Eliane Radigue is an electronic music composer from France. She began her series of works called Adnos I and II on an Arp synthesizer. Each work is about a world that passes along the inner eye, capturing the conditions of the world as a space – likewise cityscape. She usually spends a few years on each work, beginning as an object of curiosity. Three distinct elements of sound buzz along side each other. A mid range starts to expand into more layers and tones, occasionally sounding like a plane landing. The other frequencies do the same. The alarm clock now sounds like a swarm of bugs. Now the music is complex, like a space, not an object. I adjust from listening at a distance, to listening in. After a half hour, a kind of submerged bell arrives, sounding in response to the bass pulses. The elements react to each other, until after a while, they don't. By the end of the first hour the various components of the music, which have multiplied into new forms and variations, drift apart, finding their own rhythms, and in this way the space that the music creates, expands further, from a structure to a landscape. Halfway through Adnos II the drones start bringing and gaps emerge to create distinct rhythms that stretch and ping pong the music around like a set of pendulums moving at different speeds. By the time I start to hear and understand this space, the music contracts again, back down to a clear and dramatic ring, before expanding again later into new forms.

This all happens at a scale that Radigue has defined herself. By scale I mean her sense of pace and difference. All of this happens very slowly. For the most part, a listener doesn't know when these changes occur. They happen so slowly that distraction is impossible to avoid. As much as I want to experience this music as absolute immersion, my attention wanders. I spend one minute hearing exactly what the music is doing and yet it takes me to my mind and body and the next minute thinking about whether the sound is near Radigue or my air conditioner or trucks outside. The next moment, I don't hear it all, thinking about something else, food or plans for the day. Then I'm back in. And the music sounds like the crescendo of some amazing song. And then it can happen at any point in Radigue's music because it is also defined in the space. I haven't heard a live performance of this music, but I have been told that it involves a lot of sleeping in the audience. They listen, fall asleep, wake up in rapture, and fall back asleep. Her music creates its own world, but it is also a kind of listening in – in tune with my attention and sounds that I already hear. Radigue's work shifts what counts and what is perceptible as something happening. The music drones in a singular dirge but really it's made of many complex parts. The space. The music sounds static at any one moment but really it's always changing.

Eliane Radigue came to this work through an interest in music, not an interest in meditation. Her goals are musical complexity not mood. However, halfway through her work on Adnos, she did take an interest in and devoted two years of her life to Buddhist meditation practices, she claims, after being repeatedly asked about the subject from her music. Titles of her works such as Adnos, Halway and Adnos II are a clue to this interest. Songs of Milarepa, 1983, is surprising and distant from all of her other work. For its inclusion of a spoken voiceover retelling the story of Milarepa, an 12th Century poet and saint, in Tibet by Lama Kunga Rimpoch and in English by another composer, Robert Ashley. I have always been surprised that Radigue, despite her interest in Buddhist meditation, would reduce her music to the backdrop of a text about this meditation rather than allowing it to again embody such meditation as it inherently does. Her drone in this work sits clearly behind the voices of Rimpoch and Ashley. But my perception of this work has changed over time. The lama's reading is beautiful and meditative, spoken but almost sung in a way that draws it towards Radigue's tones. His rhythms sound as though they may have grown from the electronic pulses below or vice versa. Robert Ashley's voice attempts some evocation of the lama's cadences, but is foiled by a strange, American drawl, almost a southern accent. It's believable in a banal and very human musicality, but can't quite avoid imposing a touch of irony that was never a part of Radigue's music until this project. Her decision to use text and to align her work with a named religious as well as Ashley's suspicious sounding delivery provide a hinge, between the immersion that is so important to her music and a kind of cultural messiness that I have never felt as part of Radigue's music. This project shows that Radigue's music is about something other than the artist's music, and at a certain point she became a balm for both soul and mind.
God, you were perfect.

I say I say I love you like a time‐lapse of something blooming. Chest gasps open and is full suddenly of clean wind: and you were a small thing growing, burning in the center of the

Once I fell into the hole of you you became the whole sky. I opened my hand; there was suddenly nothing except for a shouting glare, and the shape of the hole. You stared ahead:

that first criminal burst of love burst suddenly inside, the wind stopped and I could smell everything in you not you‐ not lilac but hotdogs, exhaust, antiseptic, dust. You blotted out

the sun, but, horribly, failed to conceal it; you isolated, enlarged the shiver of light and shadow, mercilessly exposing each merciless gift poured onto my head. I traced my finger

time‐lapse of something falling.

stopped for an instant, and I noticed I was howling. I wanted it to be beautiful, to be equal to you, to call your edges ours; instead, I buried us.

