

PULSE FIELD

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**Georgia State University School of Art & Design Galleries**

January 18 through February 28, 2003

Atlanta, Georgia U.S.A.

**Curated by: Craig Dongoski and Robert S. Thompson, Ph.D.**

School of Art & Design Gallery Director: Cathy Byrd

Exhibition design by: Jude LeBlanc

**[Schedule of Events](#)**

[Exhibition Essay](#) ~ [Douglas Kahn](#), Keynote Speaker

[L'Objet Sonore](#) ~ Companion Exhibition at Eyedrum

[Situations Françaises: Atlanta Presents Contemporary Art from France](#)

## **Pulse Field playlist**

**Date: Friday January 31<sup>st</sup>**

**Title:Radio/Voice/Cut-Ups and Other Rants**

**Description:** *Today's program features a range of radiophonic productions along with cut-up experiments influenced from the Burroughs/Gysin legacy. There are also lengthier Spoken-Word pieces from well known artists as well as a host of artists that submitted to PULSE FIELD.*

*\*\*\*please use linked websites for further details of recordings. [www.ubu.com](http://www.ubu.com) is especially extensive.*

**10:00**

- **Derek Jarman 'Blue' 1993 (60'00")**

*This "film" (if film it be), the last to be completed by the painter and diarist Jarman before his death early this year of AIDS, is, I'm pretty sure, the best movie I've ever seen (if it's even "seeable"). One hour and seventeen minutes of luminous blue 35mm glow, unchanging, calming, irritating, numbing, and a soundtrack laboriously collaged out of snippets of sound and music and Jarman's meditations on his encroaching blindness and approaching death, and on the blindness of the world to its own slower but equally inevitable demise.*

*Jarman, the consummate image-crafter, whose films are quite literally "moving pictures," coming to grips with the disappearance of all images from his field of vision, then the disappearance of his own self-image into the all-transcending blue of death. Realizing that, on the world's screen, he has no image; as a queer, an outsider, none of the images he has midwived into the world will be allowed to have lives of their own and enter the viral give-and-take of autonomous phantasms that is "culture." So, facing death, he faces not the immediate post-mortem acclaim granted to those who, while unbearably unproductive while alive, were, at least, fertile; but rather the amnesia our society reserves for those whose existence it has never acknowledged in the first place.*

*"From the bottom of your heart, pray to be released from image."*

*But of course, none of this stuff is why I wanted to mention it to you; I brought it up because it struck me, like a bolt out of the blue, as an answer to my prayer in my anti-review of Dracula, six months ago. A cinema that has transcended its own images. Eventually the effect of the droning blue screen is that you are inside Derek Jarman's head, seeing what he sees (nothing), hearing what he hears, both outside and inside, and then, when the movie's over...The one truly*

*human experience, death, communicated, by a master artist transcending the materials and limitations of his own art by facing his own nonexistence, and ours.*

*The film's ancestors would be the monochromies of Yves Klein (the color is actually very similar to International Klein Blue), he of the "leap into the void"; it doesn't take very long before the brain (or the world), like a sponge, soaks up the blue of the screen (the same way it would have fed on the fast food of images, had there been any) and, in the unified blue of the blue world, we attain, as the old Tibetan texts say, the faculty of walking in the sky, if only for this short, magic hour and seventeen minutes of cinematic time.*

*And so it is that, at the movie's very end, in the midst of an incredibly lyrical and erotically charged love song, Jarman is strangely reassuring about the world's blindness. "Our name will be forgotten, in time, no one will remember our work," he says, as if this is a good thing, because it allows us to concentrate on our love, which is what really matters. Freed from self-conception as artists, queers, or anything else, we are free to become what only death can make us, human, and hence free to realize the true potential of our estate. Beyond words, beyond names, beyond subject and object "In the pandemonium of image, I bring you the universal Blue."*

—Gridley Minima

## 11:00

- Zoë Irvine, **Scotland** *Pulse Field Select Submissions* 'Passport Mix' 2001-02 (21'00") <http://cara.gsu.edu/pulsefield/>
- Kathryn Refi, **USA** *Pulse Field Select Submissions* 'Speaks' (39'00")

## 12:00

- Alessandro Bosetti, 'Pinocchio' 2001 (40'00")
- John Wanzel, **USA** *Pulse Field Select Submissions* 'Pear' 2001 (38'00") <http://cara.gsu.edu/pulsefield/>

## 1:20

- David Snow, **USA** *Pulse Field Select Submissions* 'The Architecture of Hysteria' 2002 (33'00") <http://cara.gsu.edu/pulsefield/>
- Dan Gutwein, **USA** *Pulse Field Select Submissions* 1998-2001 (20'00") <http://cara.gsu.edu/pulsefield/>

- Sabrina Aquilar Peña, USA *Pulse Field Select Submissions* 2002 (20'00")

<http://cara.gsu.edu/pulsefield/>

### 2:30

Jack Smith, 'Silent Shadows ON Cinemaroc Island Vol. II' 1962-1964 (60'00")

