

**5 RING CIRCUS IN
ST. GALLEN**



2000

**mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound**

01' 29"

**48 HOURS
IN 8 MINUTES**

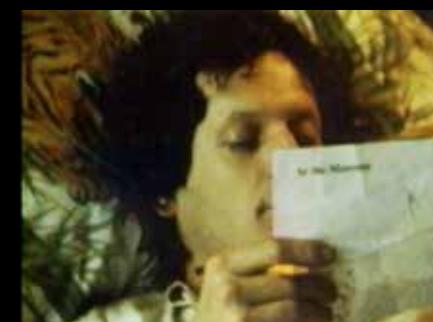
1978

**Super 8 film to digital
video SD
color
silent**

08' 26"









1971 BIRTH



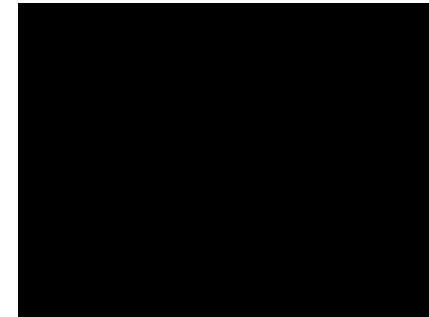
1971, ed. 1981

1/2" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

06' 12"



1981 REGAN



1981, ed. 2009

1/2" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

04' 22"



A COUPLA WHITE
FAGGOTS SITTING
AROUND TALKING



1980

1/2" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

1h 00' 05"



A PERSONAL
NARRATIVE
OF TRAVEL TO BOLIVIA

1996

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

9 h 48' 07"

97 CAR



1994, ed. 2009

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

01' 52"



VIDEO 1



... would be under the circumstances, but beyond that, they're powerless. Details about drug plants have been provided earlier in this section.

Coca Leaves While cocaine, marijuana, hashish and other drugs are illegal, the coca leaf, which is the source of cocaine and related drugs, is chewed daily and even venerated by indigenous peoples. Mama Coca is the daughter of Pachamama, the earth mother. Coca was considered a gift to the people to be used to drive evil forces from their homes and fields. Both the Quechua and Aymará make sacrifices of coca leaves when planting or mining in order to ensure

from the leaves kinds of legal cuts, which

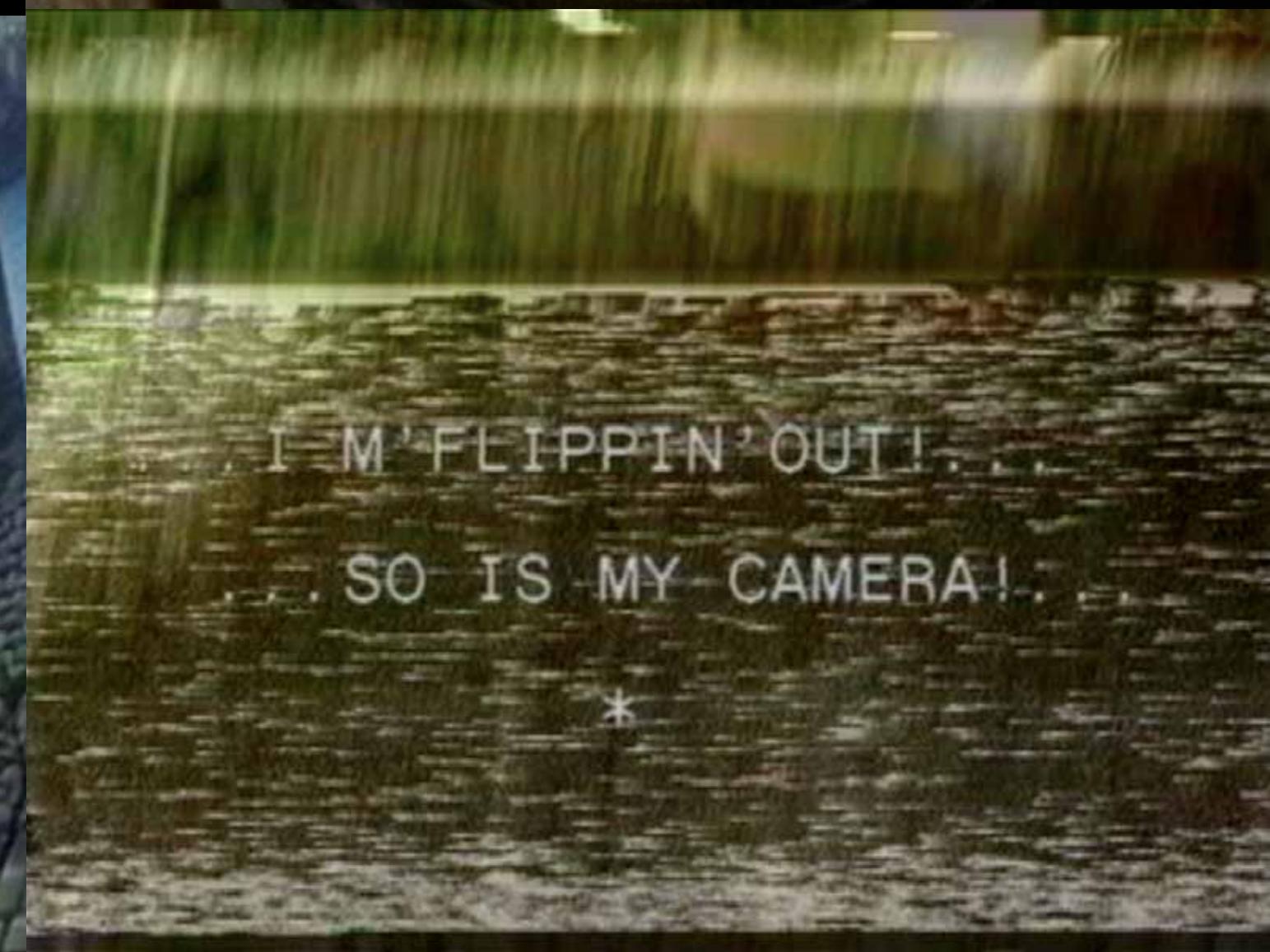
The effe ding by an feeling a b choly or normally involves between soften. legsa chewing amoun mess, tasting





LOST! . . .

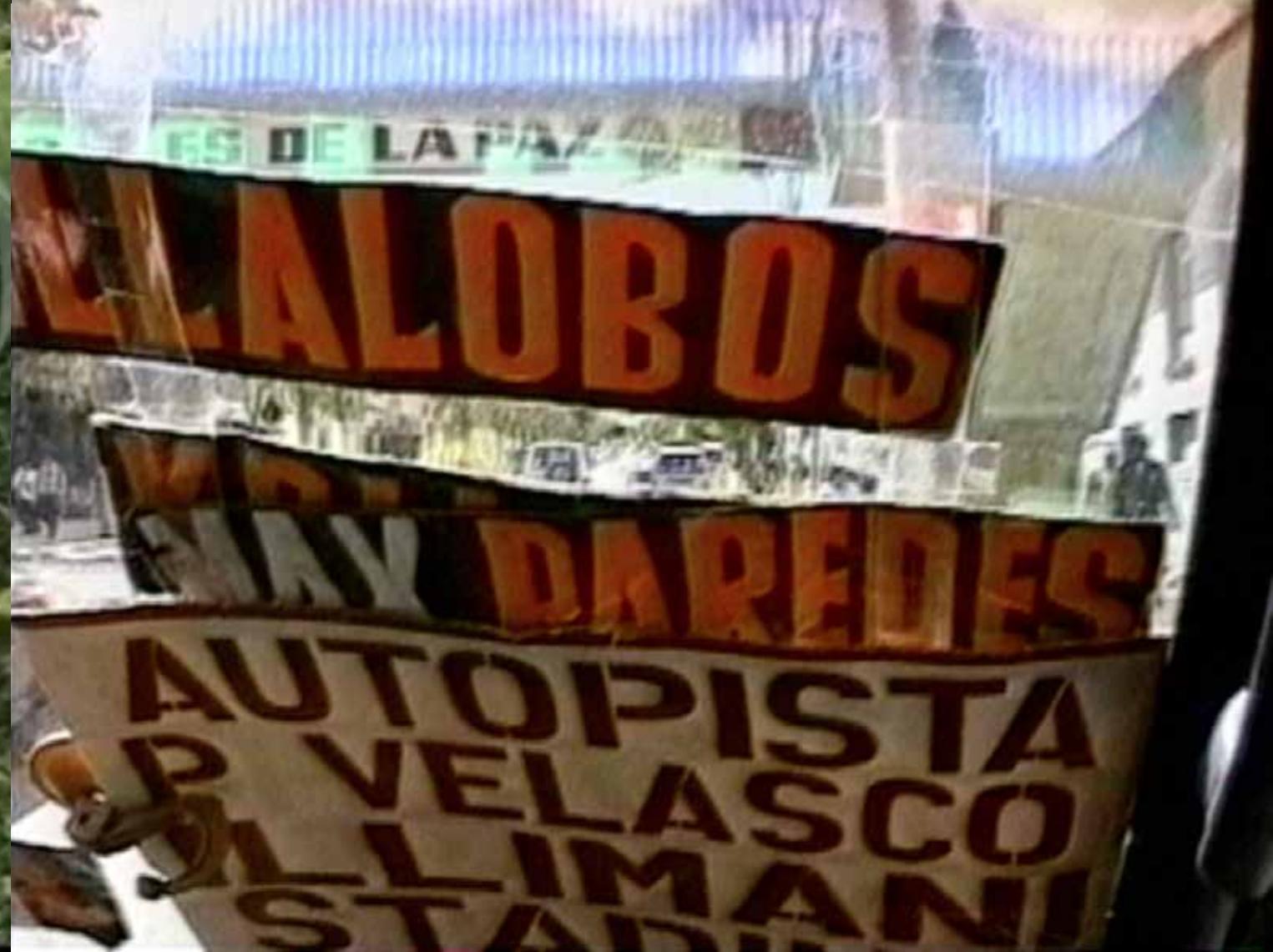
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I'M FLIPPIN' OUT!

. SO IS MY CAMERA! .

*





ROMAN VARIATIONS (1991)

Rome. The video unfolds. Fragments of rose-hued skies, fuzzy Italian television programs, street protests, tourist-strewn cathedrals, views from a window. The filmmaker's camera roves inquisitively over church frescoes and religious paintings, pausing quietly at images of sex and/or violence: John the Baptist's severed head. See his look, its severe disquiet. Before, on the plane there, a woman files her nails – her hands illuminated, as if in a religious painting, as if on fire, by the plane's overhead light – then plays with her diamond ring, then takes some pills. Files spill like water from her purse. The small orange pill bottle like an omen, like a mouth. There, in Rome, an old woman washes clothes along the low stone steps of a river; the steps enter the water like a drinking body. Is she crying or singing? An ambulance screams past. Boys in jean jackets push their Vespas up the pale, steep steps to the street. Engines also screaming, a kind of music. Skies pale then red as a mouth. Walls bleaching then blushing orange (memories of pills, mouths that would receive them). Windows as dark and brooding as – what? – eyes. Not screens. The song keeps changing on the radio. The doctor on Italian TV looks like a priest. His patient, in her black bra and gold necklace, smiles and nods her small, dark head. He listens to her heart, speaks paternalistically. He taps her chest with his small, dark hammer. The channel changes. The tone conjured – reticent, evocative, dryly luminescent, as the filmmaker considers city, history, self – is somewhat Sebaldian. That kind of fiction, that kind of document, that kind of negative, illumined excursus. If W. G. Sebald had liked Italian television medical dramas, liked filmic fragments – had made a film, even – it might look very much like this one, says the critic. "I have always believed that I am closer to literature and writing than to cinema," says M. Auder.





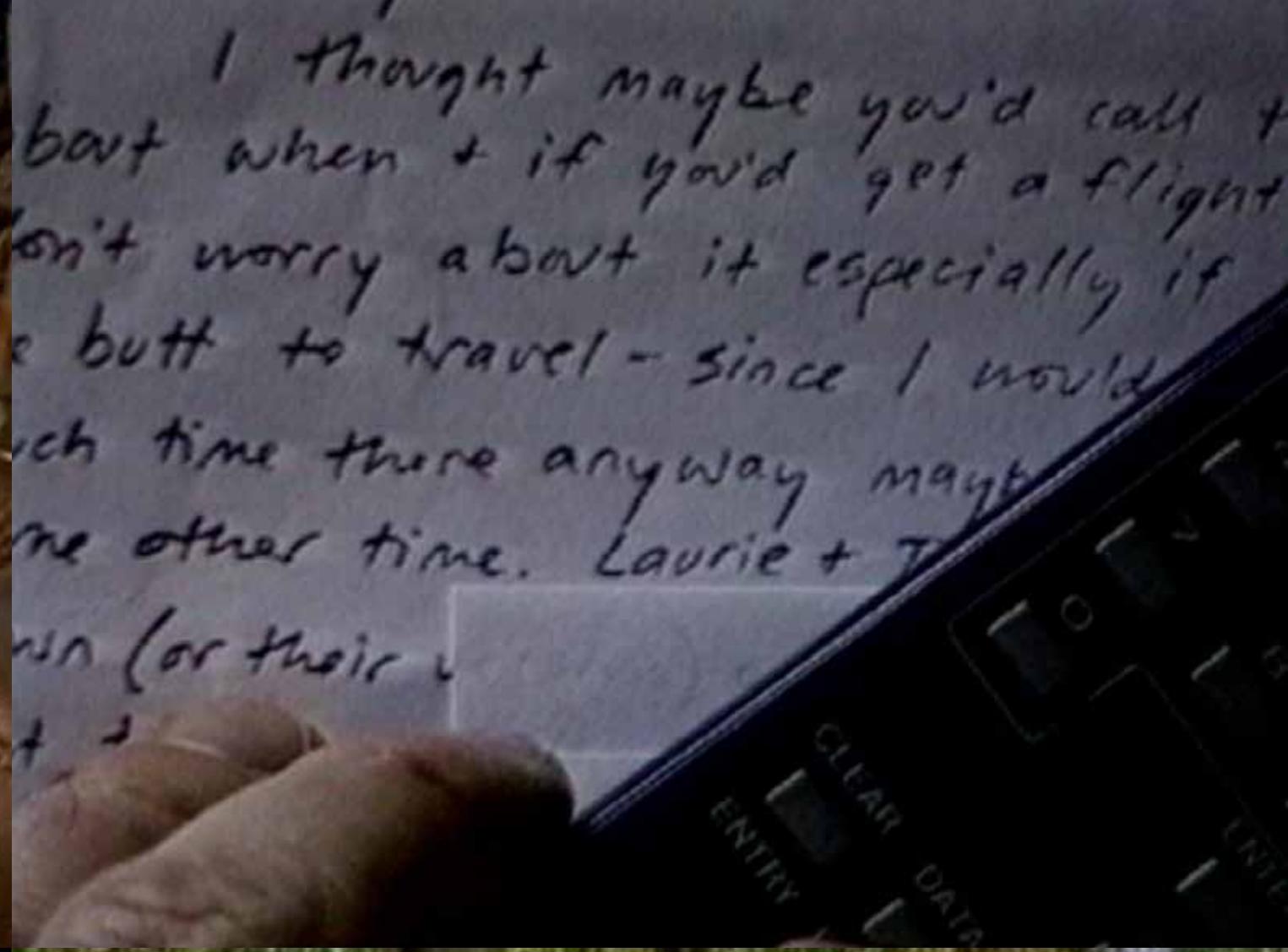


NO PASSAR...
MUCHO AGUA...

(Stuck on the road for
the night)

*





CHAPTER 22

- . The road to Sucre from Potosi....
- . Sucre (I hate Sucre)...
- . Flight to La Paz....

*





ADRIANO SPATOLA
AT MELKWEG —
AMSTERDAM



1980
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
02' 17"

ALAIN ROBBE-
GRILLET — NYU



1979
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
1h 20' 12"

ALICE NEEL PAINTING
MARGARET



2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
31' 26"

ALLEN GINSBERG AT
ST. MARKS CHURCH



1976
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
19' 36"

ANDY WARHOL
POLAROID VIVA —
CHELSEA HOTEL



1971, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
03' 12"

ANNIE SPRINKLE



1981-1984
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
33' 34"

BILL T. JONES &
ARTHUR AVILES ON
THE POND



1993
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
01' 33"

APOCALYPSE LATER



1984, ed. 2009
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
05' 39"

BITTE DANKE



1999
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
55"

APOCALYPSE
LATER- HUDSON



2003
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
05' 13"

BLIND SEX



1983, ed. 2009
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
05' 16"

APRÈS NOUS
LE DELUGE



2003
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
05' 48"

BLOOM



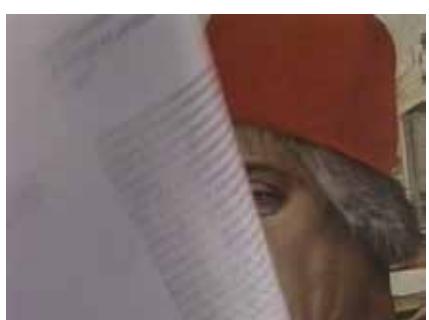
2008
digital video SD
color
sound
05' 01"

BASEL RIVER BARNEY
CHAROULETTE



2011
Phone video
to digital video SD
color
sound
02' 59"

BOOK HEADS



2009
digital video SD
color
sound
01' 32"

BRIDGID BERLIN
READS FOR ANDY
WARHOL AT MOMA



1978

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound

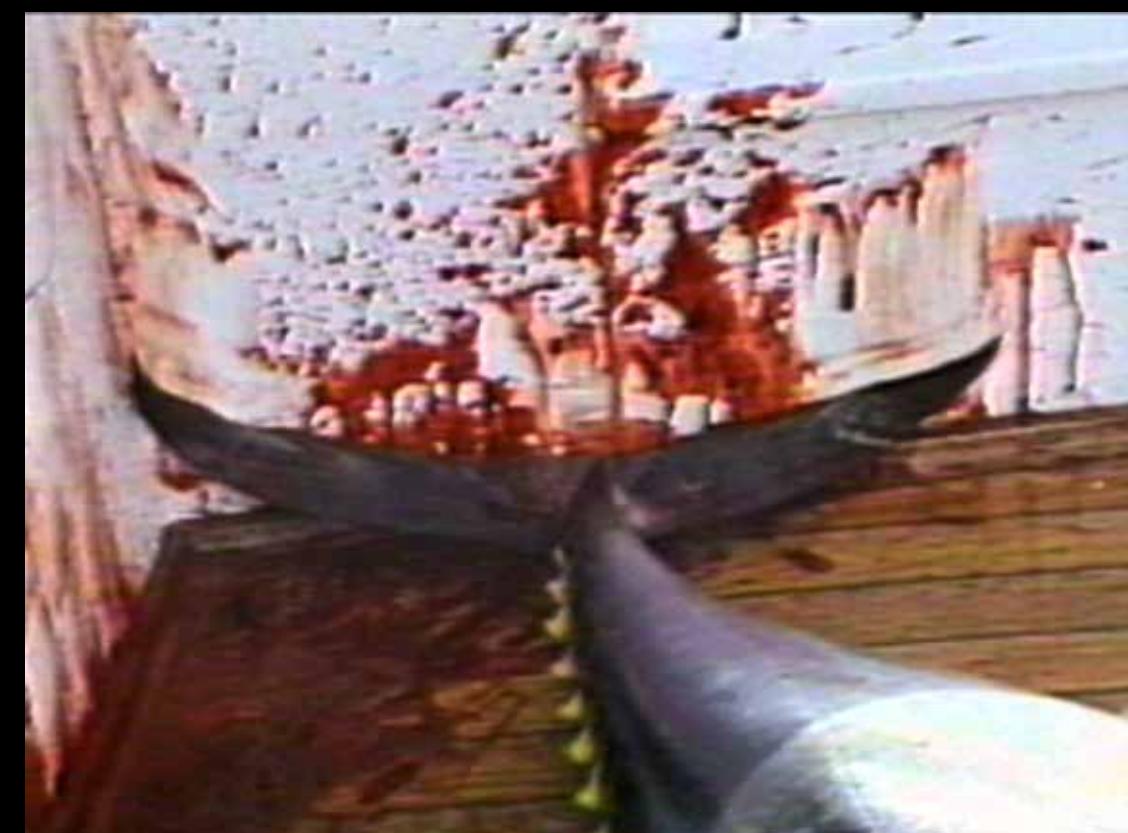
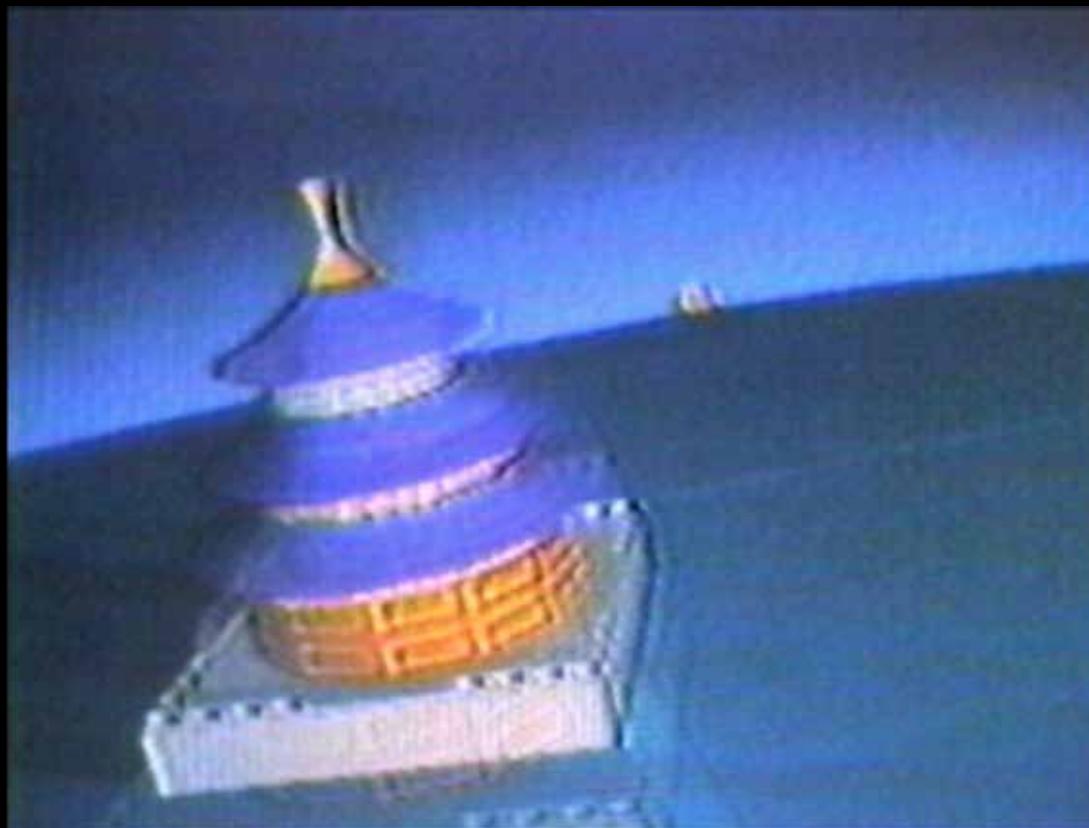
24' 38"

BROODING ANGELS

1988

½" Betamax video SP
and Hi8 video
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound







CHRONICLES MOROCCO (1971-72)



"I hate traveling and explorers," writes that traveler, that explorer, Claude Lévi-Strauss. "Nowadays, being an explorer is a trade, which consists not, as one might think, in discovering hitherto unknown facts after years of study, but in covering a great many miles and assembling lantern-slides or motion pictures, preferably in color, so as to fill a hall with an audience for several days in succession." Some twenty years later, another Frenchman begins a journey, covering some miles, assembling some images. He goes to Morocco, where he makes motion pictures of his travels. His journey is a family vacation, however, not an anthropological research trip; his palette is black and white, not color. He has no hall, no audience; this is M. Auder. He has images: a boy aiming a gun at him, smiling, through a small hole in a clay wall that encircles the city, that bazaar. Camels crossing a beach. Old men traversing roads on donkeys, their thin faces like dark stems under the bright-white petals of fabric that bloom from their heads. Their turbans like signs, like language, like flowers. Children gather around a car. M. Auder's own hand, reaching from the bottom of the frame to its center, into another frame – his van's open window – to offer some coins to a reaching child. The filmmaker's wife and child, smiling briefly, blankly, and gone. The flat white roofs of a town, baking like bright white screens – absent any films – in the sun. Dunes and stretches of beach, baking in the bright white projection of the sun. Everything is a film. Everything is an image. Village, caravan, wall, eggs, hashish, ocean, European, Moroccan, Bedouin, American. Seagulls strobing the sky with their white and dark. We, the viewer, stand in the shade of (the relevant) literature for a second. It is cooler here. Paul and Jane Bowles, Susan Sontag, Tennessee Williams, W. G. Sebald, and Levi-Strauss himself offer us some spectral water, their words, those luminous and shaded literary travelogues. Then they take them away. They grin, dryly, and disappear; they were never here. ("Linguistic proximity and duplicitous deterritorialisation go together in the cinematic enterprise," says Marie-Claire Ropars.) We are in the sun again, under the glare of M. Auder, his long, white stare. We blink and try to make out the images. The film burns, like the sun. The sun burns, like a film.

BUENOS AIRES



2001

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
silent

02' 36"

CATASTROPHE



1979, ed. 2008

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

01' 55"

CHARLES JAMES,
DESIGNER – CHELSEA
HOTEL



1970, ed. 2000

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

22' 36"

CHASING THE
DRAGON



1971–1987, ed. 1987

½" reel to reel video
½" Betamax video SP
and ¾" video
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

CHELSEA CATS



1971, ed. 2009

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound

06' 54"

CHELSEA GIRLS WITH
ANDY WARHOL

1971, ed. 1994

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

1h 12' 28"



1971

5

. PARTY AT JOHN AND YOKO.

*



1976

8

."THE FACTORY"
on BROADWAY
WITH LARRY RIVERS .

