

STAGING INTERRUPTIONS (STREAM OF LIFE)

of Minnesota

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y Elizabeth Lowe
d by Verena

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There ought to exist a painting totally free of dependence
on figure—on the object—which, like music, represents
nothing at all, tells no story and propounds no myth.
Such a painting limits itself to evoking the
incommunicable realms of the spirit, where dream
becomes thought, where trace becomes existence.

Michel Seuphor

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I tried to avoid writing this. Because, like a lot of writers, I don't always enjoy writing. It can be nearly impossible to distill swirling mental images and likewise hallucinations, to a linear stack of words; especially if the author who inspired the exhibition this publication traces, Clarice Lispector, was all about non-linear unfoldings. The idea was for the contributions to this group of pages to speak for themselves, so that the following images, texts, poems, and insertions would accumulate, rather than expose. To appear less like an encyclopedia, and more like a series of billboards on the side of a highway.

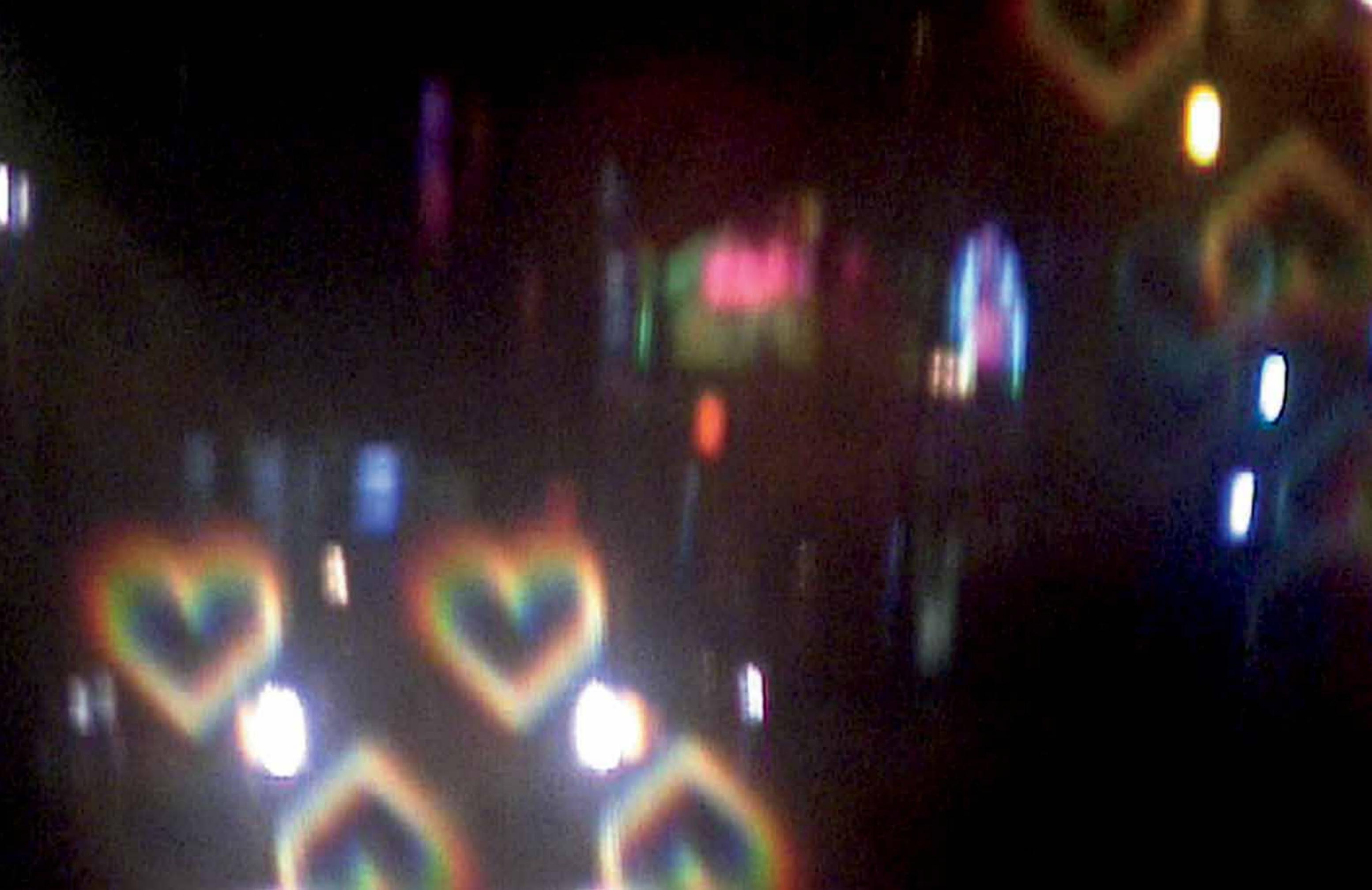
Going back further, this was intended to be an anti-catalogue for the exhibition *Staging Interruptions (Stream of Life)*, which I co-curated with my friend and often-collaborator, Sarina Basta, at Southard Reid in London in January, 2014. The publication component to that show was a 'zine' whose loose-leaf pages appeared alongside the exhibition artworks, elasticizing the border between a unique object and a multiple, and paying homage to the nineties DIY magazines both Sarina and I idolized while growing up. Later, it was obvious that a publication coalescing those contributions should be made. I thought a zine was the similarly obvious way to do it.

Returning to the start, I really did not want to make an introduction. Why not let people figure it out for themselves? Do we have to constantly describe and assess? "I am making a phone call right now, and this is the methodology of my phone call." Some actions and objects, and even words, are better left unarticulated. Lispector herself said at the beginning of her final novel, *The Hour of the Star* (1977), "Make no mistake, I only achieve simplicity with enormous effort." Kind of like this that you are holding: simultaneously a lot, and not a lot. Both a short phone call and a long letter.

