

# 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](http://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 ...