*



1971

4

. ANDY, FRED, PAUL.
CHECKING OUT "THE BABY"
AT THE CHELSEA.
*



CHELSEA,
MANHATTAN- NYC



1989, ed. 2008

Hi8 video
to digital video SD
color
sound
06' 21"

CHILDREN PLAY
SLEEP – CHELSEA
HOTEL



1972, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
05' 02"

CHRONICLES:
COLOMBIAN
WEDDING



1999
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
47' 42"

CHRONICLES
FAMILY DIARIES –
PART 1 AND 2



1969–1970, ed. 1993
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
1h 42' 59"

CHRONICLES FAMILY
DIARIES – PART 3
AND 7



1970–1975, ed. 1993
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
1h 32' 05"

CHRONICLES
MOROCCO

1971–1972
½"o reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
26' 33"





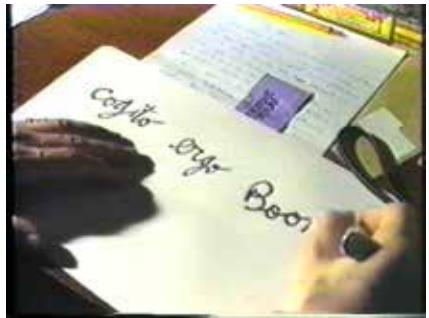


CHRONICLES
MOROCCO WITH VIVA



1971–1972, ed. 1995
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
35' 37"

COGITO ERGO BOOM!



1982
½" reel to reel video and
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
black and white
sound

CINDY SHERMAN



1988
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
42' 46"

CONFESION



1971, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
03' 41"

CLARICE'S FAMILY
ALBUM



1977
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 41"

DANCE, FREAKS &
FIRE



2012
phone video
to digital video SD
color
sound
11' 19"

CLEOPATRA



1970
16 mm film
to digital video SD
color
sound
2h 34' 55"

DAVID HAMMONS-
ROME



1989
Hi8 video
to digital video SD
color
sound
12'41"

COCKETTES



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
27' 56"

DAYTIME VERSION OF
THE NIGHT

2013
digital video HD
color
sound
06' 48"







48 HOURS IN 8 MINUTES (1979)

Time is unbearably slow or it speeds by unfathomably quickly. It is a matter of opinion. Also of measure and influence and economic systems. Whether one is “productive” or not influences that opinion – “colors” it, we say. What does it mean, then, when two days are reduced to frames, and those frames are quickened, speeding by in, oh, eight minutes? A man, the filmmaker, lies against some bedding depicting a jungle, as though Henri Rousseau had painted his sheets, flooded his pillows with dark-green flora, dangerous gold fauna. The filmmaker smokes and talks and makes love and sleeps and reads and does nothing, not necessarily in that order. The filmmaker is a subject: his own. He is an object, in relief against a lucid ground of bedroom jungle. A lovely woman joins him there. They speak, they sleep, they fuck, they smoke, she leaves, he stays. Who is he? He is M. Auder. What is this film? It is 48 Hours In 8 Minutes. If “[h]istory is representational, while time is abstract,” as Robert Smithson posits, then what of M. Auder’s representation of history and time? Certainly we see it stuttering by against a soft textile ground of tropical forest. Yet, in the filmmaker’s filmic equation, it is history that is abstract, and it is time that is representational. What to make of this abstracted history, represented temporality? Nothing or, conversely, everything happens, as the filmmaker remains supine – the physical pose of the artist in sleep or death or leisure. Not work. Not history, or the events that compose its famous historical record. And yet. “In the ‘social factory,’ the whole of life tends toward becoming labor,” writes Sven Lütticken. Antonio Negri, writing from another meridian, concurs: “Time itself becomes substance, to the point that time becomes the fabric of the whole of being, because all is being implicated in the web of the relations of production [...] At the level at which the institutional development of the capitalist system invests the whole of life, time is not the measure of life, but life itself.” It’s a measured statement, that’s true. As is M. Auder’s durational film. If the latter’s title suggests surveillance – a well-surveyed theme of late-century American film – and that theme’s master, time, so too does M. Auder’s work describe the morbid-capitalist pull of vigilance, whereby the spectator waits, suspended, for violence or release or product. By showing us “everything” in its studious banality, the filmmaker shows us “nothing.” Strange, since his eight minutes of film (48 hours of life) is so definitive, so moving. How to take the measure of this new temporal order is a question, then. Another one: What is it that you want – from this life, from this film? M. Auder appears to ask, casually, from his jungle kingdom.





DO YOU LOVE ME?



2013

mini-dv and phone video
to digital video SD
color
sound

10' 38"

DOPE



1972–2005, ed. 2008

½" reel to reel video
and mini-dv
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

DUNE ROAD



1988

Hi8 video
to digital video SD
color
sound

01' 53"

EAT PIG



2002

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

02' 58"

ENDLESS COLUMN

2011

phone video
to digital video HD
color
sound

18' 21"

PORTRAIT OF THE MARAUDER:

MICHEL AUDER IN CONVERSATION WITH ADAM SZYMCZYK

Adam Szymczyk: Video and, less so, film are both handy formats in which to record material and then use it later. Yet how did you manage to keep going over the years without having solid backing?

Michel Auder: That is probably why I went in the direction that I did. In the seventies it did not seem like I was able to, or was interested in, finding money the traditional way: to have an idea, to write it down, and to present it to someone in the film business. All those steps never came about, except with the last film I made, **CLEOPATRA** [1970]. Video is a way to actually make the films – and not make it. You just do it and then it is there. At least you are doing something; you are making a work.

AS: Keeping busy.

MA: Making film is vital for me: explaining what I am seeing or how I feel about what is around me. The material question about having backing, I cannot answer. I

am a very lucky and determined person to have managed to make all those films without any funds. It is kind of a miracle.

AS: With **CLEOPATRA** you were trying to go into something that was more like regular film production, right? Did you pitch it to people who had funds to produce your film?

MA: In 1969 I was featured in the *New York Times* with my first wife, Viva. There was a long article that said, among other things, that I was ready to make a new film. The *Sunday Times* was so popular that I got called up by producers. They asked me about my project and I said that I was going to remake **CLEOPATRA**. I did not have a script or anything. I took a history book for schoolchildren and made up a script. I found a producer that was willing to make the film, using Warholian actors such as Viva, Taylor Mead, Louis Waldon, Ultra Violet, and Ondine. These actors possessed a talent to make up stories. I put them in different environ-

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i



ments and told them: You are Caesar, you are Cleopatra, and they started to improvise who they were and who they would become.

AS: Was it scripted?

MA: It was more a choice of different situations, environments, and places. I would say: This is the queen's summer palace in the wintertime, and then we went to Rome and visited Caesar in his winter palace. Everyone would more or less invent their lines. It was about the political aspect of power. Nobody did anything, really, they would just hang around and act more and more abusive, self important and make fun of things.

AS: Would you go as far as to say that this was a film that rose out of disillusionment of a certain kind? It was 1970, so this is the moment when the summer is over, so to speak.

MA: Over and over again the same things happened, wars and everything else, showing the arrogance and incompetence of the governing classes. **CLEOPATRA** is about the behavior of the politicians controlling the world in general but, of course, it is not precisely that. And the film is degenerated in a good way. The actors are taking drugs but they are acting like they have so much power: they have slaves, etcetera. The actors that I chose were very smart and through their way of expressing themselves one can feel almost like it is the end of the world.

AS: How long were you busy with that production?

MA: A couple of months. I wanted it to be my last film, and I upset the producers so much that they destroyed the negatives as far as I know. Only a cheaply made work copy was left. We agreed that I would make the movie if

they gave me carte blanche. They said yes, and then I pushed the envelope. They finally sent some men to help me, like spies, and they reported that I did not know how to make films. Then I was invited to the Cannes Film Festival by Henri Langlois. The film was in the process of being edited, I felt it was fine, so I took it and brought a copy to the festival. They said you cannot do that, it is not finished; I said no, I know when it is finished and I know when it starts. They sued the festival and told them they owned the film. And then I played the bad guy, and then they also started to play the bad guys. Some powerful lawyer came, a friend of a friend, and he talked them out of suing me. They said if I gave them the footage, they would drop the lawsuit. It became a childish game of me saying I do not give a fuck about you, and of them saying I do not give a fuck about you.

AS: It sounds almost proverbial, this brush with the powers of industry that take from you the fruit of your work. That sounds like a film in itself.

MA: Yes, and I wanted it to be my last film.

AS: You wanted to make your last film in 1970, which in some sense was the beginning of your career. In your work there is the issue of time and of time delay, and calling certain moments "last moments" that happen very late or very early. It sometimes seems like time is falling apart slightly. In films like **MY LAST BAG OF HEROIN (FOR REAL)**, which was shot in 1986, and released in 1993, there is the issue of double-dating; and then this titular statement that something is going to be the last thing but then, is it really? And then there are also the first things, for example in **MY FIRST PIPE OF OPIUM SINCE 1973 (MEXICO NOV. 2004)**, which was edited in 2005. I am interested in these different timelines

in your work, and how you declare one of your first films your last film. It is the last one, yes, but after that you made a lot of films. You started making films with your last film.

MA: **CLEOPATRA** was my last film where I would deal with the system. Up to that point I made a few films and I was thinking they would go into movie theaters proper, not into the art world.

AS: Until 1970 you were aiming at...

MA: Being an independent yet mainstream filmmaker. Since '63 or '64.

AS: When did you arrive in the US?

MA: I settled there permanently in '69.

AS: So already in France you had made some films.

MA: I made a couple of movies there that are lost, because I didn't really have a home in France. The films were very cumbersome and heavy, and I left them with someone that wanted to include them in a festival in Switzerland in early 1969, just before I left for the US. And then I never returned to France. The films were the black-and-white, 35mm **ANNE ÉVADÉE DES SAISONS** [1963]; the 16mm, color **KRYLON** [1966]; and **LUNE X** [1968], also 16mm and color. Years later when I became interested in getting my films back, I could not remember the name of this man nor of the festival.

AS: I am sure that they are still in Switzerland. When did you first put your hands on a video camera?

MA: At the end of 1969, with my friend, the filmmaker Shirley Clarke, who also lived in the Chelsea Hotel in New York. Woody and Steina Vasulka had bought a Sony Portapak. We heard about it, and became interested. They lived

in a loft in "dark SoHo." Only artists lived there at the time; it was desolate at night. We went to their studio and experimented with their equipment. I had received some of the money from **CLEOPATRA** – it was a big budget, like \$200,000 dollars, which would be almost a million dollars now – and I bought this video equipment: a camera, the deck, and tapes. And the rest is history.

AS: How would you cut material?

MA: I did not have editing equipment for many years. Home-editing equipment didn't exist. You would have had to go into a television studio, hire an editor, and it was too expensive. The only way to edit was to transfer between two decks. I would have one tape running on a player that was connected to another player, which was set to record. You would hit the record button when you liked a scene from the original footage. It was on-the-fly editing and recording. My invention.

AS: So you didn't begin shooting video because of Andy Warhol and the fact that he was getting video equipment to experiment with.

MA: No, it started to buzz around that this thing, this portable video, existed. Everybody in my circle was talking about it in some way.

AS: What was interesting about video?

MA: It was like a miracle. You can record audio and sound and play it back right away. Make instant films. The sound is there, the image is there. If you have some ideas how to make something with moving images—here you go. Other filmmakers have other ideas, various aesthetics; they think about colors, contrast, the image quality. But for me it is always more about content and how I frame the world.



AS: You were immersed in film, and this was a very specific and different medium; the quality of the image is entirely different in early video.

MA: The quality of video was pleasing to me. These tools have constraints; you have to understand them. Many artists at that time thought they could make traditional-looking films with the Portapak and they became very disappointed by the results, so there was a backlash against video in many artistic circles. Video was badmouthed for years. I understood the tool right away. What it can do and what it cannot do. I knew which situations would work out and which would not. Warhol made many films with the Auricon camera, a kind of precursor to video: *Poor Little Rich Girl* [1965], *The Nude Restaurant* [1967], *San Diego Surf* [1968], and others. It was pre-video; Auricon cameras record sound directly onto an optical soundtrack on the same film as the image is photographed. You would send it to the lab, and have the film ready to work with. Sound and image synced, the whole thing.

AS: There were directors that did not seem to embrace this technological development. I think probably Antonioni would not, with his kind of grand auteur cinema. But then, on the other hand, you had Godard, who was programmatically interested in television and video, and in exposing the politics behind those media. It pointed to the industry. You disposed of a classic medium and you showed the vulgar aspect of film. It was quick and unpretty. Or beautiful, in a different way.

MA: I decided that video was great and that it was up to what I was thinking about in terms of making films. Orig-

inally I was also going to use the Auricon to make my works. But when I arrived in New York I discovered portable video. My plan then was to make video works, then transfer them to film and show them in the cinema. But it never came to that—I could never raise the money to make that expensive transfer from video to film. It seems that it was aesthetically depressing for most viewers to look at my early video in the seventies. They had been raised watching bad-reception black-and-white images since the beginning of television, and finally they were getting color TV and, on cable, good reception and sharper images. And I am entering the world with my works, and the quality looks like the old sixties: fuzzy, stripy, snowy-looking, like in bad reception. It was like black-and-white television all over again. And not fashionable at the time.

AS: The video was black and white?

MA: There was no affordable, portable, color-video equipment until around 1977. There was only black-and-white television up to late 1960, then America began having color television.

AS: Speaking of television: Do you remember when you first filmed a TV screen and used it in a film?

MA: Right away. If a television is there I enter it—like anything else that I film. TV is presenting me with an image and I reframe it. In my hotel right now in Basel, Les Trois Rois, there are forty-three channels available. Two nights ago I arrived at one in the morning, and at five in the morning I was still filming television. I did not realize so many hours had gone by; I just went on like crazy entering images and sounds into my phone.

AS: Ferdinand Kriwet, an artist living in East Germany, did films that exclusively used television imagery. He did one with the coverage of the Apollo landing [*Apollovision*, 1969], and one about the Nixon election [*Campaign*, 1972/73]. It is a very fast montage of aggressive images and sound from American television in black and white. Your works fucked with television in a much less formally rigid way, so somehow they were more free in changing the parameters of the images that you worked with. But the interests are not dissimilar: the political message, the ability of television to actually fabricate an event, be it the moon landing or the election of a new president.

MA: I filmed the moon landing IN **CHRONICLES: FAMILY DIARIES 1971**. It is 1969, Viva is pregnant, and we are watching the moon landing. Finally, on television you see two guys with puppets, they are puppeteering the landing on the moon...

AS: Did you ever look at films by Jack Smith or Robert Frank, like *Pull My Daisy* [1959], that kind of beat cinema?

MA: Not that much. I spent a lot of my time from '63 to '68 at the Cinematheque Francaise, and did not see too many American filmmakers there. I was mostly influenced by Bergman, Antonioni, Pasolini, Godard, Pollet, Eustache, Bresson, Vigo, and all the more independent filmmakers that were making films within the system. That was what I was aiming for in the '60s. To have my own style and to make films that would be produced. But it was too complex for the way I am, to be able to deal with all the people and enter that world. I did not know how to do that. My way was to make films right away. I

started with a 16mm camera and I was shooting in bursts in '65, '66, '67.

AS: Your early interest was in the specific human beings around you. It seems you wanted to create portraits or somehow give those people a form that would be lasting. For example, chronicles, diaries, and portraits, all of which appear in your titles, are all forms of commemoration, like letters sent to posterity.

MA: Yes, right. Living in the Chelsea Hotel from 1969 to 1973 with friends like Jonas Mekas, Shirley Clarke, Viva, Taylor Mead, Brigid Berlin aka Bridget Polk, Harry Smith, Ondine, Andrea Feldman aka Andrea "Whips" Warhol, Louis Waldon, John Chamberlain, Larry Rivers, Gerard Malanga, Gregory Corso, Robert Mapplethorpe, Patty Smith, Tom Baker, Francois De Menil, and more...

AS: Yet you often break through the shell of the pop-cultural stuff into something rather existential, which operates via symbols and allegories, and which reaches into the inner of the human being, be it people that are close to you or those you only met through the camera lens.

MA: I did not ever formulate the way I started making films. I just always felt that I looked at things differently. I have my kind of style of vision and I have the feeling. I always understood that I could make different films, not the traditional ones, but films by other methods. But I also think that it has to do with having been raised in a world of poetry. I start with a vague idea, and then I add images and sound, one after the other, and it becomes a piece that becomes a title that sums it up—or not. I begin without thinking about what it is



1990年，我第一次去西藏。那是一个神秘而美丽的高原，至今我仍然记得那里的蓝天白云和淳朴的人民。

or will be. And then I enter all the bits that I have filmed, that are in my head, and put them together. One of my last films, **NARCOLEPSY** [2010], occurred because of that woman I shot. She was always sleeping in clubs – it started the whole idea for the film. I think it has more to do with poetic license.

AS: For me this has to do with the power of the image, which makes you follow or explore it. If you say that this film, for instance, started with the image of one who repeatedly falls, then this is not an image that is at the end of the process, not an image you construct, but a found image that tells you what you are going to do.

MA: Right. I could not explain it better than you just did now.

AS: This narcoleptic person is a central organizing metaphor or device of your film, and the rest gets organized around it. From there you can imagine to build –

MA: A world.

AS: A world from different building blocks that you have at hand, or that you invent, or find in the making. Which is a complete reversal of the traditional process of making a film, which usually begins with an idea of where you want to get to, and then preparing everything to reach this final image.

MA: Yes, absolutely.

AS: But you start right from the entrails of this.

MA: I go back to the trail. **NARCOLEPSY** became a sort of voyage through sleeping.

AS: One could say that these ideas of travel or voyage in your work have something to do with progress, exploration, and reaching unknown lands, but I have the feeling that the way you use these metaphors is very much about a reversed movement. You have these titles – **VOYAGE TO THE CENTER OF THE PHONE LINES**, for instance – and various other films in which this movement is not going to somewhere, but is more an inward trip of a kind.

But your titles often point to your position. And that's why I would like to get to this staking of the position of the author, this idea of self-portraiture, in your films. There are a couple of films that begin with the word "My." Titles like **MY LAST BAG OF HEROIN (FOR REAL)** [1986], **MY LAST BUCK** [1972], **MY LOVE** [1980], **MY NERVES ARE ABOUT TO SNAP** [1979]. It is a very confessional thing. And then there are the films that are dedicated to someone, like **MADE FOR NICOLE K.** [1994] and **MADE FOR DENISE** [1977]. So there seems to be, apart from this interest in the world at large beginning with poetic images found somewhere out there, also another rapport between you and your subject, which is a very intimate one.

MA: Making portraits of people interests me. Suddenly I gain access to a person who becomes my friend and trusts me, and does not pay attention to my filming. They will just converse with me and let me do. At first we have to be friends; I have to gain their trust. Then the door is open and I am almost invisible. But in some way self-portraiture is also prevalent in my work, especially when "My" is involved in a title. I see my entire body of work as some kind of self-portrait. Friends, the places where I live, my choices of images, of moods, and of subject matter: the

sum of it all is a portrait of the maker, me.

AS: In **MADE FOR DENISE**, there is a man quietly bleeding in front of the camera as he lights up a cigarette.

MA: This was an accidental shot. It's Peter Beard, who was in that video thing I was making with Larry Rivers in 1976; some video of a model that he had brought over for a collector, who he was making a painting for. So we put some lights on, somebody caught his foot in a cable, and the light fell on Peter's head and cut him. I was filming at the time and he said to keep filming, that it was fine, and then the blood started running. It stayed in my mind; I have this image of a man bleeding, and then suddenly it fell perfectly into this work, **MADE FOR DENISE**.

AS: How do you work with the images that you collect? How do you bring them together?

MA: They have a great power in my head, those images, those sounds, and depending on the context, they carry on different meanings. They are my vocabulary, my words, my phrases. And if I choose to, I can use them later and forever in any of my video works; they are my new language. It is like a book and I look into it and I tear words out. This man bleeding, this character, his name, is not important. Who he is and how it happened is just fun gossip. In these kinds of works that I make, it is just the image of a wounded man. Is that what you are asking me?

AS: I was asking more specifically about the iconography. In art history, iconography and iconology deal with meanings of images, and historians try to put these images in certain cat-

egories; in more primitive iterations it is about finding out about what a painting should "tell us". But there are more interesting ways of setting signs in motion and putting them to work. I am thinking about the way Aby Warburg constructed his *Mnemosyne Atlas* [1924–29], in which he brought together gestures that have the power of reappearing over many different periods and contexts, with slight modifications. There is something in the persistent reappearance of images in your films that makes me think about these kinds of uses of power of memory in order to find out about the sources of images, which is the *Mnemosyne*.

MA: But I work the opposite way. Warburg is making history, a story about what images are about, which is very interesting. But I do not go to see films in movie theaters because they could corrupt my thoughts and my practice of filmmaking; they are insidious, they teach me bad things. Maybe I do the same mistakes, but it is totally non-intellectualized, it is genetic.

AS: Oh, no, no. Of course I read a critique of a certain type of dry intellectualism in what you are saying now, but there is a difference between not being overly intellectual, and being intelligent or making intelligent use of the methods developed elsewhere. I think that you betray yourself at a certain point, for instance in the film in which you are tearing out pages of an art-history book. Basically you are doing two things there. One, you are bringing our attention to certain images and their importance to you; and two, you are doing it with these images and to them. There is this ambivalence between admiration and aggression, a way of showing that this is too beautiful for me, I have to destroy it, which is also



a very beautiful act. In your films destruction is often positively connoted. There is a lot of tenderness, but there is also a lot of violence.

I thought about Warburg cutting pages with art-historical motives for his atlas of *Mnemosyne*, and his history of the evolution of gesture in art—gestures were what interested him, and they are also exactly what interest you. The gesture of a finger touching the wound for instance: one would find at least fifty such images in your films. And many less art-historically codified gestures that are specific to your body of work. Then you look at them closer and they reveal certain parentals in the history of the image. I was thinking of decaying fruit, wild flowers. As the viewer you think: Why is this guy interested in all of this? Then you think: It is *vanitas*. In that same film you show a little skull that is trembling. You guide in wild ways your viewers through the iconographic landscapes of your films; you show them how to look at film by showing them the way you work. In that sense I appreciate what you say about the wholeness of poetic image on the one side, and the idea of making films as if using a certain image vocabulary to build phrases or entire poems on the other.

MA: Painting is very important to me. I have looked at painting since I was a kid; that is how I educated myself. I have a connection to still lives and the horror of imagery. Under the pretense and obligation of making religious painting, painters have expanded their subject matter critically, painting things that are sexy, horrific, and more horrific than the original subject matter. The Flemish, for example, are quite amazing at adding these painted comments. They're very important for me. I take a lot of inspiration from that but I do not

think about it.

AS: You seem to be fairly immune to the imagery of cartoons. The sixties and seventies were a lot about popular imagery. Yet you seem to have these very classic references.

MA: I used to hang around the Louvre when I was sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. I just went in and checked out the paintings for hours at a time. I was fascinated by their wealth of information about food, weaponry, clothing, jewelry, landscape, war, sex, murder, greed, beauty. These are the only visual clues of those times.

AS: And writing? You said your starting point was poetry.

MA: And photography. It is hard to talk about how my life was. You know people talk about their past and how they were raised—it is weird every time I hear myself talking about my past. It's never the same as the last time I described it. When I arrived in Paris I was seventeen. I had not much, my parents kind of disappeared on me, and I fell into Le Chat Qui Pêche, a famous free jazz bar. There was this guy at the bar who was a poet, Patrice Cauda. He became a very good friend. He had tons of books and through him I met René Char and Marcel Jouhandeau in reality, as well as Rimbaud, Verlaine, Shakespeare, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Artaud, Proust, Camus, Robbe-Grillet, and others through their writings. Some of these characters were very influential on me. I tried to emulate Rimbaud—I mean, the behavior. I read a lot about their personal lives and I thought it was great although they suffered a lot. And I became more rebellious, more political, because of these poetic encounters.

AS: Were you aware of the Situationists in Paris?

MA: No. In 1967 I was asked to show my 16mm films *KRYLON* and *LUNE X* in a Lettrist hangout, a bar in Paris, and they actually looked at them. It was the first time I felt an interest in my work. It took me a long time to figure out that Maurice Lemaître was Maurice Lemaître. Their behavior was so strange to me. They were cool, but it was hard for me to get into their world. They were totally interested in my films. But I did not get them exactly.

AS: Did you see Guy Debord's films? *La société du spectacle* [1973]?

MA: Yes, but much later, in New York. I saw it fully by 1978, when I started to get bootlegged stuff and things on VHS.

AS: So you had this moment when you got exposed to a lot of good writing, poetry and prose, not only French but also translations. And then you moved to the US.

MA: I first went to America in 1962 by myself. I took a container ship from Hamburg and went to New York. I was a part-time assistant to a fashion photographer for *Harper's Bazaar* in Paris, and I was really good at helping and loading, so he would call me during the collections and say, "Why don't you come to New York?". So one day I just took a boat and went there. I arrived in New Jersey, and I thought it was New York. I stayed for a year until I got deported for overstaying my visa. When I got back to France I had been drafted; the French authorities were looking for me to go to the military because I was nineteen. My father, when

he was around, talked about Russia; he thought it was the best country. For some reason I took America.