-Mary Rinebold, September, 2014

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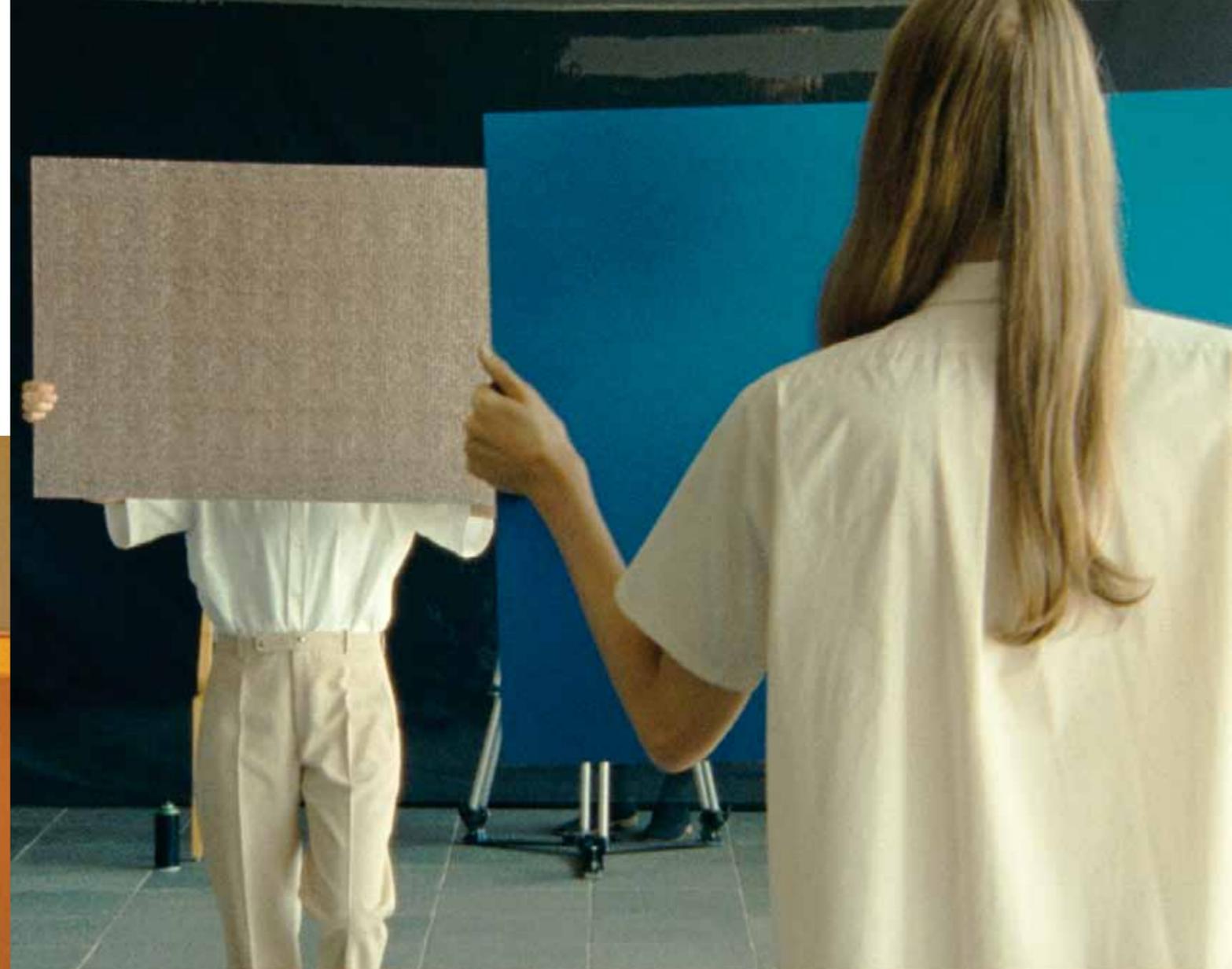
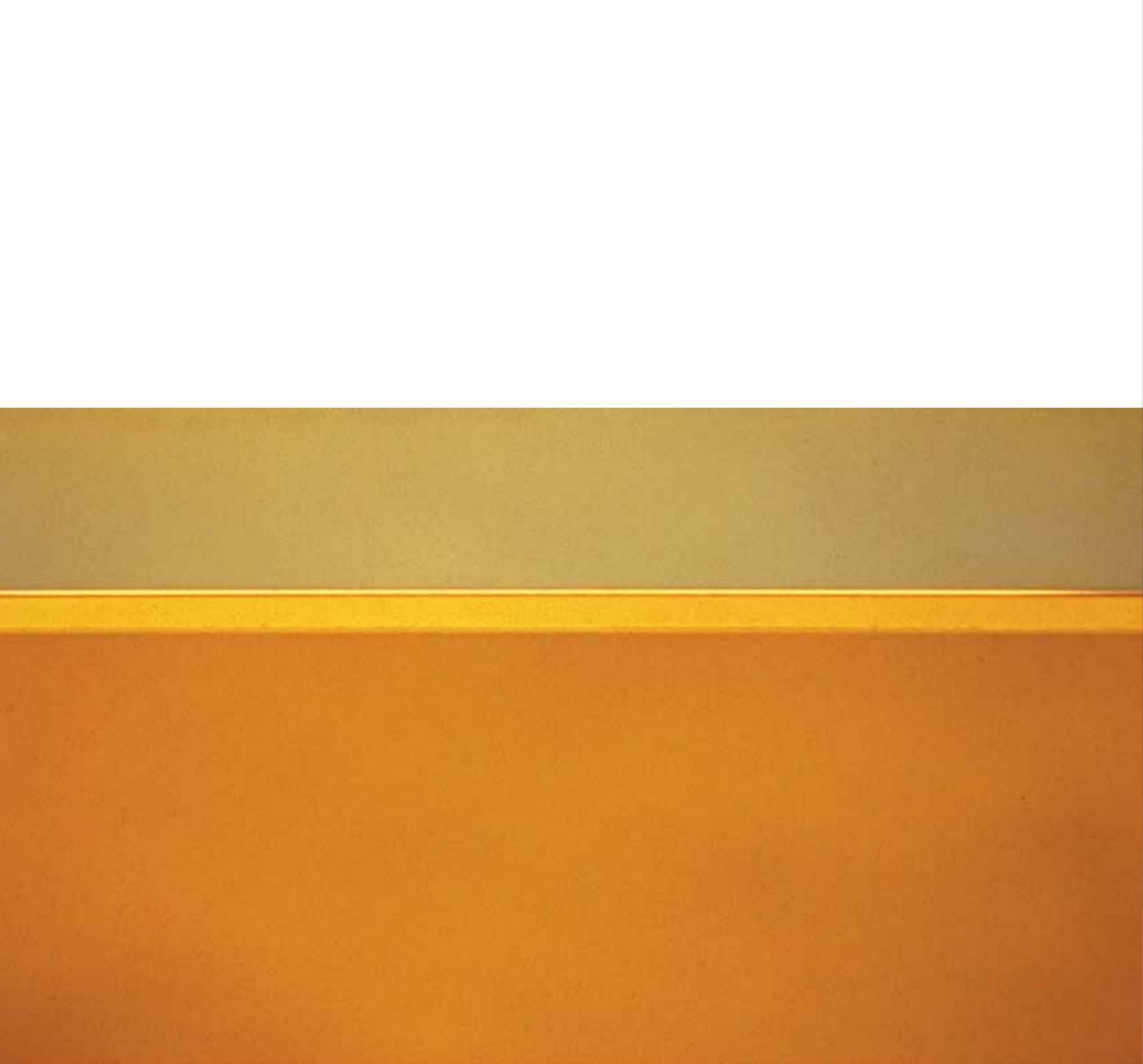


