





# Notes pour un film Palimpseste

Cactus  
Ripped trash bag  
One blind drawer only  
and children on the other side  
rude restless  
shouting from the courtyard inside  
"Hey lady."  
Laughing at the that water  
and suddenly the urge...  
On the wall  
the black sea  
inside the poster  
and legs red and worn...ke  
Remembering that he never saw the placement of objects in my  
The! The falling over the water, when it crosses over the water one must look:  
To the water  
Three soggy packs of cigarettes dumped in the trash where pools of banana and shells of eggs lay on the sides, but still digging with the hand, inside, under it, for the  
Cannot avoid walking over the smoke coming from the savage.  
Clouds of white smoke ascending up my face  
Descending the narrow street, narrower than New York. But always narrow and always this street, stinks worst than decomposing matter. Rotten  
flinging them over the shoulder and entering the locker and beginning to undress. Mary won't take around me with various colored underwear. I particularly like looking at the ripped ones. The ones with the patterns. And going out with a light outfit. Sweating. Running  
The stage is dark but porous.  
Walk one more time into the theatre and move among the people walking.  
But really I'm left with the beauty of less scribbled in ripped pieces of paper.

motorlessness of the body  
One hour and fifteen minutes immobility in front of the computer screen  
Fingers move without moving really  
A faint clicking of the keys  
Children point and snort  
room.  
never knew anything about me really  
On the wall  
the black sea  
inside the poster  
and legs red and worn...ke  
Remembering that he never saw the placement of objects in my  
The! The falling over the water, when it crosses over the water one must look:  
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"Hey lady  
body of the computer hey you there"  
Pointing.  
Laughing.  
The children lose interest and caper around the courtyard. But when I look see how the hands are fighting against the fence frame  
Out of the platform.  
Something about this day to be noticed. The sheen of the light close enough as the train approaches. Leaving the body on the doors and mediating on sudden death. Fantasizing about turning into that old man with the nose hairs long enough they touch the upper lip.  
whole body in darkness. That is mysterious. And dirty. The rain perforates the inner world. Down below. Inside.  
An innumerable phobia of rats as they flurry on the tracks ceaselessly.  
Imagine:  
Will fall down, I will.  
Pressed my face against the lid.  
Over the border to other world. There are many stairs.  
I love stars.  
Stars tire me and I enjoy it.  
For the most part  
Sonnet res  
Mirror  
Very sexual place  
Cashiers sit inside a yellow lit coffee shop. They call it a coffee shop but one sells endless Three sausages on a plate and construction workers. Night  
over the pillow  
Isabel Solhral New York, 2007

the face inside the oranges.  
infant melancholy in the eyes.  
resting on the coat the pleated dress  
and papers.  
Notes for a future work  
thoughts about  
this writer and  
touch the upper lip.  
Calling whisper, twice now, he's collapsed on top of the woman who dares not look. Shows him with the arm embarrassed in herself, for him. Then digging the eyes inside the book. Joyce. If I could say in a few words how beautiful it is would simply say: BLOOM.  
Thrown down by the irresistible urge of a passerby.  
Immediately I look behind me.  
Indistinguishable mass of eyes. And suddenly a man, with grey hair.  
He's going to throw me down, him.  
the panic of the stairs  
will not arrive above at the top of it.  
But everyday  
the stairs  
And climbing with the tip of the foot, instead of with the whole foot because of the heels. And flexing up two towels.  
Women leaning on the bar's edge with arms sinking down. Looks as if she has no skeleton. And soboring raking up stories. says, "Russian beads." Screams ... then gets up and dances until she crosses her tracks.  
I was it Li Bai or Cao Zhi  
Frank Sinatra, Antonio Carlos Jobim  
Or Everything But the Girl? :  
Um continuo, um violao  
Esse amor, uma concao  
Pra fazer febre ja que se ama  
Overlept  
So Tired  
It late  
Cot tired  
Why bother?  
Why the pair?  
Just go home.  
Do it again.  
Norman B. Coip  
"The Computer's Lament / A Close Shave"  
Subway Art - 42nd Street / Port Authority Bus Terminal 18 November 2007