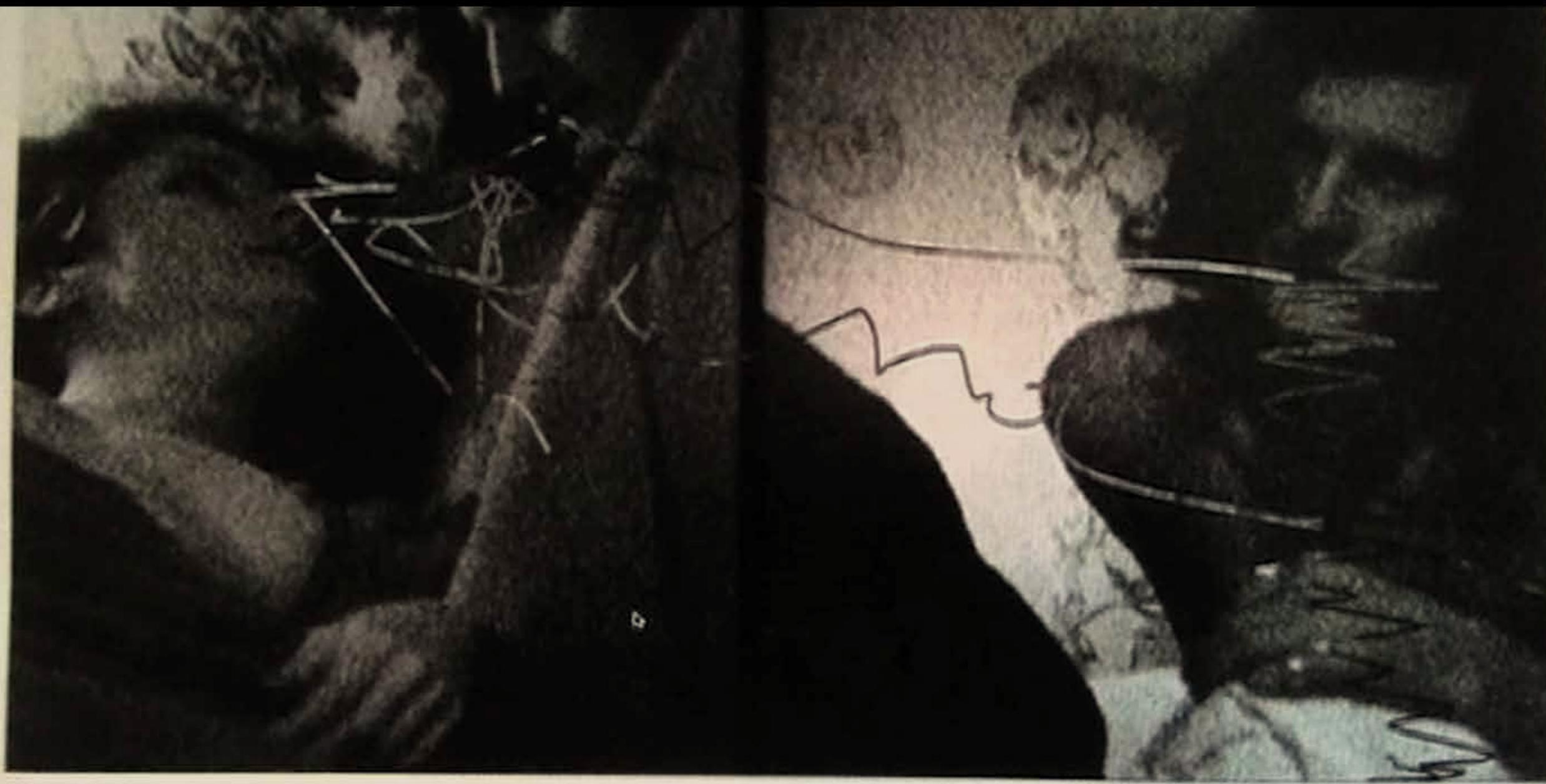
Then, later, in 1969 in Paris, one late night I met Viva in the street with Nico. I had raised some money to make my film *KEEPING BUSY*. And I said to Viva: I want you to star in my film. I went with her to Rome, shot the film, we became lovers. And then Agnès Varda called Viva and asked her to star in her film *Lions Love* [1969] in Hollywood. Viva said: I am not going without my boyfriend. So Agnès had to pay for my trip to LA in order for Viva to come to her. And then, after the movie was done, we went to New York and stayed at the Chelsea Hotel for the next four years.

AS: You made **ROMAN VARIATIONS** in '91, and it seems Rome was an important place for you, one of those cities you like to return to. Your journeys, they often lead to the south.

MA: I think that I choose these places because I judge them to be less changed by the Western world. Morocco in the seventies was still very traditional. In Afghanistan it was like that, before it was destroyed. You step back a hundred years or more. Bolivia is eighty-percent indigenous people; they live the way they did a thousand years ago. And they chew coca leaves. It is a nice kind of drug, not like cocaine. It keeps you up a bit and not hungry, and it is good for traveling in the High Andes mountains, by yourself. You know, I am always by myself when I travel to these kinds of places.

AS: What about Vanuatu?

MA: The same thing. Vanuatu was returned to its indigenous people after it was plundered by the French and the



WHAT will you do, GOD when I DIE?

When I, your pitcher, broken, lie?

When I, your drink, go stale or dry?

Homeless without me, you will be
robbed of your well come, warm and sweet.

English at the beginning of the nineteenth century until the 1960s. There is not much to be exploited there except the coconut trees planted during the past colonial era. No one uses much of that oil commodity anymore, so the country was kind of returned back to the islanders. Most of these islands are very isolated. Of course, a lot of Westerners have been there, but you can step into places where there still is a vision of things that brings you far back. And that beauty is interesting to me, as is being able to make a video recording of my experiences. It is also the physical part of being there: no restaurants, no hotels.

AS: Rome and New York are explainable within this logic: they are capitals of empires. So you are also interested in the opposite side of this “pastoral state”, which is the decaying empire, which makes me think of Thomas Cole’s *The Course of Empire* [1833–36], five paintings that show the empire’s “savage” and “pastoral” states before the catastrophe and then the ancient world falling apart from earthquake, deluge, fire, and all kinds of apocalyptic scenarios. But it is not the wrath of God; it is humanity meeting its end, quite inevitably, because of its many faults. Similarly, there is a certain moral statement in your work that I think has to do with this confrontation between the dark side and some other side, which is not the light side, but maybe the life side, which also includes death. I was just thinking how it was for you to work quite consequently for so many years in New York, which is not an easy place to survive, particularly in the seventies and eighties.

MA: I should title my 45 years of video *The Course of Empire*. Even now, not much has changed for me since the

seventies, though the city has become more modern. New York’s my headquarters, my address where my bills are sent, where my studios have been for the past 43 years. At some point in my four-hour film **VANUATU CHRONICLES** [1998], I said that even though I am here on that pristine spot, on the island of Ambrym, I have to live in the falling empire. Even if I go to the countryside in upstate New York, I cannot live there all the time. I need a place where all my videotapes are and everything can happen really fast. If you want something, some information, some object, it is there, much faster than in Europe. I am used to having my headquarters in New York, to making films, and to depositing what I have taken. It is just a place that works well for me.

AS: I understand the practicalities and the habit of living there, but still, as a scenery, as a subject matter for the films –

MA: I have exhausted New York in my films. I did a new work about the city recently, called **UNTITLED (I WAS LOOKING BACK TO SEE IF YOU WERE LOOKING BACK AT ME TO SEE ME LOOKING BACK AT YOU)** [2012]. I filmed for a year from my windows, filming the buildings, the streets, all the different actions going on in NYC. Well, I have not exhausted New York, apparently.

AS: In your films, you see it very much as a closed city; there are a lot of walls and cells. You film people in small interiors. There are not many open vistas. Sometimes there is sky but the sky is empty.

MA: I have filmed all the facets in this city. The open vistas of New York are a whole new work that I am putting to-

gether, a full installation, in fact. The people are my actors and the cities are my sets. People I know suddenly do something interesting, or I am in a certain situation and I feel I can record some of that. Wherever I am I can figure that out, but it turns out it happens in New York too.

AS: But there are many more people you do not know at all, and whom you probably never will get to know. These are the people you film from a distance, looking into their rooms, looking at their behavior in a way that often reminds me of the naturalist’s point of view, as somebody who is curious of a species. You look at people as if you are looking at animals. There is John Berger’s book *Why Look at Animals?* [1980/2009], and it describes how we can learn from animal behavior the behavior of people. But you seem more interested in reading animals in people, not in the expression of their individuality, but more as a divided herd. I am thinking about these passages in the **CHRONICLES MOROCCO** [1971–72], where donkeys are scattered –

MA: In a parking lot.

AS: Having sex, jumping around.

MA: They are waiting for their bosses, their owners.

AS: Doing whatever. And people are doing very similar things in your films. I think one of the large arches in your work is the leveling of the animal world and the human world, and maybe even the object world. There is a drive behind the eye that looks at all these different phenomena as somehow very much of the same kin.

MA: Yes, I have often said that dur-

ing the making of **CINDY SHERMAN** [1988], the method I used is the one for filming wild animals; you set up your camera near the spot where they go to drink from the river everyday. In the case of Cindy, the river is her studio where she goes drinking.

AS: You seem to be very interested in non-events.

MA: Dead time, you mean? But it is not really dead to me; there is a lot going on. I think even some writers, Alain Robbe-Grillet, for example, go into describing almost nothing. I feel that there is something there that is important. To be engaged in that time when there is almost nothing.

AS: People just hanging out, looking at things, passing by, scratching, things like that. It brings you to the animal kingdom. The difference would be that animals do not get bored, while humans get bored easily. You bring animal qualities to humans. It always strikes me that you do not seem to portray people who are too stressed out about something; instead, they have an almost royal laziness or carelessness about time passing.

MA: It is against my morals to use people under stress, but there is plenty of stress described in many of my films.

AS: You also do portray people who are obsessively busy with something, or running somewhere after something: fame, for instance, or drugs. Sometimes there are very strong and intense characters and you can go crazy when you listen to them. Nevertheless, in your films I often sense sympathy for your human subjects.

MA: I do not like to exploit people. I



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think I have not done that up to now, unless our politicians' morals are changing again, which they are. You are not supposed to look at people; there are all kinds of laws about that now. When I am editing I make sure that if I have recorded someone that doesn't know that they have been recorded, that I do not feature them in a situation that would be upsetting for them, or a situation in which they would be recognized. They are just people; you cannot really tell who that is on the windowsill.

AS: The excessive care about people's rights to privacy and to their image is a part of biopolitics today, in which the state defines relationships between people. What we are witnessing, in the US even more than in Europe, is a form of virtual imprisonment of human beings who are theoretically walking free. The unregulated space of human relations shrunk drastically and was superseded by the current corporate fiction of the Totally Safe Western-European and US-American World. And this is something that your films speak very passionately against, and they do it right from the start, with a prophetic intuition, if one remembers that the footage we are talking about might be coming from the year 1970.

MA: My entire attitude—not consciously—is about disregarding the authorities, to a certain extent. There is always some limit to all this stuff. The forces are very powerful and they can stop you. Still, I can work within the parameters and turn around all those things that people are trying to impose on me. That is the power of film. That is what some comedians do on stage: they manage to be very aggressive within the parameters. For instance the film *The Aristocrats* [2005] proved that point. That is the beauty of language.

AS: What do you teach your students?

MA: "To open their eyes, which means to make their eyes notice more than education usually is inclined to do, namely collecting and assembling facts," as Josef Albers has said, which is like how I make films. I do not show mainstream films – they can see those whenever they want to. I carefully orchestrated my own film history and what can be done with sound and image. I am lucky to have a film collection that has been built up over the past 15 years. I then carefully rearranged and remixed segments, like a DJ, so they can be dealt with in a three-hour class at Yale University's School of Art. I often show artists talking about themselves. For instance, last semester I showed Damien Hirst, among others. On his website there is a film that he made about himself. Not that I like it, but it is an interesting example of using a film for self-promotion. It is very boringly well made.

AS: You know the film where John Chamberlain is cutting his sofa? It is called *The Hersey Couch* [1976].

MA: He made one for me and Viva in the Chelsea Hotel, with his big knife. I have great footage of him in the countryside. There is a film of him cutting it?

AS: In an apartment in a hotel or residential building in front of Central Park, an apartment of a rich person, like a collector. There are tons of people around. Some guests appear and snort coke as he is cutting and drinking; it takes ages, and nothing happens. It is great. But back to the students. I wanted to address this one question: One popular saying today is that we live in a world that is saturated with images

and that there is an overflow. But when one looks at your work one comes to the conclusion that you totally enjoy the fact that the world is saturated with images. You are just working through them.

MA: More words that come into my grasp.

AS: It is amazing to see how you manage the images. I understood it when I looked at **ENDLESS COLUMN** [2011], where you are "typing" images. You hear *clac, clac, clac*, and the images go very fast, but you, the viewer, do not get tired. Instead you get hyper-excited to the point when it is almost more than you can take. It keeps you on a highly responsive level towards the images. It is a practical demonstration of the fact that we are perfectly capable of handling a lot of images, thinking logically between them, and then when there is no logic in between, to fill it up with associations. Psychology jumps in and makes connections. There has been a lot of image critique. Cindy Sherman, for instance, and the artists of the Pictures Generation decided to look into how we construct images. They created strong and immobile images. It reminds me a little bit of going to the Museum of Natural History, where you have stuffed animals.

MA: Solidified things.

AS: Well, and the way you work with images is like working with living animals. In your films the images are like living currency, not like dead signs. I am not surprised that you seem to be quite excited by the iPhone and that kind of direct extension of the hand, rather than maybe only of the eye. Maybe it is one of the first devices where you are not supposed to look into some kind of

viewer, but you just point at something. It is the gesture of the hand that captures and determines what will appear on the screen for the viewer.

MA: I hate to say iPhone, but I think the phone is a great tool. Because everyone has one there are a lot of thoughts about it. I do not have to think about it, though, because that is what I do: I use the smallest tools available to record. For the first two years I had a phone I did not realize that I was making work with it. **ENDLESS COLUMN** is made with a phone, **NARCOLEPSY** is too, and there are more coming up.

AS: As we've already discussed, a couple of your works introduce literary genres: chronicles, diaries, confessions. We also have a conversation, a portrait...

MA: And then there are titles with references to film. A **COUPLE WHITE FAGGOTS SITTING AROUND TALKING** [1980], **SEDUCTION OF PATRICK** [1979], **CHASING THE DRAGON** [1987], **THE FEATURE** [2008]. They are all put together soap-opera-style.

AS: Soap opera in the costume of religious drama. **SEDUCTION OF PATRICK** sounds almost like the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc. It has a high religious tone that gets perverted over the course of the film. A **COUPLE WHITE FAGGOTS SITTING AROUND TALKING** indeed sounds like a comment on soap, but also rings of Debord's film *On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Unity of Time* [Sur le passage de quelques personnes à travers une assez courte unité de temps, 1959], and one of its opening lines: "Our camera has captured for you a few glimpses of an ephemeral micro-society." **APOCALYPSE LATER** [2003] – that is a clear



biblical and cinematic reference. And then there is **THE FEATURE**. The title sounds like the most generic thing imaginable...

MA: I was thinking of making something out of all my footage. A new work, going into everything. The filmmaker Andrew Neel, who is the grandson of my friend Alice Neel, has a production company and we talked for a few years about making a film. Finally, in 2006, we started **THE FEATURE**. We worked with Luke Meyer, a great editor. I usually edit myself but we figured that if I started editing this film, I would have become distracted by my own footage and not follow the idea we had planned. We spent two years making it.

AS: So it is special in some way.

MA: Yes, in the sense that it is not the way I usually work.

AS: You do not often collaborate. You do most of the editing yourself. Actually, the piecing together is a key part of your work.

MA: Sound, editing, and filming are all equal. It is important in my work to personally control them. But for **THE FEATURE**, it was important for someone else to collaborate on it and edit it with me.

AS: What does the title mean? Does it relate to the length?

MA: Yes, this is a feature film: it is three hours. The first thing I said at the Berlin Film Festival was: I think the title is wrong, it should have been called *The Trailer*. Comparatively, the length of the film that we made from the existing footage is about a trailer-ratio.

AS: One could say **CLEOPATRA** was also a feature film. What would be the difference in approach?

MA: **CLEOPATRA** is wilder; I filmed most of it myself. Also I had a crew. **THE FEATURE** uses my archives as source material and new, hyper-cinematic scenes, shot by my co-director Neel. I perform in it some kind of an artist that has access to all kinds of things, a composite person on top of the food chain in the art world. It is not based on one artist in particular. When artists make millions selling their work they often become strange; it is a complex thing that is happening. Newly rich, they act like Hollywood superstars, and suddenly they just recoil into walls. That is what money does, or power. You cannot really hang around in the street anymore.

I play that kind of character in the film; it's kind of a comedy. Then a few months later Andrew Neel came back asking me to tell my life story, and he recorded it with a tape recorder. I made up some stuff, and some things are real. All along the film you hear that voiceover. Sometimes I say "I," sometimes I say "he." It is not to hide anything: My life is on film everywhere; my behavior is totally exposed. It was more about the confusing power of film. The viewers then think it is a real story, and often I have been asked if I am going to die, because at the beginning of the film I am supposed to have a brain tumor. Because we tried to make it like a film, there is a beginning and there is an end. That is why we got invited to film festivals – they could relate to it.

AS: Because it has this narrative pretext, and that should be enough to qualify.

MA: And suddenly they became excit-

ed. Inside all of that you can see a lot of extracts of my works. There are a few articles about it, by serious people, which are pretty interesting.

AS: You know this documentary on Chet Baker [Bruce Weber's *Let's Get Lost*, 1988]?

MA: I have never seen it. I knew him. I thought it was a film.

AS: He is not very well in it. He died soon thereafter. He is being driven in a car, in Cannes and LA and other places that he had visited before. They brought him to Cannes; he is hanging out with girls. I was wondering how you managed, over so many years, to avoid over-stylization. For instance, this Baker film is all about contrast, very black-and-white, like early *nouvelle vague* or Cassavetes.

MA: That is why I did not look at it, because it looked like film noir, it kind of scares me. Cassavetes is awesome.

AS: It is pretty beautiful and very sad. You seem to rather work with what a medium offers. The quality of the image is the result of a given medium that you use, but without any extra tricks.

MA: I use it in the simplest way possible.

AS: Differences come from the fact that you use different formats: several types of video, different characteristics of digital material, creating an aesthetic out of dissonances, instead of one unifying tenor.

MA: If you look at Antonioni or Bergman, they always use the same cameraman. They really have a vision: they play with the light. I like to look at that.

I think I have a style; you can recognize it. The aesthetic comes from the way I handle the camera. I know exactly what it does when I use it, and I do not make too many mistakes. Actually, I can make beautiful light in the work, because I know how to adapt with the tool. There is a lot of thinking about how things have to be done.

AS: But mostly using a natural setting.

MA: Mostly using existing light and trying sometimes to put the object into bare light.

AS: Still it is working with the circumstances and not creating a show with studio lights, a setting. Which could be also done with simple means.

MA: My whole idea is to have as little as possible to make films. **A COUPA WHITE FAGGOTS**–it was so difficult to make that film because no one had any money including the downtown actors. I did bring some lights but then the film kind of degenerated by being copied on some lower equipment. And it's fine anyway; no regrets.

AS: Did you sometimes re-shoot?

MA: I cannot remember re-shooting anything, ever. If it does not work I just move on and replace it with something else.

AS: How is your image bank organized? How do you find things there?

MA: My image bank is constantly sharply floating in my head. The styles you see in my work are different because they are different formats; the tapes look physically different. So already, visually, on my shelves, I can go straight to the seventies because they



look so different. But most of the tapes have been digitized. So now with titles and numbers you just go back and forth, and you can scratch through a lot of stuff very fast. I also have a list with descriptions of 1700 tapes, organized by key words. The other part is the software – it is kind of a miracle. The work still has to be done, still has to be good. But it is a help; it permits me to travel through all the things that I am looking for and to hear sounds that I never heard before because they are in a corner of the tape. It is a fantastic improvement.

AS: You have soundtracks separate?

MA: Sometimes I forget that I have them. I have tons of them.

AS: Do you use physical tapes anymore?

MA: I cannot even play the tapes. I only look at digital. I have 300 tapes that are not digitized, and that are becoming a bit of a problem.

AS: What do you do with those?

MA: They are there on a shelf. If I could find some funds, they could be digitized.

AS: What kind of material?

MA: Half-inch reel-to-reel. There are not any players anymore. And they stick to the drums. They have to be put in some kind of a bath. I am sure there are a few good things that could be done. It is from the early seventies.

AS: But it is material, not works.

MA: There is material and definitely there are works – that is why I kept

all my tapes, because they are works in general. At the beginning, I wrote notes on every tape. I have tons of notebooks with the written content of the tapes: Bridget is there, blah, blah, blah, Andy is there, and then we are in the Hamptons, another good shot of breast pump...

AS: Did other people use your material for their work?

MA: People often ask me. I am not a good lender of my work. I have done it a few times for friends. People want to make their own film with pieces of my films, they want to see Gregory Corso, Warhol, Sherman, some cliché or whatever. But everybody wants everything for free and I really cannot afford it. I want good money for my footage. Fuck it. If they do not want to pay for it I am not giving it. I spent my entire life making films and I do not even have a net below me. But it is fine, I am an expert at this. I have a home in the countryside, a car, my studio in Williamsburg. I live well. Look, I am talking to you at the Les Trois Rois in Basel tonight.

Recorded in March 2013.
Transcribed and edited March 2013
through January 2014.

ESSAOUIRA



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

20' 04"

FEAR PHOBIA



1979

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

01' 27"

FISHING THE OLD FASHION WAY



1980, ed. 1994

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

06' 37"

FLORENCE CATS



1978

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

06' 27"

FLYING BACK FROM EUROPE



1976

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

04' 09"

FLYING



1983

½" reel to reel video and
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

GEMALDE-RODIN

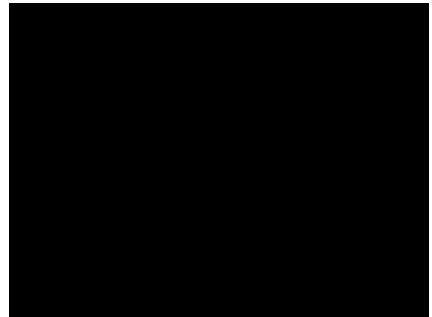


2007

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

04' 05"

FRAGMENTS: ALL LIGHTS OFF

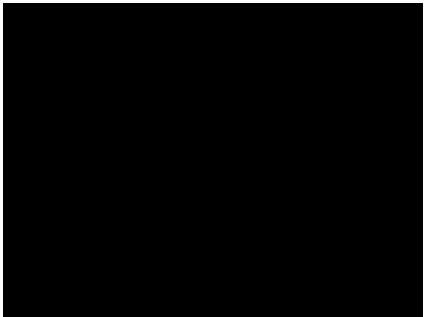


1984, ed. 1986

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
b/w and color
sound

35' 55"

GERARD MALANGA

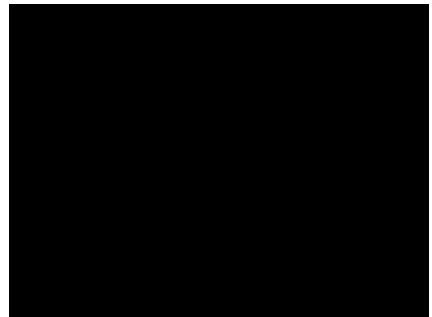


1977

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

40' 08"

FRANÇOIS DE MENIL - FAMILY PORTRAIT



1978

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

15' 09"

GIULIA NICCOLAI AT MELKWEG-AMSTERDAM



1980

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

02' 35"

FUN AND FIRE



2002

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

08' 13"

GLASS MAN, JOSIAH MCELHENY



2008

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

24' 03"

GAY PARADE



1977

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
color
sound

45' 19"

GORGEOUS LADIES OF WRESTLING



1986

Hi8 video
to digital video SD
color
sound

03' 04"

GREGORY CORSO
POT BUBBLE -
CHELSEA HOTEL



1971, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
03' 03"

GUNS- SERBIA



19xx
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
silent
00' 49"

GREGORY CORSO,
PATTI SMITH& VIVA
OUTSIDE CHELSEA
HOTEL



1972, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
05' 05"

HALVANDET



2008
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
03' 13"

GREGORY CORSO
AT MELKweg-
AMSTERDAM



1980
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
04' 21"

HANNAH WILKE



1976
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
19' 23"

GREGORY CORSO AT
ST. MARKS CHURCH



1981
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
32' 12"

HARRY SMITH



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
18' 12"

GUN IN MY HAND,
NED SUBLETTE



1981
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
01' 05"

HARRY SMITH CALL
THE DALAI LAMA -
CHELSEA HOTEL



1972, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
04' 41"

HARRY SMITH
PLAYING PIANO –
CHELSEA HOTEL



1971, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
03' 28"

HARRY SMITH
SMOKING - CHELSEA
HOTEL,



1972, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
02' 27"

HEADS IN LOVE

1970, ed. 2009
16 mm film
to digital video SD
color
silent
04' 37"





HEADS IN THE NIGHT



2009

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
silent

02' 27"

HEADS OF THE TOWN



2009

½" reel to reel video
½" Betamax video SP
Hi8 video and mini-dv
to digital video SD
b/w, color
silent or sound







MY FIRST PIPE OF OPIUM SINCE 1973 (2004)



"[A] part of his house, a part of his life, eyes, hands. It still is." What still is? The video camera, says Jonas Mekas. Who is "him"? M. Auder, Mekas implies, impatient. (Only one part of this conversation is fictional – that which involves this critic.) House, eyes, hands, his: this quartet is implicated in many of M. Auder's works, but perhaps none so pointedly as in his *First Pipe of Opium Since 1973*, its subject as "plain as day," one might say. Drugs, however, only arrive later. First come images, icons, symbols, visuals, other kinds of nouns. A Mexican butchery, and the pink-purple bodies of pigs and cows, their white-yellow entrails and fat, their pale-pink cloven feet. Cracked, crying statues in studious gray. An eagle-emblazoned floor, also the color of meat, and a tree, gnarled, as if by an artisanal hand. (How quickly adjectives follow.) Then some Mexican cowboys, their animals intact and alive and enormous. There are so many things that exist, the filmmaker seems to say, silently. Let's look at a few of them. Back in his yellow hotel room, a blue sheet thrown over the bedposts like a net, a fan whirs and whirs. It sounds like there is a truck in the room, an animal. And there is. "I met this guy in the waves," M. Auder tells the critic. "He said he had some stuff. I asked: What you got?" What he got comes in tinfoil. The hotel room comes in yellow, a blue sheet like a painting or a photograph muting, abstracting, making a thin color-field of the view. Outside the sea: another blue sheet. Somewhere else: Mesoamerican artifacts behind glass. The red color of *terra* in their gleaming vitrines. Hands hold a lighter to tinfoil; a fire is set in front of the butcher. We live between these kinds of coincidences, among these kinds of formal affinities, in these kinds of metaphors, reveals the filmmaker (perhaps). The hotel window blind's handle swings back and forth over the glittering foil. A fishing boat's rigging swings back and forth inside the Mexican night. *San Agustinillo*, another boat reads. Around it, animals are dying, glittering. The men who surround them are darker than their catch. The green waves outside, always outside, swing their white latch.