The

amenities

are insane





CERCLE ET CARRÉ

PARAIT SIX FOIS L'AN

PRIX DE CE NUMERO : 3 FRANCS

ABONNEMENTS

FRANCE ET COL. : 20 FRANCS

ETRANGER : 30 FRANCS

ORGANE DU GROUPE INTERNATIONAL «CERCLE ET CARRÉ»
REDACTION ET ADMINISTRATION : 5 RUE KLÉBER — VANVES-SEINE (FRANCE)

POÉTIQUE NOUVELLE



La littérature est une chose et la poésie est une autre chose. Il y a entre la littérature et la poésie un écart aussi grand qu'entre l'architecture et la sculpture, écart qui consiste en ceci : que la littérature tout comme l'architecture est en fonction d'un but pratique, est dépendante de circonstances particulières (politiques, sociales, économiques, atmosphériques, même psychologiques), est déterminée par des données imprévisibles accidentelles, est ensuite seulement, établie esthétiquement suivant les lois immuables de la logique et de l'ordre, — tandis que la poésie, comme la sculpture, ne dépend d'aucune donnée pratique ou préconçue et ne fait que répondre aux exigences de ces lois immuables aux moyens desquelles on peut atteindre ce qui est l'objet de toute oeuvre artistique : l'équilibre, l'unité. Loin nous cependant de vouloir élever délibérément la poésie au-dessus des autres genres littéraires. Car il est clair, qu'on peut atteindre à l'art et à la perfection esthétique par n'importe quels moyens... pourvu qu'on mette l'effort. La poésie — du fait de ne dépendre que des seules valeurs esthétiques — n'est qu'une chose beaucoup plus simple, beaucoup plus modeste, beaucoup plus directe, disons «facile» si vous voulez, que les autres genres littéraires (tel que le journalisme par exemple qui est fort complexe, et qui, à travers sa complexité, se développe magnifiquement pour devenir «la» littérature de l'avenir). La poésie n'emploie que les éléments naturels du langage humain : le son, le rythme, le mot, dépouillé bien entendu de l'ornement des phrases et de l'atmosphère dont essaient de obscurcir le sujet et l'idée particulière. Mais pourquoi cette simplification extrême, cette totale mise à nu ? Parce que sans ce retour aux sources et à la simplicité premières il est impossible — surtout après les incroyables complications de l'art des 40 dernières années — d'atteindre la plus-value définitive de l'art baroque issu de la Renaissance, une plus-value qui, par sa volonté d'ordre et de simplicité, surclasse nettement les innombrables aspects du déformisme surréaliste et de l'art snob international, réalise clairement et pour la première fois, l'unité, l'équilibre en soi à que notre sensibilité et notre intelligence d'hommes du vingtième siècle nous permettent de le concevoir et de le désirer. Et voilà bien qui distingue notre époque de celles qui l'ont précédée : mécanisation, art de synthèse. On mesure la force, la vitesse. On conserve la lumière, la chaleur, le froid et la force motrice, on les distribue, on les dose. Tout est systématiquement réduit à sa plus simple et plus forte expression, à l'entité première, pure de parasites et de fanfreluches inutiles, gênantes, qui avant peu n'était encore que moyen, force mystérieuse, est devenu pour nous une valeur claire, subtile, saisissable, une existence effective inscrite en soi. Je m'explique : la vitesse par exemple, qu'on ne pouvait percevoir que cachée sous les symboles du cheval ou du vent, qui s'exprimait aussi par le mouvement précipité, épuisant, des membres du pe humain, est devenue pour nous une entité toute nouvelle, qui, ce au moteur, possède une existence pour soi, entièrement isolée de nature animale. On ne se rend pas encore compte, spirituellement moins, de l'importance de ces choses. Et c'est ainsi que l'on peut dire que l'auto et l'avion ont, à cause de leur naissance brusque et de leur rapide développement, un siècle d'avance sur la plupart de nos contemporains. Mais je ne parle pas ici de ceux qui font l'histoire d'une époque, de ceux qui contribuent à lui former une attitude spirituelle, mais de ceux qui ont une même brusque conscience de la valeur de l'abstraction : ce qui est toute l'histoire de l'art depuis 1870.