It was over so fast. You said you loved it, that you could take it, me sweating all over you. the hole couldn't hold it.. I couldn't face you, and turned my back on our stalemate to find

Faceless, adored, deafening No deaf to my Yes, your weapon, dear doctor, your love, is silence, is completion. You marked your empty all over me and it's still so hard to move for

the accuracy of the cut. I just wanted us to crack our heads together hard enough to get to sleep, so I could finally hear you breathing. Instead, my face to your skull, my nose fit

regret: the traces left on you from pawing at encroaching wonder: no marks to show but

Abbreviate me this, forgive me this, and this.

SHEET OF PAPER

Eesh.  You are very wrong on this one.

That's exactly my point.  Nothing is ugly.

No, they're not!  Everything is beautiful.

on, of course!  Everything and nothing are

Yeah, dude.  The way you define it, come see things very differently from me.

This is something special now, trust me.

me now?  No, not now, definitely not. would it?  I know this by heart.  You're the


And this thing?  This back and forth about

Damn the bastards, etc., it doesn't excite you

Me?  I guess so.  Yes.

win everything, yes?  Right?

Don't be all this thing you're doing right

like, "I oughta…?, like, shaking a fist in the

I can't?  Like I shouldn't?  Cause you're all,

Bastards!

Oh, yeah, those fuckers!

Goddamn them.

Oh, damn them, right.  Right! Really! Right! Still!

Yeah, they are damn bastards.

Doesn't this remind you of something?

Yes.  Well…  I can't say.

Ha ha. pun.

The "can't"?

I see right through it. You're SO bullshitting. I know why you WON'T say.

Stalling?

Yep. The old bull and stallion.

Italian, Stallone. Stalling. I guess I see what you mean.

So…  You can't get away…  So…  Don't try…

Cause you can't.

Don't be all this thing you're doing right now. Hear me, hear this thing: Damn the bastards, yes? No one told you, yes? You win everything, yes! Right?

Me? I guess so. Yes. And this thing? This back and forth about the bastards, etc., it doesn't excite you anymore? I'll take it that it no longer excites you now.

No. Now? Not now, definitely not! Why would it? I know this by heart. You're the one dodging. I mean, why would it excite me now? No, not now, definitely not.

You missed the point already, amazing.

Thanks. Please point it out to me.

This is something special now, trust me. It had been something special, that, with time, has only now turned to true crap. You see things very differently from me.

To you, winning everything is crap.

Yeah, dude. The way you define it, come on, of course! Everything and nothing are the same thing according to you.

No, they're not! Everything is beautiful. Nothing is ugly.

That's exactly my point. Nothing is beautiful. Everything is ugly.

Eesh. You are very wrong on this one.

Love me.
July 14. Anxiety about making paintings. I could avoid much of the anxiety by simply having others make them. I will likely do some of that. I am not a Painter. But damnit I have to have something to do. I can’t write all day and anyway it’s several years between books. Making films leads into the problems of the film world, which interests me not at all. I am enough of a visual-arts-type artist to believe that one’s location as a maker ought to involve some physical endeavor of some kind—everything can’t be made by pointing and clicking—and painting is a most efficient form of physical labor—it can say a lot if you get it right, and it can travel in the world in rewarding ways. So, it’s hugely efficient, energy-wise—big return for a very controlled investment. I have to be careful to separate the things that attach to the life of a painting gallery, art dealer, sales, etc) from the actual process of making them. I’ve already had all the stuff that attaches to an art career, and now I’m making paintings? It would seem like I’ve gotten something backwards: painting is what you do to have a career, isn’t it? Not something you do after you’ve already had one and walked away from it? So the question becomes instead do I enjoy the process enough to actually make them? It seems that I do, if true, then the rest is just powerful noise. I like that a painting performs in the world in a specific way, and to arrive at that specific way there’s no choice but to make the painting. I’m so sure that lots of painters would describe the process as a mix of fun and high anxiety. Add me to that list. I think my main trepidation has to do with knowing that doing it well involves taking it at least somewhat seriously as a task, and that in doing that I will be caused to change, and do I want to change in that direction, given the freedom that I have to order my life as I wish? That’s really the question that has me wondering: if you’re doing it right, painting unleashes mental forces in you, whatever defined as cultural, psychic, or animal doesn’t matter—and riding that force has been known to kill. I can already feel it kicking into gear from just a few stabs at doing it, does that mean it’s in the nature of painting or does it mean I’m doing it right? And do I really want to feel this force?