7 Acts of Love in 7 Days of Boredom  
"for collaboration with Katia Kameli  
Act 1  
The Declaration (Stolen Lines):  
He gets off his seat... walks to the door.  
"I love you."  
"Next stop, Greenpoint Ave, stand clear of the closing doors."  
Halfway out, one foot each on the train and platform  
He jams his arms between the closing doors.  
"I LOVE YOU... you make my life more than it could ever be."  
She eases back into her seat  
tucks a private smile behind her ears.  
One stray brown curl.  
Sep 26 2007. G man between Nassau Ave and Greenpoint Ave  
Act 2  
The cusp of the sun recedes. Rays behind an old church, silent chiming like oars tilted towards cloud cushion and wordless sky  
Inside, a young African American boy sits  
waiting for no one  
He highlights Scripture from a Bible, Waiting aimlessly  
For the mouth of God to move  
but  
once.  
Oct 9 2007, Manhattan Ave, OTT Thai Restaurant, Brooklyn  
Act 3  
Overlept  
So Tired  
It late  
Cot tired  
Why bother?  
Why the pair?  
Just go home.  
Do it again.  
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amor  
-  
At dawn the pigeons betrayed my verse  
with their cooing of nowhere;  
Let me recite you, stranger:  
a bedtime story in my upward Mandarin:  
The poet Li Bai was held for treason by a tyrant Emperor who for no reason loved, beheading intellectuals. He was given grace enough to be granted clemency but only one condition. That he would compose his own pardon in 7 pages.  
One pace a day, each pace in one 7 days, 20 words and 4 lines of verse.  
Let me translate it into a  
Sonnet you can understand, its title:  
"Thoughts on a Quiet Night" Or "Corcovado"  
The moon is bright above this bed  
A sheet of frost covers the ground  
I raise my head, glanced to the light  
Lower my head to dream of home  
This is but a game of sub  
stating words,  
For people, and people for words - of  
Mixing stories and different poets  
Was it Li Bai or Cao Zhi  
Frank Sinatra, Antonio Carlos Jobim  
Or Everything But the Girl? :  
Um continuo, um violao  
Esse amor, uma concao  
Pra fazer febre ja que se ama  
Overlept  
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Invité en résidence par Location One, Kata Kameli engage une relation insolite à la ville de New York pour établir une sorte de plan, de s'intéresse plus aux habitants qu'à la structure urbaine, en questionnant les fantasmes, les projections mentales des nouveaux arrivants.  
Reconnues au hasard, ces personnes deviennent les guides de la mégapole. Et, l'artiste leur demande d'écrire sur leur ville, sur leurs mythologies intimes... Elle recueille ensuite toutes ces écritures personnelles.  
Cas élimés, ces fragments de réalité, recitent le potentiel fictionnel dont s'empare l'artiste, reconnaissant des bribes de vérités, où les personnes rencontrées se transforment définitivement en personnages.  
À partir de ces collages, Kata Kameli projette une cartographie mortale. Une «psychogéographie» collective de New York.  
Ea nous livre ici quelques pièces dérivées de son film Palimpseste : une photographie, ses écritures, qui sont autant de repérages dans la démultiplication des trajectoires individuelles.  
Anne Laure Even

