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The greatest danger for those working in cinema is the extraordinary possibility offered for lying.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Quotation by Michelangelo Antonioni via Bret Easton Ellis: @BretEastonEllis, Twitter Account, 13 May, 2015.

3



There must be a really patrician part of me, because I strongly identify with both the Klossowski brothers' Catholic obsessions. Not that biography has to play a part here (in fact an unveiled biography can distract). But I did go to Catholic school. I suspect the ritual thing calms me, understanding that for others, ritual produces an opposite effect. For me, the presence of ritual implies both routine, which is stabilizing, and the opportunity to transgress. Or maybe it's my own perversion issues. Juvenile. But I do think transgression is another word for criticality.


While the plastic, the on-the-surface and somewhat creepy atmosphere of Balthus's paintings are fascinating, pleurably uncanny, it's his brother Pierre with whom I feel more of an affinity, seeking not for an overt, strict purity, a harmony or beauty, but instead, as I sense Pierre did, residing in the push and pull between "purity" (whatever that is) and the desire to rupture that.

1

That's always the problem, figuring out where to end. Here. Over there.

Starting isn't the problem for Angela; but after that she gets confused.

Angela, unaware she's being discussed by an invisible chorus while waiting at a bus stop. Marilyn Monroe did the same in the same titled movie. Except this bus stop isn't in Idaho (as Monroe was in , Idaho when she filmed Bus Stop; in fact, you can still drive by the bus stop). Instead, Angela is waiting for the bus in , Arizona.

Angela, in the present, cardboard cutout of herself. In her mid-forties. She wears a blue and white polka dot wrap dress and white saltwater sandals. She looks like she belongs on an antique poster for a Jersey Shore vacation, rather than in dusty .

Angela. Blond hair out of a bottle. Actually, you can't tell anymore between the blond and the grey streaks. She lives in a sunny climate, where the grey and blond merge after all those hours going about life beneath the sun.

She doesn't have sunglasses covered in so she's squinting her eyes.


2

Keep it up Venus!!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lil Wayne: @LiTunechi, Twitter Account, 5 July, 2016.

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From time to time, Angela made broad, unqualified statements. Many were lifted from Twitter accounts she glanced at in passing. Or from conversations she overheard at her doctor's office waiting room while looking at that Céline ad.

She was also a teeth-grinder. Some of the parts of her ground teeth made their way to her baby as she swam in the ocean near .

The saltwater went down her throat in waves, washed the pieces of Angela's teeth in downward movements, through her, all the way to the baby, who used the leftovers from Angela's teeth for the growth of his own.

12

Anyway. She had moved from the park to the sand, which had been made dirty with debris from other people. From detritus that came with the air. She'd been looking for a get-away and the best she could do was this. Her legs and shoulders covered in brown and black specks. At least those might cover the cellulite.

She got a sunburn over her cellulite. Too many details.

A mental picture of Angela as delusory fragment.

More like an attention whore. Steadily regenerating. Consuming herself.

All blue hues and dusty epiphanies. What they call 'armchair commentary.'

Could be. But I think it's more the result of Angela having been so many people. Queen of Lydia.<sup>13</sup> Diana at her Bath.<sup>14</sup> Elizabeth McGraw.<sup>15</sup>



And this.


<sup>13</sup> Herodotus, *Histories: Book One, The rulers of Lydia: Candaules and Gyges*. 440 BC.  
<sup>14</sup> Pierre Klossowski, *Diana at Her Bath & The Woman of Rome*. Boston: Eridanos Press, 1990.  
<sup>15</sup> *9 1/2 Weeks*, Dir. Adrian Lyne, 1986.

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Angela, prior to the present. Angela, in between. Angela, with blue eyes that sometimes looked electric, and frankly, a little disconcerting—something between real and invented. Angela wasn't invented here. Not so much one thing, but components.<sup>3</sup> Her thin wrists. The shoulder. The swollen fingers. That's Angela. Parts.

