

3/5

Ecce homo.

E una povera creatura morta! Corpo morto.

Poverino.

Morto?

Toh, vedo corpo morto.

Ecco l'uomo.

350

Nulla! Morto.

Ma che noia. Cervello. Misuriamo.

Cervello... tre. Povero cervello che non canta più.

Il naso? Due è il naso. Che bellino.

La boccuccia? Due due! Pare due

Facciamo un piccolo duetto.

Ma che noia.

Affanculo.

44

Sto povero cretino morto. Misuriamo sto petto.

La coscia è così lunga, figlio mio, la coscia che non ti serve; mettiamo me quindici. Eppure l'altra coscia, può essere differente. E chi lo sa? Però

Eh sì. La coscia destra è molto più lunga!

Quindici e mezzo.

che è circa

Le povere ginocchia. Oh, ginocchia.

Son due; son altre due. Due. Due.

E sti piedi, sti piedi di sto povero cristo,

Son lunghi, però quanto ha camminato! Uffa! Undici.

E sarà lo stesso, no? Undici.

Misuriamo l'uomo. Ah, sto povero uomo che è

crepato.

Facciamo un tre.

Cerebrum: Unum duum treum. Eh!

Nasum: quantum? Dum! Tambien!

Os: dos.

Tettine: octo.

Pectum: unum duum treum quattuum circum, etcetera.

Quattro l'ombellico. Sto povero cristiano.

L'anca: Undici. Cazzo! (niente).

Aspetta, aspetta. Chesta è 'na sturbatina.

Me so stu^{so}ato. so'

Acqua santa.

m

La gamba: venti pollici, la gamba.

E il ginocchio me sembra de due.

Mettiamo due.

E sti pedini, sti poveri pedini.

Son de dieci e mezzo.

Tutt'e due te li vendo per un poco.

Ecce homo. Morto. E ubi? ?

Chi se ne frega?

Mater dolorosa. Requiscat in pace. Povero bambino.

Paganini, bello mio. ^

Dormi. In pace

Stremto. Dormi. Swanze

372

mine Tex

TOUJOURS EXACT

DEATH OF PAGANINI (TEXT) :

01:31:29:12

ON THE MORNING OF PAGANINI'S DEATH, THE BISHOP OF NICE GAVE INSTRUCTIONS PROHIBITING THE TOLLING OF THE "PASSING BELL".

01:31:38:20

A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN IT HAD BEEN EMBALMED, HIS BODY, DRESSED IN THE BLACK COAT AND TROUSERS IN WHICH HE APPEARED ON THE CONCERT PLATFORM, WAS PUT IN A COFFIN WITH A GLASS PANE ABOVE HIS FACE.

01:31:45:14

A DEALER IN SECOND HAND OBJECTS OFFERED THE COMTE DECCOLE, WHO HAD BEEN APPOINTED TRUSTEE FOR ACQUILING, THE SUM OF 30,000 FRANCS IN ORDER TO EXHIBIT THE CORPSE IN ENGLAND.

01:31:47:20

TWO FOLLOWING MONTHS, THEN REMOVED DOWN TO THE CELLAR FOR A YEAR AND EVENTUALLY, ON THE ORDER OF THE HEALTH AUTHORITIES EXPELLED FROM THE CITY, ENDING IN A CELL OF AN ABANDONED LEPROSY-HOUSE ON THE ROCKY COAST.

01:31:52:15

SOON STORIES BEGAN TO CIRCULATE THE VALUE OF A VIOLIN... OTHER TERRIFYING NOTICES. THE BODY WAS MOVED AGAIN, FIRST TO A CEMENT VAT OF AN OLIVE OIL FACTORY, THEN INTO THE GARDEN OF A PRIVATE HOUSE.

01:32:49:00

FOUR YEARS AFTER THAT THE BODY WAS ENCASED INTO THREE COFFINS. TAKING NO CHANCES, FRIENDS TRANSPORTED THE BODY BY SHIP TO GENOA (THERE HAD BEEN A CHOLERA EPIDEMIC IN THE FRENCH RIVIERA), THEN BY VAGON TO HIS FAMILY HOUSE, WHERE AS A BOY HE HAD PRED TO PLANT THE VEGETABLES.

01:33:12:06

STILL, THE CHURCH REFUSED TO RECEIVE HIM. THIRTY YEARS LATER THE BODY WAS FINALLY TRANSFERRED FROM THE PRIVATE GARDEN TO THE CEMETARY IN PARMA.

END

01:33:33:00

EDDIE HONG

The Commission By Woody Vasulka. Camera: Steina. With Robert Ashley, Ernest Gusella, Cosimo Corsano, Ben Harris, Andrea Harris, David Ossman.
1983, 44:55 min., color, stereo sound.