HENRY GELDZAHLER
& TAYLOR MEAD
TALKING ABOUT IRAN
AND WARHOL



1978
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
06' 21"

HITLER- PARIS MATCH



1979
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
08' 29"

HOLLY WOODLAWN
& THE COCKETTES -
CHELSEA HOTEL



1972, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
05' 27"

I AM SO JEALOUS OF
BIRDS



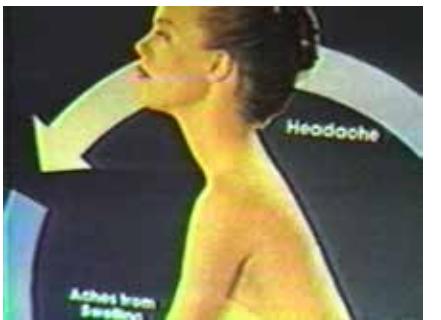
2001
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
02' 01"

I CAN DISAPPEAR
BEFORE YOUR
EYES KILLING YOU-
GREGORY CORSO



1980
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
00' 28"

I GOT MY PERIOD
THIS MORNING



1980
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
02' 16"

JESUS



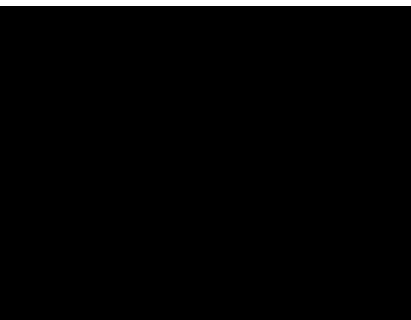
1979
½" reel to reel video and
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

INDISCRETION



1980
¾" video
to digital video SD
color
sound, French spoken
12' 45"

JOHN ANTHONY,
HOMELESS



1976
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
24' 58"

IT'S HARD TO BE
DOWN WHEN YOU'RE
UP



1976, ed. 2007
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
20' 36"

JOHN ASHBERRY
READING AT
SOUTHAMPTON
COLLEGE



1977
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
19' 07"

JEAN- JACQUES
LEBEL AT MELKWEGL-
AMSTERDAM



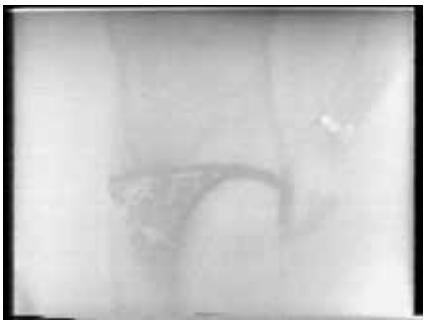
1980
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
15' 37"

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
AND VIVA,
AMAGANSETT-
HAMPTONS, NY



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
22' 06"

JEAN PIERRE KALFON
NUDE - CHELSEA
HOTEL



1972, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound, French spoken
01' 37"

JOHN COOPER
CLARKE AT
MELKWEGL-
AMSTERDAM



1980
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
04' 14"

JULIEN BLAINE
AT MELKWEG-
AMSTERDAM



1980
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
03' 59"

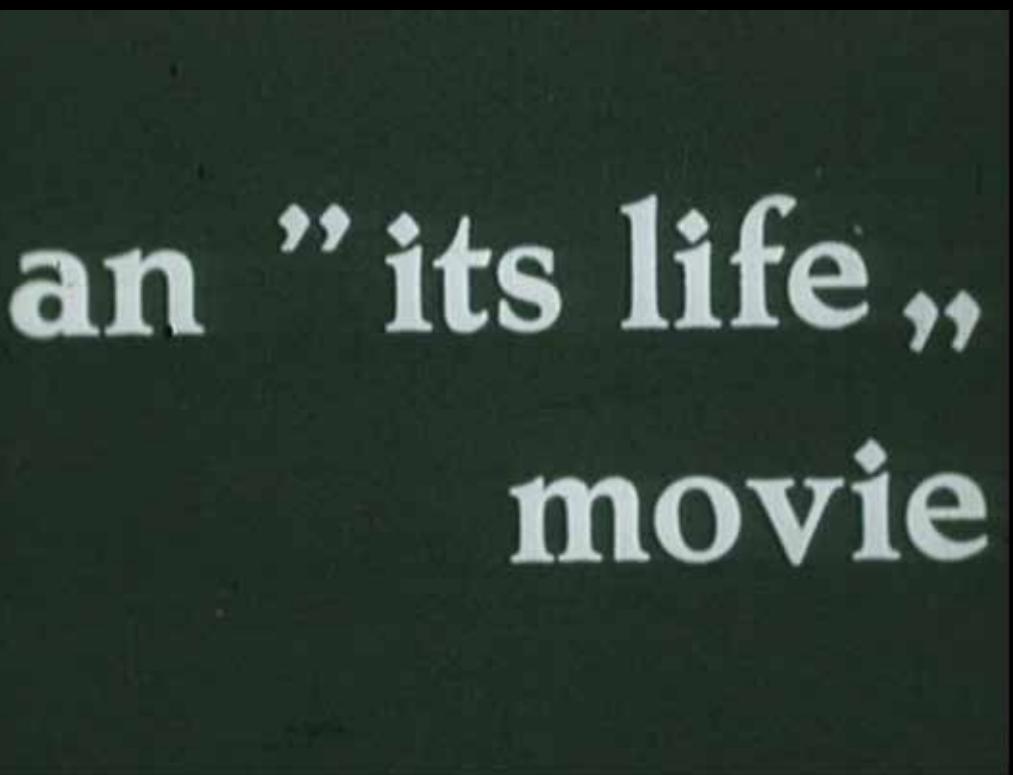
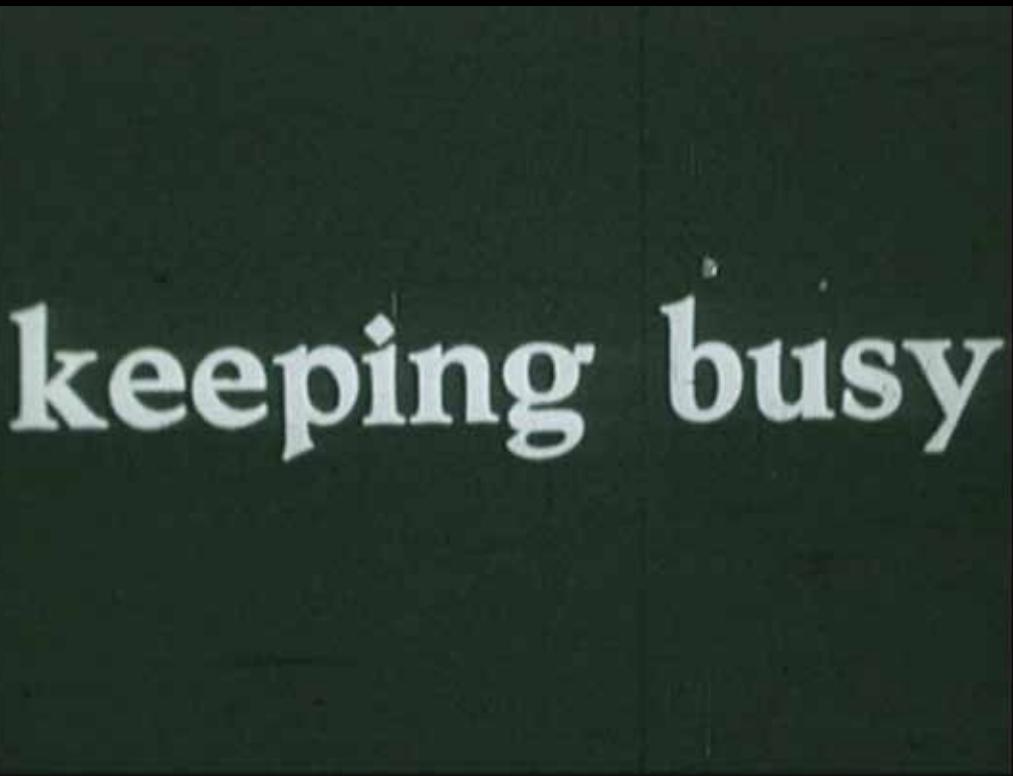
KATHY ACKER
AT MELKWEG-
AMSTERDAM

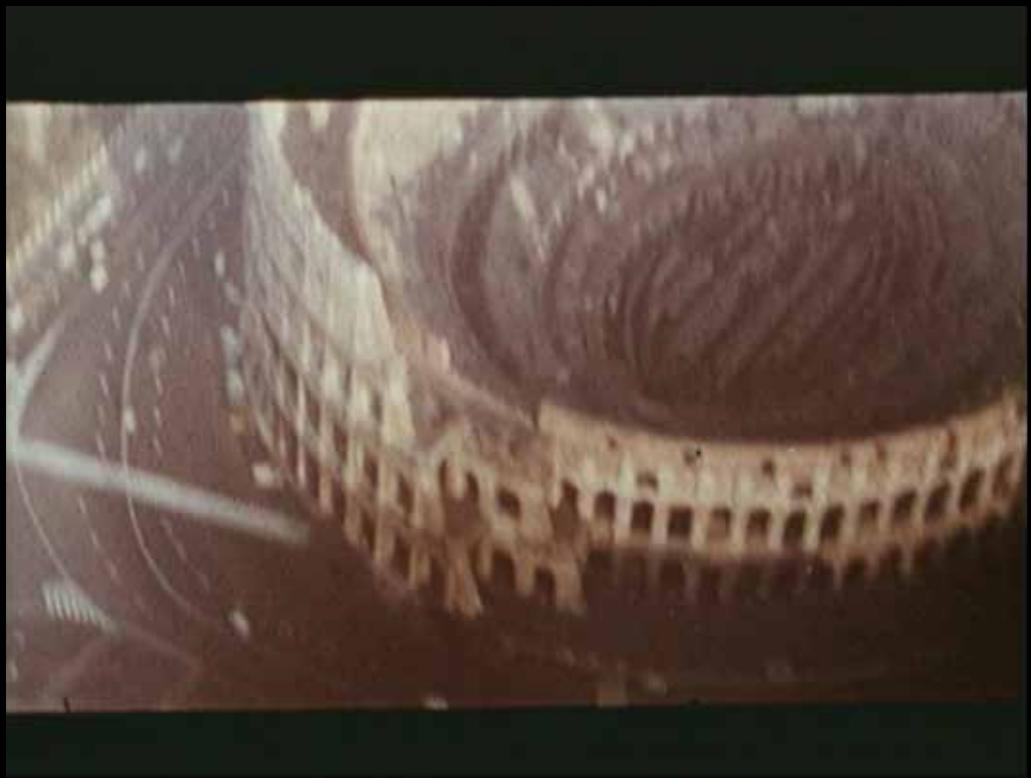


1980
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
07' 15"

KEEPING BUSY

1969
35 mm film and 16 mm
film to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound
1h 07' 14"









LA PLAGE - DO
YOU KNOW WHO IS
DONALD CAMMELL?



1967
16 mm film
to digital video SD
color
silent
04' 19"



LA PLAGE L'OPIUM

1967/1971, ed 2009
16 mm film and $\frac{1}{2}$ " reel
to reel video to digital
video HD, split screen
b/w, color
sound



LA PLAGE

A photograph of a woman in a red dress walking along a sandy beach. She is carrying a small white bag and wearing dark shoes. The background shows a warm, hazy sunset over the ocean. The title "LA PLAGE" is overlaid in a large, green, serif font.

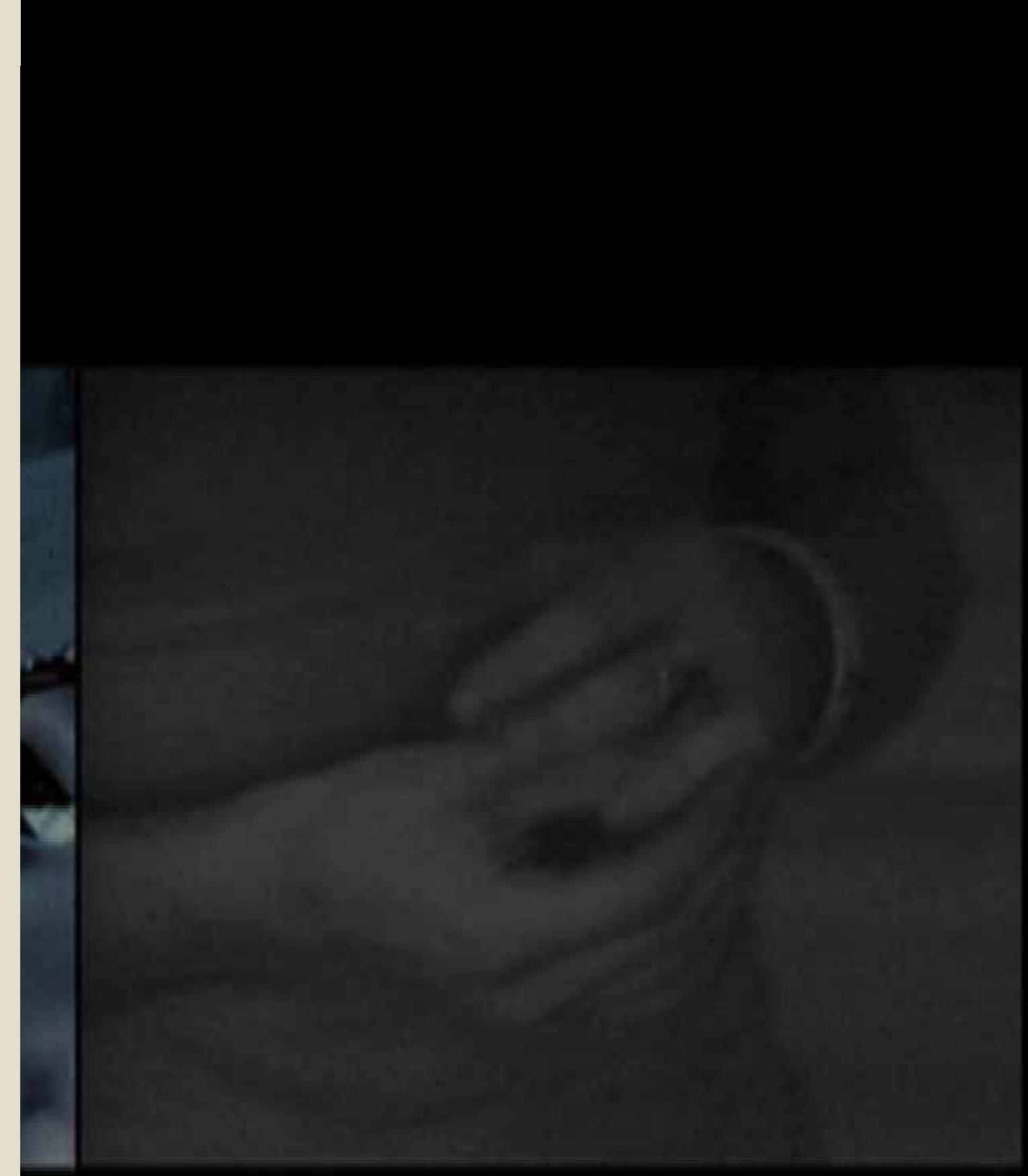
L'OPIUM



THE GAMES: OLYMPIC VARIATIONS (1984)



Begin with an image. A body in silhouette against the dark, horizontal bars of video. The athlete winds its arms and touches its toes, then again – rewind – and again, as flat and general and genderless as a paper doll. Voiceover: *Last year I wanted to make a videotape about the Olympic Games in LA; I could not raise the money to go there. So I made it at home. The following images are fragments of my Olympic tape. I call it Olympic Variations.* So M. Auder precisely intones, clipped and casual and accented. Fuzzy television footage, in a harsh, neon palette of sunset-like gradations, follows. Male wrestlers and female gymnasts, their bright, graphic athletic uniforms articulating their bodies: this interests their observer. Unembarrassed, he pauses on crotches in flight; the hands of a wrestler on another's ass; the breasts of a tennis player; swimmers adjusting their bathing suits. The bodies open and close like doors, like bodies, like a nascent, vulnerable technology. Hands reach into suits. Rewind. Legs spread like wings. Pause. Reagan appears – once a television star, now the television president – announcing the Olympiad with his dull television rictus. The graphics of eighties-era video: the brightly artificial Olympic rings; a spinning, fluorescent earth. Rowers row and a faucet drips. Bodies replicate in slow motion: diver, vaulter, runner, swimmer become plural. Swimmers. Their dark suits like graphics, like abstraction, like modernism against the figurative painting of their bodies. The slo-mo eroticism of M. Auder's serial gaze conjures Leni Riefenstahl's *Olympische Spiele* ardor, then stutters past it into something less authoritarian, less reactionary, less in thrall to cinema, to power. M. Auder's bodies are inarticulate, vulnerable. They aren't bodies; they are bodies on video. What is your first memory of television? An interviewer asks the filmmaker. "Winter Olympics, 1956," M. Auder answers. The bodies of memories, the bodies of television, the bodies of athletes, the bodies of television memories, the bodies of television athletes, the bodies of television presidents, the bodies of television addicts, the bodies of the American television audience, the bodies of – cities. "The cinema and the modern Olympic movement were born at the same moment of time in the same city," Taylor Downing notes. Paris, he means. Where, in 1894, Baron Pierre de Coubertin established the International Olympic Committee at the Sorbonne, and, in 1895, the Lumière brothers presented their *cinématographe* to a paying audience at the Grand Café. Where, sometime later, M. Auder began making moving images. "The story of the Olympic movement and that of the development of the moving image as a powerful tool of mass communication have been closely linked ever since," Downing argues. Alongside his words a still from Riefenstahl's 1938 Olympic film, showing a line of women in leotards reaching up lucidly into the lucid air. "Body Beautiful," the succinct, lucid caption reads.



LARRY BELL – VENICE BEACH, CA



1974

¾" video
to digital video SD
color
sound

37' 31"

LES PENDUS DE TULLE

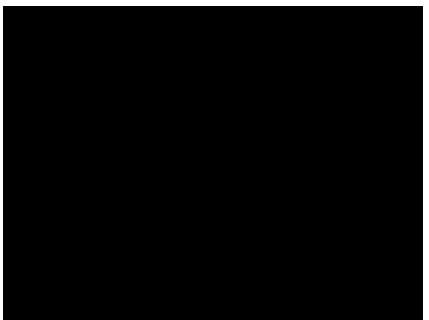


1977

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound, French spoken

07' 25"

LARRY RIVERS ERECTING "THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION" AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



1977

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

16' 29"

L'OEIL

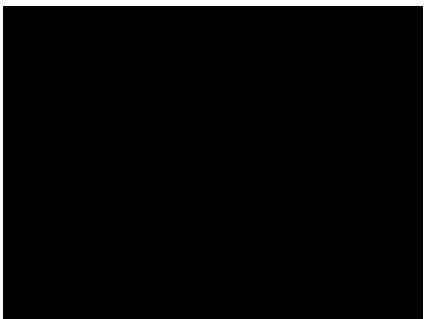


1990

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

15' 25"

LARRY RIVERS PAINTING THE BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS



1978

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

52' 58"

LOOSE JOINTS



1978

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

00' 45"

LAW OF EFFECT



1980

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

02' 04"

L'OPIUM



1970

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

02' 57"

LES 1400 COUPS,
JEAN PIERRE LÉAUD - CHELSEA HOTEL



1970, ed. 2010

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound, French spoken

03' 07"

LOUIS WALDON, 1994



1994

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

1h 12' 36"

LOUIS WALDON IN
CHRONICLES: LOS
ANGELES/ BEL-AIR



1999

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

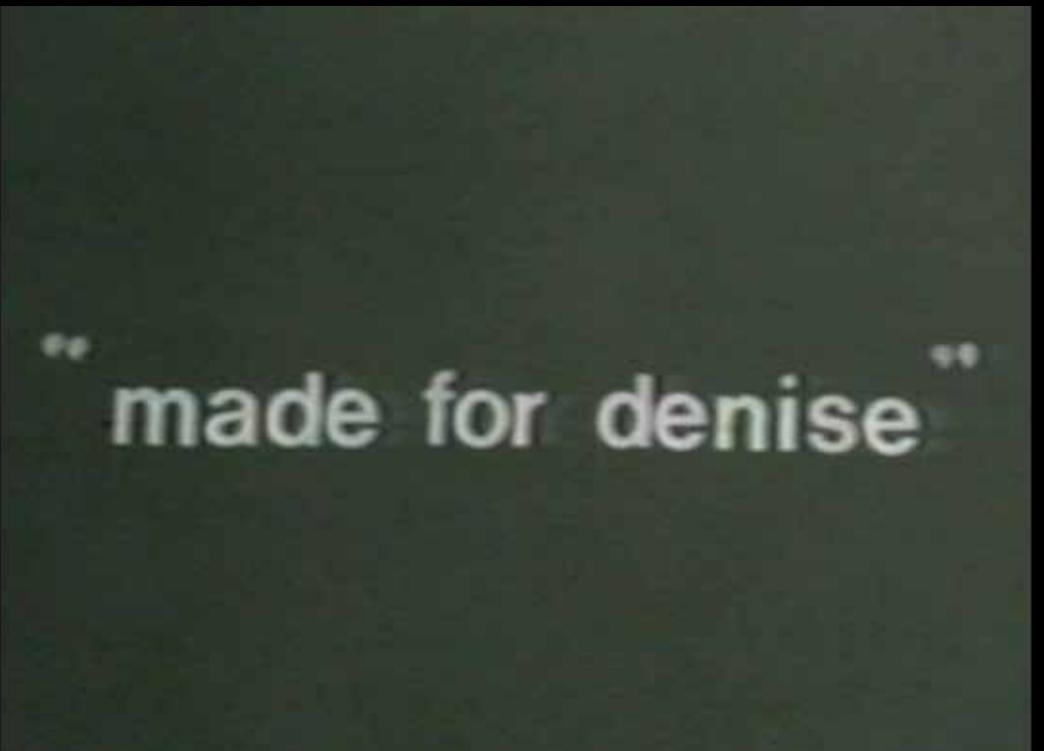
41' 59"

MADE FOR DENISE

1977

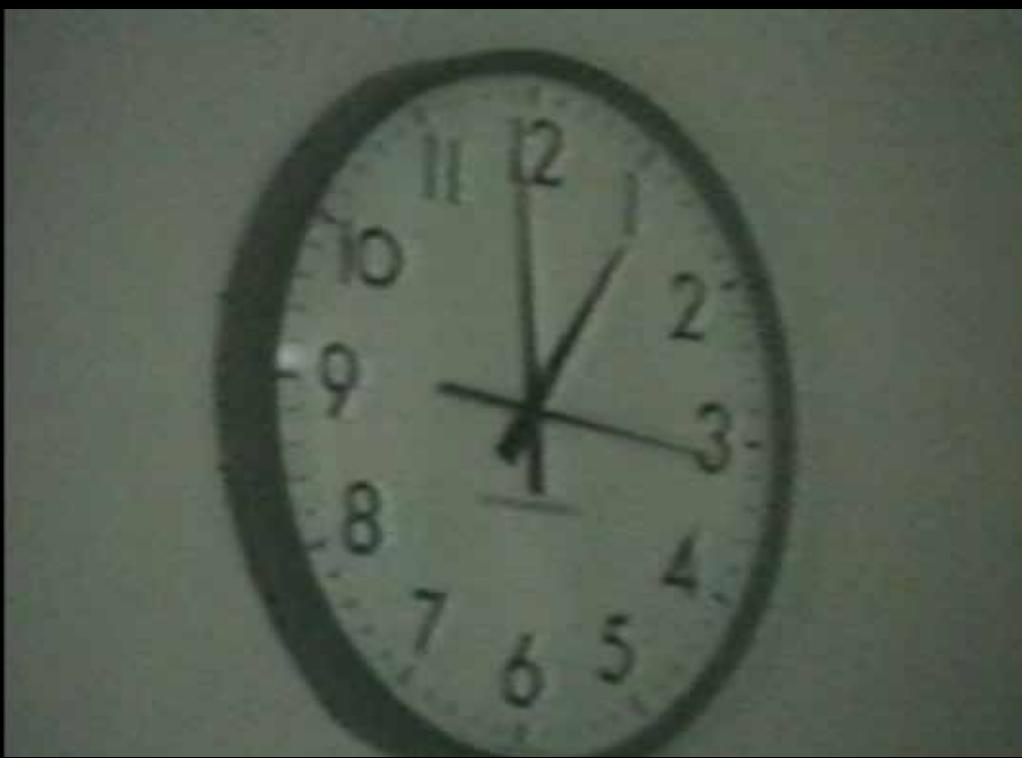
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

03' 06"











CONCEIVED-
DIRECTED
EDITED
PRODUCED
BY M. AUDER



PRODUCED
BY M. AUDER

MADE FOR NICOLE K.

