

YOU

NEVER

THEM

WILL

HATE

AS

MUCH

AS

THEY

LOVE

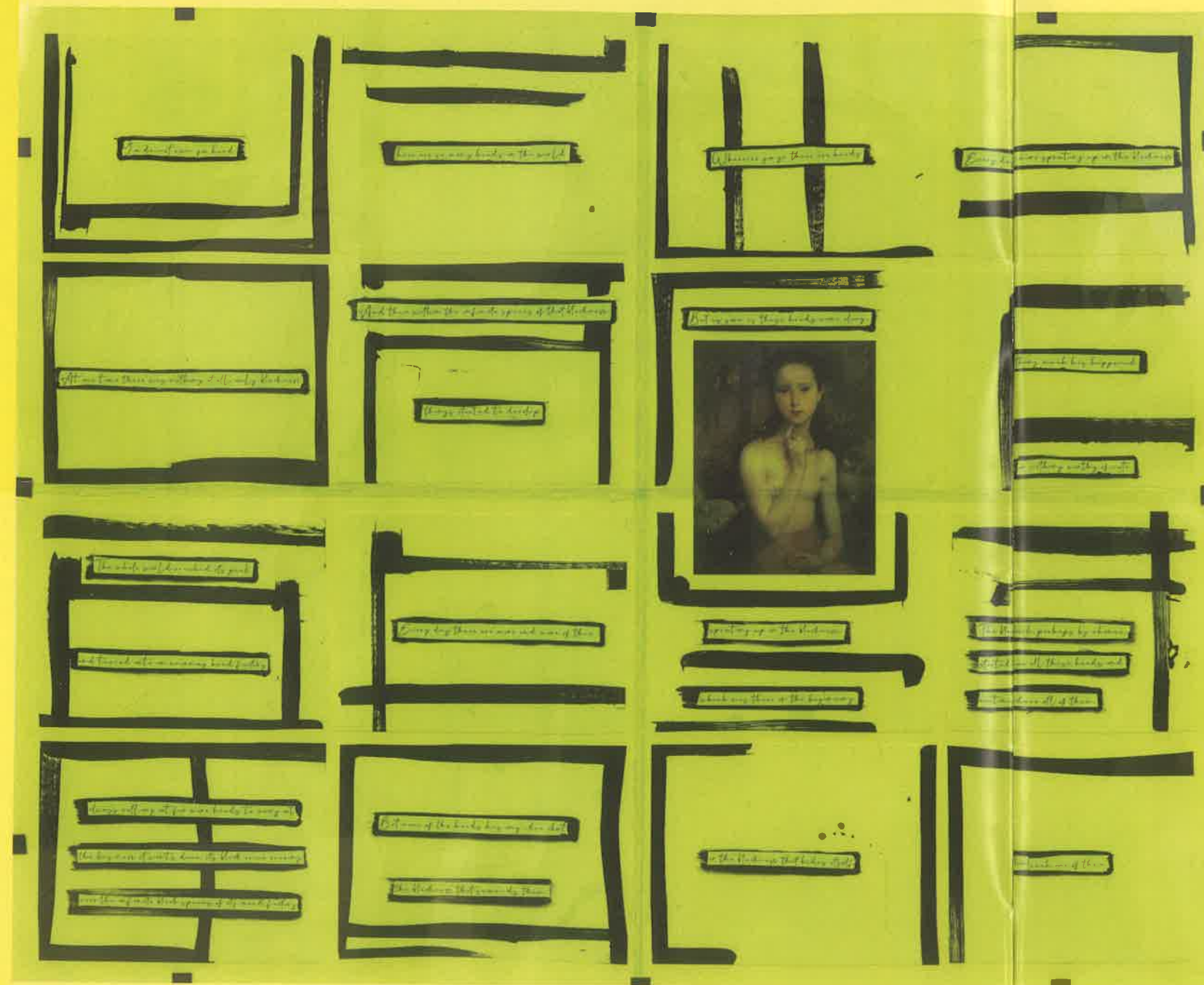
PLAY

TO

THE

GAME





ELISEU	VISCONTI		-	GIOVENTÙ					1898
THOMAS	LICOTTI	-	YOU	DO	NOT	OWN	YOUR	HEAD	2003

A				COLLAGE				AS
A				WASTE-RECYCLING				PROGRAM,
A				SELF-FEEDING				MACHINE,
AN				ASS-TO-MOUTH				LOGIC
TO	TURN	THE	HEGEMONY	OF	THE	HEAD	ON	ITS HEAD.

