

DEEP//LEAP MICROCINEMA: SIGN LANGUAGES MONDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 2009. 9 PM. VALENTINE'S, 232 SW ANKENY, PORTLAND, OR

Ben Russell - **trypps v (dubai)**: Chicago, structures, ritual, constraints.

Frank Zadlo - **supertitles**: Brooklyn, multimedia, presence, absence.

Erik Büniger - **the allens**: Stockholm, Berlin, appropriation, sound, remix.

Stephanie Barber - **letters, notes**: Baltimore, poetics, film, lower-cases.

Les Leveque - **song from the cultural revolution**: New York, detournement, psychedelia, codes.

Benjamin Schultz-Figueroa - **mydeathspace.com**: New York, politics, the spirit, Reagan.

Nathaniel Stern - **at interval (excerpt)**: Milwaukee, interaction, performance, the body.

Oliver Laric - **message the**: Berlin, vwork.com, memes, museums.

Catarina Simoes - **periods from all fonts**: Berlin, Portugal, architecture, boundaries.

Aleksandra Domanovic - **anhedonia (excerpt)**: Berlin, vwork.com, internet, real life.

James Whipple - **playlist shapes**: Berlin, topographies, technology.

Diane Borsato - **you go to my head**: Toronto, interdisciplines, intervention.

John Niekrasz - **performance**: Portland, OuLiPo, syllables, practice.

links to the artists and more of their work can be found at www.deepleap.net

In lieu of full program notes, an email from efe.erre@gmail.com in response to the call for entries for this evening's event:

"sign languages translated by a machine"

: nihil nōumenom!
everything is the translation of something else!
I'm reading the translation I did of my memory
of this, many miss the future!
nothing is instant! life is not now

any word is a joke
which has lost the grace long before it is sung
any that still speak
should do it laughing at the ridiculous
search for virtue by vice
and how subtle its lexicon unfolds
between the righteous and humbly doxal
struts his speech speculations and pseudo-questions
the question we have created picks
the answer we want to hear

and how much more I prove its impartiality
before the pathetic pathological exciting
it disgusts me truthfulness vocabulary
conspiring against his own lips
bloodied by their veiled intentions
those who do not preach, hammer
only lie is sincere!

the beginning was chaos
friction of fiction with reality
but the tactic demiurgic-dichotomous
said order and summarized
everything to a word
and wanted to accept that logically
that a word could be anything

thus devise to prisons
de la liberté, amor y locura
the dehumanization of Pure Reason
the internalization of moral suppositories
categorical imperatives
sale sales for the eyes
blind blindness itself
that there is only one cure for the bodies
and there is no cure for it
pathós anthropological ethos
anthro arete hades
homo vicious, body and life are vices

I know the part that fits me this settlement
the metaphysician does not occupy space
the clepsydras and timetables
save my time
are a race of patients synchronous
cleaning up their own asses
with the leaves of the books of sand

the booksellers Babylonian
my every movement
father, country, boss
whole pattern
are under my skin
and I urge rebel
but in the dictionaries
poet without words
static aesthetic language of cock
pussy without mistletoe
motherfucker clientless
to rip your chest a sonata
just to chime in their sonnet

because no more hope to return
I wish for no more
the eternal return is not suit übermensch
and love the facts is not to deny their own actions

as long as martyrs, the Saturnalia be postponed
giving rise to endless masses sadism and acceptance
the cruelty inherent in some men
was what is most human in us all
while there is religion, we deny the faith
while there is a word there will be dialogue
while there will not be poets poetry

I'm leaving pra pasárgada
there already dethroned the king
there are beds of all
there is no one
I'm leaving pra pasárgada
because there is no need of books
there they may even know il cuore in his poems
and their memories still remain in their livers
are not paper

why not donate my books and leaving the academy?
who needs more trophies on a shelf in verse or endorse-
ment
diplomatic
although I know that all these books will not help
and is against the authoritative voices that takes a
gnosis!?
while there will be only excultura culture of me
same
how do you feel ... if you feel ...
want to lose me, my memory!
tabula this is too deep
throw me against what I feel in a hyperbolic doubt
live is to leave behind risk
I want silence, but he insists that I yell
where you think you? hei! where you think you?
continue to write, track presenting eternity
I live now but life is now!
taciteuturno ...