

---

**In the Meantime, Examples of the Same Lily**  
**(A temporary androgyne for Lynda Benglis and Richard Tuttle)**

A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements of the Royal College of Art for the  
degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Lee Triming

December 2015



---

**a, A Novel**



**1 / 1<sup>1</sup>**

*Rattle, gurgle, clink, tinkle.*

*Click, pause, click, ring.*

*Dial, dial.*

A step-ladder, a round coffee table, cupboards and lockers, a sofa wrapped in clear plastic, a set of dumbbells, a heavy, uncomfortable looking chair. A sort of mirror ball. Chairs and strips of loose foil. Leads and cables everywhere. Easels? A folding screen. A projector (or similar) in a black case, strip lights, shelves crowded with unidentifiable bottles and packets and tins. An oil drum, a typewriter, an exit sign. Boxes of various sizes, a heap of little packages on a metal stand. A cat, two columns, poured concrete floor, a tiny silver Cadillac. An angle-poise lamp. Some sort of printer. A dented metal bucket, a mop or broom handle, a tripod, speakers, the legs and groin of a shop window dummy painted silver. An unfurled projection screen on a flimsy stand. A tape recorder and a camera. A pencil, wires, a can of Tab, a plastic tray leaning against the wall, wooden crates, two tall lamps, a sheet of densely knotted wood. A large mirror or Mylar screen. Acetate positives (men's faces, black and white) on the wall and over the window. Filing cabinets, daisies in a paint pot. The Manhattan district phonebook hanging by a loop of string. Newspapers. A brown paper bag. Upended crates, piles of boxes wrapped in brown paper and tape, blue letters printed on foil. Jackies. A small table with an unidentifiable electronic device. A wooden desk with eight drawers. A glass ashtray, a paper cup. Other lamps. Foil-covered walls. A stereo. Sheets of paper or plastic. ONDINE<sup>2</sup>—You said (*dial*) Fire extinguishers. A sink.

TO AND FRO. FRO AND TO. AND TO AND FRO. AND FRO AND TO.

1972 [B/W, sound, 1 min.]

that, that, if,

Produced by Leo Castelli Gallery, New York City.

Videography: Richard Landry.

Performer: Lawrence Weiner.

First presentation: Leo Castelli Gallery, New York City [N.D. 1972]<sup>3</sup>

An ashtray is used to demonstrate five different actions related to the work.<sup>4</sup> With the camera static, the video opens with the ashtray in the center of the screen. A hand approaches it from above and slides the object up and down, then back up and back down. A voice states the work, the conditions relevant to the art (see illustration for the artist's transcript).<sup>5</sup> Each time an act is completed, the hand lifts off the object making a separation from the next "possibility". The acts (or movements) are identical and mimic the language (e.g. to and fro...) as it is spoken.

A small table, a step-ladder, strip lighting, lamps. Rows of boxes, three screenprints showing the head of a cow. A swivel chair, tripods, sofa cushions, cameras. Two orderly clusters of Coke bottles. Tape, a drawing board, cigarette ash, printing tables, eyeliner,

A FIRST QUARTER.

1973 [16mm, B/W, 85 min., sound]

Produced by Leo Castelli Gallery, New York City and Jack Wendler, London. Executive producer: Joyce Nereaux.

Cinematography: Andy Mann.

Music: Richard Landry (performed by Richard Landry, Richard Peck, Robert Prado, Rusty Gilder and David Lee). Audio engineer: Kurt Munkacsy.

Players: Elaine Grove, Mel Kendrick, Bella Obermaier, Tina Girouard.

First screening: Leo Castelli Gallery, New York City, March 14-16, 1973.<sup>6</sup>

Using the structure of a feature film as its basic format, *A First Quarter* adopts the principles of nouvelle vague cinema as its role model. Simultaneous realities, altered flash-backs, play on time and space are all components of the form and content of the film. Because it was originally shot in video and then kinescoped to 16mm film, *A First Quarter* has acquired a poetic, soft look. If you pick, pick up the mayor's voice on the other end. The dialogue consists entirely of the work as it is spoken and read, built, enacted, written and painted by the players.<sup>7</sup> As the scenarios build, they appear as tropes, one after another.