PIECES OF PAPER ARE USED AS RULERS ON TOP OF OTHER PIECES OF PAPER FOR THE APPLICATION OF BLACK PAINT. RE-ALIGNED NEXT TO EACH OTHER THEY SUGGEST A SLICED VIEW, A BIRDS-EYE GRID, AN INFINITELY EXPANDABLE STRUCTURE. THE WOMAN IN THE PAINTING SEEMS TO ASK: ME? WHY ME?

YOU DO NOT OWN YOUR HEAD
THERE ARE SO MANY HEADS IN THE WORLD
WHEREVER YOU GO THERE ARE HEADS
EVERY DAY THERE ARE MORE OF THEM
SPROUTING UP IN THE BLACKNESS
AT ONE TIME THERE WAS NOTHING AT ALL
ONLY BLACKNESS
AND THEN WITHIN THE INFINITE SPACES OF THAT BLACKNESS
THINGS STARTED TO DEVELOP
BUT AS SOON AS THOSE HEADS CAME ALONG
NOTHING MUCH HAS HAPPENED OR
NOTHING WORTHY OF NOTE
THE WHOLE WORLD REACHED ITS PEAK
AND TURNED INTO AN ENORMOUS HEAD FACTORY
EVERY DAY THERE ARE MORE OF THEM
SPROUTING UP IN THE BLACKNESS
WHICH WAS THERE IN THE BEGINNING
THE BLACKNESS THAT PERHAPS BY CHANCE
BEGAN TO PRODUCE ALL THESE HEADS
AND CONTINUES TO PRODUCE THEM
ALWAYS CALLING OUT FOR MORE HEADS
TO CARRY OUT THE BUSINESS IT WANTS DONE
ITS BLACK VOICE ROARING ACROSS
THE INFINITE BLACK SPACE OF ITS ENORMOUS HEAD FACTORY
BUT NONE OF THE HEADS HAS ANY IDEA
ABOUT THE BLACKNESS THAT SURROUNDS THEM
OR THE BLACKNESS THAT HIDES ITSELF
INSIDE EACH ONE OF THEM

A I N ' T

I

G O O D

T o

T H A T

APPARENTLY THE ONLY E-MAIL THAT THE VERY FAMOUS (MALE) FRENCH FILMMAKER SENT TO THE AMERICAN GALLERIST WHO WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO BE FRENCH. THE FORMER LEARNED THAT THE LATTER HAD ILLEGALLY BOUGHT THE FORMERS ARTWORK FROM A THIRD PARTY WHO HAD PICKED IT FROM THE GARBAGE OF THE VERY FAMOUS FRENCH ART MUSEUM. IN PARIS.

THE VULTURES WERE PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE ARTIST ON THE BAHIA PENINSULA IN MEXICO.

THE LETTERS ARE CUT OUT FROM TAKE-OUT MENUS IN NEW YORK CITY.

S H A R E



SUELY ROINIK - THE SPHERES OF INSURRECTION : SUGGESTIONS FOR COMBATING THE PIMPING OF LIFE, 2017

EDITED BY THE ARTIST BY RANDOMLY PLACING BLACK PIECES OF PAPER ONTO THE TEXT AND APPLYING CORRECTION FLUID / PINK MARKER WHERE DESIRED.

K N O W

T H E

V U L T U R E S

THE RUIN OF OUR SOULS IN RAGS TAKEN BY DREAD TAKEN BY ITS REALIZATION TO DESTROY ALL CULTURE DISSOLVING ITS PROTAGONISTS

H E ELISEU VISCONTI - TORSO DE MENINA , 1895

C O R P S E

W H E N
I A S
W I T T L
A I T R L
G I R L
T H O U G H T
T H A T

FROM ONE MINUTE TO THE NEXT I COULD
FALL OF THE FACE OF THE EARTH

W H

D O N

C L O U D S

V A L L E Y

SINCE EVERYTHING ELSE DOES ?

Y

T

S

PEDRO PERES FASCINAÇÃO 1902



CLARICE PEDRO LISPECTOR COSTA THE HOUR HORSE OF THE MONEY STAR 1977 2014

B E C A U S E
G R A V I T Y
L E S S
T H A N
S T R E N G T H
O T H E R
A I R
T H E P
U P
T H E R E

CLEVER

RIGHT

B U T T H A T
O N E W I L L
D A Y B E
T H E Y M Y
P A L L S
A I N R E V E N G E

The slouching city. We are one body with a thousand heads. Now. Drain the city with our hands. Não passarão—they shall not pass.

