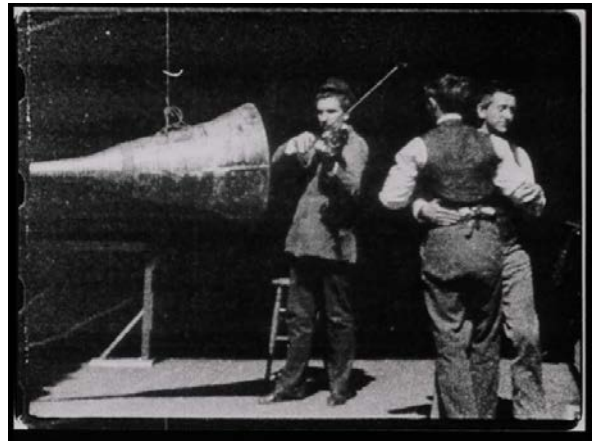
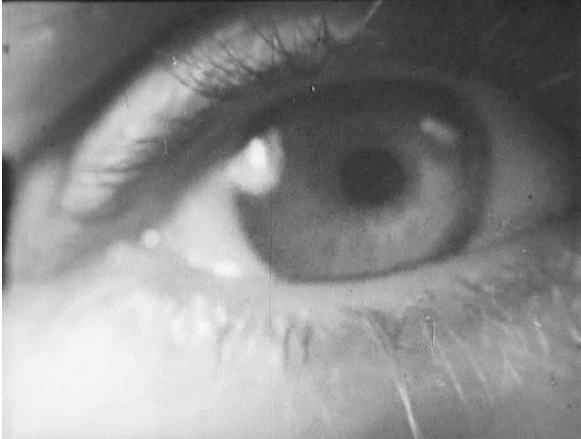


**Early + Avant-Garde LIVE! Cinema LIVE!**  
**SoundArt Dance Poetry Song**



**03/23/15 6p Allen Theater**  
**LVC Colloquium Series: Gender**

# Early + Avant-Garde LIVE! Cinema LIVE! SoundArt Dance Poetry Song

"Silent cinema" never was silent, and in its first decades, rarely was it "just" cinema.

From cinema's inception through the early 1900s, "attractions" consisting of loosely-integrated combinations of single-shot films, slides, stage acts, illustrated songs, etc., which foregrounded the appeal of discursive and multimedia variety, frequently dazzled shocked confused edified and amused early film audiences.

Exhibitionists and lecturers manipulated film speeds, film music/sound effects, film loops, film color/black-and-whiteness, and even film directionality (backwards or forwards) to display thematically-linked and "surreal" film programs. In prioritizing "showing" over "telling," these cinematic collages required an especially active mode of spectatorship that invited audiences to project their own individual "narratives" onto/into the show. Titles of individual films, names of actors, etc. frequently remained anonymous.

By the 1920s, cinema identified as "avant-garde" looked back to these early cinematic traditions in part as a reaction to the growing dominance of what we understand today as Hollywood style feature-length storytelling. Today, cinematic attractions continue to influence avant-garde productions, as well as various forms of popular screen entertainment with which we are all familiar (from music videos, to

advertisements, to GIFs, to visual spectacles within blockbuster hits).

As part of the LVC film colloquium series on gender, this program will sequence, mix, and remix some of the oldest and most experimental productions from US film history that provoke questions about bodies, desires, fixations, “watching,” and the complicated politics of identity that underpin the stories we tell ourselves. **Live simultaneous mixed-media performances by LVC students from across disciplines** (English, Music, Art History, Chemistry, Computer Science, Languages, PT, History, Biology ...), as well as contributions from the audience, will further enliven this spectacle + interrogation.

Belly dancing, broken turntables, multilingual poetry, the Declaration of Independence translated into sine waves, improvisational song and instrumentation, the stuff of everyday life.

Introduction and Q+A co-sponsored by the LVCinephiles film club.

Special thanks to Dr. Robert Valgenti for his invitation to be part of the Colloquium Series, to host Skip Hicks of the Allen Theatre, and to the Department of English and the broader LVC community for their extraordinary support.