Beginning with a bleak winter beach scene, a microphone, sunglasses, cigarettes, jewellery a young woman (Elaine Grove) recites work and then looks solemnly up to the sky at a ominous helicopter hovering nearby. This sets the tone for the entire film. After Grove has said her first work, there is a jump cut to Grove with Bella Obermaier and Mel Kendrick walking through a park. They get into a car No matter and drive. how Richard Landry's music becomes complicated anything is, audible as "Bless them all, bless them all, the long and whenever I say the short and the tall." something about my paintings, I always find —if it is not mixed up with remembering Throughout there is no confusion the film, Grove 'speaks' the majority of the works. that the opposite is true as well.<sup>8</sup> (*dial, pause, dial-dial-dial*) Obermaier repeatedly builds TO AND FRO. FRO AND TO. AND TO AND FRO. AND FRO AND TO. Mel Kendrick builds A TRENCH DUG FROM THE HIGH WATER MARKING TO THE LOW WATER MARKING UPON A BEACH.<sup>9</sup>

Grove, Obermaier and Kendrick could be reporters or members of a political cell; they appear to work together at home. The two women seem to live together, sleeping in the same bed, (*busy-busy-busy*) but they are not "involved" with each other. Kendrick is romantic with both women. *DRELLA*—... A love scene between Kendrick and Grove on the sofa takes place in the midst of written and spoken works. In the background, *FLANKED BESIDE* and *SHIFTED FROM THE SIDE* (among other works) are printed on white display boards which are propped up against the wall. An audio-tape plays *UNDER AND OVER. OVER AND UNDER. AND UNDER AND OVER. AND OVER AND UNDER.* in English and French. This scene is repeated with an altered soundtrack after a cut shows Kendrick meeting Obermaier on the street. They fall into an embrace on the hood of a car and she builds *TO AND FRO...* across his chest. Then she licks her finger and inscribes *DUG* on the metal hood. Okay. Hmm. *Coin drops.*

[DOES IT MATTER WHAT TIME OF DAY IT IS?] —She recounts an incident A sort of mirror ball upended on the floor. from the mid-sixties, in which Andy Warhol asked her and her boyfriend to make love on camera in one of his films A step-ladder. A paper cup, A sublime glimpse of Lawrence Weiner a toy car, a desk. (and his only appearance in the film) is used as a device to flashback earlier scenes. These inserts Newspapers, magazines show a still photograph of him squatting in front of a work built for the Op Lasse Schroeven exhibition in Amsterdam, 1969. Below the photograph, two works - *A FLARE IGNITED UPON A BOUNDARY* and *THE RESIDUE OF A FLARE IGNITED UPON A BOUNDARY* - are printed. As scenes are repeated through-out the film, they are altered: a step-ladder, cardboard boxes sometimes the soundtrack is overdubbed by Landry's music, or the works are read in a different language. amplifiers, film canisters, tables, an electric fan — although "fascinated

by ‘the fact that it was an area of consideration,’” Benglis refused the invitation, which she saw as an “intrusion, declaring, ‘I wasn’t interested in being the object of someone else.’”<sup>10</sup>

One scene stands out from the rest of the film. In real time, an androgynous figure (Tina Girouard), dressed in a work shirt and hat, carefully paints ONE QUART EXTERIOR GREEN ENAMEL THROWN ON A BRICK WALL<sup>11</sup> in large block letters on a brick wall (and misspells EXTERRIOUR). She stays within the boundaries of a rectangle, breaking the words to fit within the space.<sup>12</sup>

At the end of the film, wires and lamps. the three players sit together at a table drinking coffee. While Grove reads aloud, A paper cup, scissors, a broom Kendrick and Obermaier smoke cigarettes. Brillo boxes. The camera focuses on Obermaier's hand as she builds TO AND FRO... with a cigarette box on the surface of the table, her gesture identical to Weiner's in the videotape To and Fro. Fro and To. And To and Fro. And Fro and To.<sup>13</sup> The entire scene is repeated, a cowboy hat, a cigarette holder. Lamps, cameras, a ballpoint pen, over and over again. (*honk, honk*) [ALL LIGHT SOURCES ARE ARTIFICIAL, MAKING IT HARD TO TELL.] a step-ladder, a round coffee table, foil coming loose from the wall. Lamps, cameras, a ballpoint pen, a sort of mirror ball upended on the floor. A spotlight. An electric fan on a tall stand. like uh, I, wha—(*noise*). A sink, two toilets, bits of wood, Answering service . . . Are you (*cars honking*, a small black folio or case. A vacuum cleaner, scissors, tall lamps and lamps on desks, chairs, a sofa, a metal stand with shelves at two different heights. Light from a projector, multiple shadows, *blasting*). Are there DIFFERent places—an ashtray, books, sheets of paper. A payphone, a camera, an open window. Large, flat, indeterminate objects stacked against the wall. A paper cup, a step-ladder, a spent bullet casing. Items of dark clothing discarded on pieces of furniture already mentioned. Cardboard boxes, a mirror, an oil drum and two smaller trash cans. An irregular octagon of white paper. A clock, strip lights. A small brown painting.<sup>14</sup> A vacuum cleaner, perfectly applied lipstick, a heavy, banded trunk, speakers, handbags, two alarm clocks, jars, a small black folio or case. An exercise bike maybe. Cambell's tomato juice boxes. Nah. Foundation and eyeliner smeared across the back of a hand. Do you need some Obertrols? A suitcase and a paper cup, bits of wood, rolls of paper, canvas, stretcher bars, a cartwheel, an ashtray, a microphone. A typewriter, a light bulb. Do you have any? Cans of paint. A suitcase, a T.V. set, magazines, a paper cup. A sofa wrapped in plastic. Blue ones. A camera with a zoom lens with a white lens cap on a table. Wood, a suitcase, cans of paint. Large, flat, indeterminate objects. Oh, they're five milligrams.<sup>15</sup>