★

Mutants arise by mutation. How many times have we died here? To transfigure reality, another life comes in waves like the sea. Here lies a temporary resolution to hallucination, hallucination giving way to hallucination.

★

For the sake of narration we will call her Uê but she has many names. We speak an invented truth told from a fever. I never come home without a fever. From this position of servitude I twist myself to the flames.

★

To make a scene as the aggressor and also to suffer an aggression. Staging a reenactment of ourselves to blacken the pages of a book. If she is making sense, she has misspoken. The past according to sense is a future that betrays.

★

The body with a thousand heads is made of black meat. Everything you see. Everything you feel, eclipsed by—God what is that? The nights are made of cuts, of several ways of cutting flesh: scattered to the birds until they are all fed. And when they are full they sing.

★

A new phenotype. Violence is the only way to defend our humanity. The stage is a realm of freedom and illusion. The world offstage is a place being forced upon you, a generative problem, no doubt, identifying the space between a soul and an outlook. Here is a choice you are forced to make about which version of reality you will occupy.

★

She keeps looking, looking, but never does she see. Something that is here and now and disperses into smoke the next minute. This is an ideology. A radical confrontation, a voluntary protocol, no less a fiction than a distillation of a vanishing epoch.

★

The micromutations of language spoken with a slit tongue, a low-tech preparation for war, biochemical terrorism on a molecular scale, the production and distribution of images-exhalations like wind from a tomb. Fill-in-the-blank subjectivity in a world economy situated somewhere between a teenage kiss in a bomb shelter and an intel insurrection.

★

Give these organs over. To Monsanto, to Petrobras, to strategies providing something that is more liquid, that can be transported from one context into another more easily, something that is fit to survive under these new conditions. Skin is a cult object, both a totem and a taboo.

★

Through the cells of my meat I pass this text. I am only concerned with what is not mine. She's searching for a technology that turns us into decaying subjects, a technology that diminishes the space between us. The sleep-stasis of decomposition. A liminal threshold of what is eaten and who eats it, a decolonizing of the intestines.

★

And then? And then, afterwards, brandish an army of molecular prosthesis to render the world into comprehension. A participatory consciousness, a religious hot, slippery, rhythmic, viral. Going too far. Taking it back. The body with a thousand heads rears up, grinding its asses. Wet, hot, slippery, rhythmic, viral.

★

In a nest of hair read a cannibal metaphysics. Some may go further. A metaphor allows the fusion between psychotropic prostitution and the charm of colonial architecture seen through a rainstorm. Not hate, not contention, not even resistance.

★

Plagued by crime, draught, fraud, recession. Confronting the viewer with her own condition, the viewing, the having already seen. The mutable body is the only body with which to metabolize a theory of acculturation.

★

Cultivate a taste for misery inside a library in Morumbi, which can only ever be a misunderstanding. Wipe your face. Tremble when you feel sadness. Sit on a book when you are flatulent. Prepare for future domination in a city, this city that is a setting for a tragedy.

★

Dirty, hungry, bitch, competition, looking for something to hold onto, orgy, drinking, smoking, a too-young girl, cinema turned against itself, fine whatever you please, shots of beautiful people driving luxury cars in the suburbs, a national shame, shame on you, shame you, agitation, the evolution of exploitation, you smell bad.

★

Beside myself, I stood, turned on. The betrayal of desire came to me though I turned my back. Parted buttocks. A clenched hole. The way an odor evolves in darkness. Group psychology uses political language. With morning comes a reminder: the banality of eating shit.

★

Not a single film but an evolving complex of films, instrumentalized for action, for promoting speculation, for repressing rationalism. A crush behind the scenes. Voluntary vivisection. Run her fingers through the gurgling valley of blood and pulsing guts to cast a fortune into the sky. Kiss me when you're done.