**Robert Machado, *LIVE! Cinema LIVE! SoundArt Dance Poetry Song / ᵘᵏᵒᵗᶦᶜᵃᵑᵕ ᵉᶓᵐᵒᶓᶛ* (2015)**

A night of avant-garde collaboration,  
(in)direction, collage + sound + image + word +  
dance

Robert Machado is an Assistant Professor of English at Lebanon Valley College, where he teaches courses in US Literature, Film Studies, Interdisciplinary Arts, Writing, and Theory. His research involves the study of color (chromatics) across verbal and visual media, postclassical narrative theory, and 19/20-C US literature. He has also published work on early cinema and early photography, multimediality in literature, and the avant-garde. As an early member of the “lowercase sound” movement, since 2001 his experimental sound/noise art under the name Civyiu Kkliu has been performed in galleries on the West and East Coast, and published in the US, the UK., the Netherlands, Belgium, and Austria. His most recent visual art involves Polaroid photography.

## **Matt Baczewski, Notes on the Soundtrack**

In my collaborative work with the soundtrack for *Unstoppable*, I approached the project with the goal of crafting a subtle yet engaging body of sounds and music. A soundtrack which would provide a base rather than focus, but a soundtrack to be heard, with nearly understated changes and movements. With these objectives in mind I proceeded to work with various digital and analog media, allowing the two to work in harmony with each other, moving together in confluence, mirroring the movement of the musical ideas which Dr. Machado and myself had as well. Throughout the musical space are instances of recorded analog instruments, digital clips created for the project, and sampled music, all reworked, reimagined, layered and collaged in the spirit of the film and collaboration.

**Amr H. Hassanein, 3:195, Quran**

"I shall not lose sight of the labor of any of you who labors in my way, be it man or woman; each of you is equal to other (3:195)"

أَنْفِي لَا أُضَيِّعُ عَمَلَكُمْ مِنْ ذِكْرِي أَنْتُمْ  
بَعْضُكُمْ مِنْ بَعْضٍ

## Angela Fleig, “Avec ses vêtements ondoyants et nacrés,” Charles Baudelaire

Avec ses vêtements ondoyants et nacrés,  
Même quand elle marche on croirait qu'elle danse,  
Comme ces longs serpents que les jongleurs sacrés  
Au bout de leurs bâtons agitent en cadence.  
Comme le sable morne et l'azur des déserts,  
Insensibles tous deux à l'humaine souffrance  
Comme les longs réseaux de la houle des mers  
Elle se développe avec indifférence.  
Ses yeux polis sont faits de minéraux charmants,  
Et dans cette nature étrange et symbolique  
Où l'ange inviolé se mêle au sphinx antique,  
Où tout n'est qu'or, acier, lumière et diamants,  
Resplendit à jamais, comme un astre inutile,  
La froide majesté de la femme stérile.

### Trans. Geoffrey Wagner

With her dresses undulating, pearly,  
Even walking one would think her dancing,  
Like those long serpents which holy charmers  
Move in harmony at the tips of their batons.  
Like the dull sand and the blue of deserts,  
Unmoved alike by human pain,  
Like the long fabric of the swell of seas,  
She unfolds herself with indifference.  
Her polished eyes are of delicious metals,  
And in this strange, symbolic nature  
Where virgin angel meets with ancient sphinx,  
Where all is only gold and steel and light and  
diamonds,  
There shines forever, like a useless star,  
The cold majesty of the sterile woman.

**Morgan Dietrich, selections from “Exercise 2,”  
“Capturing Abstract,” and “Short Story”**

“Her skin tingles, so she scratches to try to get the bugs off. But there are no bugs.”

I hugged her back, trying not to squeeze her frail shoulders too hard.

The old lady sat, staring at us on the green sofa as if we were strangers.

The woman was still wearing the white lace dress we had found her in this morning. She refused to take it off. There were a few tears at the bottom from where she had stepped on it and a large mud stain where her knees would be under the skirt. She had taken her veil off and placed it on the table in front of her, the fabric flowing off the table’s edge.

With my heart pounding, I stumbled the few feet to the old woman sitting on the couch where I could stare directly into her small, brown eyes.

Rose tossed the novel across the table and pushed away the ice cream. The book knocked into her keys that ended up falling onto the floor. She sighed. She tried to stand up but her leg buckled underneath her.



## **Martin Groff, “Gesellschaft von meinem Fenster” (“Society from My Window”)**

Ich sitze beim Fenster, und rauche schweigend.

Tödlich feucht hängt die Luft

in kränkliche Wolken unsichtbaren Schwefels

dick mit einem Fäulnisgeruch.

Sie gehen die Straße entlang

und tragen trendy Masken,

und schwitzen unter der kränklichen Sonne.

Ich sitze beim Fenster, und rauche schweigend.

