

Three Tapes by Steina

If the south Italian dance, the tarantella, was imagined to be the cure for tarantism, a malady marked by the uncontrollable urge to dance, what is the cure for video?

Voice Windows

On first hearing Joan La Barbara perform, objects began to disappear, memory fragments and fragments of words came blipping from the space-time continuum as if in anticipation of the act. Though I can't recapture the mannerisms of her singsong, a West-Fjordian dialect of Old Norse with classical Arabic inflections, I can tell you the gist of her message. Apparently there are entities, invisible to most of us, who spend much of their time tracking two or more visions at once, and by entering these interplanar points of friction, they access the mindfield of the psychophysical moment in time. These entities store the information gathered at the

multiplanar points of friction on their backs in circular combs with uncovered hexagonal cells. She sang of spectral windows through which we may be overawed by the vision of a spinning donut engine that springs all phenomena; mathematical, topological, and dreamlike. She sang of the signature of the wave of the voice, and the intervals at which the voice produces these signatures, activating mechanisms for the points of friction. Obviously, La Barbara had hit upon a statistically impossible combination of the interval and wave signature to carry us tentatively into the mindfield. With subtle alterations we would gain irrevocable access to a place visited only momentarily by few enlightened inventors since beginningless time. Flashbacks of lightning storms and falling from breaking branches indicated to us the undeniable value of Joan's discovery and our febrile minds began their lightning calculations.

Photographs by Steina Vasulka
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