★

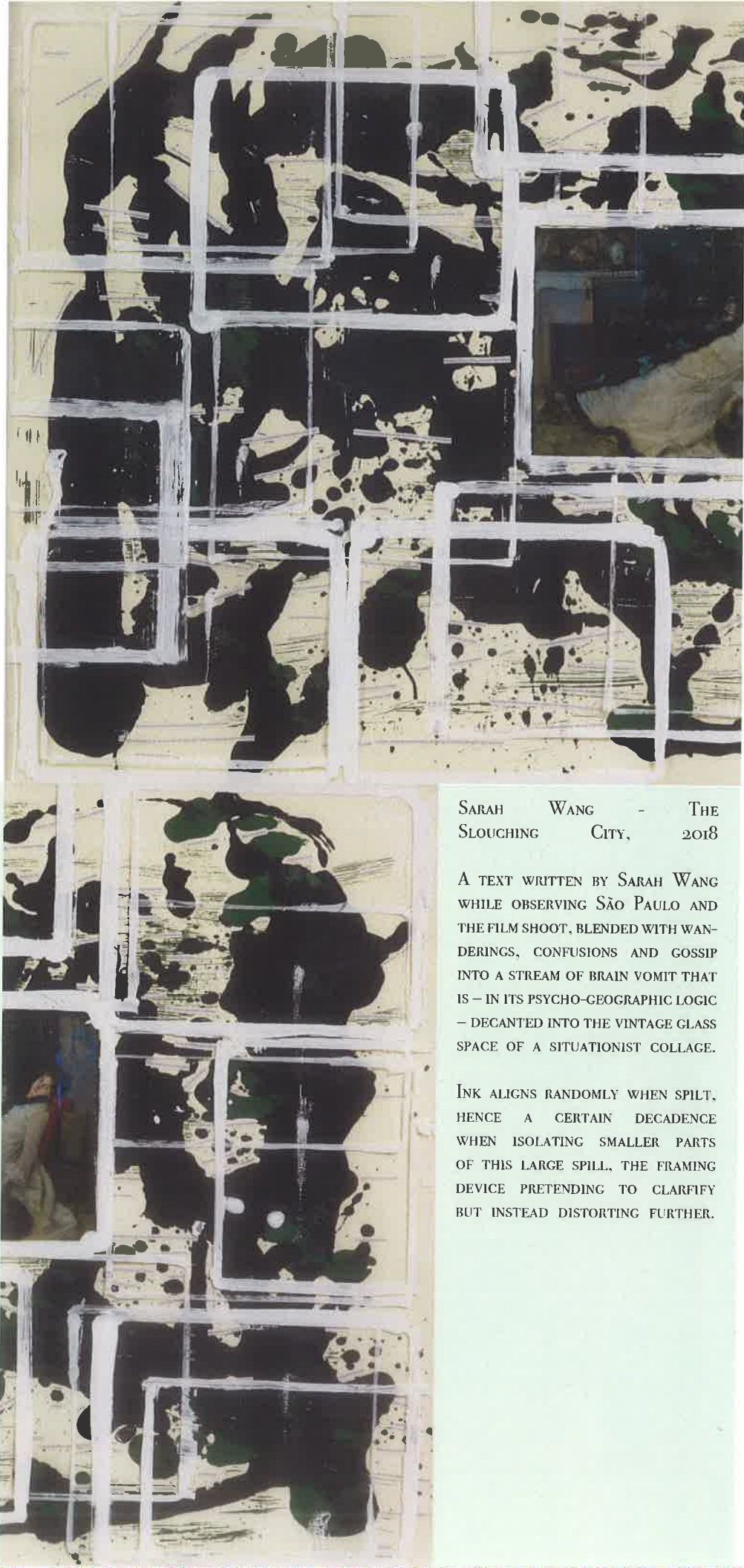
Lend yourself to that kind of pleasure. Excuse me. I'd like to know. How this works as a catalyst. Sound it out. Ahhh-baaa-tuuuuuu. We don't have to understand names. They are only false memories inscribed into a carnal truth. Pay attention to the long takes, the semi-audible conversations.

★

I'm not much of a person. What are you then? I'm not used to it. To what? I can't explain it. Am I what I am? Everything you ask has no answer. It would take a fly twenty-eight days to circle the earth. You're a hair in my soup. Does it hurt to be so stupid? To have such a flat head.