1994

½" reel to reel video
½" Betamax video SP
and Hi8 video to digital
video SD
b/w, color
sound

**MICHAEL BUTHE -
ESSAOUIRA**

1971, ed. 1999

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
19' 02"

MAGNETIC NOTES

1986–1987

Hi8 video
to digital video SD
color
sound
39' 43"

MONDO CANE 5

2003

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
33' 03"

MARKET- SERBIA

19xx

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
01' 23"

MUSEUM HEADS

2009

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
silent or sound
04' 50"

MARCI RESZNICK

1976

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
black and white
sound
52' 06"

**MY FIRST PIPE OF
OPIUM SINCE 1973
(MEXICO NOV. 2004)**

ed. 2005

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
07' 39"

MASTURBATION

1980

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
02' 02"

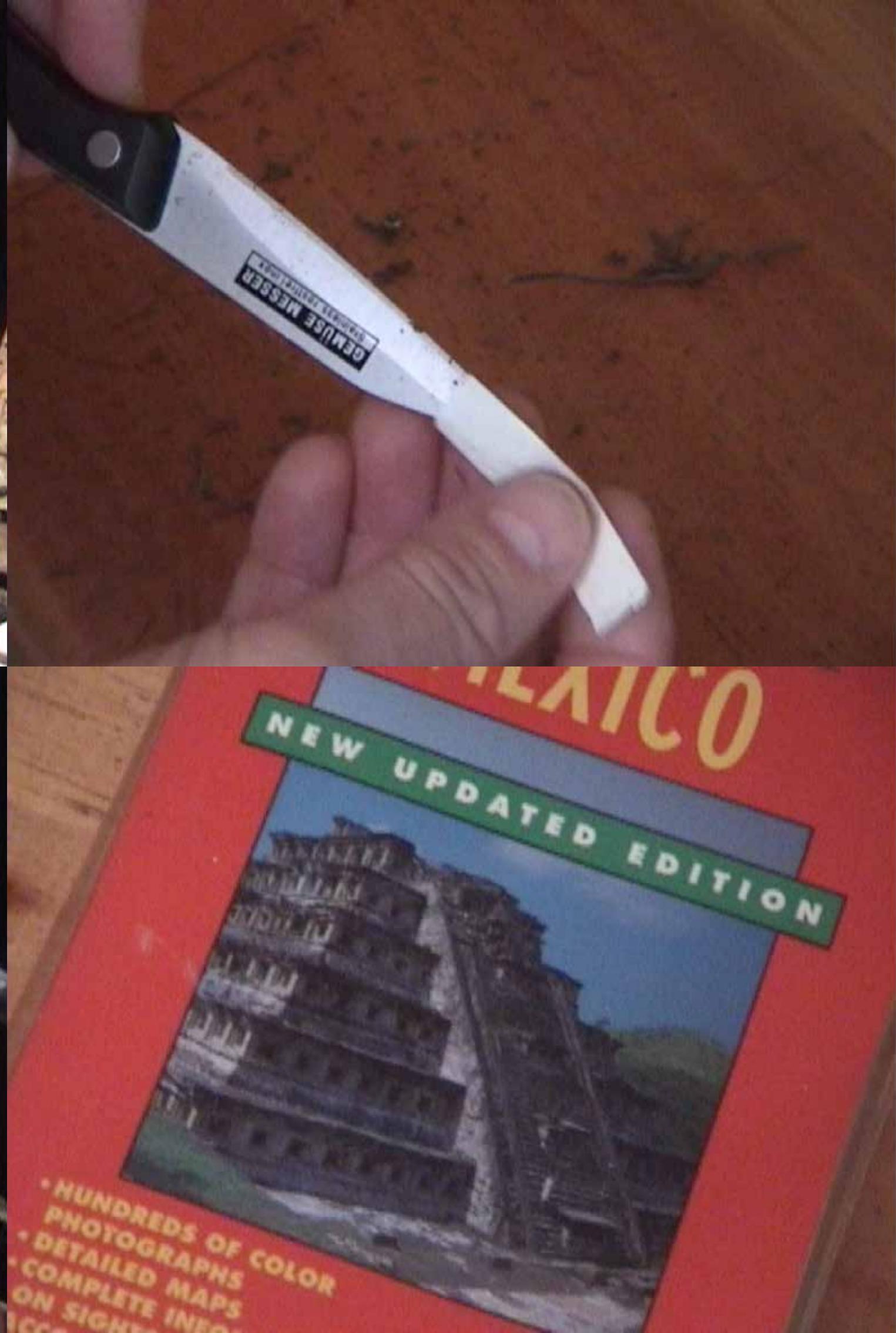


STORIES, MYTHS, IRONIES AND SONGS (1983)

Winter. Story needs a form. Narrative needs a. Name some forms. Myth, irony, song. Winter can be a form too. See what happens inside its structure: a couple in bed under the covers; a figure hunched over in a blizzard. A white street, dark window. The stories on both sides of it; stories in chapters. *I'll sing you a song about the battle between me and my nature*, goes Ned Sublette over the moving images. Forward goes M. Auder's video. What's an anthology? What's a season? What's he doing? Disaster, weather, violence, weather, singing, weather, dictator, weather, television. Everything happens on a monitor. Hitler, Goebbels, the latter the former's minister of propaganda. *His* dead niece, *his* dead children. But Europe is over. On to the animal kingdom, its horses, its races, its nuns and priests and televised blessings. Anointing the animals, then hurtling them around the coliseum. Riders fall, horses fall. Some strange, technological font falls and reads: BEHAVIOR CHANGES BECAUSE OF ITS CONSEQUENCES. Horse clop and dismay through the blue frame: MASTURBATION. The chapter changes. Text scrolls across the monitor. A man with long hair tells the story of his adolescent evenings under the covers, controlling his "breathing." The man calls masturbation "breathing." His voice too sweet, too passive, as though he had been hurt as a child or thinks his breathiness attractive. Images of fashion models and pornography, open mouths and diamond rings, four-color printing. A kind of Cold War image culture, its specific advertorial vernacular. "In his essay 'Subversive Signs,' Hal Foster remarks that the appropriation artist (visual) is a 'manipulator of signs more than a producer of art objects, and the viewer an active reader of messages rather than a passive contemplator of the aesthetic or consumer of the spectacle,'" write Vanessa Place and Robert Fitterman. "'To read what was never written.' Such reading is the most ancient: reading before all languages, from the entrails, the stars, or dances," maintains Walter Benjamin. Note that each quote appropriates (manipulates) others. As M. Auder does. As does this critic too. Theft, that handling, is also a kind of form. See how it fences in the caught. "The critique is in the reframing. The critique of the critique is in the echoing," Place and Fitterman echo.









MY LAST BAG OF
HEROIN (FOR REAL)

1986, ed. 1993

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

03' 50"





1.000.000.000
1.000.000.000
1.000.000.000
1.000.000.000

1.000.000.000

• 1996 • 1997
• 1998 • 1999
• 2000 • 2001
• 2002 • 2003

• 2004 • 2005
• 2006 • 2007
• 2008 • 2009
• 2010 • 2011
• 2012 • 2013
• 2014 • 2015
• 2016 • 2017
• 2018 • 2019
• 2020 • 2021
• 2022 • 2023



MY LOVE (1977)

The video opens like a door, like a black screen sliding back. Women's bodies, in fragments: legs, torsos, breasts, backs. As in Greek statuary or a painting. Or a postcard depicting Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres's *Grande Odalisque*, from 1814, which we see next, propped up on a table. Commissioned by Napoleon's sister, Queen Caroline Murat of Naples, the painting famously features a long, lithe concubine of whom it has been curiously written (in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, naturally): "the distance between her gaze and her pelvic region may be a physical representation of the depth of thought and complex emotions of a woman's thoughts and feelings." Maybe. The critic wonders what the filmmaker might make of this observation, describing the female body as the measure of the female's thought – a common male sentiment, if you think about it. Or what Niki de Saint Phalle might make of it. It's her illustrated book about a love affair, after all, that M. Auder proceeds to read aloud in this video, filming the pages as he does so. A gift from the artist to the filmmaker's young daughter: two females, with their gazes and decades of distances, complex thoughts and feelings and pelvises, and the speculative men who might take their measure. *My Love, where shall we make love? On the top of the sun? In a field of flowers? Where should we make love? Under the stars? In a bathtub? In the jungle with lions and crocodiles? What do you like the most about me? My lips? My breasts? My funny nose?* M. Auder's accent is lovely, funny, French, male. Images are spliced in, rising up like waves under the words: a televised sunrise; a floral-embroidered sheet; a woman smiling at the idea of making love under the stars; M. Auder's Rousseau-like bedding; red lips caught by a mirror. *What do you like the most about me? My lips? My breasts? My funny nose? Do you like my hips, do you like my brain? For you, a flower.* As the story unfolds, and the love, like a flower dies, the spectator-reader notes M. Auder's tender ventriloquism of his subject: a woman. Also the objects of his camera: women. Also his audience: a girl. And you. One might call his erotic and emotional identification versatile, feminist, objectifying, exploitative, empathic – any words you like. For you, my reader, are a critic too. Like this filmmaker, you can be both lover and beloved, father and child, author and protagonist, critic and artist, subject and object, man and woman. The video opened like a door (also: like a screen, like a book, like a body). How will it close?



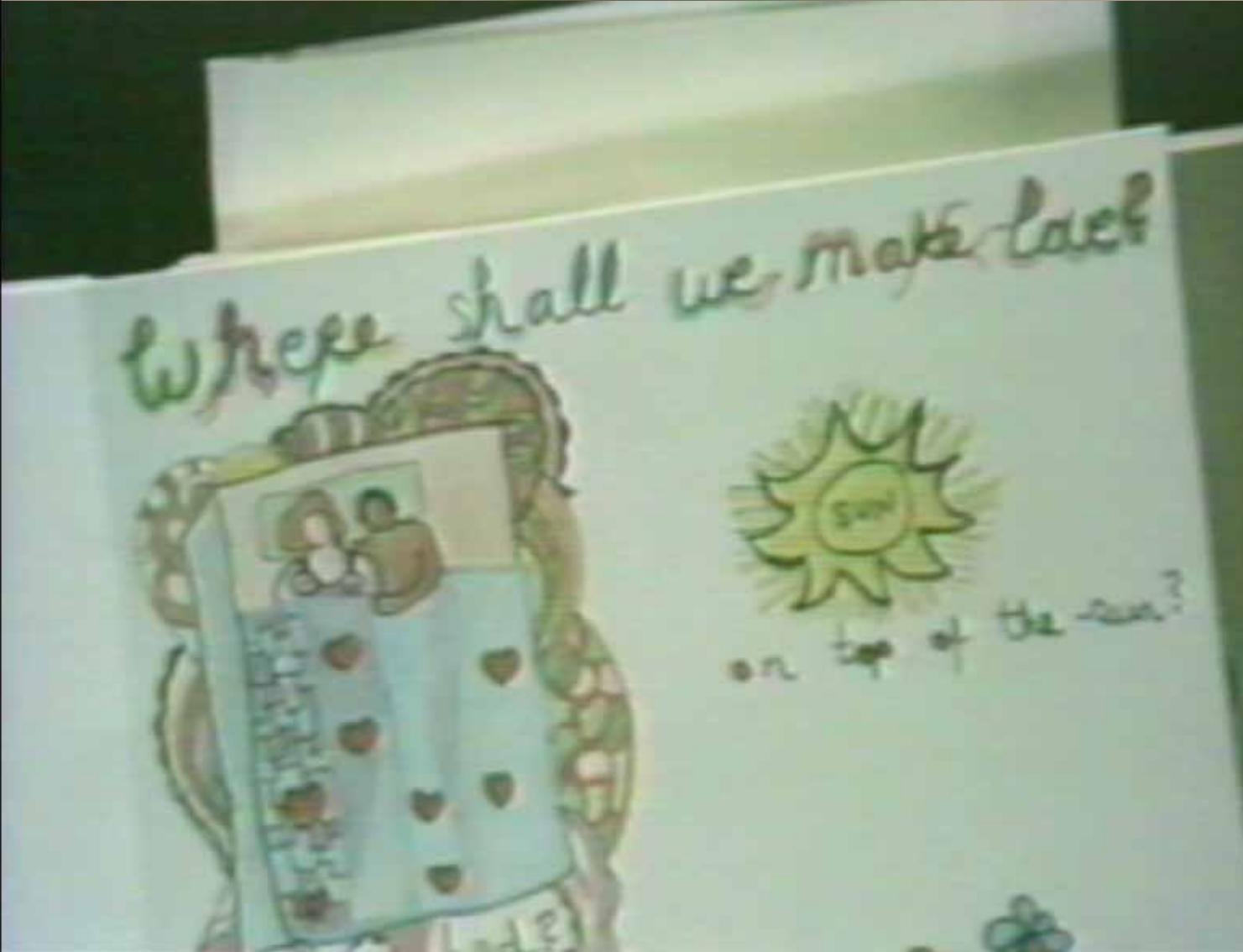
MY LOVE

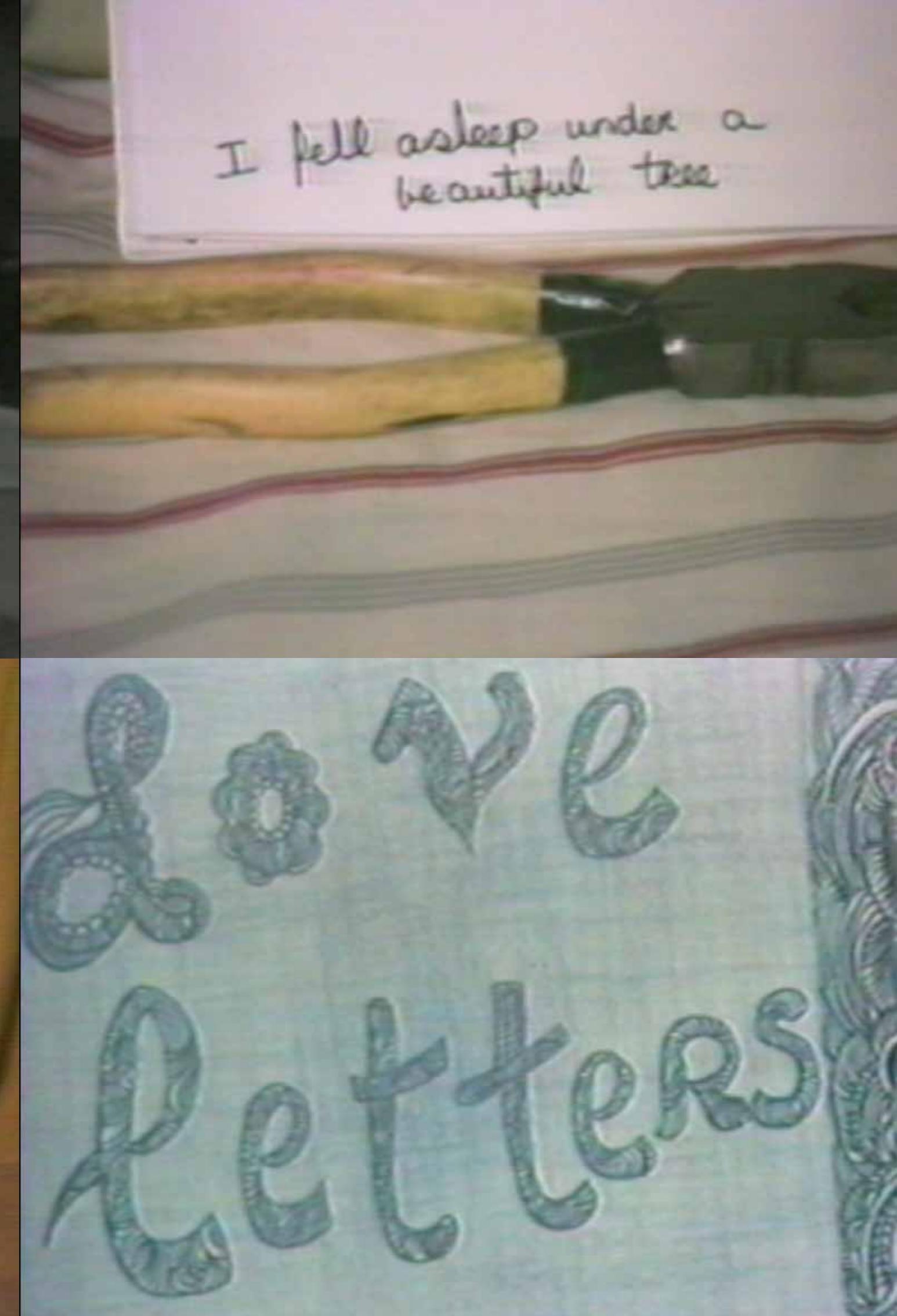
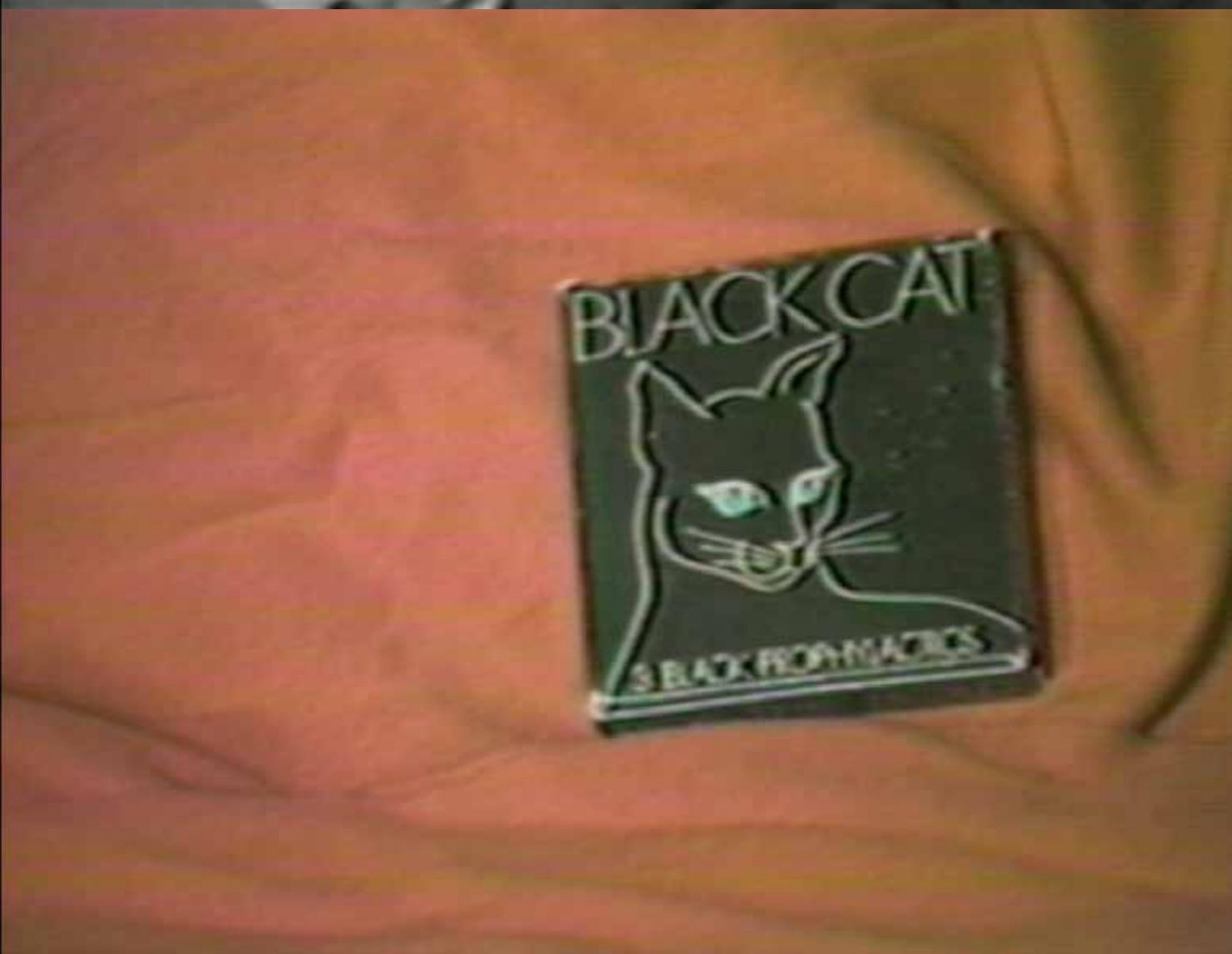
1980

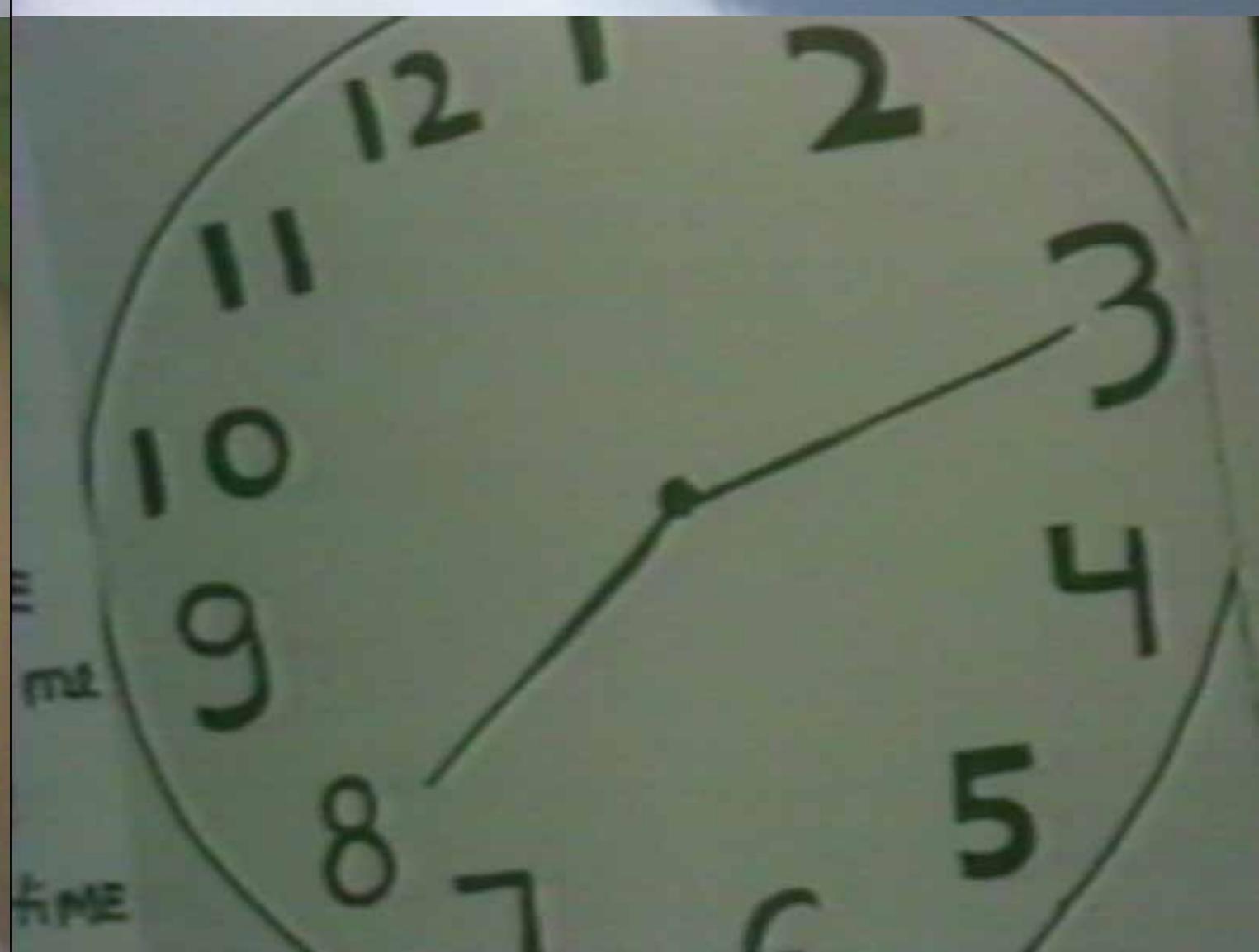
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

04' 41"









ME TIME time
ME TIME time
ME + i ME
ME time + i ME
ME + i ME time
ME TIME + i ME
ME TIME time
ME TIME time
i ME TIME + i ME
TIME LiME +



CONCEIVED -
DIRECTED
EDITED
PRODUCED
BY M. AUDER

ED -
ITED
ED
UCED
ER

MY NERVES ARE
ABOUT TO SNAP



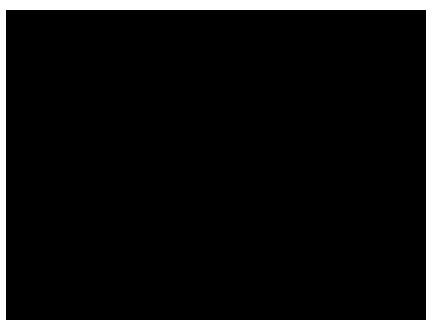
1979, ed. 2008
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
02' 27"

NIGHT STORM



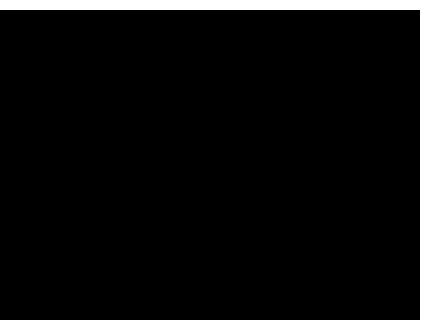
1997, ed. 2004
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound
00' 39"

MYSTERIOUS
INTERLUDE - PAUL
MCMAHON AND CINDY
SHERMAN



1986
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
02' 48"

OBSESSION ONE



1976
½" reel to reel video and
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

NARCOLEPSY



2010
½" Betamax video SP
mini-dv and phone video
to digital video HD
color
sound

PAINTED HEADS



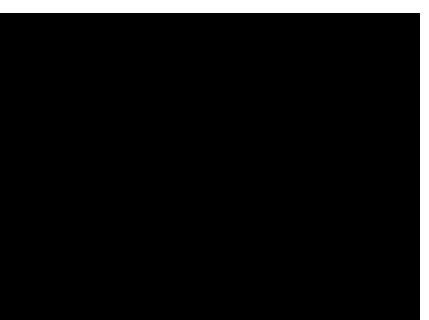
2009
mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
silent or sound
06' 39"

NARCOTICA



2007
½" Betamax video SP
and mini-dv
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

PIERRE CLEMENTI
- HÔTEL LUTÈCE,
PARIS, 1969



1969
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound, French spoken
06' 12"

NICO DRINKING, WITH
MUSIC - CHELSEA
HOTEL



1969, ed. 2009
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
02' 12"

POEMA DEL CITY-
RON PADGET



1981
½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound
01' 25"

POLAROID COCAINE

1993

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

05' 10"





VOYAGE TO THE CENTER OF THE PHONE LINES (1993)



"Every expression of human mental life can be understood as a kind of language, and this understanding, in the manner of a true method, everywhere raises new questions," writes Walter Benjamin, adding: "It is possible to talk about a language of music and of sculpture." To which this critic might interrupt and add: "And a language of video." M. Auder is fluent in this latter language; one of its originators and highest practitioners. And this language is not only visual – a flowing montage of precise and lingering images – but spoken as well. Consider *Voyage to the Center of the Phone Lines*, in which the caustic and sincere vernacular of Northeast American working-class conversation – intimate phone calls recorded from a scanner that picked up cordless phone frequencies – courses over the changing fields of coastal images like a river (flowing forward, as language does), or like a phone line, streaking sleek and silverly across the sky (as the filmmaker's title itself implies). The peopleless images – shot from a summer house on a body of water – observe the restive changes in the landscape as the days go by. Over these minute alterations of nature people talk about god, money, children. *What's happening in the schools and the homes and streets*, a woman says, her voice crackling. *Men are barefoot*. Rain falls across actual phone lines, actual tiles in an actual garden. *And this government is going to decline. It's declining! Because god is going to set up his new kingdom*. Pine trees dripping with rain, fruit. *People are going to be blinded*. M. Auder's camera is as curiously poetic and uninvolved as his speakers' voices are emphatic, desperate, touching. His images as reticent as the sentiments are urgent. Yet both languages (visual, spoken) are familiar, human. In chorus, they provide a adroit portrait of our contemporary landscape, its fitful pace forward into some "center" where the discreet, daily ephemera of weather and nature accompany the dystopia of human need and conviction, strange languages. *God is good, he answers prayers, but we really have to keep in touch with him. It's a two-way street*, a raspy woman opines. Waves move over stones. A body of water crossed by a jetty. Moon. "One-Way Street," an essay by Benjamin, begins: "The construction of life is at present in the power of facts far more than of convictions, and of such facts as have scarcely ever become the basis of convictions."