David Robins

Thanksgiving dinner has always been a time to talk about burial plots. How and where we want to be buried, next to who, what type of stone. This often brought to mind specifically crows. Crows ritualize the death of a member in their murder. When one dies in a specific place, crows gather silently for a few moments and then take off without a sound. Remembering the place, those of that murder will most likely never return, avoiding it. They have buried their dead. Crows are a species of birds that teach and pass along information from generation to generation. Remembering and revisiting old territory, migrating, burial plots and maker of tools, crows adapt to and reflect the human world. They can recognize humans individually, imitate our voices (with training) and have symbolized death, luck, wisdom and trickery in myths throughout cultures. Crows are our reflections. We often say that they seem to know, they’re watching. Crows are animals we fear and envy. Through their patience and waiting they evoke a collective understanding in us that we fear each other and possibly our own death. Crows are sources of meditation. As we build scarecrows for these birds, the straw-filled clothes strike us in their resemblance. In our chase for immortality, when reminded of our own death we turn to violence. Lately, I’ve wondered, what happens if we remove death?

Here are some classics from Edith Schréder, my mother-

1. “Don’t come crying to my box” — this was used when you weren’t acting towards her in a loving respectful way as she felt you needed to be.
2. Another: “I want to give while my eyes are still open” — this was used when she gave a gift, usually monetary to be enjoyed by the recipient so that she could also derive pleasure from it. I, personally, like that idea.
3. And then my own: “Let’s wonderful to celebrate one’s life before you put the lid on you” — meaning, it’s great to be acknowledged & honored while you’re still alive rather than eulogize you after you’ve gone — because then, how would you know?!
This summer was mostly lost to this plan to move with my two kids from Portland to Berlin for a year, a city which I had never laid eyes on. It was lost to sorting and throwing things out, packing boxes, and preparing to leave the house where my babies were born, and the yard where their placentas were buried. After the birth of the baby, the placentas come, and if you have a home birth, it often ends up in a yogurt container in the freezer and often an undetermined length of time. This is usually so you can bury it in a garden under a fruit tree so it can nourish the fruit tree like it nourished the baby, and then the fruit tree feeds the growing family, and it is nicely circular. Some women eat them, a friend of mine had hers freeze dried into capsules so she could consume it in pill form to enhance her milk supply and fight post partum depression. I know women who were so attached to their placentas that they would never bury them in case they moved someday, but just kept them frozen indefinitely. My daughter’s placenta was taking up valuable space though, and occasionally I would open up the wrong yogurt container when looking for the chill or whatever, and in that frozen state it was sometimes hard to tell which was which. But neither did we have room in the yard for another fruit tree, there was too much fruit there already and it was causing a nasty raccoon infestation. So I just bought a bush, a slow-growing Australian bush, and planted Lottie’s placenta under it, propped her up next to it, and took a picture. That the bush was described as slow-growing on the tag didn’t seem like a problem at the time, but it did come to matter if you were going to pay attention to these things, it just didn’t seem to thrive, it certainly didn’t exude a sense of growth and abundance.

Six months later, the placenta of my second daughter proved to be more than a hassle but a real danger when it fell from the top shelf of the freezer and came very, very close to crushing her tiny little head under it. We were then in the middle of re-landscaping the back yard. I had already moved Lottie’s slow growing Australian bush. I tried to do Sunday’s more by the book and planted it under an apple tree, but it is in a shady spot, the only one I could find to work with, and at this writing it is doing just barely ok. It is too shaded by the neighbor’s cherry tree and is growing crooked. The next owners will probably just tear it out. But the truth is, despite my obvious failure with regards to placenta conduct, I did do and did feel that they were in there somehow, and that whether or not they had their own successful tree, they were there in the ground, integrating some power of their presence into our little plot of land.

So in this preparation to move I had been trying to determine how nostalgic or regretful or whatever I was going to feel about these placentas. During times of great uncertainty things take on greater significance, suddenly laden with symbolic or even prescient value (supersition). I was deeply into sorting through the stuff, trying to assess the usefulness, or value, or potential value for each thing, when I found my high school copy of Moby Dick by Herman Melville. Nearly half of it is enthusiastically underlined, and day she would weave her tapestry while these suitors lounged around her house drinking all her wine, but at night, she would tear out all the stitches. In this way, through the doing and undoing of her women’s work, she was able to hold time still in a way, and control her fate. This was not the first time I had evoked Penelope to try to understand something in my life. In the early / mid nineties when I was unhappily addicted to heroin, I decided in some effort to make sense or symbolic justification of my life, that I would sew all of my dope bags into a quilt, and that once it was ‘finished’ I would kick. The drugs I bought came in diaphanous bags with stamps of the brand name or symbol on them; bug in a bag, no name, poison, etc. They were about 2 x 3 inches big, this and would often tear. It was the absurdity that appealed to me, the darkly comic nihilism. Because that would be too many bugs, too much work, (when I rarely had my head up for much time) and since a quilt had no definitive boundaries, it was an obvious misplacement of the intention onto fictive boundaries of a boundary-less object. It insinuates time and cancels it out in one swoop. But like with Penelope’s weaving there is something about the image of the busy hands and simple tools that in the face of one’s overwhelming powerlessness, is the heroic journey or the way out of the witches cave. The activity that is arduous and useless is symbolic action, meaningful for its own sake. Like hunting the great white whale, to embark on something impossible and absurd while investing wholeheartedly and enthusiastically in its profundity, there is something defeat in this, triumphant.