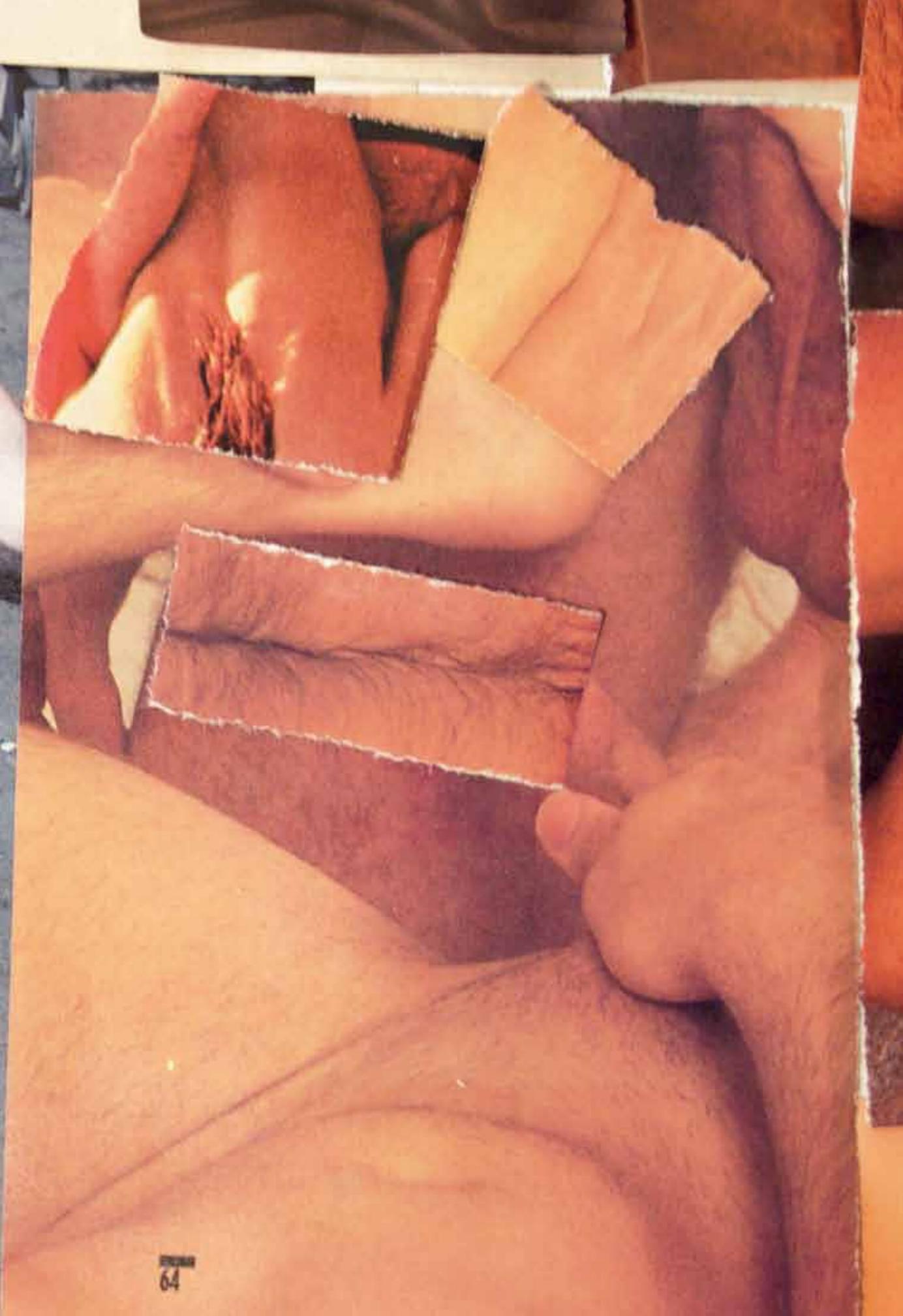
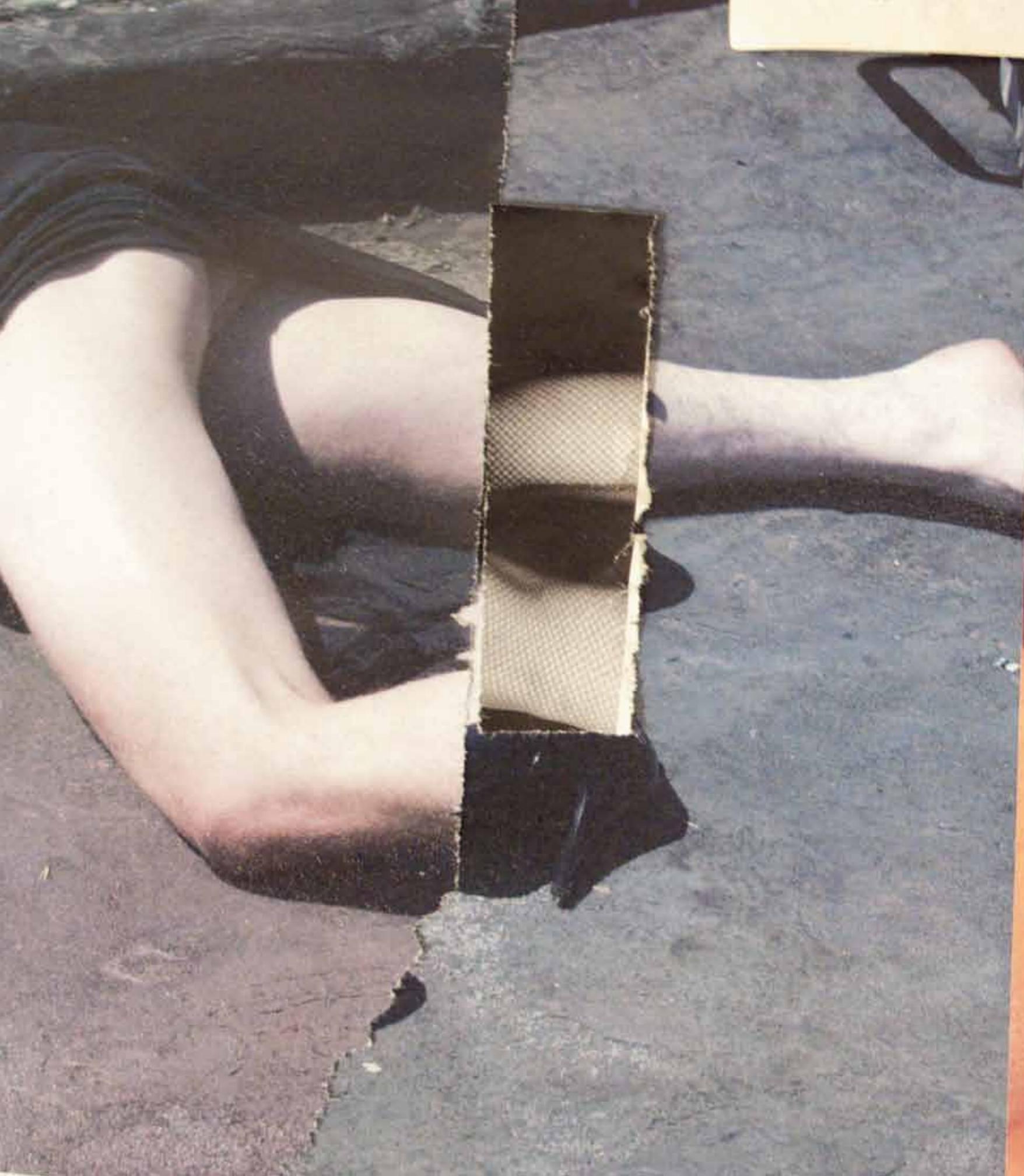
du sujet : le rythme, l'équilibre, la recherche d'une unité, la substruction géométrique... est devenu pour nous l'art même et tout l'objet de l'oeuvre. Car nous savons, et on le découvre quotidiennement autour de nous, que tout ce qui forme la valeur art ou esthétique dans l'oeuvre dite d'art de tous les temps, n'est précisément que l'intuition (aujourd'hui la conscience) de ces facteurs universels du beau : le rythme, l'unité, l'équilibre. Et 100 fois par jour nous avons l'occasion de voir dans la vie citadine — et même dans la vie champêtre — les multiples manifestations de cette conscience, qui se précise, se clarifie et prend un large essor en se basant sur les données honnêtes et sans cesse de la science, la connaissance vérifiée. Cela ne veut pas encore dire que la connaissance des mathématiques implique la capacité d'écrire des poèmes ou de peindre un tableau. Mais de toute façon la «Tour Eiffel», dans sa simplicité, vaut mieux et plus que les vers de Monsieur François Coppée qui, avec tant d'intellectuels et artistes, en son temps célèbres, avait jeté l'anathème sur la Tour en raison de son «qualifiable laidier». Et de nos jours encore un pont de Fraissinet, ses hangars d'Orly, contiennent plus d'art vrai que les écrits de nos poètes dans la revue «Sagesse», «Le Divan», «Les Marges», «Montparnasse».

Ce n'est pas sans raison qu'il devient ridicule aujourd'hui de parler de poésie, qu'il faut quelque courage pour oser la défendre. N'y a-t-il pas Maurice Rostand sur la place avec toute la lignée des poètes délicats des fils à papa !