DO YOU BELIEVE IN WATER?

1976 [color, sound, 39 min.] Whish! (*Giggle.*)

Produced by The Kitchen, New York City; Fifi Corday and Moved Pictures,<sup>16</sup> New York City.

Videophotography: Carlota Schoolman, Michael H. Shamberg. [NO DAYLIGHT ENTERS, EITHER BECAUSE THE WINDOW/S IS/ARE COVERED OR BECAUSE IT'S DARK OUT. AGENTS: A BUNCH OF PEOPLE HANGING OUT.]

Audio-tape overlap: Lawrence Weiner. (Melodic noise: A Tribe in/of New Guinea, from Niugini Sampela Song Bilong Yumi [Schlenker-Film, 45rpm]. Voices: Azw Bentley and Lawrence Weiner.)

Players: Robert Stearns, Steve Bluter, Suzanne Harris, Norman Fisher, Ann-Sargent Wooster, Madeleine Burnside.

First presentation: The Kitchen, New York City, 1976 (as a component of the exhibition «With relation to the various manners of use», September 25 - October 18, 1976.)<sup>17</sup> (*Laughter.*) (*Music.*) (*Pause.*) (*Voices.*) (*Music.*) An octagonal table is painted pink and built around a support column in a large loft room. The performers are seated around the table, either on cinder-blocks or boxes which are painted pink, violet, or silver to represent the colors in the work. One performer

(Robert Stearns) stands up, speaks the credits for the tape, and then says "Do you believe in water? Robert Stearns." He claps and turns to the next performer who asks the same question and gives his name. Each performer is introduced in this manner. A voice interjects "A game. With pink, violet and silver."

The players peel off into pairs: two women get onto the table and begin to undress, two men sit on the floor and play patty-cake, a man and a woman sit together on two blocks. As far as the teams are concerned, the two men and the man and woman have the most interaction. These pairs engage in tugs-of-war, argue about who has the most integrity, as well as fight for possession of the props. The women on the table begin making love. [STRIP LIGHTS OFF. LIGHT FROM SMALL LAMPS. AND FROM THE PROJECTOR.]<sup>18</sup> Sometimes they stop and talk about what is going on. They are the most gentle of the three pairs. At one point Stearns starts to get bossy and his team-mate looks like he'd rather be on the table with the two women. The team consisting of the man and the woman is the most composed. She acts like she is there to play a game; he looks fascinated and bewildered and follows her lead.

There are a number of overlap soundtracks including a work track (Cat. #s 434/436), a conversation track, and a song track from a New Guinea tribe. These sounds interface with the actions of the performers. While the tribe sings, (*Ondine bites the microphone*.) the performers play, and the work is read - "Touched by silver/touched by pink/one on top of the other/one behind the other." [AGENTS: A BUNCH OF PEOPLE HANGING OUT, TALKING AND DANCING, MOVING THINGS AROUND: ASHTRAYS, CHAIRS, SMALL PACKAGES, PAPER CUPS. SOMETIMES THEY PAUSE TO WATCH THE FILMS. MOSTLY THEY ARE DRINKING, TALKING, DANCING, COMING AND GOING.] While this is going on, a male voice on the conversation