Text JJ Schuhl
Voice Ingrid Caven
Video Michel Auder

PORN ONLINE



2002

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

00' 26"

PORTRAIT OF
MICHAEL ZWACK



1979

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

38' 22"

PORTRAIT DE
PATRICE CAUDA -
HÔTEL LUTÈCE, PARIS



1969

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound, French spoken

04' 56"

PRECIOUS CARGO



1993, ed. 2008

mini-dv
to digital video SD
color
sound

02' 00"

PORTRAIT OF ALICE
NEEL



1976/1982, ed. 2000

½" reel to reel video and
½ Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
b/w, color
sound

RACING IN THE CAR



1986

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

02' 08"

PORTRAIT OF AN
ISLAND



1981

½" Betamax video SP
to digital video SD
color
sound

46' 41"

RAUSCHENBERG
"CARDBIRD" OPENING
AT CASTELLI

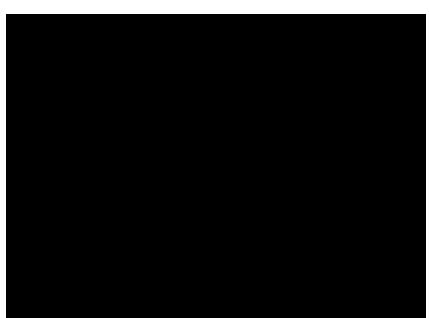


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

PORTRAIT OF LEE
STRASBERG

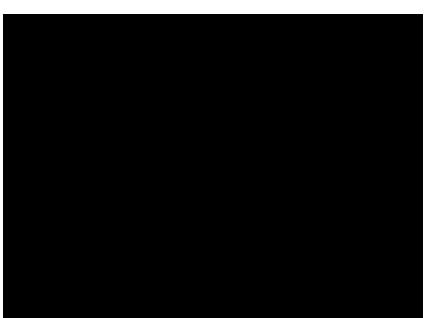


1976

½" reel to reel video to
digital video SD
b/w
sound

1h 04' 20"

REAR WINDOW

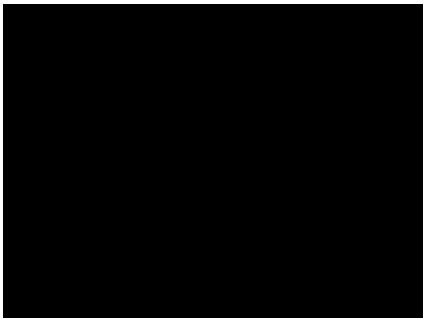


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

REOCCUPATION

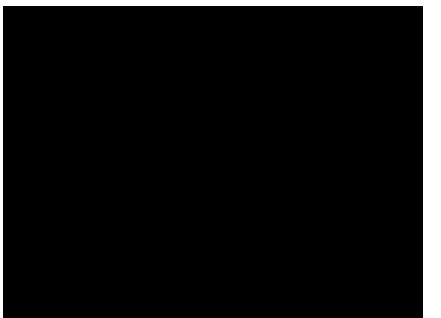


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

ROMA ST. GALLEN
COPENHAGEN



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

ROMAN VARIATIONS

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

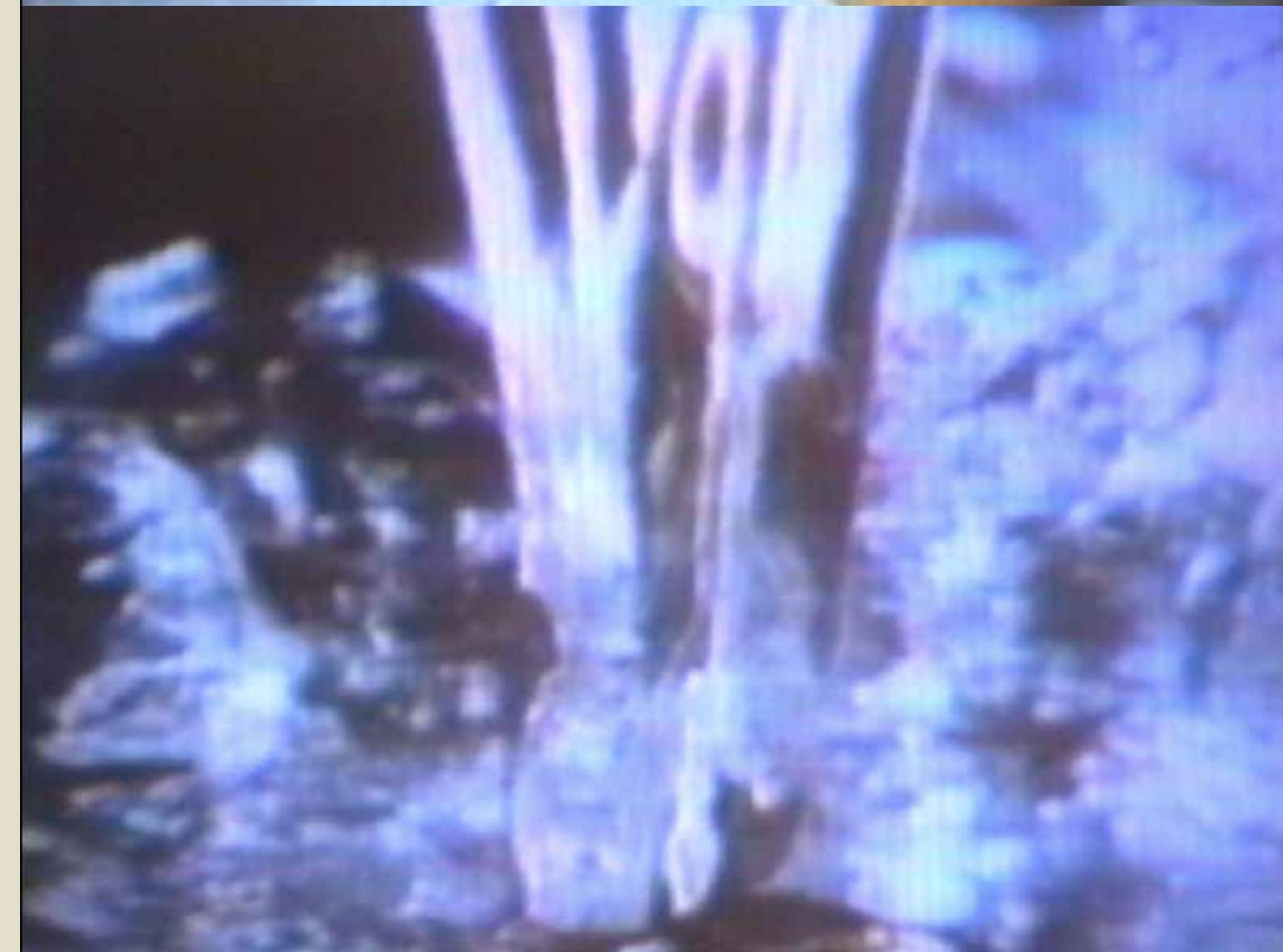
21' 32"



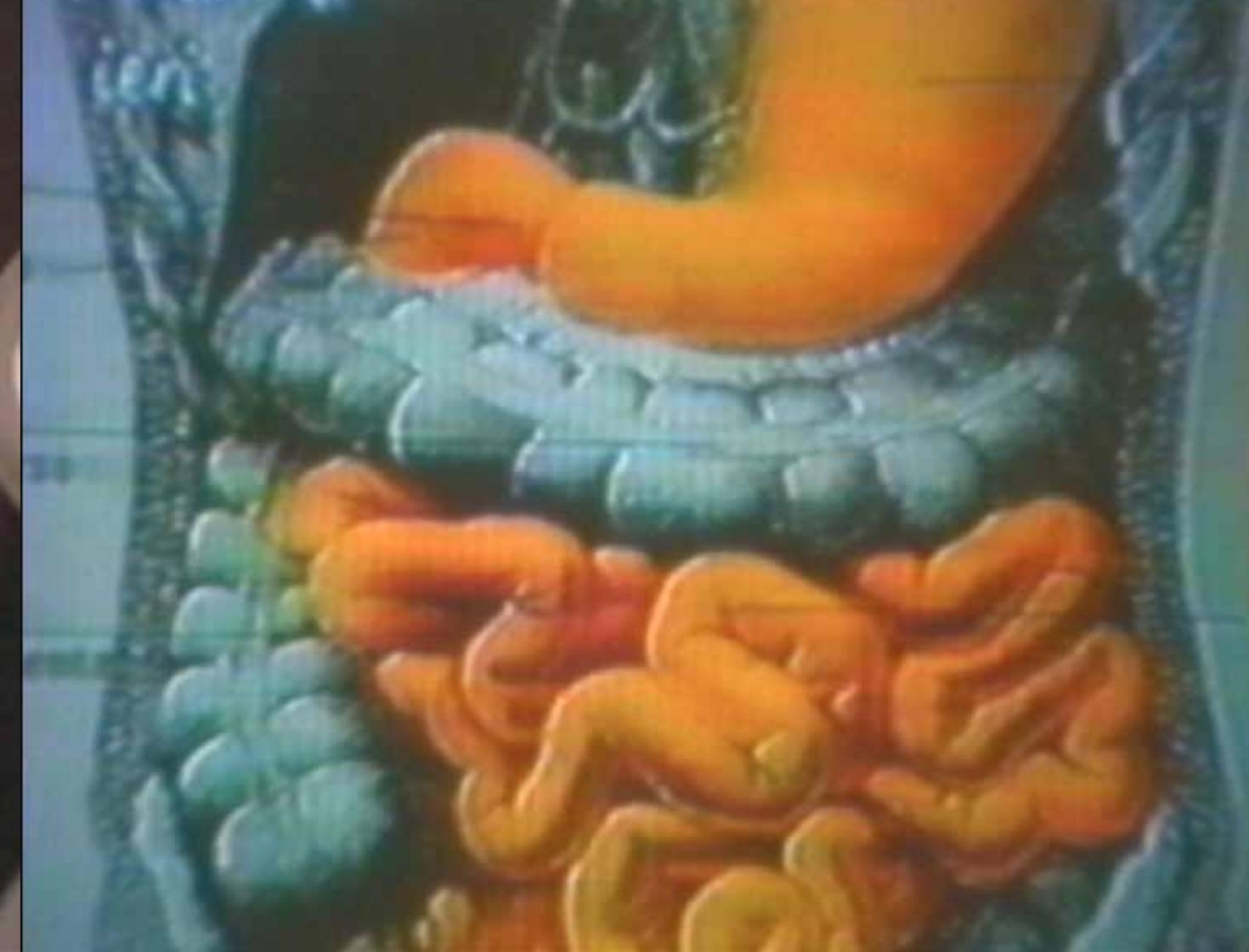


HEADS IN LOVE (1970, EDITED 2009)

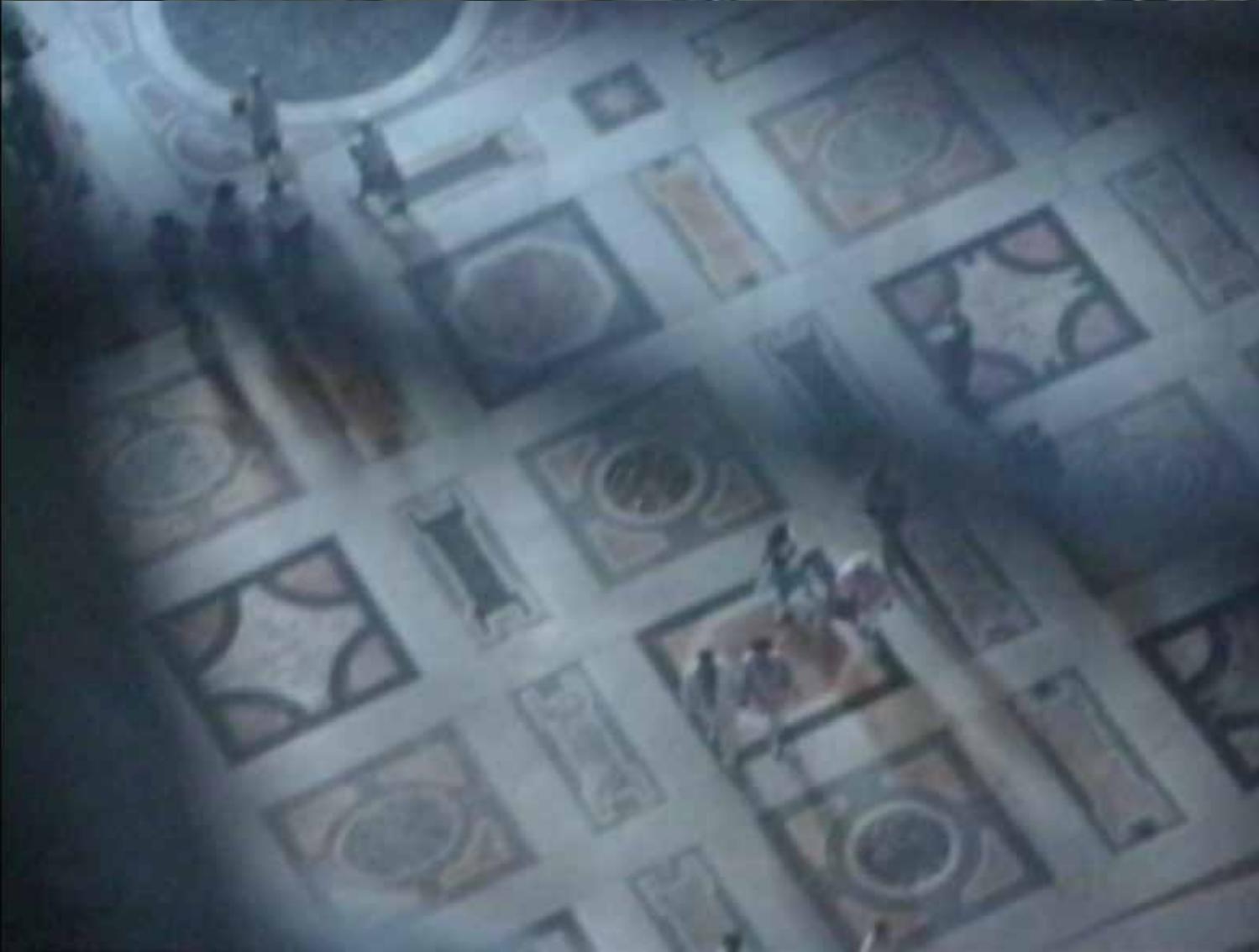
Minor histories, poor images. "The poor image is a copy in motion," writes Hito Steyerl. In another building, different city, another internet connection, M. Auder moves through his video archive, makes copies of his videos for a different critic. "In the class society of images, cinema takes on the role of a flagship store. In flagship stores high-end products are marketed in an upscale environment. More affordable derivatives of the same images circulate as DVDs, on broadcast television or online, as poor images," Steyerl elaborates. The poor image "transforms quality into accessibility, exhibition value into cult value, films into clips," she notes. Shall we discuss the poverty, the cult value of M. Auder's clips? Here is another minor history of some poor, pre-digital images: in 1970, M. Auder was quoted in the *New York Times* saying he wanted to make a film about Egypt's ancient female pharaoh using Viva and the Warhol Factory. Producers called, oh, immediately. One gave him \$200,000, then saw the finished film and – horrified at its moral and technological impoverishment – destroyed it. M. Auder took the work copy that was left and gave it to Henri Langlois to screen at Cannes. The producer sued M. Auder for a million dollars; he had to give the work copy back. But Jonas Mekas made a copy from that work print first. Thus *Cleopatra* continues to circulate, if poorly. If it has never stopped moving, it has grown evermore impoverished as it does so. "It's third generation of a film that wasn't even printed right, just a work print, but it's got some style because of that," notes M. Auder, astutely. And the generations and degenerations continue. In 2009, the filmmaker copied five minutes of footage from *Cleopatra*'s orgy scene – the film the rust color of blood – and titled it *Heads in Love*. The reddish bodies blushing against Oriental rugs look like odalisques, like Ingres's supplicating nudes, like many other dusky classical paintings depicting Cleopatra and her entourage (those by Lerousse, for example). If M. Auder's poor images are slowed down, as the poor often are, they are not quite still. They are not paintings; they are copies, mobile. Copies of "superstar" odalisques holding roses, draped in jewels. Viva's hair the color of rust, as if on fire. "That rare prints of militant, experimental, and classical works of cinema as well as video art reappear as poor images," Steyerl writes, "reveals much more than the content or appearance of the images themselves: it also reveals the conditions of their marginalization, the constellation of social forces leading to their online circulation as poor images." The constellations are bright tonight, circulating. So bright, so circuitous, that we forget that their stars are dying. That is their brightness, their poverty; that is their poverty, their brightness.

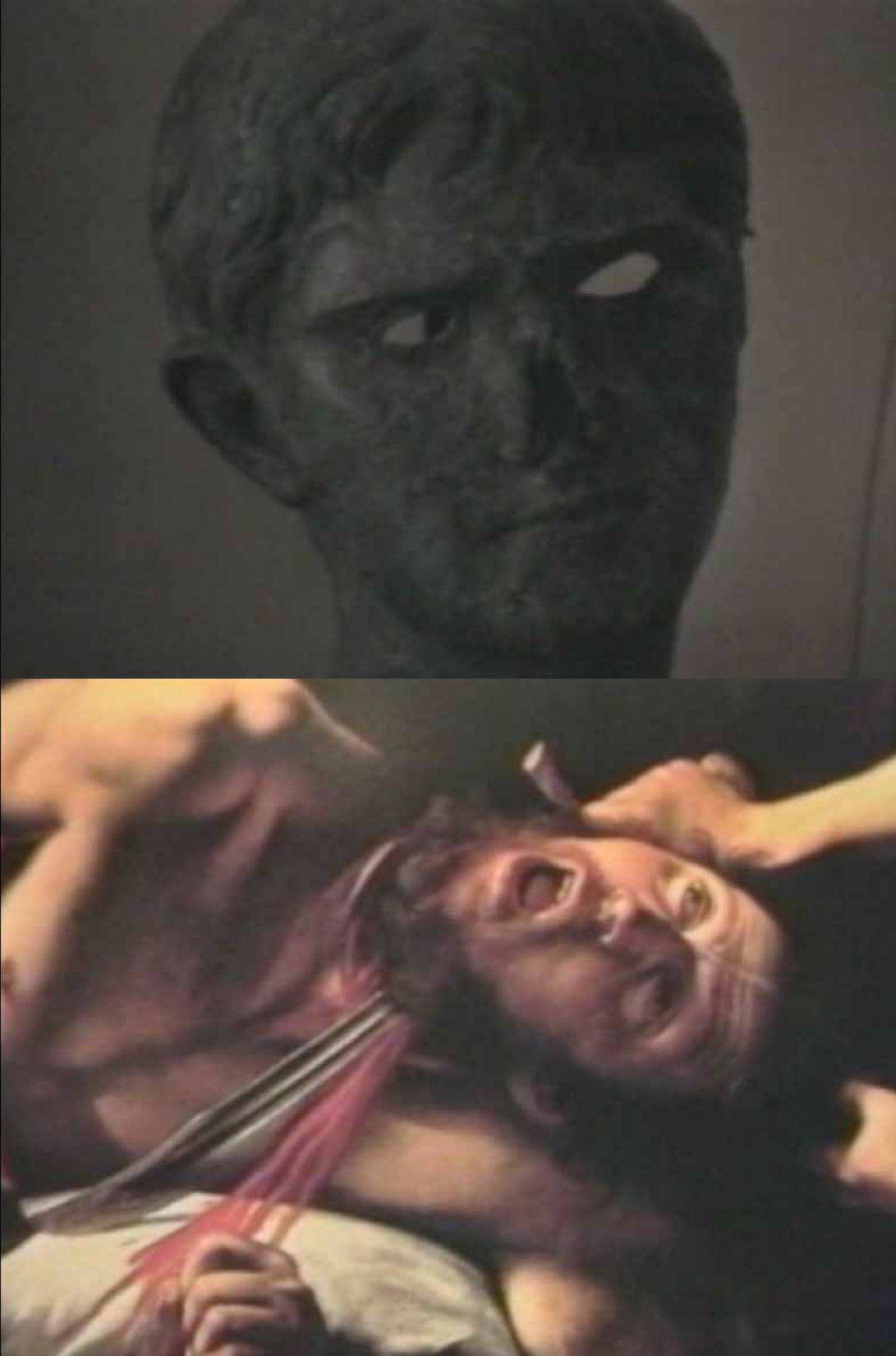


















UNTITLED (I WAS LOOKING BACK TO SEE IF YOU WERE LOOKING
BACK AT ME TO SEE ME LOOKING BACK AT YOU) (2012)

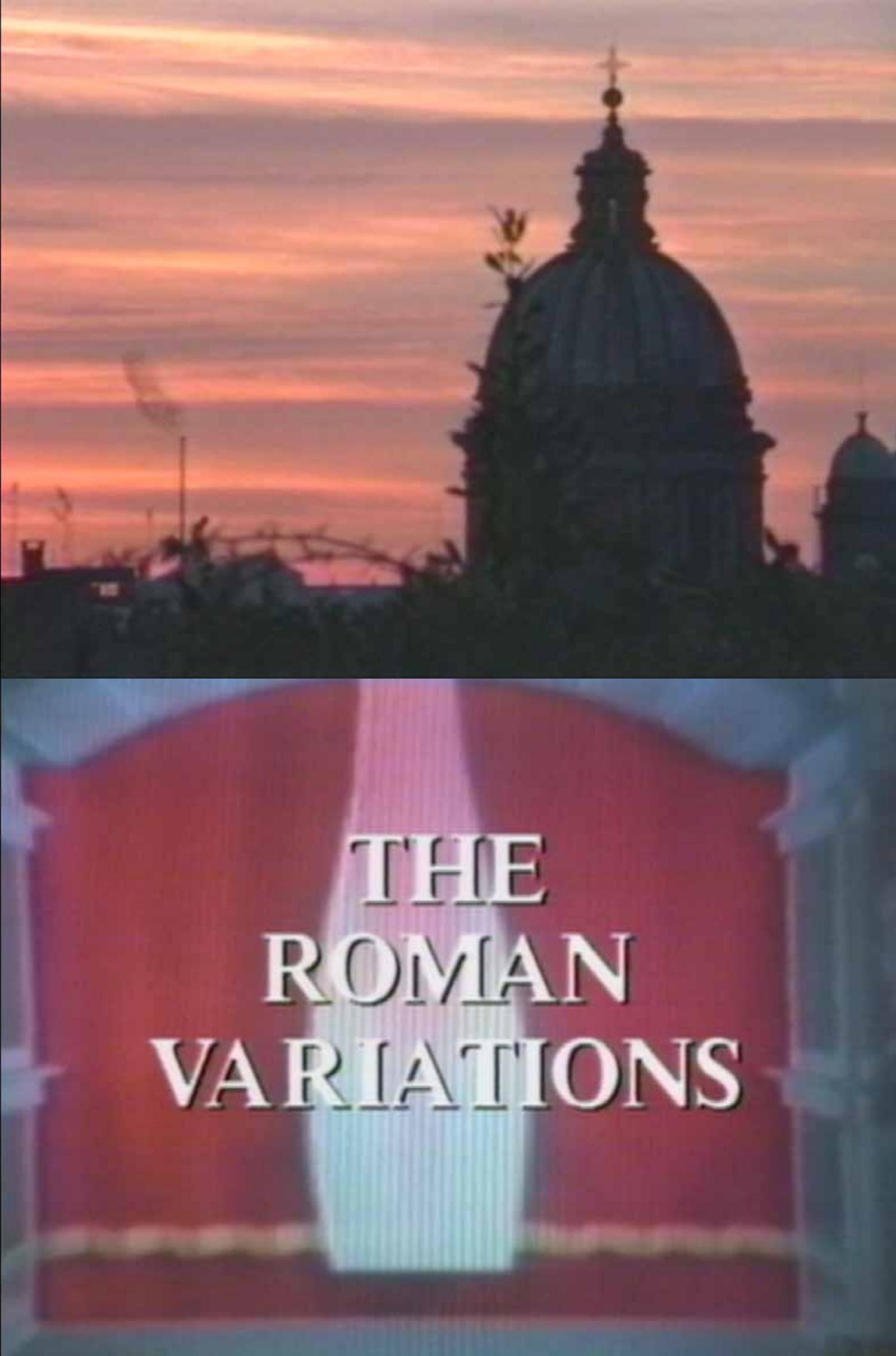
"Diaristic," "discursive," "voyeuristic," the critics say of M. Auder. Emmanuel Hocquard says: "If we suppose/ that the world exists/ as more than/ a picture book, then the subject/ has no reason/ to be and so the world/ is now no more/ than a habit./ Mirrors of identification,/ the questions themselves/ come to have no object." The filmmaker himself says: Window. Window as aperture, as field, as painting, as mouth, mirror, world, language, photograph, window. Windows not like the dark eye sockets of MiddleEuropean ruins but like the glassy, reflective surfaces of—what. Of mirrors. Of monitors. M. Auder says this in video, however, which is another kind of language. Consider *Untitled (I Was Looking Back To See If You Were Looking Back at Me To See Me Looking Back at You)*, in which his video camera trains itself, as it so often does, on the windows of his New York neighbors. Switching windows like frequencies, like channels on the radio, it becomes clear that there are only a finite number of things one can do inside a window, that aperture-mirror-monitor. These include: Cooking with friends, eating alone, undressing, fucking, sleeping, masturbating, dressing, sitting black and graphic and unmoving against the artificial glow-field of television or computer. Such moments and visual codes then become subjects, become mirrors, become questions, become – finally – objects, as in Hocquard's poetic equation. But another language approaches, as if some train in the distance: The soundtrack from Godard's 1963 trailer for *Contempt*. It runs on, glamorously, distantly, in French. In unison, the male and female voices recite: Soon... on... this... screen. Separately, the strings behind them swelling: *The woman. The man. Italy. The movies.* Against this, Godard's style, his modernity, and inside M. Auder's frame, a little girl watches out the apartment windows with a pair of binoculars. Mirroring the one who watches her with his camera. In the building across the street, people make love or sit alone. Each is framed, cut in half, by their window. A police car siren rings. A Morrissey song rings. The channel changes. The window changes. The object changes. The world changes then—wait—remains the same. "You cannot remember the title of this film," says the curator, at the art fair conversation.