Jede Maske sieht nur Masken,

doch ich frage mich ob ich hinter sehen konnte,

aber jede flüchtige Blick

erstickt unter dem falschen Klang

von hergestellten Phrasen

und unechte Lachen.

Ich sitze beim Fenster, und rauche schweigend.

Der Mond spiegelt mich in der Fensterscheibe

Und durch meine eigene Fassade

schau ich an, als sie betrügen, während ich behauptete

dass ich die Wahrheit kenne, aber ich kann es nicht  
erzählen. /

Vielleicht hinter ihren Masken sind sie alle  
tot. Und ich frage mich, bin ich?

Die Zigarre sitzt beim Fenster, und raucht schweigend.

**Martin Groff, “Gesellschaft von meinem Fenster”  
 (“Society from My Window”), trans. Martin Groff**

I sit by my window, smoking silently.

Deathly humid hangs the air

in sticky clouds of invisible sulfur

thick with the stench of decay.

They walk along the roadway

in their trendy masks,

sweating under the sickly sun.

I sit by my window, smoking silently.

Every mask sees a mask,

yet I wonder if I might glance behind,

but each elusive glimpse is  
stifled by the fabricated sound  
of manufactured phrases  
and carefully crafted laughter.  
I sit by my window, smoking silently.  
The moon reflects me in the glass  
and through my own facade  
I watch them deceive, while truth  
I claim to know but don't articulate.  
Perhaps behind their masks they're all  
dead. And I wonder, am I?  
The cigar sits by my window, smoking silently.

**Kaitie McCardle, selections from "*Un Jour, Peut-Être*"**

Walking uptown in vagabond shoes to see an unshaved Poe in Lincoln Center. Burning like angels on a disappointing impulse for intoxication and Frank Sinatra. I'll tell you though, through hallucinating eyes and migraines, and loneliness. I used to eat black olives out of the can, eat every one until they were gone or I was sick. Now I walk with a Pilot G2-07 and wonder if I could actually stab the man who follows me. I wonder what is on my person that I can use as a weapon—and for the record a half full Nalgene would do the trick. Could capture the soul and jail for eternity, get lost in the abyss of the cost of time and pastel colors, bleeding together with the sound of Technicolor madness. We live in a perspective nightmare, shackled to a single focal point for readiness. Electrons shoot up and fall down and release light and sound tries to make it back but can't get here until I've already seen it. Butterfly wings ripped off and fed to the alley that looks like street car, where the train used to chugalugalug along. Stella. Tella. Ella. Lla. La. A. BCD. She thinks about possession and what she and he has and if that one guy had the ball or not when he landed—she wonders if holding something makes it yours.

Devendra Sanyasi, “Nari Ko Mahima,” Indra Kumar Sunuwar

ईन्द्र कुमार सुनुवार – नारीको महिमा

नारी तिमी जननी हौ जन्म दिने  
असह्य पिडा सहेर शिशुलाई मातृत्व प्रेम दिने

नारी तिमी चेलिबेटी हौ दाजुभाइ पुष्पे  
यमराजलाई बिन्ती चढाई माइतिको रक्षा गर्ने

नारी तिमी प्रेमिका हौ प्रेमको अर्थ बुझाउने  
प्राप्तीमा मात्र हैन त्यागमा पनि रमाउन सिकाउने

नारी तिमी जिवनसाथी हौ जिन्दगी भर साथ दिने  
प्यारो माइतीघर छोडी आई दुखसुखमा सगै जिउने

नारी तिम्रो महिमा जति नै गाए नि कम छ  
नारी दिवशमा मात्र हैन सदैब तिम्रो कदर गर्नु छ

## Bethany Mary, "Golden Lotuses (2)," Octavio Paz

Delgada y sinuosa  
como la cuerda mágica.

Rubia y rauda:

dardo y milano.

Pero también inexorable rompehielos.

Senos de niña, ojos de esmalte.

Bailó en todas las terrazas y sótanos,  
contempló un atardecer en San José, Costa Rica,  
durmió en las rodillas de los Himalayas,  
fatigó los bares y las sabanas de África.

A los veinte dejó a su marido  
por una alemana;

a los veintiuno dejó a la alemana  
por un afgano;

a los cuarenta y cinco

vive en Proserpina Court, Bombay.

Cada mes, en los días rituales,  
llueven sapos y culebras en la casa,  
los criados maldicen a la demonia  
y su amante *parsi* apaga el fuego.

Tempestad en seco.

