April 28 2007 Orchard – ~~Collective for Living Cinema~~

~~**FEAR OF WHITEOUT- the substance of things hoped for evaporates in the blink of an eye.**~~

~~Programmed by Mark McElhatten~~

"The girl I left behind me is constantly before me someday she'll be beside me again" – Fats Waller

~~A gentle exorcism in a thimble theatre. I shudder to think...~~

~~A shoot- out on White Street leads to a gathering at the Orchard.~~

~~Proceeding from a place that *was*, arriving in a moment before us now destined to fall at our feet. An evening of involuntary memory with some site specific considerations, Shards of sound and image subjected to time, of known and unknown provenance. Film and video of vintage maturity mixed with the infantine and tender.~~

~~Agnostic Ceiling : Chapter two~~—Chapter one being: *Agnostic Ceiling* (Rotterdam and Los Angeles 2007)

"We told time by the factory whistle since our clock had drowned.. An explosion of raindrops danced in the corner of the room where the roof leaked. Dust bubbling into foam, newspapers, unread books and the old concordance swelling excitedly as peninsulas of spilled ink and cocoa ran across the floor. We had lost our taste for prayer. Hungry for the rain as if it were medicine we stood mesmerized before the mirror. It looked like we were posing for a portrait made of falling silver and tears. We stood fixed as if looking at someone else, struck dumb by the song of the whippoorwill- Darcy Shreve – Gumball Arcadia



Bone Orchard Scrapbook (living photoplays portray the aftermath)

Programmed by Mark McElhatten

works by Jeanne Liotta, Kalup Linzy, Bruce Conner, Julie Murray, Luther Price, Ernie Gehr, Bruce McClure, Paolo Gioli, Lewis Klahr.

"So we lived with the debris and the fallen branches and vines coming into our living room the mess in the yard. There it was as fresh as April as old as the scriptures, the world torn from it's spine like a scrapbook, like dead leaves to rake and burn. Dried irises and bone lace, a butterfly wing, old tickets to the matinees where we watched the picture show dizzy in the mezzanine from holding hands. (He tore the paper off my cup cake is what I would say). Pine needles and photographs of our old rowboat at the lake and the stillborn twins. Discharge papers, marriage license, birth certificates and bunch of yarrow and all the words for yarrow: arrowroot, bad man's plaything, carpenter's weed, death flower, devil's nettle, eerie, field hops, hundred leaved grass, nosebleed, old man's mustard, old man's pepper ,sanguinary,seven year's love, snake's grass, soldier's woundwort, thousand seal. The world is made up out of little bits of things. My tongue depends on an alphabet o f 26 letters and a kiss that hits me like buckshot. 88 keys: A piano is made of tusks and trees, hammers and felt. The world had one big heart that was shot to pieces, smashed into little slivers that ran away and got caught between our ribs. I did what I was told and I did what I was told not to do. Both things made me better. I am not soiled and I am not new. I am damp and bloodshot and as tattered as that scrapbook and the scrapyard world we live in. The world of ripening ghosts and ripped pictures, scripture ,rip tides breaking in my sliver of heart. I was waiting to tell you this and I can say it now, I can say it now that you are gone." **Darcy Shreve from *Gumball Arcadia***