★

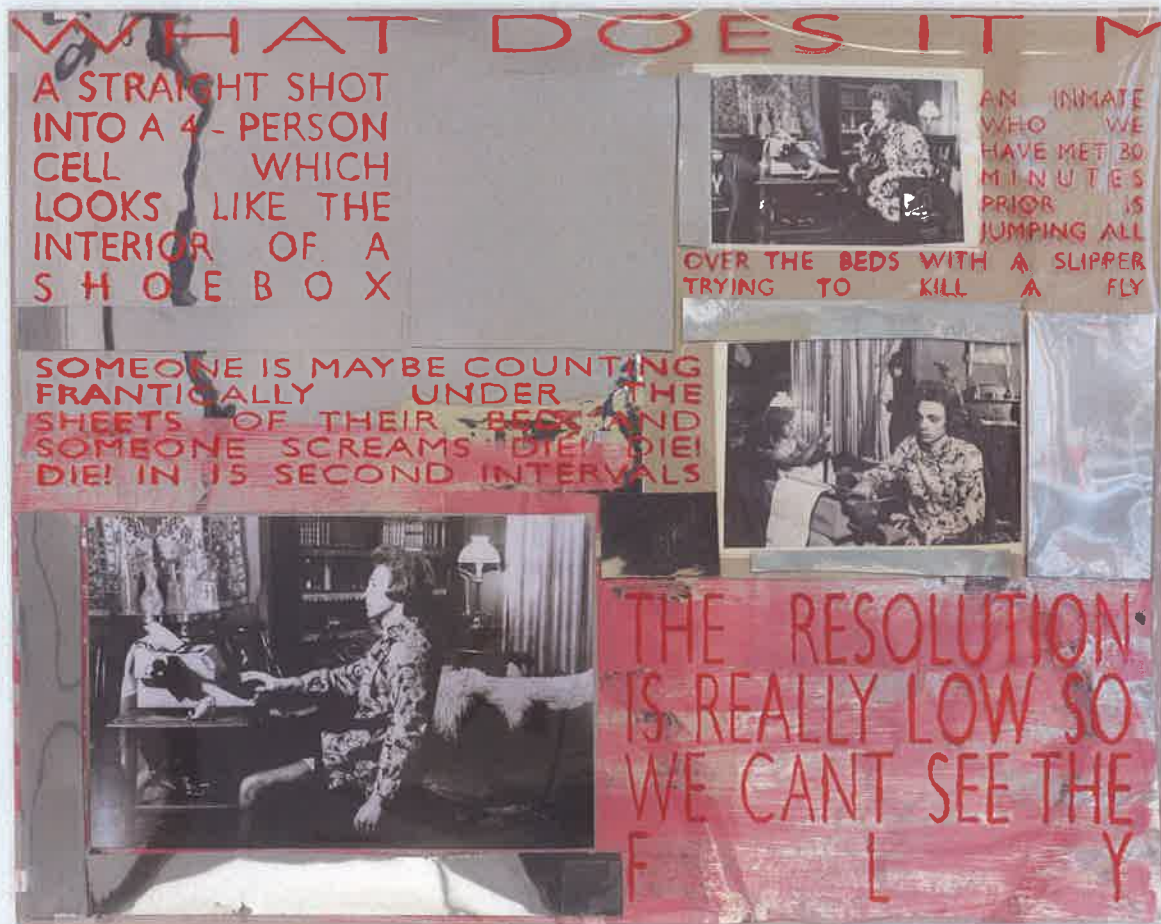
The embattled life cast in crepuscular gloom. The bad never die. A declaimed line. Stripped of emotion. Find virtue in the most unlikely of places. The precipice of catastrophe. A view from the body with a thousand heads. Greetings from a life in the center.



SARAH WANG - THE SLOUCHING CITY, 2018

A TEXT WRITTEN BY SARAH WANG WHILE OBSERVING SÃO PAULO AND THE FILM SHOOT, BLENDED WITH WANDERINGS, CONFUSIONS AND GOSSIP INTO A STREAM OF BRAIN VOMIT THAT IS – IN ITS PSYCHO-GEOGRAPHIC LOGIC – DECANTED INTO THE VINTAGE GLASS SPACE OF A SITUATIONIST COLLAGE.

INK ALIGNS RANDOMLY WHEN SPILT, HENCE A CERTAIN DECADENCE WHEN ISOLATING SMALLER PARTS OF THIS LARGE SPILL, THE FRAMING DEVICE PRETENDING TO CLARIFY BUT INSTEAD DISTORTING FURTHER.