"There lay the fixed threads of the warp subject to but one single, ever returning, unchanging vibration, and that vibration merely enough to admit of the crosswise interweaving of other threads with its own. The warp seemed necessary, and here, thought I, with my own hand, I ply my own shuttle and weave my own destiny into these unalterable threads."
I'm jobless again just quit my underpaid Chicago public schools job, as student loans -s bits of paper and tubes and brushes and mess into the kitchen/living room. The apartment is all mine though and that's lovely…

I am in St Louis reeling from a massive rich meal of steak, pork and salmon…

I am frustrated with what is still a rather banalistic tone in my writing voice. I might be the undereducated over-opinionated idiot grrrrr mentioned in the article…read the interview with you in the book published in 1998, the light blue paper cover…you summed up ideas I have heard you hint at throughout this past year…this subtle way that you have of asserting yourself in the norm, establishing that as the norm, and then quietly disrupting that norm, with a disarming honesty about the realities of your life. I find that quietly calmly radical!…

I have carried your phone number around on this xerox you gave me about Barnett Newman for a year and finally misplaced it.

…my painting is still so floppy, all-over-the-place, and confused, so it really helps to find clarity in your work…

thank you for your presence and intelligence this Tuesday. I am ashamed to say I was almost entirely absent. Dana told me later of things you had said and I missed them completely…emotional haze, perhaps reside from the work, perhaps too sensitive to your and Susanne's responses…you said recently that you would be delighted to receive a studio visit nowadays and then mentioned your struggles with figure/ground. I was about to do; do you consider figure/ground to be also your relationship to your work, teaching, The Suburban etc?

I am teaching a grad seminar Spring semester…Of course I am thrilled, but my dilemma is should I worry and stress and try to make myself into a different, more important and intelligent person by next month, or should I just do my best and believe in myself?

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Dear Michelle,

You have given me many opportunities over the past six years, as well as the gift of your time and attention, and I have tried and failed to write about you and your work as a gift in return. In lieu of that writing, for this publication I have crafted an homage to you; a distilled compilation of my correspondence with you (my side only.) My hope is that it performs an absent portrait of you as an active listener and a teacher. These fragments can only allude, obligatorily, to the weight of my respect and gratitude for the space you provide.

I am excited to meet with you!...I am a post-baccus painting student, my studio is 1604 (by the windows) …hope to hear from you soon.

I am frustrated with what is still a rather banalistic tone in my writing voice. I might be the undereducated over-opinionated idiot grrrrr mentioned in the article…read the interview with you in the book published in 1998, the light blue paper cover…you summed up ideas I have heard you hint at throughout this past year…this subtle way that you have of asserting yourself in the norm, establishing that as the norm, and then quietly disrupting that norm, with a disarming honesty about the realities of your life. I find that quietly calmly radical!…

…I have a real fear of being half-assed about anything. So the talk is postponed again. Some of the paintings in making time have begun to creak and grow cobwebs…

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Love,

Molly Zuckerman-Hartung
AND ART-MAKING IN EXPERIMENTAL FILM

SITE/NON-SITE: THE INTERSECTION OF SURFING AND ART

It's time to watch the films.

Somehow, I was aware that the films
were beginning to show the
same time.

Crystal Voyager has a running
time of 78 minutes,
and La Region Centrale has a running
time of 180 minutes. (Pause for groans of exasperation)

Spiral Jetty has a running
time of 38 minutes, which
was born in Santa Barbara, California. By the mid sixties he had
invented experimental wave
designs and was experimenting with fiberglass technology and
revolutionized surfboard fin design and was experimenting with fiberglass technology and

Michael Snow was born in 1929 in Toronto, Canada. His 1967 film
The Inner Most Limits of Pure Fun
was made during the construction of the earthwork.

Robert Smithson was born in 1938 in Passaic New Jersey. By the mid sixties he was a well
known it's been a long one, so I will be short with the

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Like a witch's ointment, the AS can also be used to induce lycanthropy. Be cautious
with transformations unto wildness, however. These spells frequently result in a
great deal of collateral damage—to property, friendships, and your physical and

The meaning of the swastika depends on the context in which it's used.
A swastika may be associated with
certain practices or beliefs. It may also be used as a symbol of
nationalism or hate.

The AS may be likened to a plough tearing up the garden of
nature, which is to say nature conceived as a source or mirror of the moral
world. The AS can be used to challenge the status quo and
question the norms and values that govern our lives.

The AS can be a tool for personal transformation and
growth. It can help us to

II