*Repressed. Debut on Tony Conrad's new imprint, distributed through Table of the Elements. This is the second of 2 CDs of archival Jack Smith material. "The first in a series of remarkable vintage recordings which feature the protean film-maker, photographer and performance artists Jack Smith (1932-1989). The material includes readings of short stories and other audio excursions (featuring musical accompaniment from the likes of Conrad, John Cale and Angus MacLise), as well as excerpts from Conrad's soundtrack to Smith's notorious and groundbreaking film Flaming Creatures (1962). Recorded in glistening monaural lo-fidelity at Conrad's 56 Ludlow Street studio between 1962-1964, these pieces reveal an important facet of Smith's artistic legacy, and offer a rare glimpse of one of the most influential milieux of the 1960s."*

### 3:30

Nurse With Wound 'Sylvie and Babs', '1988 (37'32")

<http://www.wfmu.org/LCD/21/nurse.html>

### 4:15

John Oswald, 'PLUNDERPHONICS' Disc One 1975-1996 (72'00")

<http://www.killthepresident.org/ktp/people/plunderphonic.html>

*Plunderphonics is a cultural paradox, one of the only truly underground musical phenomena to emerge in the latter quarter of the 20th century ("This art is more radical in its social and political associations than the introduction of the electric guitar"), yet featuring some of the world's most recognizable music imbedded in novel constellations of sonic subversity by John Oswald.*

*"Mr. Oswald flew past the level of mere sampling. He has taken sampling fifty times beyond what we've come to expect."*

*This ambitious package contains 60 memorable tracks, from the Swinging Sixties to the Numb Nineties, on two hyper-dense discs covering the gamut of progressive musical endeavour, where punk meets classical, schmaltz marries metal, jazz divorces rap and electronica kills world.*

*"Plunderphonics is recreational savagery... A consistently brilliant record."*

*Each title features an instantly recognizable musical icon transformed into an electroquoted Frankenstein or Hyde with a plunderphoney moniker such as Anthrax Squeeze Factory, Sinéad O'Connick Jr., Beastie Shop Beach, or Bing Stingspreen. Often visceral, occasionally poignant, sometimes funny, never predictable and always challenging collages.*

### **5:30**

Steven Jesse Bernstein, 'Face' 1990 (12'00")

<http://www.jackstraw.org/archives/sjb.html>

### **5:45**

Ken Nordine, 'Colors' 1966 (66'00")

*For four generations now, the voice of Ken Nordine has been a subtle thread in the American fabric. As many can tell Coltrane in two notes, so with Nordine in a word.*

*His series of Word Jazz albums make for an essential section of any hipster's record collection, occupying an honored space next to the works of Lenny Bruce, Lord Buckley, and Del Close and John Brent. And in many ways, Nordine's work has aged better than his contemporaries'. While their spirit and energy are to be marveled at, Nordine has the edge as a speaker, writer and conceptualist.*

*"I was going to be a concert violinist", he explains, "until I learned that working with my voice was a much easier way to do it. I think the thing that happened to me is that I like writing, and I like writing for speaking. It's a different kind of writing. A good line is like a stone that's been smoothed by water running over it. In other words, if it's not on the beat, if it's not in the pocket, you'll know right away. It's like a line in a good jazz solo."*

*As well as recording, Nordine put his voice to work in broadcasting. In addition to commercials and voice-over work, he found his way onto television. Predictably enough, his program was not usual.*

*"Years ago, when there was just black and white, I read Rats in The Wall by H.P Lovecraft, and all these horror stories scared the hell outta kids. And you know what it was used for - the young people at home were watching this thing in the dark, boys and girls. This was where the testosterone and the estrogen could get together. It's a good excuse. I probably was causing all kinds of dysfunctional family life."*

*As worlds collide, some merge. This is how Colors actually was born into the world of advertising.*

*"It's very interesting. I was thinking about that earlier. A fellow by the name of Bob Pritkin, a very strange and talented man, worked at an advertising agency, called me up and wanted me to do the Fuller Paint commercials. The assignment was to take nine colors, and then one would be all colors - spectrum. From that I wrote the ten commercials, starting with 'The Fuller Paint Company invites you to stare with your ears at yellow', and then we would do yellow, or blue or green. What I did was I wrote this out, and then I got a group of musicians together to depict - free form - as we were recording it. For example, 'The Fuller Paint Company invites you to stare with your ears at yellow': 'In the beginning' (whatever the musicians thought 'in the beginning' sounded like) 'or long before that' - and it would continue as light was deciding who was going to be in or out of the spectrum - 'yellow was in serious trouble'. Well, that was one. We also did another one which was a yellow canary, or a yellow lemon drop, or y'ello, can you hear me? - a lot of light-hearted things. At any rate, I wrote the ten commercials and was very pleased. They were only on the air for thirteen weeks, and then they went off. People would call up and say, 'Hey - play that again', and they couldn't, because they were commercials. And so, they caused quite a stir. They won an International Broadcast Award, which was wonderful, you know - something to dust. Very strange to win this big award, and that was the end of it. I thought, 'God, how ephemeral. That was so much fun, doing that, and now it isn't going to be heard anymore'. So I added about thirteen more colors - we did forty-four, all told - and I went back to Universal Recording in Chicago, and did the whole series of the colors, taking out the name of the Fuller Paint Company and just doing the colors as you hear them on the record. 'Yellow' is different, but the rest are pretty much the same as they were."*

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