Warm-up:  
Look for the two dogs at the house at the street corner, which I haven't seen for a while. The small one barks once and turns. Is it Monday yet? When should I go to see Giscard's La Chinoise at the Film Forum? What should I write for the The Portable Boog Reader 2? Who is the American gangster? The blazing sun before the train going underground. Albert calls and I miss it. Play two 5 point handicapped match with Mr. Chen. You have to play really hard to win in a handicapped match. Head counts of players: 7+15-22. Mr. Can our sponsor stays and is placed in Group A. What's the best way to quit the Monday Marathon League?  
Tournament:  
Andrea: I had him again. This time he managed to get two games.  
William: I led her two games to nothing. It's really frustrating  
A crew of three men came in to shoot for some TV program. Interviews follow between matches.  
Adam: This time I got a game out of AJ. I really like the challenge in Group A.  
Practice with Minh on table A. Chop and block far him to loop.  
Minh lost to Adam again. He lost all his matches. He will go down to Group B next week.  
Paul is the new man in C Group.  
Background TV screen: footage of our trip to 2007 US Open in Las Vegas.  
Robert plays chess with Jack, who hurt his arm and had to sit out of the game for several months. Jack plays chess much better than Ping Pong.  
Go out to McDonald to buy Angus Burgers and ice creams. Returning to the club I encounter Coach Yang who is leaving the club.  
Yang: Do you know Tahl beat Gao in Westfield last weekend?  
E: Great. I don't like Gao.  
Group A finishes all matches early. Wally comes out in first place.  
Wally: Did I show you my new girl?  
E: No.  
Wally: We met only for a week and she fell in love with me. She is 18 turning 19. She is in Japan but is coming to US. I am even thinking about marriage. But two possibilities. First, she's really in love with me and we get married in a few years. Second, she is just having some fun.  
Paul: When will the League finish?  
E: It will continue on and on. How did you do?  
Paul: I won three matches and lost two  
Robert: He is a rich guy. Think about him for future sponsorship.  
Mr.Can lost all his matches except one. He asks me to play more. We play on table B. I win the first match 3:1, then lose two 1:3 and 0:3 trying to play defense. I feel too tired to play my usual attacking game. I don't want to bend down and run.  
Group B is always the last to finish.  
Before leaving Mr.Can plays last chess match with Jack. Both Robert and I bet on Mr. Can. Mr. Can cues win, not without our constant meddling of the game on the side.

Aftermath:  
Mr. Can gives Robert and me a ride on his way back to Flushing.  
Mr. Can: I'll let him win next time to keep him interested.  
Robert: Next week we must work on the editing of the instructional DVDs.  
Robert gets off at Essex and Delancy. Mr. Can and I continue crossing the Williamsburg bridge.  
Mr. Can: Are you married?  
E: No. I can't imagine that as a boot now. I have to make sure I can support a family.  
Mr. Can: The most important thing is to look for money.  
E: I would like touch literature in college, like NYU. I don't want to do other work. But I have to have a degree to do that. I am applying for graduate school for next year.  
Mr.Can: Do it quick. You work to support a wife. Then children...  
E: It's a lot of work. And you have to spend time with them. Maybe in the future.  
Mr.Can: If everyone is like you, the human race will expire soon.  
We arrive at my apartment. Mr. Can dives to his house just a block away.  
PS: The Monday Marathon League is held every Monday at NYU at 384 Broadway (basement level). Players are divided into three groups, A, B, C, based on their levels. The format is round-robin in each group. The top two finishers of the week will move up to the next higher group next week, and bottom two finishers down to the lower group. The sign-up starts at 6:30pm and competition begins at 7:00pm.  
Eliza Tan / Sept - 3 December New York, 2007  
Shanxing Wang - New York City, 10.14.2007

My body is a phallus and your camera is a teasing, denying cervix, permanently closed to any fecundity, dilating and contracting for no reason, sentenced to sterility and voyeurism for eternity. Follow me as you will, there can never be any real congress between us, only teasing and intrusion. Should I hurl myself against you, the only result would be damage, the death of the image, a bluntness be-

toward a secret obscurity. As if light could turn corners, I circle downward, infinitely, until I became one with the secret of your being. Then I would creep across the sensor of your camera like a tiny insect across a retina, each leg sending unbearable electric shocks to your brain, overloading your cells with intimacy. This is why, when you film me, I do not move, preferring instead this masochistic passivity

bereft of meaning. Is this not proof that the image is nothing more than a denial of life, not even a mirror image or shadow of it? But what if the corridors of sight were as palpable, as pinned to time, as capable of movement, as our legs, and I passed through the invisible barrier of the lens? What would I discover? It would be an enchanting spiral, sucking me irresistibly toward a

If there be movement, let it be the expert caress of your lens along my surrendering body, the arabesques of your capable arms fighting the grossness of technology. Let your rape of me occur without any dialogue. That the action be all yours, the cutting your loss. This is not my itinerary, it's yours.