track asks questions, including "Do you believe in water?" A female voice answers vaguely: "Often." What I am working on is a vague discipline He also asks, for instance: —Goethe, for instance, Two pencils in a paper cup. "Is tongue kissing like ass kissing?" says that when he sat down, lowered his head, and vividly conjured up the image of a flower, Heads or tails? he saw it undergoing changes of its own accord, A radio? A drawing board. Can you see that kind of quality judgement about colors? Do you think there is an emotional response to color?" —Close the oracle. A stylised picture of a flag rippling in the wind. f—Ah, but then you've learned it all. —not bad at all, I, Drella, listen Stephen / / / /—why don't you —as if entering into new combinations of form. At times these questions are responded to by the work track. A fire extinguisher. Two fire extinguishers hanging on the wall at different heights. The upended bottom half of a shop mannequin, rolls of paper, screens, a wire running the length of a wall. Plastic containers. Hats and cigarettes and hairdos. Tights. —Don't you want to become a woman?<sup>19</sup> —This is called vagueness, so be aware of that. Tights that match the sofa. A chain, straps. Models and others.<sup>20</sup> Amps, microphones, guitars, a drum kit, sheets of paper, a heap of lead in a corner. Wires hanging from the ceiling. A sofa with items of black clothing hanging over the back and with a camera and newspapers on it. Skirts, trousers. Breton shirts, patterned shirts, sunglasses and wigs, screens, flowers, jackets and tape and two no three columns covered in foil. A sort of mirror ball — hat-shaped, like a dome with a wide, thick brim, and covered [CLOTHES GO ON, COME OFF, ARE EXCHANGED.] in circular mirrors about the size of the palm of your hand — on the floor by a worn-looking sofa. Silhouettes, shadows, black garments, short hair, cigarettes, outfits, forearms, a doorknob, a package, bodyhair and its absence, a bottle of ginger ale, cigarettes, jewellery, a paper cup. Beads. A coffee table covered with a plastic sheet. An embossed metal sign reading: LADIES. A spotlight shining directly on a large sheet of wood from a distance of less than three feet. Two fire extinguishers between a Liz and an Elvis.<sup>21</sup> Bare shoulders, corners, a swivel chair with arms and back removed. Belts. A jacket hanging from a metal stand. Hair sprayed with silver paint, sweaters, knee-high boots, cabinets, shelves. A funnel in mid-air. Four shot Marilyns. A pocket handkerchief. Tripod, camera, hat, make-up, knife. [CLAMOUR OF VOICES.] Two cane chairs. Armbands, a shawl spread out on the



floor, uneven lipstick, teeth, body hair, a suit and tie, sunglasses, strappy sandals, a shirt coming off, scarves, belts, a ring, bare feet, plastic sheeting, false eyelashes, bikinis, bow tie, guitar, plastic fork, caps, jeans, a black t-shirt, two projectors, coat-hangers, bangles, underwear, a whip, suntan lotion, bananas, a plastic dome. TRAILER FOR PLOWMANS LUNCH

1982 [color, sound, 6 min.] bananas,  
a black t-shirt  
Produced by Moved Pictures, New York City.

Videophotography: Lawrence Weiner.  
Sound track: Lawrence Weiner. Where it came from  
[audio tape and 45rpm record, published by Moved  
Pictures NYC and Les Disques du Crépuscule, Belgium,

1981.] (Voice: Lawrence Weiner. Piano: Roma Baran.)  
Player: Alice Weiner (Zachte Berm). an

Well, I, I just chewed the bubble gum and I (laughter),  
—oh—

ashtray  
Contribution to Video Magazine Infermental, No. III  
Budapest 1984.<sup>22</sup>

[A WHITE DOG CREEPS IN THROUGH THE  
FIRE EXIT.]

Zachte Berm from Plowman's Lunch sits with her back to  
the camera in front of a large mirror; her face, covered  
with shaving cream, is seen in its reflection. As the sound  
track begins, she tries to lip-sync with the spoken words  
(among them: "art isn't a metaphor upon the relationship of  
human beings to objects and objects to objects in relation to  
human beings but a representation of an empirical existing  
fact.") A paper cup, a step-ladder, rubber gloves,  
mirrors, pipes, a tape recorder —he tried to fade  
into his entourage [DIM LIGHT FROM

MULTIPLE SOURCES FALLING ON FACES,  
HANDS, PAPER CUPS, BACKS REVEALED BY  
BACKLESS DRESSES ETC.] while shaving.

netting, cables  
treating people as if they  
were amoebic emanations<sup>23</sup>

—and an argument would begin... But if<sup>24</sup>  
bananas, an ashtray

Isn't that awful?  
He's snobbish. Isn't that AWful?

—Gems can't remain gems forever,  
—I'm attempting to grasp the immaterial agent  
(someone in the background: "Drella, Drella")

—the pronoun

rubber gloves, tripod, make-up.

—Magic argues against causality (in

A tin of paint. Bananas, an ashtray,

—There is actually no confusion, ie.

Separation, between Bare feet, a small brown

painting.<sup>25</sup> Tuttle's work and the wall —...

which is not engulfed by a body;

RR— . . . especially the ashtray.

BN— Whaah?

a pencil on a tabletop.

— I think that one is less confronted by the question “what” than by questions of timing (when) or of placement (where).

He’s with Rauschenberg.

BN— Hey, Mars, Bars

O— Why don’t you have one, darling?

chairs, columns covered with silver foil

—, but she intentionally explored how those experiences are determined

a step-ladder with a fan balanced on the third step.

—Before we put you under.

