the space as the recording simultaneously gets projected onto the screen. As the camera goes up to my face, I see myself looking at the screen.

Or, I think of something else during the film, distract myself. I think of you.