El buitre blanco  
picotea su sombra.

## Bethany Mary, “Golden Lotuses (2),” Octavio Paz

Thin and sinuous  
as the magic rope.  
Blonde and impetuous:  
    dart and kite.  
But also relentless, an icebreaking ship.  
A girl's breasts, enameled eyes.  
She'd danced on all the terraces and in all the *boîtes*,  
had watched the sun set over San José, Costa Rica,  
had slept at the feet of the Himalayas,  
and in Africa had grown weary of savannahs and bars.  
At twenty she left her husband  
for a German woman;  
at twenty-one she left the German  
for an Afghan man;  
at forty-five  
she lives at Proserpina Court, Bombay.  
Each month, on the ritual days,  
it rains frogs and snakes on her house,  
the servants curse the she-demon,  
and her Parsi lover puts out the fire.  
Dry storm.  
    The white vulture  
pecks at its shadow.

**Robert Machado, უჩუბუბი გეგმები (2015)**

## Film list

Alfred C. Abadie, *A Scrap in Black and White* (1903)

Charles Allen and Francis Trevelyan Miller for Pluragraph Co., *Diana the Huntress* (1916)

*Belles of the (Black) Diamond Mine* (1910)

Busby Berkeley, "By a Waterfall," *Footlight Parade* (1933)

—, “Don’t Say Goodnight,” *Wonder Bar* (1934)

Stan Brakhage, Eye Myth (1967)

Mary Ellen Bute and Ted Nemeth, *Synchromy No. 4: Escape*  
(1937–1938)

Segundo de Chomón, *Magic Bricks* (1908)

Cinecolor, *Wonderland of California* (ca. 1933)

Joseph Cornell, *Cotillion* and *The Midnight Party* (1938)  
(effects added by Larry Jordan 1965–1968)

———, *A Legend for Fountains* (1957/1965)

——, *NymphLight* (1957)

—, *Rose Hobart*

Cricks & Martin, *A Visit to Peek Frean and Co.'s Biscuit Works* (1906)

Douglass Crockwell, Simple Destiny Abstractions (1938)



*Dancing on Waves* (1896–1899)

Maya Deren and Alexander Hammid, *At Land* (1944)

——, *Meshes of the Afternoon* (1943)

W. K. L. Dickson and William Heise, *Annabelle Butterfly Dance* (1894)

——, *Annie Oakley* (1894)

——, *Blacksmithing Scene* (1894)

——, *[Dickson Experimental Sound Film]* (ca. 1895-95)

——, *Sadow* (1894)

*[Domestic scene]* (unknown)

Oskar Fischinger for MGM, *An Optical Poem* (1938)

Anthony Gross and Hector Hoppin, *La Joie de Vivre* (1934)

William Heise, *Annabelle Serpentine Dance* (1895)

Jerome Hill, *La Cartomancienne* (1932)

Fernand Léger and Dudley Murphy, *Ballet mécanique* (1923–1924)

Lumière brothers, *Danse Serpentine [Lumiere No. 765]* (1896)

Willard Maas and Marie Menken, *Geography of the Body* (1943)

Man Ray, *Le Retour à La raison* (1923)

Wallace McCutcheon and Frank Marion of the American  
Mutoscope and Biograph Co., *Airy Fairy Lillian Tries on  
Her New Corsets* (1905)

Dudley Murphy, *The Soul of Cypress* (1920)

Eadweard Muybridge and David Hanson, *Homage to Eadweard Muybridge* (1877-1885 / 1994)

Edwin S. Porter, *The Gay Shoe Clerk* (1903)

——, *The Great Train Robbery* (1903)

——, *Laughing Gas* (1907)

Edwin S. Porter and George Flemming [?], *What Happened on Twenty-Third Street, New York City* (1901)

Edwin S. Porter and J. Searle Dawley, *College Chums* (1907)

——, *Rescued from an Eagle's Nest* (1908)

Edwin S. Porter and Wallace McCutcheon, *Three American Beauties* (1906)

*Unie Film Review No. 29* (1926)

Slavko Vorkapich, *The Furies* (1934)

James H. White (Edison Manufacturing Co.), *Seminary Girls* (1897)

Willard Van Dyke and Ralph Steiner for Works Progress Administration (WPA), *Hands* (1934)

Herman G. Weinberg, *Autumn Fire* (1930-33)

Paul Whiteman, *King of Jazz* (1930)

Ferdinand Zecca, *Par le trou de la serrure* (1901)