—by what she called the complete “body-mind”<sup>26</sup>

A roll of tape.

Isn’t that awful? We’re being snubbed. It’s Rauschenberg.

— What is a hinge. A hinge is a location.

—Astrology is an essence and dividing it into angles is a man-made technique

A fan and a typewriter

— and thus, how they are gendered.

— the paper octagons are any-sided

a fan and a typewriter and an ashtray on a sofa.

The names, moreover, are not definite, final or real names

—The wall is there and the work is there; and the wall is part of the work is part of the wall.

A payphone with a mirror leaning against its lefthand side where the cradle for the receiver is. talula, you a-a-are . . . (*Overwhelming distortion.*)

An ashtray balanced on the arm of a sofa, lipstick on the rim of a paper cup. An invitation card pulled from behind the pipe by the payphone and used as a coaster.

[ BETWEEN FILMS VIEWERS SOMETIMES SWITCH THEIR ATTENTION TO PEOPLE’S SHADOWS TREMBLING AND JUMPING ON THE FOIL-COVERED WALLS. ]<sup>27</sup> His intermingling and mixing with other things Hairdos, wires A BIT OF MATTER AND A LITTLE BIT MORE.

He, he, he won’t say hello.

1976 [color, sound, 23min.]

Produced by Moved Pictures,<sup>28</sup> sofas and paper cups, New York, in cooperation with Fifi Corday Productions.

Videography: Michael H. Shamberg.

Music: Marzette Watts. (Voices: Azw Bentley and Lawrence

Weiner.)

Players: Martine Rapin, Cynthia Pattison, Mike Grotto, P. Hoenderos, D. Kaplan, Susan Davis, Ms. Tacks/Takes.  
scraps of foil. An alarm clock in the bowl of a toilet painted silver.

First presentation: The Kitchen, New York City, December 9, 1976.<sup>29</sup>

An ashtray underneath a sofa. —I was interested in a non-logical, contained activity. A typewriter on a wooden chair. Step-ladders, tables. A plastic tray leaning against the edge of a table. An invitation card poked behind a gas pipe.

The male/female, subject/object investigation in *A Bit Of Matter And A Little Bit More* does not have any titillating episodes leading up to it. The appetite Earrings on the floor by a roll of tape is not whetted beforehand. a chest of drawers, a plastic tray Hardcore, the opening shot shows the crotch area leaning on a bucket of two bodies, male and female, engaged in coitus. —which accidentally adjoin him in different situations and positions, a cat, an ashtray, an angle-poise lamp — It is simply a question of placement The camera shifts to a point on the floor where a circle with arrow pointin to it are taped. (Perhaps a screwed up sex symbol?) Also on the floor are a hammer and a nail. Two people approach the circle. [SOME ARE WATCHING THE FILM. SOME ARE LOOKING AT THE SMALL PAINTING.] One of them picks up the hammer and drives the nail into the floor. A crate, an ashtray, an angle-poise lamp, foundation and eyeliner smeared across the clear plastic sheeting wrapped over the arm of a couch in the middle of the room. The both walk to the corner of the room where ther is a blanket. (Perhaps this action builds *AN OBJECT SECURED UPON A THRESHOLD?*) Two spotlights on tall metal stands, one switched on and lighting its fellow so that it casts a long thin shadow over chairs, tangled wires and rows of Campbell's tomato juice boxes laid out on sheets of paper or plastic. The music is jazz bubble-gum. Crates, tins, bottles, boxes. A woman's voice on an overlap track begins to compare the idea of baroque to sex. A vacuum cleaner, film canisters, a white chest of drawers. —and from which he cannot detach himself, changes his image, transforms him and grants him common characteristics with animals, plants and other Elements... Plastic sheeting in a heap, phone numbers scrawled on a doorframe. Possibly a road sign. She says that Film canisters, a vacuum cleaner. discussing either is silly because she doesn't "really" know what either is. Then she tlks about what people get excited by. Metal stands. Blurred items. — What we are looking for (*Sirens outside.*) Doors, a mirror, a roll of tape. is not something that can be settled by the production of a pre-determined form, but rather something that is suspended in its movement.<sup>30</sup> The image shifts to faces, A broken mirror and a gas pipe to the left of the payphone. and then to a girl leaning against a wall. Stencilled on the wall to her left is *A BIT OF MATTER AND A LITTLE BIT MORE*. She is the moderator and remains dressed throughout the tape. While she reads *100 ROCKS ON A WALL* (Cat. #s 414-418), the same work is simultaneously spoken by a female voice on the overlap track and superimposed on the screen along wth the credits for the tape. She has as well, a brick. [SOME ARE LOOKING AT THE OCTAGON. SOME ARE TRYING TO PET THE DOG.] The moderator is also interviewed from off-screen about her role as "controller" of the tape. She says that she isn't really sure what her role is. Does she feel empathy? Mostly not.