Il n'est cependant pas impossible d'écrire des poèmes qui apportent quelque chose de vivant et de frais à l'esprit de l'époque et qui nous permettent de jouir des éternelles beautés du rythme verbal et de la sonorité d'une langue, mais à condition, d'être aussi simple et aussi direct que l'ingénieur qui ne fait usage que de matériaux solides pour arriver par le chemin le plus court à l'unité la plus stable :

sinngé sanngé sinngé sanngé sinngé sanngé song
vaillan

sinngé sanngé—sinngé—sanngé—sinngé—sanngé—song
vaillan
vaillan
sinngé vaillan





HEAD

WATER

Karen Archey

January 2014

How do you swim?

We must make one fact plain before we jump in the pool: the difference between swimming and drowning. Unfortunately, it's oftentimes difficult to identify when you are swimming and when you are drowning. It is generally assumed that swimming designates a body in motion, whereas drowning denotes a body in motion that is very soon not going to be in motion ever again. But how do you tell the difference?

1. You die
2. You die faster

How's everything in London?

Just the usual repressed glass and stainless steal.

Which way to Rockaway Beach?

Jeremy Johnson Jr., of 92 Allen Street, woke up this morning with one thing on his mind: The Swell. He had just finished a grueling 70-hour workweek trading third wave coffee on the intercontinental exchange market, capping off his Friday with a wicked hot beef injection at Max Fish. Jeremy yearned to get away, so he departed after his daily cortado at Lost Weekend NYC, walking south on Allen Street to East Broadway and Pike, where he took the M9 direction Battery Park City to Murray and Church Street. He then walked to Chambers Street where he took the A, direction Far Rockaway, to Broad Channel. At Broad Channel, he S towards Rockaway Park – Beach 116th Street, got off at Beach 90th Street, tossed back his dyed-blond hair, marched through the ocean of sand and descended into his azure nirvana.

Is that on Netflix?

In New York City's war on crime, the worst criminal offenders are pursued by the detectives of the Major Case Squad. These are their stories.

What does falling in love feel like?

It feels like dying

Like dying there's no confirmation until it happens

Then it's way too late

So you just have to fall in it

I fell into a hole in front of my apartment once
They say most motor vehicle accidents happen close to home
On the Road was the worst most mansplaining road

I feel so pedestrian

I made out with a man on division street yesterday

He grabbed my ass and tried to walk me up my stairwell

I declined

"I can walk fine thank you"

That is, unless I'm falling into holes

Surf's up, bro?

Well, kind sir, I've never quite heard of the surf being down, but it is certainly possible.

What's a more useless job than flower arranging?

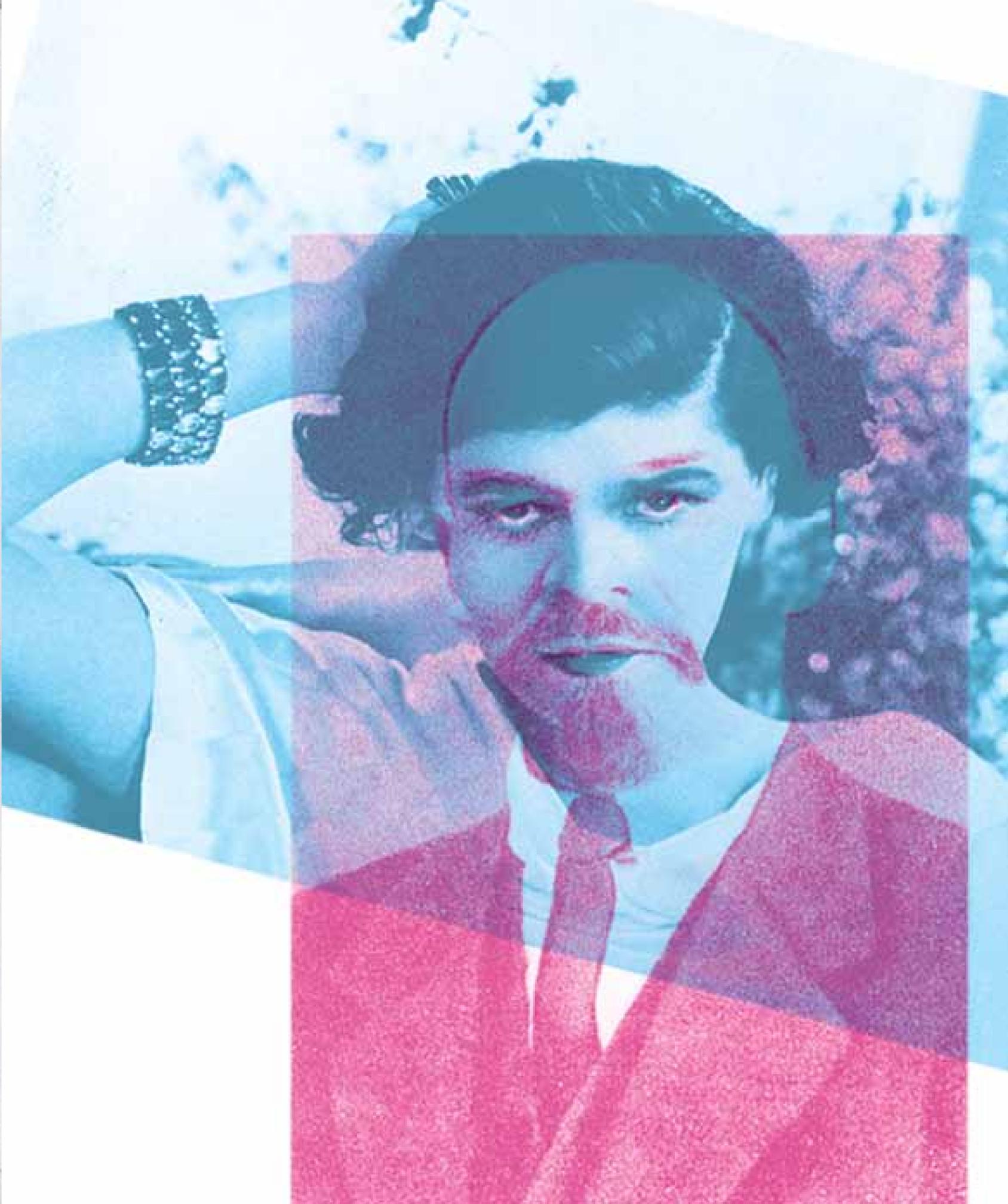
Exhibition making; art criticism; writing poetry; writing poetry idolizing Gilbert Sorrentino; writing poetry idolizing Gilbert Sorrentino and directly referencing Clarice Lispector; writing poetry idolizing Gilbert Sorrentino and directly referencing Clarice Lispector that is very past deadline

When will it end?