Angela was not Tina, the woman of hairballs who we'll get to later. Angela was something else. Both the stillness of turquoise and blue water, and the swirl of a taffy maker as its stretcher moved in kaleidoscopic circles.<sup>4</sup>

Or the aerial map of a hurricane over the , where Angela lived before she moved to .

Saltwater taffy made near the place for saltwater sandals and hurricanes. They, the hurricanes, hit the  this time of year, making concentric circular movements over cities, losing pressurized warm air as they move north.

Angela wasn't thinking too much about hurricanes while floating in the eventual path of one. Oblivious to meteorological circles, she was instead benefitting from the buoyancy of salt water, which is different than a hard surface.

A hard surface is clear; buoyancy is totally unclear. It's supportive; it kept Angela afloat, but in order for it to work, some collaboration from Angela was required, in the form of moving legs and arms.

Hard surfaces are like other people. Who hit or embrace. Who heat inside or need to feel your skin, the surface. More like it, the evidence of a difference between the two.<sup>5</sup>

To be either, to be buoyant, living as if you were Angela and Angela were you. Every part of her absorbed every part of you. And vice versa. Mutual consuming. No line between, no place where Angela ended and you began.

<sup>3</sup> Mike Kelley, *The Uncanny: Playing With Dead Things*, "The Part and Lack (The Organs Without Body)". Ed. Christoph Grunenberg. Originally published with exhibition, 1993; republished Cologne: Walter Koenig, 2004.

<sup>4</sup> Otto E. Rössler, *Eriodaphysics: The World as an Interface*. Berlin: Merve Verlag, 1992. Pp. 18-24.

<sup>5</sup> D.W. Winnicott, *The Child, The Family, and the Outside World*. London, New York: Penguin Books, 1957, 1964, 1991. Pp. 201.

7

Why do sky divers wear helmets? I promise you the helmet won't help if the parachute doesn't open.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Khloe Kardashian: @khloekardashian, Twitter Account, 17 March, 2016.

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Back to our girl: She was all set up. Sitting on the grass at the park near the beach. Angela could see the beach from the park. Not having previously considered herself the "park type," nonetheless she was doing it, she was hanging out in a park near the beach. Sitting near a tree with leaves that looked like pink and brown furry balls. She saw the water beyond the beach and thought about how she would dive, then float, dive again. Be totally absorbed.


That's obvious. I know.

Destroying her instead of someone else.<sup>7</sup> That's what we've been doing here, situating ourselves within what's left of her.

Who's afraid of red?<sup>8</sup> Someone who's living in a hollow, island cube.<sup>9</sup>

We were just looking at that. You've got a good memory of her.

But the streams around Angela were reinforced by sand waves, like a stretched lycra glow, each directed into the dead end. This interlude was a detour, or the way out, into the open, convection flows for subjective weather patterns.<sup>10</sup>

Angela had cellulite in various places. Her legs. Her stomach. She thought she saw it on her elbow. At the park near the beach in , she tried to cover it up with a tan, but she tried too hard and got a sunburn instead. Now, not only did she have cellulite, she had red cellulite. This caused in Angela that less-than-fabulous feeling.

<sup>7</sup> Horst Bredekamp, *Der Bildakt. Frankfurter Adorno-Vorlesungen 2007*. Neufassung, Berlin: Wagenbach 2015. Pp. 175-223.

<sup>8</sup> Dalja Grantina, "Grotto from Glamour". Galerie Joseph Tang, Paris, 28 April - 18 June, 2016.

<sup>9</sup> Ibid.  
<sup>10</sup> Ibid.

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For her there was no need to dredge up from the unconscious: its terrors existed side-by-side and interwoven with ordinary events. The distortions the surrealists deliberately created were those she experienced in daily life. If anything, her energies and her wit and her wiles had to be used to keep in precarious balance what they deliberately tried to undo. No wonder she had no "good surrealist ideas." And then, unlike many of the surrealists, Jane did not think of herself as a political revolutionary.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Millicent Dillon, *A Little Original Sin: The Life and Work of Jane Bowles*. University of California Press, 1998. Pp. 92-93.

## Guided Tour

# by Mary Rinebold Copeland

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**2.9. – 16.10.16**