Within the body of the tape, A tripod by a sofa. the people performing sex acts appear to be divided into three groups. A glass ashtray on a large sheet of paper. A crate by a sofa. Flowers, two toilets, cameras and tripods and a cat. —I believe that we can contemplate a "where" that is not a physical space, An ashtray on a crate. A pencil, a roll of tape on the floor by a chair. One is heterosexual (straight) (*inaudible*) and Cigarette butts, buckets. they are not in the same scenes as the other couples. The other two pairs are heterosexual (kinky) —but rather An ashtray on the floor by a chair. and lesbian. an immaterial space, such as the televised news The kinky couple propositions the lesbians who aren't really interested in them. (*Sirens.*) (*Music.*) (*Laughter.*) Necklaces, cigarette butts —Will it disappear At the end a male voice says, (*Rita doing Gregorian chants*) "Some questions and five answers relative to moed picutres, five questions and some answers relative to moved pictures." This Boxes, an ashtray, a paper cup. refers to the artist's book *100*

Rocks On A Wall (Lund: Edition Sallem, or alter its constitution? Archive of Experimental and Marginal Art, 1976). Cigarette butts, a paper cup. Boxes, tripod, rubber gloves. Rubber gloves and boxes with a tripod. Make-up, boxes, a roll of tape. A tripod folded up and leaning against a crate. This is followed by lots of sighs and squeaking noises. —... when two bodies are a filing cabinet, necklaces. Wooden steps obscured by boxes and cardboard tubes. ... and does The last spoken words in A Bit Fo Matter And A Litte Bit More are A pencil, bananas, "Look at me - look at me." rubber gloves, (*Bang.*) boxes. Rubber gloves, bananas, buckets, an ashtray ? A filing cabinet. Boxes, a tripod. Here Giordano Make-up, bananas, speaks in a vulgar manner<sup>31</sup> a black t-shirt. A necklace in a bucket, a roll of tape on the floor by a chair. —The Witch is the change of (*Opera.*) definitions Smudges of eye shadow on the margins of a white paper octagon. Ashtrays lined up and relationships. [SOMEONE TRIES TO DRAPE STRIPS OF FOIL OVER THE DOG.] along the edge of a round coffee table. A mirrorball, pencils, a tripod and cine camera. (*tap tap tap tap tap*) Cigarette butts in a rubber glove. (*Piano.*) (Static.) A lank strip of foil over the arm of a chair. gives the appropriate (*Sound in background— Toooooo*) name to him to whom — We are vaguely aware Two sofas. of its existence in our culture and our history. But we would not be able to define what it is, and are at a loss about what to call it. <sup>32</sup> A camera and a tape recorder and a cigarette and a sleeve. A battered payphone, dangling earrings throwing shadows on faces and necks and the backs of chairs. Step ladders, a small black case, a dog sniffing at a folded screen. —Can the dead move, Ink stains on fingers, t-shirts, boots and jeans, beads from a broken necklace (*continues ghoulis voice*) scattered and scooped up into a pocket. Boxes, a tripod, a pencil, bananas. A sofa with all the cushions heaped up on one side. A collapsed tripod leaning against the sofa, necklaces, rubber gloves, bananas, a typewriter and a roll of tape. —The televised news, An ash tray beside for example, is simultaneously a “when” and a “where”. a typewriter on the floor. A leopard skin belt, drums and crates. —He calls bread, bread; —It has many names, (*Voices in background.*) but none of them —wine, wine; the head, the head; —seems to have a clear and straightforward meaning, and each carries associations that are somehow questionable or confusing. —the foot, foot; bags, film stock and all other parts by their own names. He calls food, food; sleep, sleep; drink, drink; —Common nouns often become names for pets. Boxes, beads, bananas. BN— hahahahaha hahahaha (*mimicky laughter*) (*Opera.*) (*Noise.*) A cluster of cigarette burns on the arm of a swivel chair. Rubber gloves, a newspaper, a roll of tape on the floor by an up-ended crate where the cable to the stereo runs behind it. Reflections dissolved into Is a boy like a boy? Is a girl like a girl? O— *garbled conversation*) . . . She pissed —... clouds of colour on crumpled — ... hustler, foil as they pass across the O— Trick him to the phone? wide —star, maniac back wall. —overlap? O—Mine. No, it's Rink's, I'm wearing it. —Is love a movement, and am I part of it? *Maria Callas overcomes all replies.*