How did you happen twice again? Last time I got F-U-C-K T-H-A-T tattooed on my fingers to remind myself of the perils of you.

How do you excise a very large fish from a very small pond?

To get a fish out of water you must shoot it in a barrel (although some would consider this cruel or unfair). Since all big fish have bigger fish to fry, you have to find a different kettle of



We want to be able to be inspired, contemplate beauty, achieve excellence and enjoy life to the fullest.

But we are governed by an exploitative economic system which is keeping this from happening.

It thrives through our competitiveness, our selfishness, and our egocentrism.

Under this system the planet is being destroyed as the commodity of a guarded elite; public resources are being privatized to benefit the few.

The illusion that success is about accumulating wealth rather than reaching deep knowledge of the self has been successfully planted in our psyche.

In this greed-driven economy we feel isolated, fearful, envious and suspicious of one-another.

Where is our sense of purpose? Where is our connection to nature?

The true revolution is of the self. It is about taking responsibility for what we are as individuals, what we do and what we say; it is also about harmonizing our visions to build the best society for the most.

Being my best is not a competition to defeat the other. I recognize the need for harmony between people, and treat the other as I would like to be treated.

In order to have a high quality of life, a life affirming society which encourages cooperation between people is necessary.

Our economic and financial system should be based upon the understanding that cultures, ideas, work, health and territory are the true wealth, not money.

The plundering of resources, the exploitation of people and militaristic violence benefits only a corrupt minority.

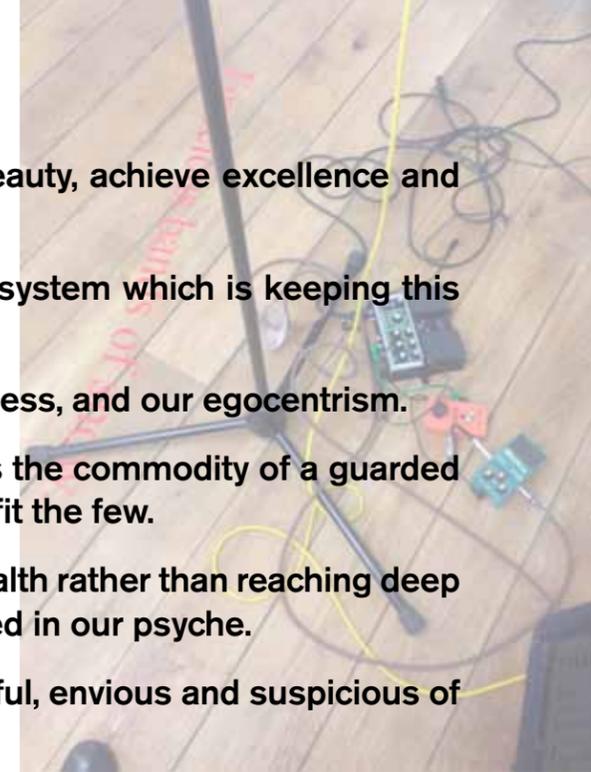
Is deregulated capitalism really in our interest?

Enough of working and paying for the lavish perks of the few!

We aspire to build a popular movement for the redrafting and democratization of our financial system.

The people should refuse to pay for the abuses of the unnecessary financial elite.

To understand and enjoy life to it's fullest, is the right of everyone.



To be or not to LNG?

Bank of Ireland

Bank of Ireland has announced a plan to raise its capital base by up to €1.5bn over the next three years. The bank is also looking to expand its operations in the US and Asia.

NOR Corporation

NOR Corporation has announced a plan to raise its capital base by up to €1.5bn over the next three years. The company is also looking to expand its operations in the US and Asia.

...the bank is also looking to expand its operations in the US and Asia. The company is also looking to expand its operations in the US and Asia.



TODAY ON FT.COM

- Iran economy** - Iran's economy is expected to grow by 5% this year.
- UK infrastructure** - The UK government is planning to invest £100bn in infrastructure over the next five years.
- Case for World Child Cancer** - A new charity has been set up to fight childhood cancer.
- Most read** - The most read article on FT.com today is 'Banks hit by €1.7bn rate-rigging penalty'.



Bloomberg's legacy

The man who rebuilt New York. Analysis, Page 8

How Google sparked a price war in the cloud

Richard Waters, Page 16

EU fines world over 'appalling conduct'

The European Commission has fined a group of banks for rigging interest rates. The fine is the largest in the history of the EU's competition law.

Banks hit by €1.7bn rate-rigging penalty

The European Commission has announced that it has fined a group of banks for rigging interest rates. The fine is the largest in the history of the EU's competition law.

Ukraine plea

Opposition looks for EU to intervene



Pro-EU protesters in Kyiv, Ukraine, wearing hoods with the European Union flag colors, as they demand a more pro-European stance from the government.

Gazprom seeks detente with Brussels

Russia's state-owned gas giant Gazprom is seeking a deal with the European Union to resolve a dispute over gas supplies.

WEATHER

YOUR GROWTH. OUR CLOUD.

Microsoft Azure cloud services advertisement.

FINANCIAL TIMES Education

Search for the World

Cloud for the World advertisement.

CROSSWORD

No. 14 2014 10/14 10/14

1	Down	1	Down
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41	Down	41	Down
42	Across	42	Across
43	Down	43	Down
44	Across	44	Across
45	Down	45	Down
46	Across	46	Across
47	Down	47	Down
48	Across	48	Across
49	Down	49	Down
50	Across	50	Across

How much do you know about world business and politics?

Quiz advertisement for Financial Times.

Irish banks hope

Irish banks are hoping for a deal with the European Union to resolve a dispute over gas supplies.