PIERRE ZUCCA -

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR

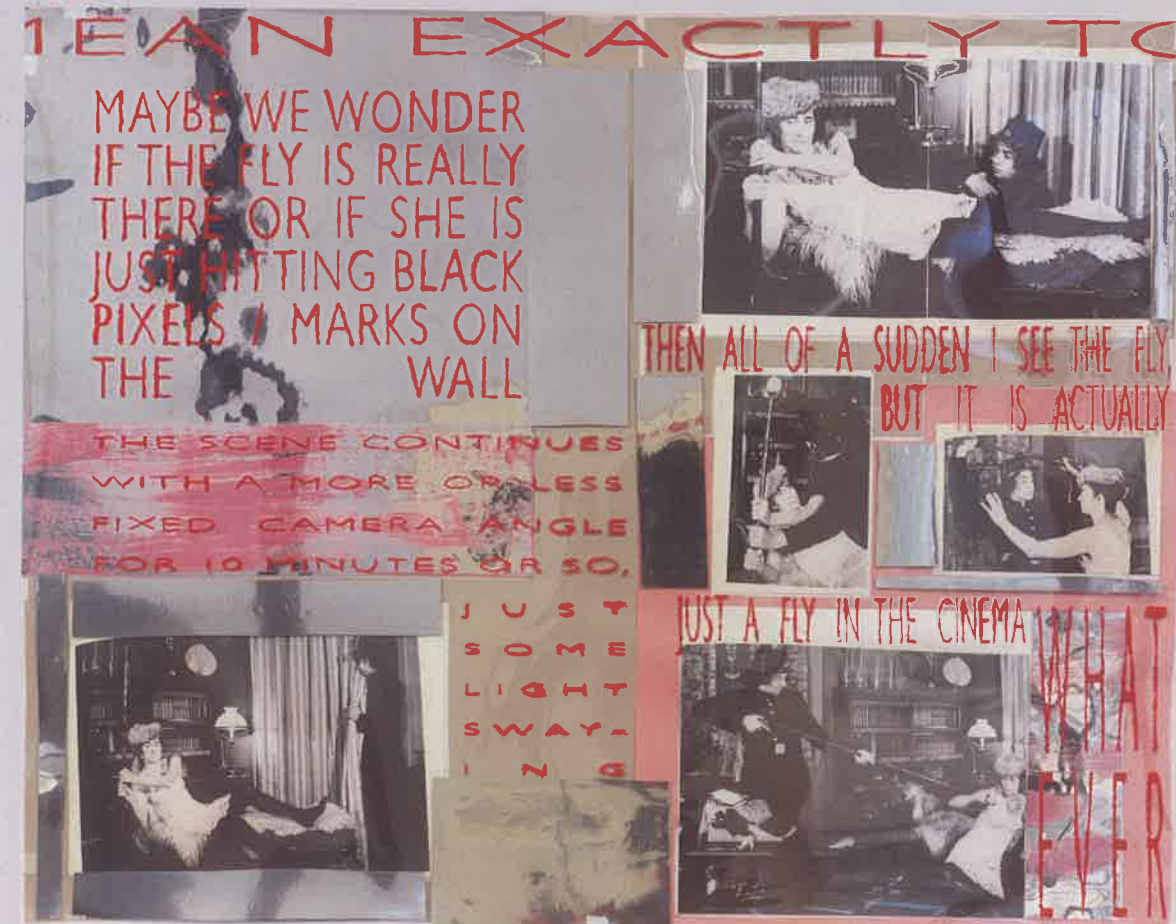
THE FIRST PRINTED

EDITION OF PIERRE

KLOSSOWSKI'S

LA MONNAIE

VIVANT, 1970



A DESCRIPTION OF AN EXPERIENCE THAT THE ARTIST MADE WHILE WATCHING WANG BING'S TILL MADNESS DO US PART. AN EXPERIENCE WHICH DIDN'T SEEM TO RE-OCCUR UPON A SECOND VIEWING.

PAUL

MICHEL

DUPUY

-

STUDY

FOR

WOMAN

WITH

PARROT,

1908

WHEN I HANDED THE PRINTOUT OF THE PORTRAIT TO SUZY - WITH THE INTENT TO USE IT AS A TOOL FOR IMPROVISATION - SHE SAID SHE WANTED TO PAINT IT, WHICH SHE SUBSEQUENTLY DID AS SHOWN IN THE FILM. I NEVER ASKED HER WHY EXACTLY, AS I WAS TOO INTRIGUED IN WATCHING HOW THE RED PAINT MELTED THESE TWO CREATURES - THE BOURGEOIS JEUNE-FILLE AND THE WHITE PARROT - INTO A STRANGE NEW ONE. LATER I ASKED HER WHAT BROUGHT HER TO DO THAT BUT SHE HAD ALREADY FORGOTTEN.

FOR THE COLLAGE I DECIDED TO THROW A LAYER OF THE GOOD OLDE WHAT DOES IT MEAN? ON TOP OF IT.