Two projectors on a table, slingbacks, a scarf. A fan a banana and an alarm clock on a heap of magazines. —He regards miracles as (*Singing—ahhhhh-aaahhhhaah ah ah o eeee aaahhhhaaaaaahhhhaah oh oh oh ohhhhhhhheeeeeeoohhh.*) miracles; — but rather the ensemble of relations which are interwoven around him or her... Cables running from behind the sofa, letters and papers crammed into a heap, rows of Campbell's tomato juice boxes turned up on their ends. Rows of Campbell's tomato juice boxes turned right-way-up. [AGENTS PICKING BETWEEN THESE GINGERLY.<sup>33</sup>] — acts of prowess and marvels —A gap what is a gap The Manhattan district phonebook hanging from a loop of string by the door. —as acts of prowess and truth as marvels; truth as acts

truth; doctrine as d... bread; the foot doctrine; goodness and A pen and an ashtray and a box of plasters on a desk with an angle poise lamp. Someone –virtue as talking on the phone by the door. –It followed that (*Opera.*) goodness and virtue;and –could only be –impostures as impostures; deceptions as deceptions; (*Humming noise and piano.*) –the knife and fire as the knife and fire; words (*Music.*) (*Rumbling.*) –a history of error Signs, an alarm clock facedown on a box, cables and wires and strings trailing across the floor and hanging from the ceiling. Cigarette ash knocked into a sheet of folded paper, a broken mirror leaning on a pipe. Cardboard tubing. Bits of cloth, brushes in a can, a pack of cigarettes. and dreams as words and ; and –And without one direction ever being more important than another, (*Static.*) (*Bong.*) (*Cough.*) (*Static.*) For they are not (*Rustling paper.*) – a belt curled up in a shoe, –... as philosophers; (*Boing.*) pedants; (*traffic noise*) monks; ministers (*Moxi says something.*) I think sensory, oh, she . . . beheaded –preachers as preachers; leeches as leeches; useless mountebanks, charlatans, triflers, swindlers, actors, and parrots as they are called, (*opera*) show themselves, and are. A hand holding a cigarette over an ashtray, a paper cup set down on an upturned crate. Sofa cushions –. . . –He regards ... benefits, piled on the floor love as , a fire exit, a suitcase, and heroes as the same. Come! –The divine cannot be located as such, and a couple of Coke bottles kicked under the sofa. –She claims that he was named Basket because she hoped he would carry a basket of flowers in his mouth. Socks, shoes inside a balled-up dress, a dress shirt, an ashtray on the floor. –imagined or conceived of as such, taken over as such – , clothes draped over a heap of lead. might that not be it's prophecy? (*they argue*) (*Pause.*) (*Boing.*) (*Boing.*) –It is a disappointment to have all in order. Cigarettes and a cigarette lighter, –as an invitation card perched on a pipe, the corner of a plastic tray reflected in the oval mirror against which it leans. –My thoughts were with A bulky tape recorder, a desk, a pen, the flood. a cup. An upturned cup. Two chairs drawn close together. O– It's so, I know R– I mean disguised it as a sphinx –From that minute on, An octagon of white paper behind a bunch of –melt into (simultaneous) f lowers in a paint pot on an upturned crate. – Passing through any fixed framework, any body of law, ...Moving round endlessly through everything and yt, at the saem (background in normal voice) time, Shoes kicked into a corner –Once we have purged ourselves the back of a chair. Liz, cow, electric chair, Jackie, banana. of the gender that we do not O– That's Cinderella darling have –The effigy was not its place of choice. A cup upturned –and that we imitate on a table

## DONE TO

1974 (16mm, Kodacolor, 20 min., sound]

Produced by Moved Pictures, New York City.

Cinematography: Mark Obenhaus.

Audio direction: Micahel Reisman. Audio engineer: Kurt Munkacsi. (Melodic noise: Jeffrey Lew, Mayo Thompson, Will Gilliamn. Voices: Kathryn bigelow, Sharon Haskell, Lwrence Weiner)

Players: Kathryn Bigelow, Sharon Haskell.

First Screening: Mark Obenhaus Studio, New York City [N.D. 1974].<sup>24</sup>

Done To (sometimes called It Is, Done To) consists of simple camera frames which are silent and/or unconnected to a complex soundtrack running parallel to the images. There are brief instances where image and sound meet; however, the majority

top. Pencils and a sort of mirror ball. Someone who looks like Mo Tucker.<sup>35</sup> —( males as well as females think men are women and women are men), —That's the ve Cinde Cinde, (fade with microphone distortion) Names and numbers scrawled over a metal payphone, sunglasses, wooden chairs, flowers in a paint pot on an upturned crate. A smudge of eye shadow on the margins of an open magazine. A white dog laying in front of a foil-covered wall and somewhat reflected in it. (*Voices of Rink and Ondine calling to each other in the background.*)<sup>36</sup> [SOME ARE WATCHING THE FILM. SOME ARE EXCHANGING CLOTHES IN A SMALL GROUP BY THE HEAP OF LEAD.] (*Ondine sings with the opera.*) (*babble*) —once it is exiled, . . . that's a good pair of sunglasses (*Opera is very loud.*) —something closed off inside its own skin, or place, or world, inst' thtis the work of hatred? —Come! —. . . youve' got to go through a lot of sex to get to (*Noise.*) Sequins. anti-sex . . . (*Opera stops.*) —... But, in the meantime