Cybersecurity exports to face same controls as weapons sales

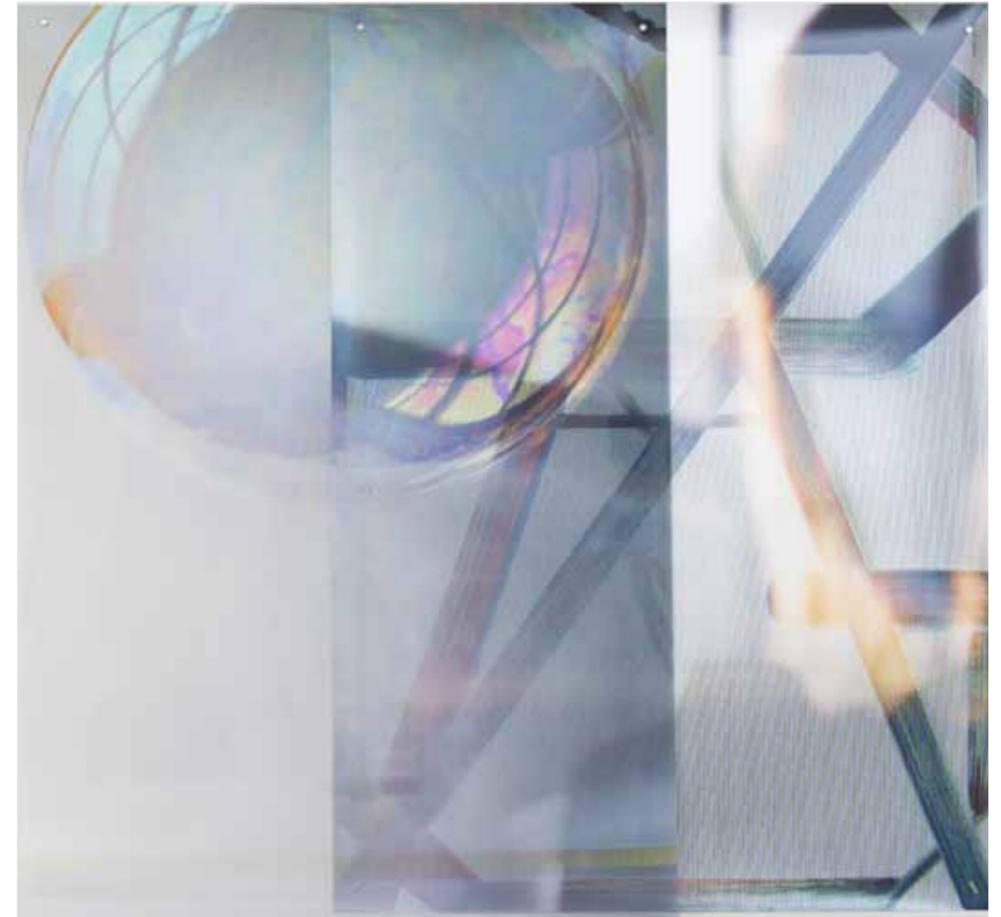
The UK government is planning to introduce new controls on the export of cybersecurity services.

Marco Rubio

Marco Rubio is a member of the European Parliament. He is a member of the People's Party (EPP).

Ermenegildo Zegna









Il s'était construit un phare

Lumière reconfortante

Lumière chaude

Voyage bronzeage parfait

he built a tower

he builds a tower

mother

there is someone on the top at the top

hope or hop

il pensait inventer une langue

5 kilos de langue de bœuf pour la petite dame !

il était toujours derrière quelqu'un

dans la queue mais derrière

there was always someone ahead of him

he tried and skip the queue many times

sometimes it did work

sometimes he stayed at the end of the line

the end of the line

the end of the line

A l'instinct il retrouve son chemin grâce aux étoiles

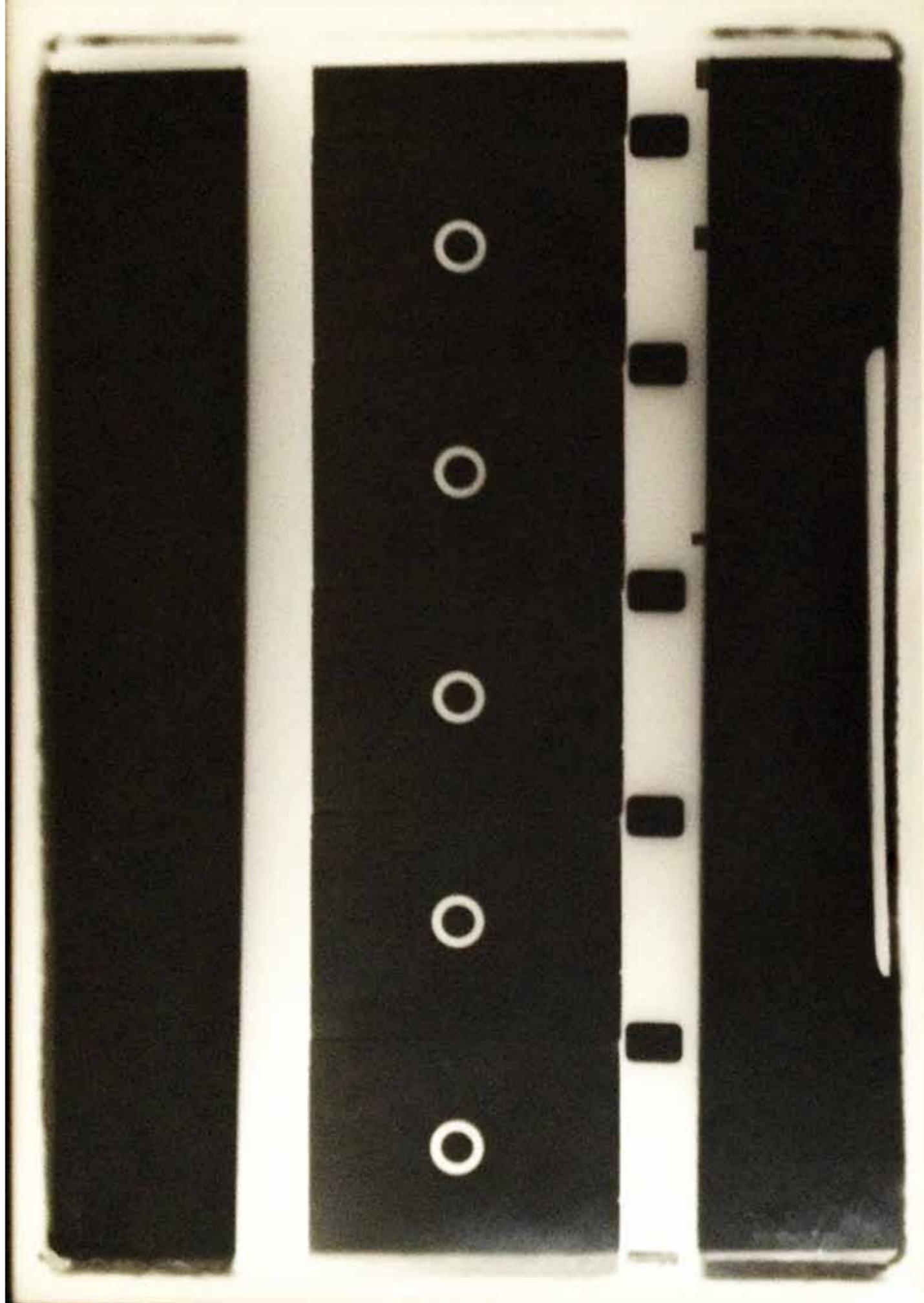
Basic instinct, he looked like love, he tasted like love