ROOFTOPS AND
OTHER SCENES



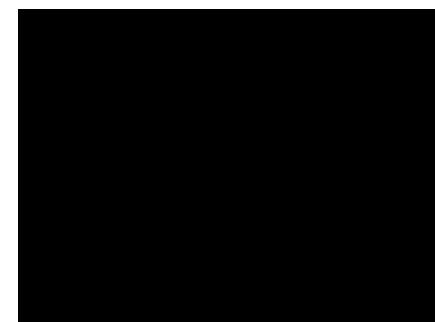
1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

SAVAGE MEN



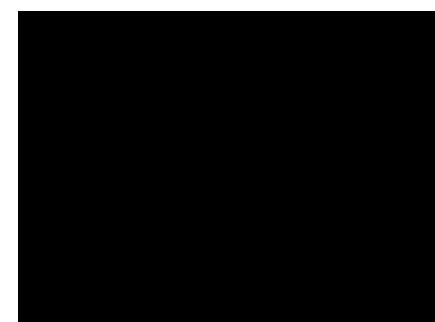
1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

SEA BIRDS MOUNTAIN
BIRDS



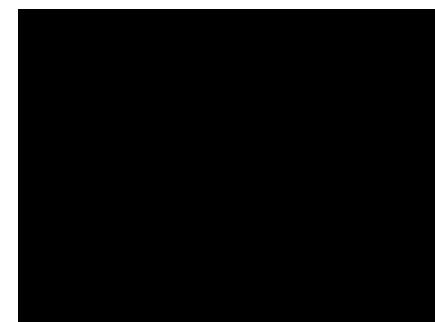
1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

SEDUCTION OF
PATRICK

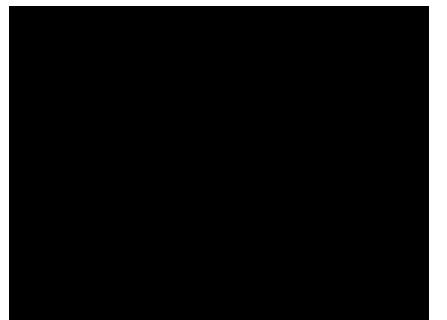


1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

SEX ON TV- CHELSEA
HOTEL



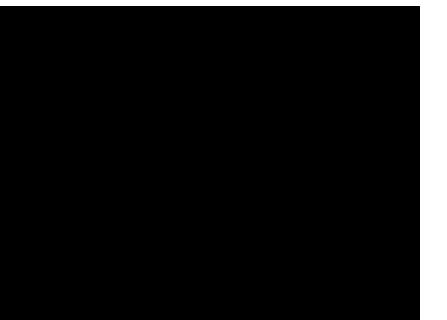
1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

SHOPPINGHEADS

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

SILICONE MASK

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

SMOKING

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

**SILVER MINES OF
POTOSI - BOLIVIA**

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

SOME SMOKERS

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

**SKETCHES OF
COCORICO- BOLIVIA**

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

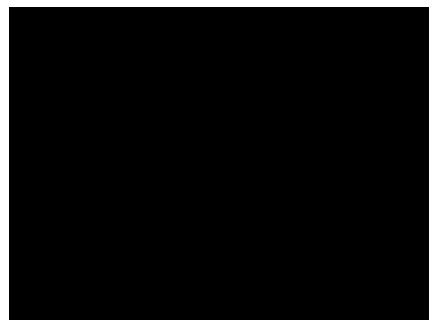
21' 32"

SPIDER N' SOUP

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

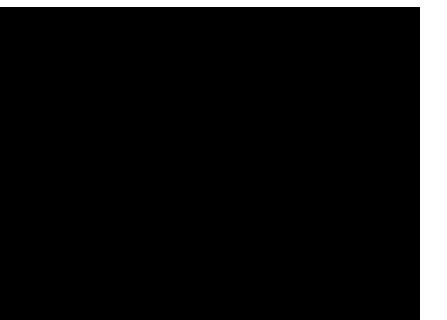
21' 32"

**SKETCHES OF NEW
YORK**

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

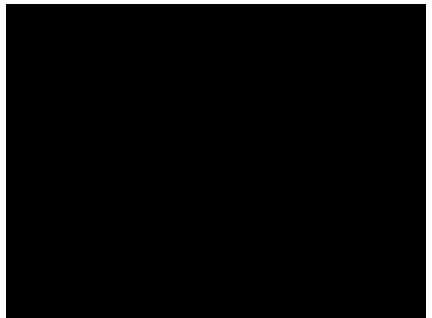
**SPIDER RABBIT WITH
TAYLOR MEAD**

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

STRAWBERRIES



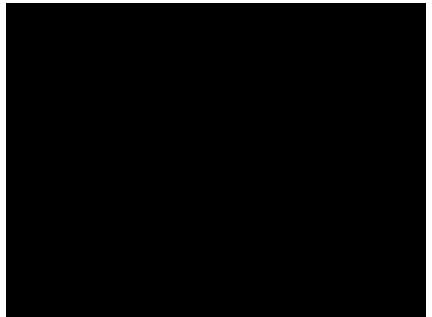
1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"



STEVE MCQUEEN



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

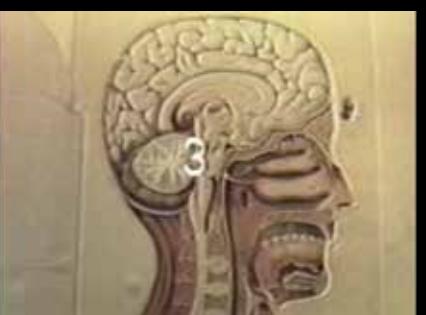


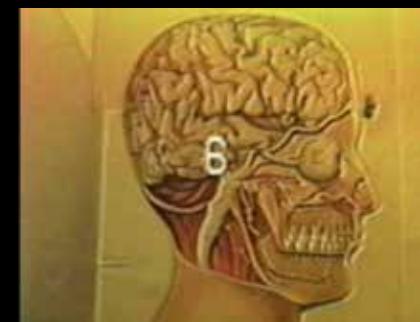
STORIES, MYTHS, IRONIES AND SONGS

1971

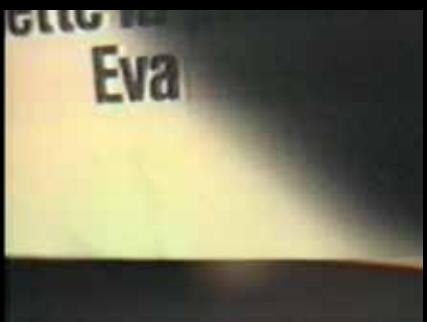
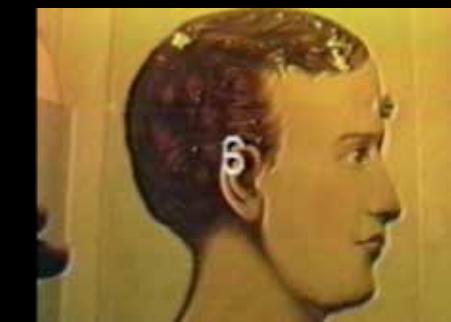
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"





ALL OF THESE
YEARS I USED
TO WAIT IN
MY BEDROOM
UNTIL I WAS



MASTURBATION



WAIT UNTIL
I WAS SURE
THAT NO ONE
WOULD COME
INTO MY ROOM



HE ACTUALLY
PULL HER
SKIRT UP
SHE UNZIPPED
HIS PANTS



PAJAMAS...
UNSNAP THEM
VERY VERY
SLOWLY....

AND I
WOULD
BREATHE....



BEHAVIOR
CHANGES
BECAUSE OF
ITS
CONSEQUENCES

SOMETIMES
SOMEONE
WOULD COME
INTO MY ROOM

WITHOUT
KNOCKING....



I WOULD PULL
MYSELF OUT
OF THE
COVERS....



LA PLAGE L'OPIUM (1967,1971, EDITED 2009)

THEY DID
DISCOVER
ME BREATHING

OR...
I THINK THEY
DID...



I THINK I
EVEN PRAYED
TO GOD TO
GIVE ME
STRENGTH...

TO STOP
BREATHING...



EVERWHERE
I COULD BE
ALONE...

IN THE
BATHROOM
AT THE
DENTIST.....

IN THE CAR..

WHEN MY
MOTHER
WAS IN THE
SUPERMARKET

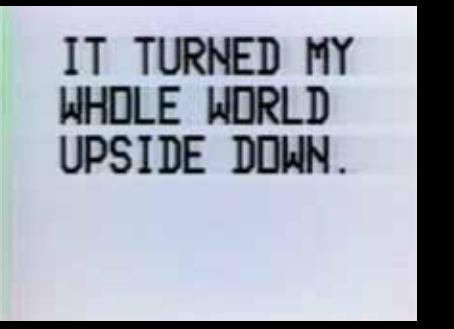
I EVEN ASKED
TO BE
EXCUSED FROM
CLASS....

TO GO OUT
SOMEWHERE
AND
BREATHE...

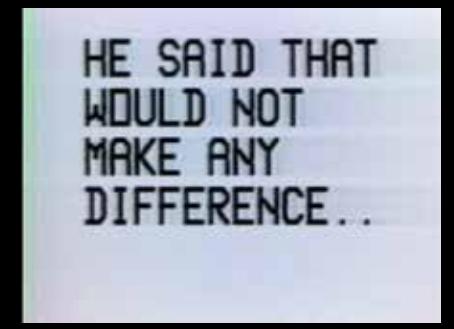
"Auder's fascination with the possibility of turning daily life into pictorial fiction by means of an optical apparatus," Heike Munder and Christophe Gerozissis observe, "was his initial reason to pick up a camera." His subsequent reasons are more inscrutable. Though they account for more than four decades of footage. "Feet on the voids again," writes Karen Volkman, the poet, bringing up a good point. Nevertheless, let's examine another reason as well. Consider *La plage L'opium*, a kind of diptych of footage filmed in 1967 and 1971, then edited together in 2009. The two films sit alongside each other within the same frame, against the same dark ground, in split screen. The collective title brings two of M. Auder's favorite subjects (and objects) together, without the break of punctuation. "The Beach Opium," it might go, in awkward English translation, and without the erotic alliteration of the French original. Underneath the two nouns runs the same dark water: pleasure. (Perhaps this pool of similitude is why no punctuated pause is offered.) Indeed, Munder and Gerozissis note that M. Auder's oeuvre is "characterized by pleasure." And it is. But a strange kind, one that twins its pleasures, makes allegories of them, makes metaphors, makes them mimetic. "Replication is a sign of desire. Radical mimesis is original sin," write Vanessa Place and Robert Fitterman, pleasurable. And mimesis naturally raises the question of relationships, including those between M. Auder and his subjects. For if he insists on a community, he also requires a distance from it, so that it might be partaken and observed simultaneously. It's the radically intimate distance of the writer, the filmmaker, or the father. Also the lover and the child. Perhaps the addict as well. See the sunstruck footage of *La plage*, the film as blue as a pool, its subjects – a young white couple, some camels, their riders, sunsets – lingering on a Moroccan beach, glamorously, in the way of late bohemian colonialism. (One feels the Stones and the Bowles haunting the North African dunes around them.) "She was a model and we shared her," says M. Auder to the critic over lunch. The footage of *L'opium* is equally straightforward, though rendered in a dusky black-and-white palette. In a small room, the filmmaker and his friend get high, play guitar, and watch their dog. Pleasure, then. What else? The sharp, decisive knowledge of its end.



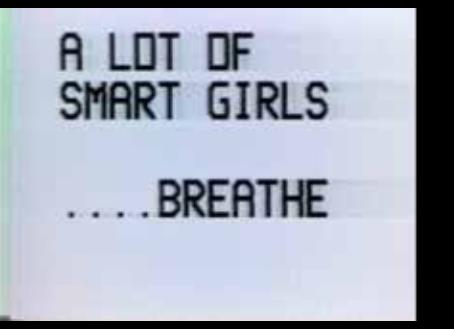
EVERYONE
BREATHED.....



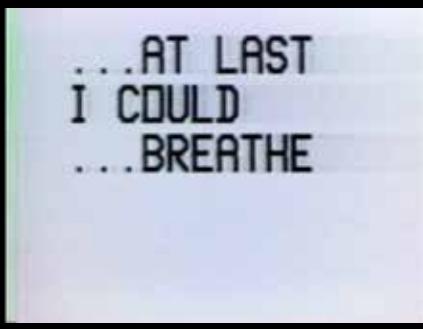
IT TURNED MY
WHOLE WORLD
UPSIDE DOWN.



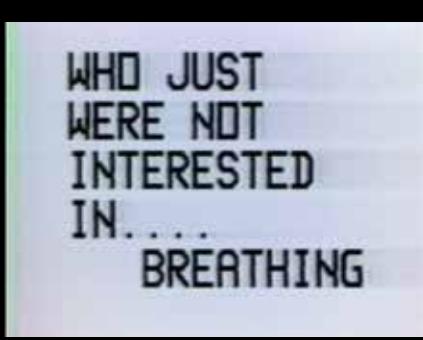
HE SAID THAT
WOULD NOT
MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE..



A LOT OF
SMART GIRLS
.....BREATHE

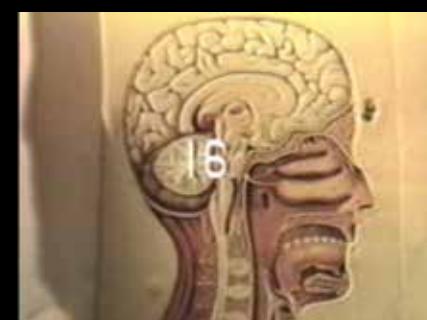


...AT LAST
I COULD
...BREATHE



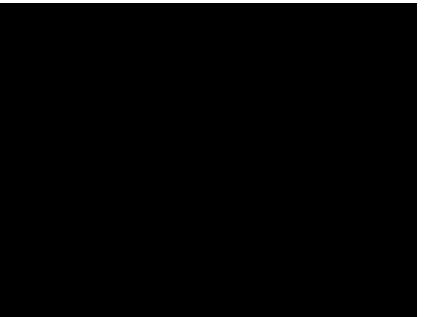
WHO JUST
WERE NOT
INTERESTED
IN....
BREATHING







T.W.U. RICHARD
SERRA, AN
UNSOLICITED VIDEO
BY MICHEL AUDER



1971

$\frac{1}{2}$ " reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

TAIPEI MON AMOUR



1971

$\frac{1}{2}$ " reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

TALKING HEAD

1971

$\frac{1}{2}$ " reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"







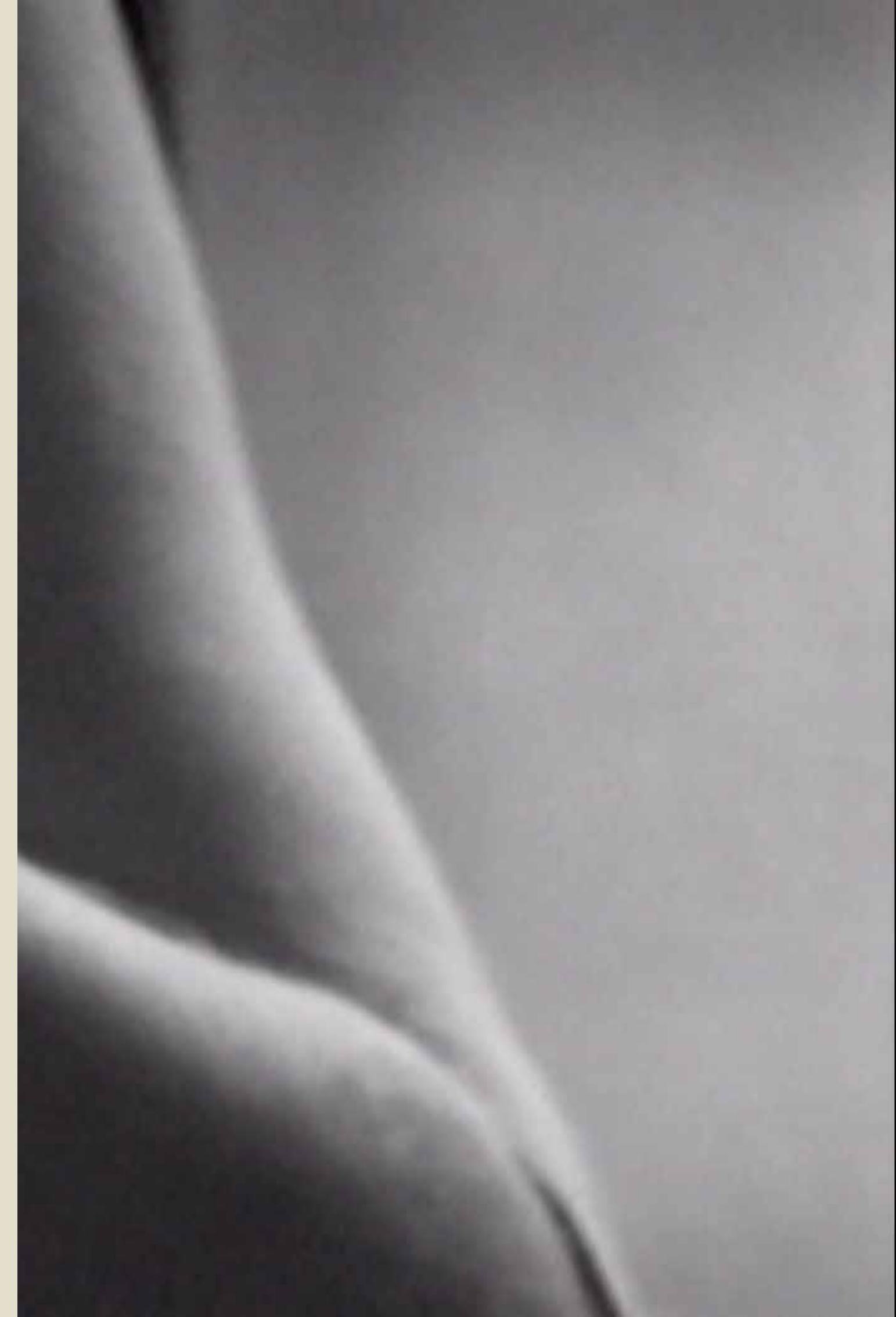






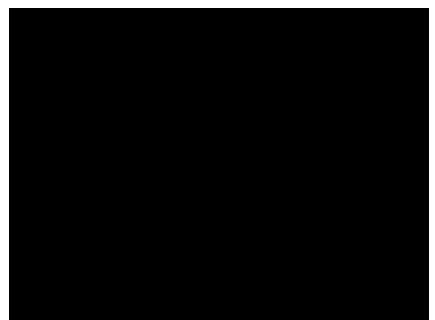
MADE FOR DENISE (1978)

Singing: *Finally she spoke: Do you love me, John?* She asked. A passport-sized photograph of a beautiful woman, her eyes heavily outlined, is cradled in the filmmaker's hand. He slowly moves the portrait in and out of the light, filming this movement with his camera. Tenderly shadows stroke and dapple the woman's face like "light," like a "hand." *You know I love you, darling, he replied. I love you more than love can tell. You are the light of my life. My sun, moon, and stars. You are my everything. Without you I have no reason for being.* Buildings explode and fall—like "waterfalls" or sea anemones, they fall and bloom—and are then rewound: They are whole again. *Once more she spoke: How much do you love me, John?* She asked. He answered: *How much do I love you?* In black and white, buildings fall. The strings behind the song, its strange male staccato, circus-barker recitation, pull and break. The song, its recital, is from "Einstein on the Beach." *One, two, three, four, five, six*, the female chorus sings, brightly, harshly, rhythmically. Rain whips a landscape. A man's handsome face drips blood. It makes a discreet river down his chiseled features as he smokes a cigarette, coolly. A clock's time moves quickly, in a circle, against a wall. Images of flowers, then a man on a motorcycle. He falls. *One, two, three, four, five, six*, the chorus sings in measures, like a clock. Fin. "When can sound be an image?" Ken Jordan writes, rhetorically. "Just as a song combines music and poetry to make something distinct from either alone, digital media gives rise to forms that wed: sound and movement; sound and space; sound and image." The critic considers a historical, silent coda. The video was made the year she was born. Her mother was (originally) named Denise. The filmmaker, one M. Auder, tells the critic the video's genesis. He was having an affair with a woman in New York. She left him. He made this film, desperately, then spent his last dollars on a cab to drop it off at her apartment uptown. No word for years. (No image as well.) Paris: One day on the Champs-Élysées, a convertible drove slowly by the filmmaker. Denise waved. The critic can imagine what this moment looked like but not what it sounded like. *One, two, three, four, five, six*, some spectral chorus counts. Fin.



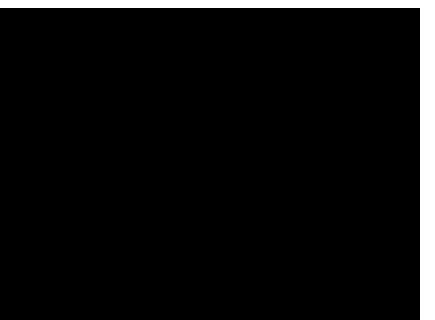


TAYLOR MEAD
READING AT ST.
MARKS CHURCH



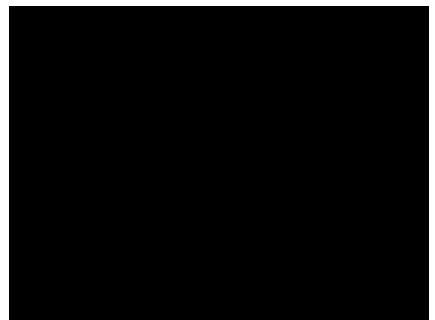
1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

THE END OF THE
WORLD



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

TAYLOR MEAD
“SPECIAL”

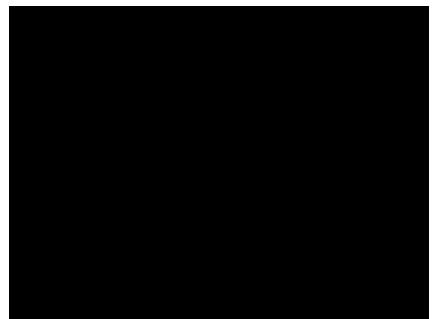


1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

THE FEATURE (CO-
DIRECTED WITH
ANDREW NEEL)

1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

TAYLOR MEAD &
MARSHA P. JOHNSON



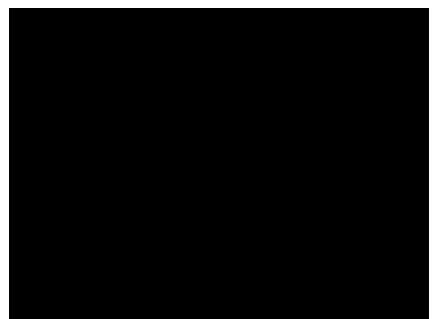
1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

This narrative is not a true account.



an “its life,,
movie

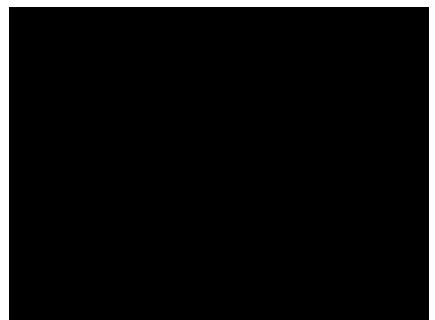
TECHNICALLY
SWEET RUINS (IN
COLLABORATION
WITH MICHAEL
STICKROD),



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"



THE CONVERSATION



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"



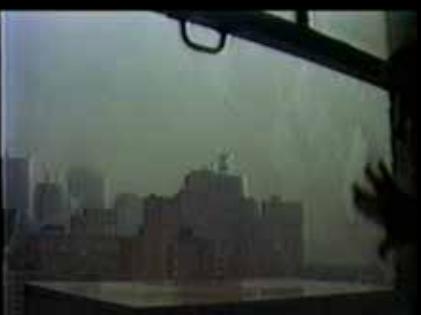






A VIDEO TAPE







THE GAMES: OLYMPIC
VARIATIONS

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"