A stereo on a metal stand. Sheets of paper, a naked back, the foil lifting from the base of a column, strip lights, eyeliner, lamps, dumb bells, a fan. Chairs here and there. (*dial tone*) Boxes in a corner. Lipstick on a crushed cigarette filter stuck to the sole of a knee-high vinyl boot. An oval mirror hung at a slight angle on the wall above a desk or table littered with letters, pencils, a scuffed film canister, a broken mirror, stickers on various walls, speakers either side of a heavy, uncomfortable looking chair. —... But, in the meantime (*Opera starts.*) — I'm suggesting someth Bananas, cows, bananas. —Cinderella's bathroom —ing different: (*music*) Cat hairs on denim. A film canister and a pencil under the payphone by the door. (*busy signal*) (*Sniffles.*) A roll of tape on a roll of paper, a spray paint silhouette on the concrete floor. (*he blows into the microphone*) —still, or already, phantasmatically Traces of make-up round the rim of a paper cup. the

of the images are overtaken by at times symphonic, at times cacophonous soundtracks which displace the normal filmic viewing experience. [OCCASIONALLY THE PHONE RINGS. EACH TIME IT IS ANSWERED BY WHOEVER IS NEAREST AND THEY STAY ON FOR A SHORT WHILE TALKING.] The standard film format for going from frame to frame - and then and then and then - is what the film is concerned with, The film begins with a silent close-up of a woman's face (Sharon Haskall). The sound track then begins: a male voice says "AND THEN...", followed by a female voice saying "A TREATMENT OF THE DISSONANCES...", "AND THEN..." "AN INDICTMENT OF THE DISSONANCES..." (Cat. #s 342-347) This pattern of male/female query/response switchig back and forth continues throught the film.

Kathryn Bigelow is sitting on a couch, reading a book. Haskall joins her and they begin a conversatino which cannot be heard; instead the soundtracks of works become more and more dense. The voices echo and overlap, then untangle and become clear. The two women talk with someone off-screen, behind the camera. A general conversation fades in and out: ofr instance, one hears the question " Did you really come to New York to make it like Trigger?" The camera angles change, but it is always the same scene - a non-descript couch in a room with Bigelow either alone or in the company of Haskall. An American clavary song is also entwined in the soundtrack. [THE DOG WALKS OVER AND SITS FOR A WHILE BY THE PERSON TALKING ON THE PHONE. THEY SCRATCH BEHIND ITS EARS DISTRACTEDLY AS THEY TALK. AFTER A WHILE THE DOG GETS UP AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE FIRE EXIT.]

Towards the end, the male voice says, "It is then done to," after which the credits are spoken.<sup>37</sup> The women's conversation and the reading of the works continues, and then the credits are repeated. And then the soundtrack ends and then the picture ends. And then it is, done to.

heterosexuals that we refuse to (*click*) be.  
 —I know. Oh, no—not THAT one. (*Opera*) —  
 (*Very very hoarse*) Are yoo up theah agen?  
 . . . (*static*) —We believe, so to speak, that  
 this great building exists, Pipes, earrings,  
 a mirror reflecting the back of a chair, (*beep*)  
 (*click*) an aerosol can, part of a table. —and  
 then we see, (*Voices sound muffled* now  
 here, now there, one or another small corner  
 of it. *as if the people are speaking in a*  
*hallway.*) Sunglasses propped against the side  
 of a typewriter. An earring in an ashtray, —Just  
 one more hour? an anglepoise lamp shining into  
 an open draw. (*dialing*) Then we're through?  
 (*With joy*) —may he not be idle or Brillo  
 and Campbells boxes, badly employed (*click*)  
 wrapped and unwrapped, the silhouette of someone  
 in a dress against an irregular octagon of white  
 paper on a foil-covered (*beep*) wall reflected  
 in a broken oval mirror leaning sideways against  
 a battered payphone. (*click*) (*Interference.*)  
 (*clicking with voices cut off*) Foil coming  
 loose from brickwork. Brickwork visible in relief  
 through foil.<sup>38</sup> (*click click click*)— . . . and  
 around and around Phone numbers scratched  
 into a metal plate. —while awaiting his death,  
 his transmigration, —Language and the  
 materials referred to. —Then we're through,  
 Drella? —his change.