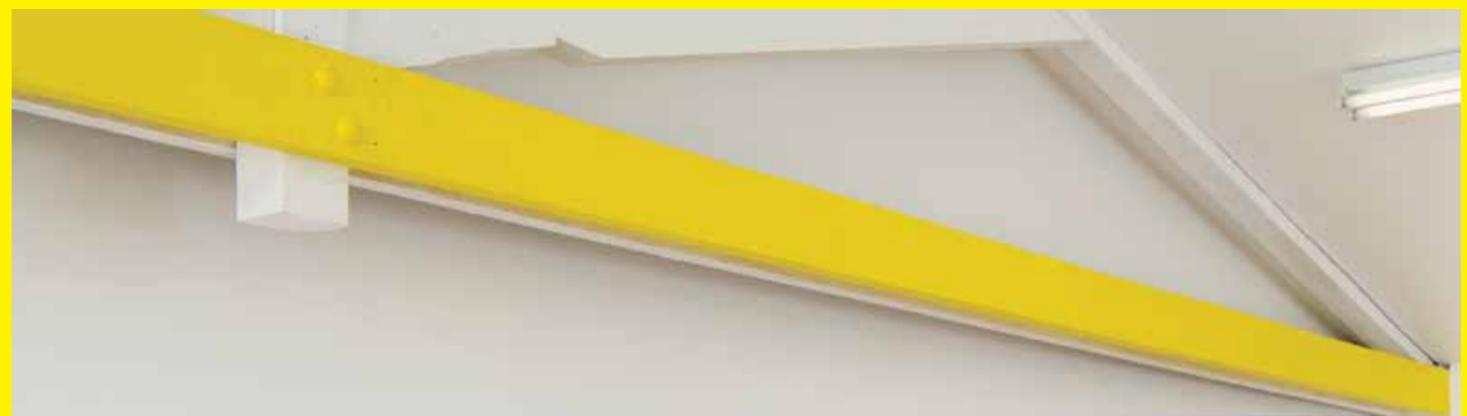
Second jour

Il sait qu'il est en haut, il se demande ce qu'il y a au-dessus

He never treated anyone like anyone

he always believed in everyone









<https://soundcloud.com/jeu-de-paume/filibuster-a-duration-piece>

faa and norad,

(mapping / clarifying)





— Où en étais-je ?

(Pause)

La pause est longue. Regards interloqués.

— *Écoutez, je vous présente mes excuses, je dois tout recommencer. C'est aujourd'hui que j'aurais dû enregistrer ce que je vous ai raconté hier. Si nous continuons à procéder dans cet ordre, il n'y aura ni logique ni chronologie, or j'en souhaiterais une et peu importe si elle est lacunaire...*

(Un temps)

— *Il faut donc que je recommence depuis le début, à ce que je considère comme étant le début. Vous me suivez ?*

Regards interloqués.

— *Y voyez-vous un inconvénient ?*

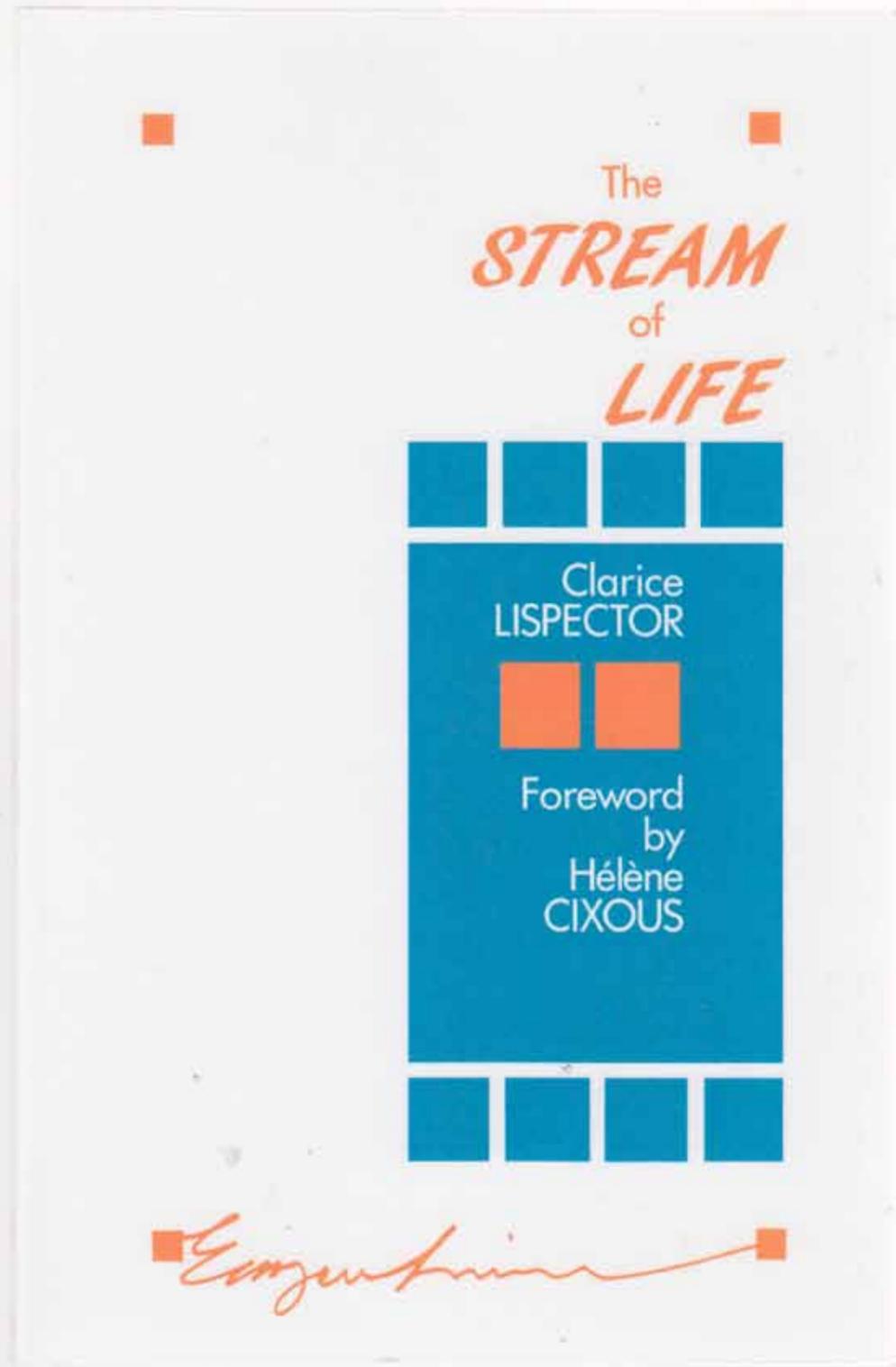
(Silence)

Les regards interloqués persistent.

— *Dites-moi quand vous êtes prêt.*

(Silence)





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