Applying for the first time his complex imaging codes to a narrative, Woody explores issues of art-making and sacrifice in this electronic opera. The tapes tells of the relationship between violinist Niccolo Paganini (played by video artist Ernest Gusella) and composer Hector Berlioz (played by composer/performer Robert Ashley), touching on the myth of the romantic and tragic artist and the power relationships of history. Centering on a commission which Berlioz gave to Paganini, The Commission is a precise and carefully constructed work in which effects are applied to specific narrative intent--the flip/flop of rapidly switching two image sources dominates the scene in which Berlioz hands the commission envelope to Gusella, and the scene of Paganini's embalming is given and ethereal quality with the Scan Processor. The Commission is an ambitious and pivotal work in developing a narrative language of electronic images.

Art of Memory By Woody Vasulka.
1987, 36 min., color, sound.

The Art of Memory is a highly complex work which brings together many facets of Woody's work over the past 20 years. It is a profound study of the textures of history, the nuances and images of memory, the role of photography and cinema in defining history, and the cultural loss of memory in the late 20th century. An imaging tour de force of black-and-white images of

(CONT'D AND CONCLUDING) WITH THE FRAMES
OVERALL INTEGRATION OF THE PAGANINI STORIES
OF PAGANINI.
(CHARACTER AND TEXT OF Hector Berlioz

OVERTURE

Narrator:

SON OF PAGANINI.
THE VOICE
THE THUNDER

NOSEM STUDY.

CONTOURS
PEN TRACES
L - MATHES

"Is that a man brought into the arena at the moment of death, like a dying gladiator, to delight the public with his convulsions? Or is it one risen from the dead, a Vampire with a Violin, who, if not the blood out of our hearts, at any rate sucks the gold out of our pockets?"

Heinrich Heine

Wildest reports of his appearance exceeded when beholding him. So thin he seemed tall, so dark his haggard features left him ageless. Fleshless body, mere bones, everything sacrificed for his long hands and talon-like fingers. Without his music, his is the soundless body of a cricket or cicada, dead with no shrill or vibrant tones. His clothes, black, bone shaped trousers of one who slept in them while ill or too drugged to bother, or who had passed the night gambling with curious partners against sinister adversaries.

A man called Levy made tours of english music halls with make-up to look like Paganini. A good violinist and an extraordinary copy of Paganini. Other people later copied this man, announcing themselves years later as the second Paganini.

Paganini hit Vienna as a sensation. A good billiard stroke was called "coup a la Paganini". Busts in butter and crystallized sugar, portraits on snuff boxes, cigar boxes, anes and gloves.

Paganini was an inveterate gambler, forced to pawn his violin to pay his debts, and nearly ruined himself with Casino Paganini, a gambling hell in Paris for which he was refused a licence. He never practised. George Harris of Hanover, a young son of a rabbi spent an entire year touring with Paganini as his private secretary in order to write an account of him, and during that whole period never saw him open his violin case once.

In 1836, passion for gambling returned, and he left Parma for Paris where the "Casino Paganini" had been opened at his instigation and with his financial support. Involved in endless litigations, lost large sums of money, and further damaged his health. Described at this time as "hardly able to move, bent nearly double, like a half-opened penknife and evidently in great pain". Had to be carried up stairs, even to first floor.

Before his death, Paganini acquired yet another illness - the loss of his voice. Desparately, he grasped for help. He would whisper to the ear of his son, who accustomed to the sounds, would speak out for him.

Paganini with Achellino: (DAG A U F S)

I have loved atrocious women in another part of the city.
Women who were so beautiful, they frightened me.

I have seen a man with no head, with wings on his back, carrying his rotten lungs in his arms.

I have seen a man dressed as a clown, with tiny fetuses dripping from his beard.

I have seen a white dog chewing on the moon.

On the moon.

I have seen a house in the middle of the ocean, with tiny octopuses inside, who tapped with their beak on the windows.

I have seen a light come down from the sky and point directly to my stomach.

BERLIOZ

I think of myself very much as an organization man.
It is all outside me,

If you know what I mean (she said).

I think there are either 5 kinds of character
or 7 kinds of character.

One might be called the organization man.

Another might be called the interpreter.

Another might be called the helpful woman.

Another might be called the woman of the different voice
or different way of speaking.

And so on.

Each of these characters has its equivalent, I suppose,
in the world of unrehearsed knowledge.

The question of whether we mold our characters

to satisfy that requirement -

is a question

I could not possibly answer here.

it could be answered,

and I could answer it,

but not here (She said).

it is enough to point out the importance of those equivalencies,
assuming that the fact has crossed every person's mind -

if only as an answer to why movies -

and to remind us that this movie,

no less than any other,

depends on the vision of archetype

for its believability.

We are not interested in skin as such.

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