Bruce Benderson - New York City 2008

Up and down East 7th street, frosty morning, long narrow run cutting eastward across the Avenue. Avenue C, aka Loisaca Avenue, Avenue B, Avenue A, 1st Avenue, 2nd Avenue, 3rd Avenue, 4th Avenue, Astor Place, Broadway. Two and a half minutes per block between streets walking at average speed, as I learnt when I first arrived in Manhattan, one minute between Avenues.

Cues with knives. No one hurt, we were only relieved of our cash. Vazac's, aka 7 B, the old dive bar with the horseshoe counter which shows up in all the hip movies, the corner of J where cons ago while I was carrying my baby in a pouch, a scary motherfucker cut in front of me, a gun in his hand; between B and C, the block where the King of Coke reigned before he was taken down by a police

You do the math: twenty minutes each way. The morning procession stretches from east to west, 7 or 8 blocks to the subway. Because there's no subway in that East Village bulge which was built upon landfill over the East River swamps. No subway was deemed necessary for the poor Jewish immigrants who, having barely escaped their Eastern European ghettos, were crammed between Avenue

of East 7th and A evoking first dates, coffee on the run. Niagara Falls across the street, late night drinks; between A and B, along the park: memories of getting stugged in the early seventies on my first stay in the city, when noone except junkies was supposed to venture past A, the frontier to the drug ghetto, me and three white guys cornered in the hallway of one of the buildings by three black

A and B. So, a hundred years later, we still walk up and down the street, just as they did, morning and night, and on summer nights, walking West, the setting sun, pouring from the Hudson River, flashes straight into our eyes. Most of us eventually funnel down Saint-Mark's Place bazaar. Counting the blocks, checking the time on our cellphones. How many more times two and a half minutes?

rsid after a night of helicopters sweeping the street with their spotlights, swooping down and buzzing like monstrous flies, keeping the whole street up all night. No need to stomp on guard anymore, quickening the steps, staring in the middle distance to avoid eye contact, nowadays I can float in a pleasant daydream past the jolly doc men keeping casual guard at the entrance of brand new, brightly lit

Coming back in the evening, the Manhattan grid stretches like a crossword puzzle filled out with familiar neon signs: Star bucks, Trash and Vaudeville, Kim's Video, Saint-Mark's Market. The Sockman stand piled with socks, the earnings displays glittering, the shirts hollowing, forging our way past the magazine store at the corner of Second, WALK, DON'T WALK. The little green man flashing red.

It apartment buildings. Zum Schneider at the corner of C - almost home now - soreds its tables out every night, rain or shine, or snow days or dog-days, its waitresses in Bavarian outfits serving German beer to frat boys, smoke from their cigarettes curling up in the yellow light; and the final, easy glide on the last half block, saluting the pit-bull clamoring for attention on the stoop of 217.

Do I run to make the light or pause at the curb, dropping my bag of groceries at my feet waiting for the little man to turn green? Drifting into my thoughts. Half way back home, the twenty minute march eastward becomes a meditation. The dark mass of Tompkins Square Park, that I still avoid by reflex after dark, bringing back memories of riots and tent cities from 1990; 7 A at the corner of

and finally reaching my own stoop where, for a period after my divorce, I made sure, every time I came home, that no neighbor was around to catch me kiss a tall Russian boy  
"Up and down East 7th Street" Catherine Texier NYC 2008