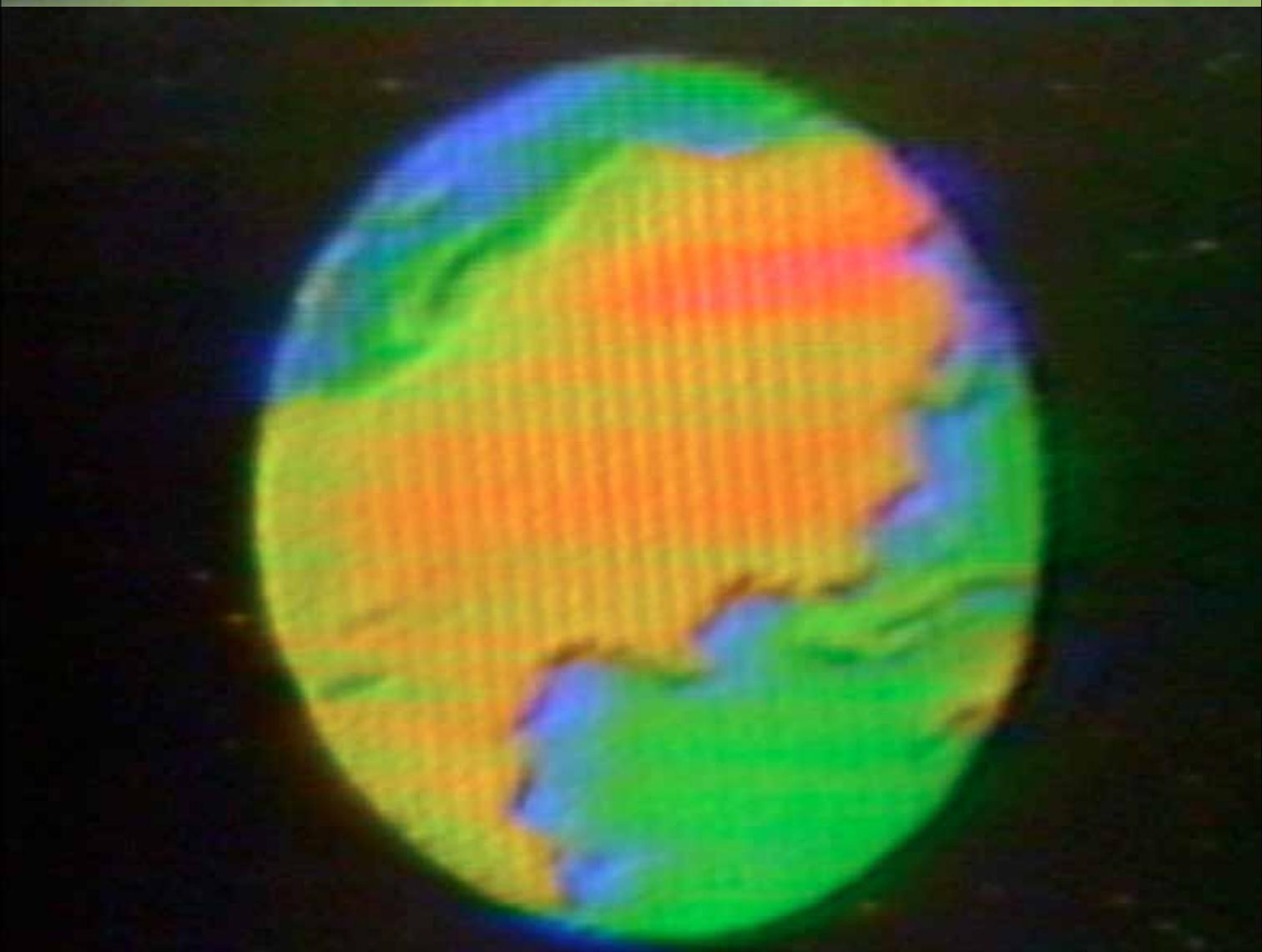


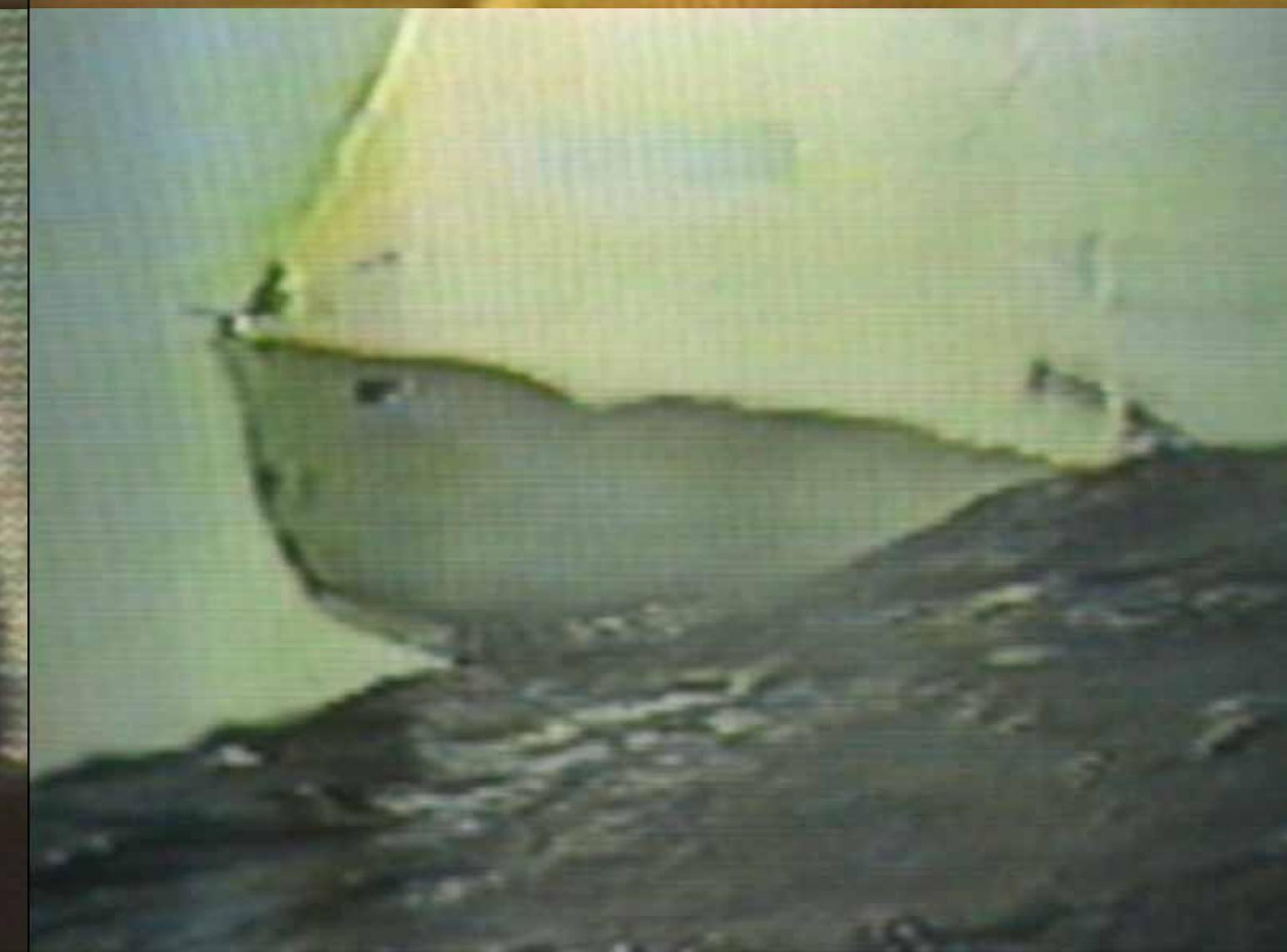
KEEPING BUSY (1969)

"My life has been the poem I would have writ /But I could not both live and utter it," Henry David Thoreau rhymed once. *Keeping Busy: an 'its life' movie*, M. Auder might have replied. No rhyme. Some silence. Louis Waldon sorting through photographs – the film blushing red then blue – in the opening frames of M. Auder's film. But the filmmaker might have also said to the poet Thoreau and his Brechtian problem: Viva's eyes. Viva's hair. Viva's breasts. Viva on a beach, Viva on a bed, Viva's eyes, thickly outlined. She does them in the car. Holding up a little mirror like a camera. Cameras were big then, though. In 1969. "Back then it was like my whole life was staged to make videotapes," M. Auder will say later. Earlier, in the film, Viva says: *I just want to marry you*. She is lying on a bed with Waldon. Off-camera, M. Auder: *Again?* She laughs, her laughter filling up the frame with its reddish-blue sounds. Where are they? Rome. Sex all over it. What is the spectral film running like a palimpsest under this one? Andy Warhol's *Blue Movie*, also from 1969. Also known as *Fuck*. It also starred Waldon and Viva. But now she loves M. Auder. See how they kiss in the car, in the hotel, in the dining room. On the bed, Waldon says: *I said she should go ahead and have the sex change. Because I don't think she can make it as a woman, but she can make it as a boy.* M. Auder says: *Cherie*. Viva hides her face in the corner, laughing. She offers her breast to the camera, black-scarf fringe scribbled around it like Chinese script. *Will you marry me?* She asks, her face true. But the filmmaker won't shut up. He's on drugs, his mouth runs – his lenses, his movie, their mouths, he goes – but his camera stays silent on Viva's sharp mouth, limpid eyes. An eye for an eye, as a cameraman might say. Later a table elegantly set for five. Indian food off of fine china. Their host, a Sikh with a curled mustache, sings them a song. Waldon keeps his sunglasses on. Viva asks for more rice. The table is covered with glasses. They've never been so busy. They're talking about Chekhov, his *Three Sisters*, they're embarrassed by their conversation, they're laughing. *Everyone talks about Chekhov*, someone says. Waldon takes a picture of his food. Pills. Someone turns the rock music up. Names are important. They are how we know our world, say all the philosophers, linguists, critics. Some proper names, then: Hendrix, Dylan, Waldon, Auder, Viva. Dinner is over. They're flying over Rome, over the coliseum. *Viva!* Waldon shouts again and again against the din. Viva's reddish-blue laugh coloring the frame red then blue then red again.



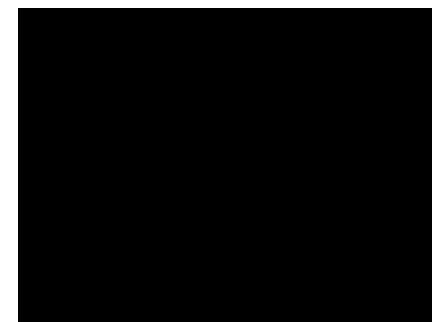








THE GOOD LIFE



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"



THE GULF WAR

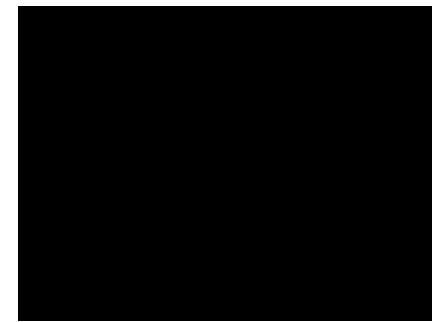


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

THE PLAGUE -
APOCALYPSE LATER

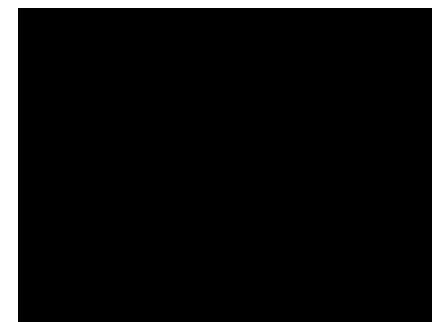


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

THE THIN LINE
BETWEEN HEAVEN &
HELL



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

THE TOWN

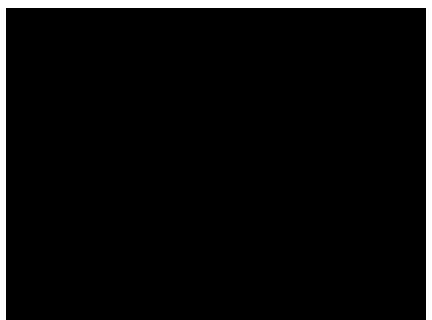


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

THE VALERIE
SOLANAS INCIDENT

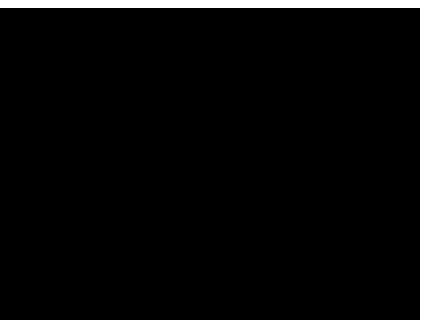


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

TOKYO MEMORIES

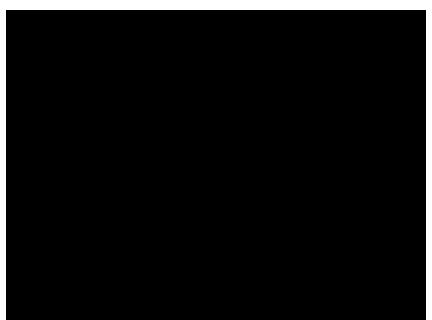


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

THE WEATHER
CHANNEL

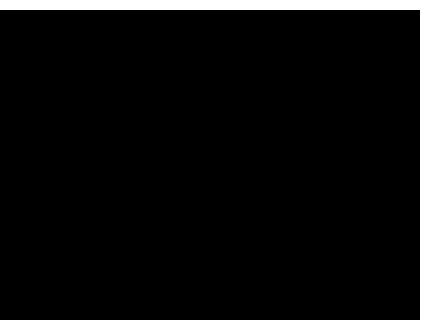


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

TV AMERICA

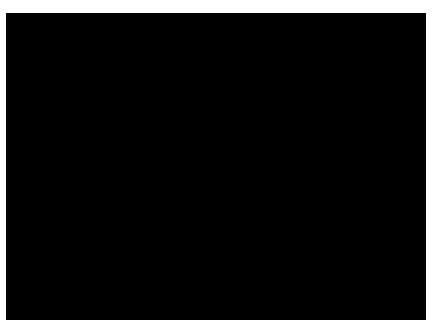


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

THE WORLD OUT OF
MY HANDS

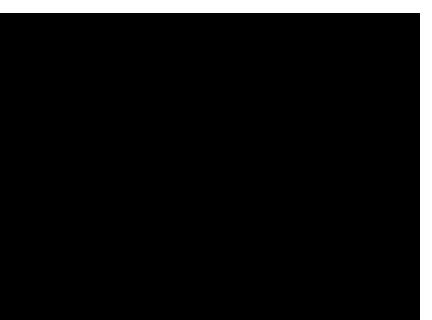


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

TV PIECES

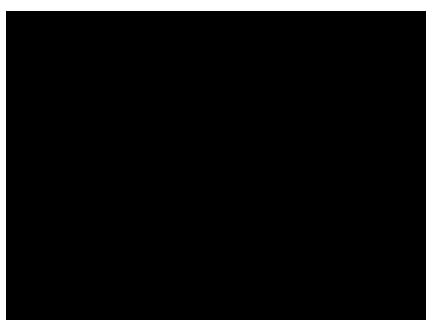


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

THREE SEASONS



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

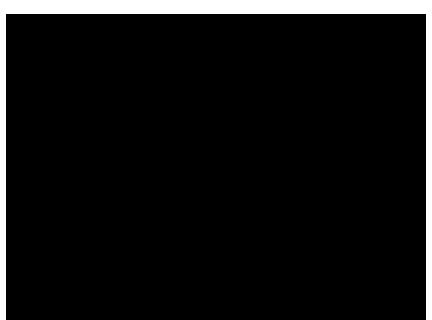
UNTITLED (I WAS
LOOKING BACK TO
SEE IF YOU WERE
LOOKING BACK AT ME
TO SEE ME LOOKING
BACK AT YOU)

1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

TINGUELY! TINGUELY!

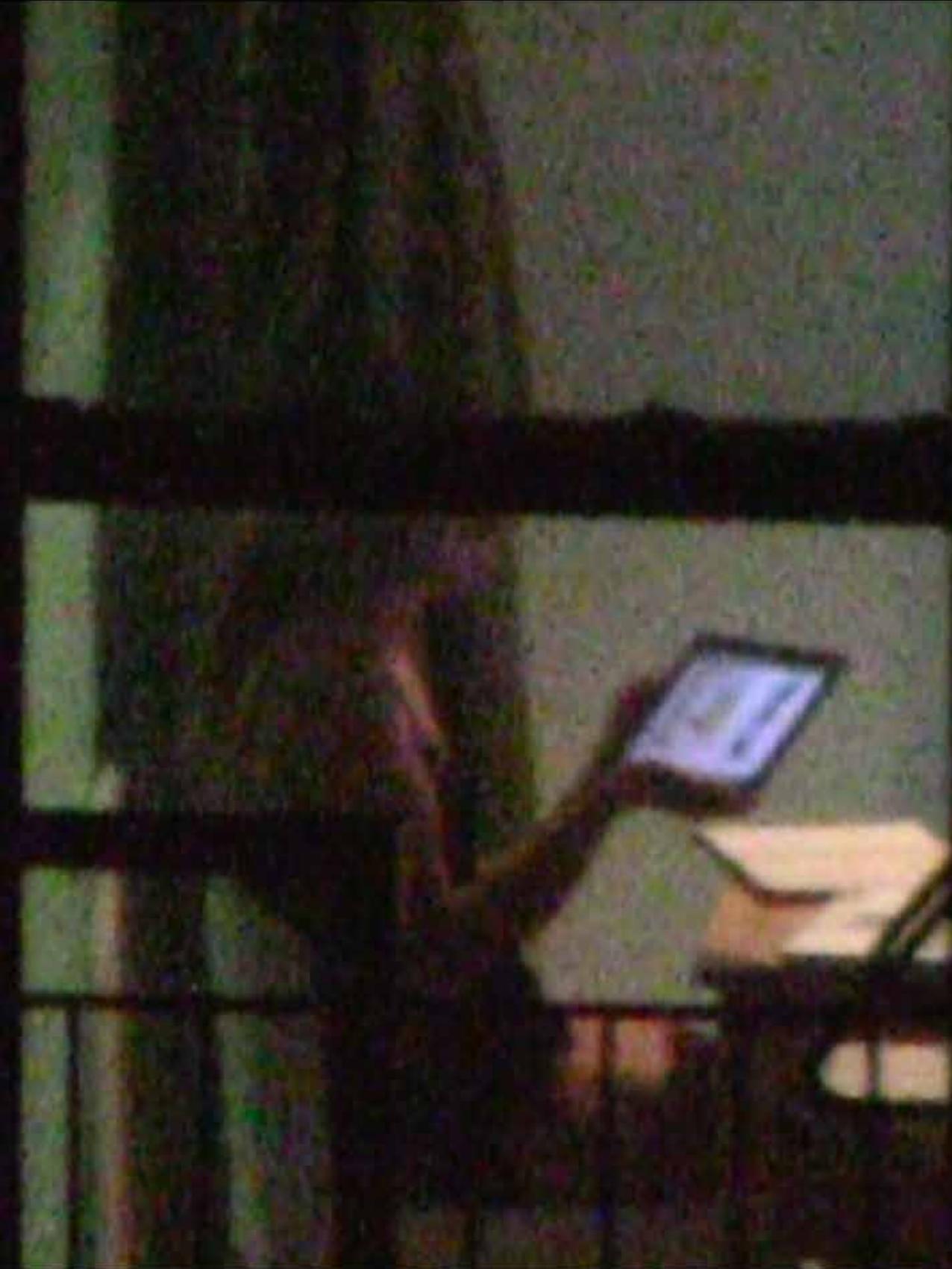


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

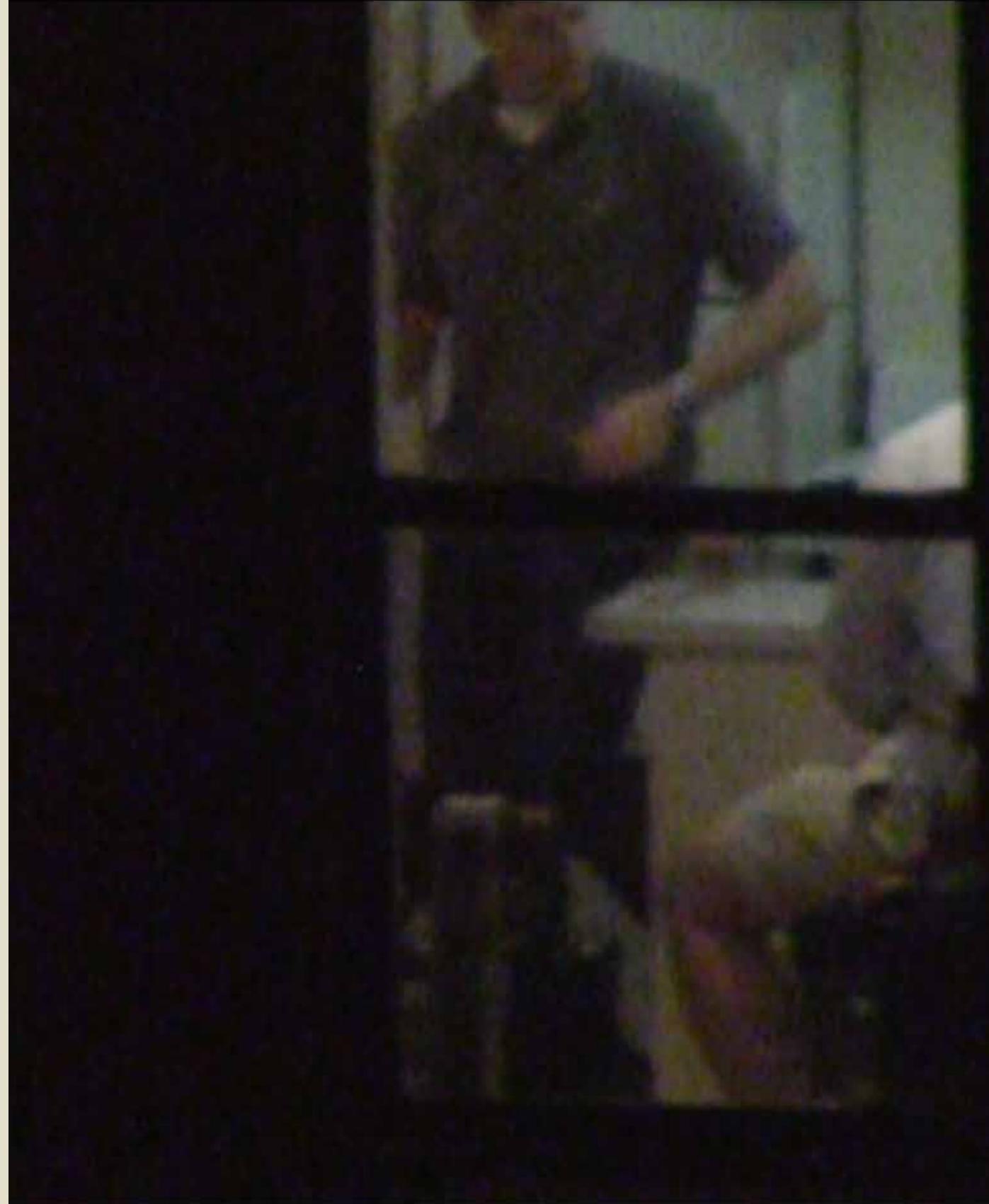






THE FEATURE (2008)

Writers are not the only fabulists. Filmmakers can be too, describing the uniqueness of their world and its occupants through archetype and parable. But is this really what the fabulist is? This critic looks up the word, uncertain. Synonyms stream – so much rushing water – across the page’s field: “fabricator, liar, fibber, prevaricator, storyteller.” The water of “Related Words” gets rougher: “exaggerator, mythomaniac; calumniator, defamer, libeler, libelist, slanderer; perjurer; distorter, falsifier; equivocator, palterer; gossip, gossiper, talebearer; charlatan, cheat, cheater, counterfeiter, cozener, deceiver, defrauder, dissembler, dissimulator, double-dealer, fraud, hustler, knave, mountebank, operator, pretender.” First known use: 1593. Example: “a once highly admired journalist whose reputation is now that of a disgraced *fabulist*.” But such is the historic fate of the artist, that “fabricator.” For those like M. Auder who ride the dark borderlands of fact and fiction, the sentence is often harsher. See, again, that “once highly admired journalist whose reputation is now that of a disgraced *fabulist*.” Is M. Auder a journalist? No. Despite the life, *his life*, that teems though his – intimate, diaristic, seemingly documentary – videos. “This narrative is not a true account,” as the title card in the first moments of *The Feature* slyly notes. What narrative? That which follows: three hours of four decades of footage, narrated by the filmmaker, who tells the “story” of M. Auder’s life. Or a life framed and formed by making moving images. Consider too the epigraph-like scene that trails the opening title card’s warning. Framed by a bestiary-like fruit bouquet, as though in some 17th-century Flemish still life, the filmmaker says: *If you were to take my 5000 or so video hours and deduct from that what my life has been, it could be made in so many different ways, in so many different takes [...] Of the documentary footage that is present, which seems to be real, and is real, and not real.* Or as Laura Riding writes, says: “My name is not my name/ It is the name of what I say.” Water again. There is a “Near Antonym” offered for fabulist that the critic missed earlier. “Square shooter.” Which could well be a hieroglyph for a videographer. A signature for M. Auder, even.



















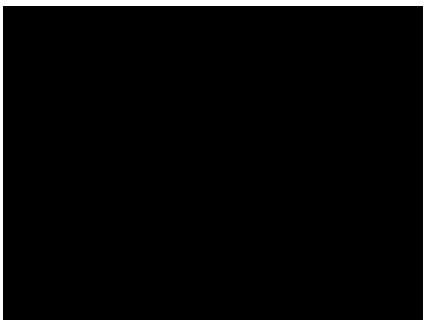
DAYTIME VERSION OF THE NIGHT (2013)

"They meet with darkness in the daytime, and grope in the noonday as in the night," Job 5:14 goes. How does M. Auder's film go? A building's grids of windows hold naked bodies, groping in the noonday as in the night. Those windows – like paintings, like photos, like lenses, like Job's biblical framing – also compose the building's "skin." Are frames for his changing subjects, their skins. See how one holds his cock while he is on the phone, and another drinks from a bottle on the floor. One reads newspapers in bed, watches porn. One scratches her ass. Holds her baby. It might be crying. Skin on the monitor through the reflection of the glass window. How it gleams, reflects, refracts. No moral. No story. Except the grid, its subjects, this glass, their skin, these buildings, this video. To each subject some privacy as lucid and available for viewing as the naked bodies, untouchable, mediated by video. If this privacy – neither abject nor regal – offers nothing, reveals nothing, still it is perfect, framed so. Imperfect, framed so. The filming is movingly, imperfectly provisional, strangely so. Imperfect bodies, imperfect architectures, imperfect images, imperfect weather, imperfect privacy, imperfect cinema. What does M. Auder want with these citizens, their worlds, his video images? "[P]erfect cinema – technically and artistically masterful – is almost always reactionary cinema," writes Juan García Espinosa. "The imperfect cinema is one that strives to overcome the divisions of labor within class society. It merges art with life and science, blurring the distinction between consumer and producer, audience and author. It insists upon its own imperfection, is popular but not consumerist, committed without becoming bureaucratic." Ah, the bureaucrat, that dreamer. M. Auder says: "I was looking for something that would give me the sound and the image right away. Aesthetically I wasn't too obsessed with whatever the product was, whatever it gave I could adapt to. Video was a dream I was waiting for and as soon as it happened I got one." He got one. Darkness in the daytime, video is. His camera groping in the noonday as in the night.





VAN'S LAST
PERFORMANCE



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

VANUATU
CHRONICLES -
VOLUME 1 AND
VOLUME 2



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

VANUATU DANCES



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

VIDEO DIARY OF A
MAD MAN OR THE DAY
REFLECTS MY MOOD

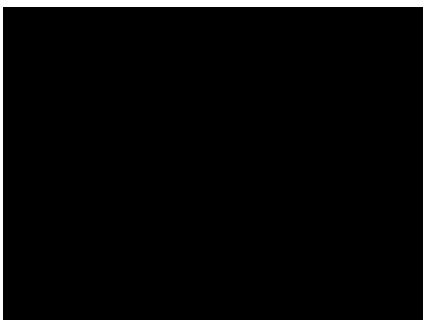


1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

VIVA BOOK SIGNING



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"

VOYAGE TO THE
CENTER OF THE
PHONE LINES



1971

½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound

21' 32"



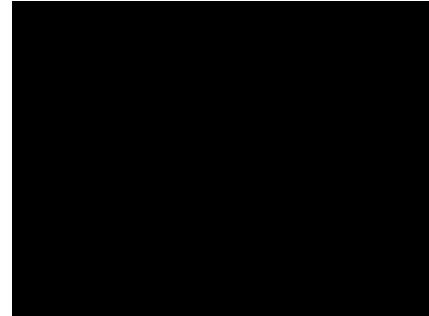








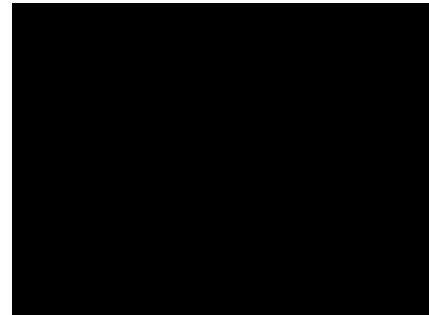
WEEKEND AT
CHARLES RYDELL



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

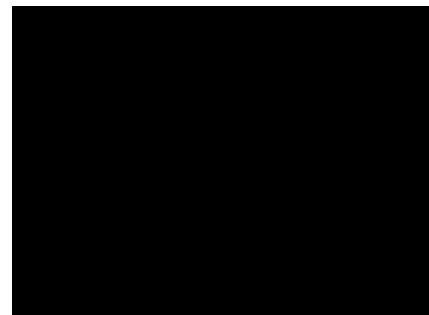


WILLEM DE KOONING
WITH LARRY RIVERS-
SOUTHAMPTON, NY



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

WILLIAM S.
BURROUGHS
READING AT
MELKWEGL-
AMSTERDAM



1971
½" reel to reel video
to digital video SD
b/w
sound
21' 32"

