



Katerina Undo
 "The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways"
 W/HOLE Expansion



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[The one side_p1]

To whom it may concern [or not concern at all]

Dear Other,

Given that:

1. *There is no Truth in Art, and*
2. *All writing is pigshit,*

I'm writing you the whole truth and nothing but the truth concerning the work:

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Everyone will tell you that I am a schizophrenic megalomaniac. That is correct. It is normal to expect from a person like me a work referring to the self, to myself. Everyone will also tell you that I am obsessed with the occult and Antonin Artaud. That is also correct. Artaud is my vehicle in a transition from the absolute to the subjectile. Overwhelming my every single mental atom with transformations of desire. For I imagine that such is the desire of the other. Desiring machines, machines of being. At the in-between, self-other state, there lies the composite, that does not respect borders and disturbs identity, system, order. For identifying one with the other, one should pass through this within-outside, where connections, signs and structures of meaning interweave. And then the self becomes a heterogeneous flux. You like the thoughts I think. Don't you? When Artaud's mental electricity electrocuted my mind, this thought occurred.

/in this work there is an idea.../ For the idea, please look below [at the other side_p2] to Artaud's description. La machine de l'être ou dessin à regarder de travers, is anyway his work, not mine.

In this work a Method is applied. Mind-grounded currents of thoughts are transmitting and transforming the idea, through howlings and intonations, while calculations, verifications, falsifications and cross-wirings [sideways] provide support to all Artauds, *whose name is the Mind.*

Here, I would be tempted to insist on the encounters, which did take place between Antonin Artaud and the entities: Carl Solomon, Allen Ginsberg, Eric(k) Satie, Wilhelm Reich...[to be continued]. Providing a massive answer toward the massive aggression those entities endured from our civilized capitalistic societies *_while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time_*

[The one side_p2]

Here, I establish connections with those resonating with the idea, with all Artauds and Montezumas_ while I cut the connections with all the Others, who don't believe.

Here, the synovia is strong. Alchemy of Mysticism, Kabbalah, Gematria, Incantation, Hieroglyph... Magic.
The eternal war is here.

And where are the synovia?

Into the sufficient extent of space stocked with silence, where cruelty flows in the sense of an appetite for life, and it is there where the little man stands deaf and perpetuates his entrapment.

Here, the idea circulates in Infinite Resonance with cosmos, and indeed, it is normal that capitalism will always despise it. But again, those who don't resonate are but the Others.

For, the machine of being is short-circuited; the thoughts are circulating secretly from mind to mind.

For protection against any kind of rejection, here I invite any opposite force, good or evil, to falsify the Method. I do ensure that the Method is developed with surgical precision and reasonable thinking on the basis of the character analysis, the foundation of the human-animal-machine and the experience of living within the trap.

Unless the human animal decides to finish with the lies and move toward the exit from this trap, the subjectile will betray me.

I have absolutely nothing more to write.
I have absolutely nothing more to say.
I have absolutely nothing more to do.
I do not.

Sincerely yours,
Katerina Undo

Ps

For those hesitating to experience the work_ Artaud has already said that those who never suffered would never understand.

/IT WILL ACT/
/IL AGIRA/

[A hole here]

La machine de l'être ou dessin à regarder de traviole, 1946

This drawing is a serious attempt to give life and existence to what until today had never been accepted in art, the botching of the subjectile, the piteous awkwardness of forms crumbling around an idea after having for so many eternities labored to join it. The page is soiled and spoiled, the paper crumpled, the people drawn with the consciousness of a child. / I wanted all this anguish and exhaustion of the consciousness of the seeker in the center and around his idea to take on some meaning for once, for them to be accepted and made part of the work accomplished, for in this work there is an idea.

...in this work there is an idea. That of two columns and two trunks, the two lateral sides of true being of which each is a unique mounting, like the truncated parts of a mutilated body when in the secret crucible-tomb of man who was preparing it, the two trunks of the exploded breath condense like breasts, the suspended breasts of a hearth which flames above this arcane man who torments the matter in himself to have beings come forth instead of every idea.

And the lateral trunks of the soul are the members of this idea. The idea will go. Where will it go? It will go but it won't go at all. Consciousness will vomit it out. Let what rolls in the kneecap roll while true being will form itself on the somber hearth of its synovia. And where are the synovia? In these exploded globules of the body, which every soul holds suspended in its emptiness to bombard with them the atoms of a being that does not exist.¹

Ps
The sentences that I noted on the drawing that I gave you, I sought them syllable by syllable, aloud and working hard, to see if any verbal sonorities had been located that would be capable of helping anyone looking at my drawing to understand it.²

Antonin Artaud

¹ Antonin Artaud: Selected Writings, ed. Susan Sontag, tr. Helen Weaver (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976) 259, 260

² Antonin Artaud, Nouveaux écrits de Rodez (Paris: Gallimard, 1977) 113

Dear Other,

The one side is a collage of reasoning could belong to the entities involved in the work [or not at all].

On this side I am supposed to write a more rational explanation. But, I will not.
The one side is rational enough, I also believe.

Sincerely yours,
Katerina

Ps
Will only write a few words about the Method.

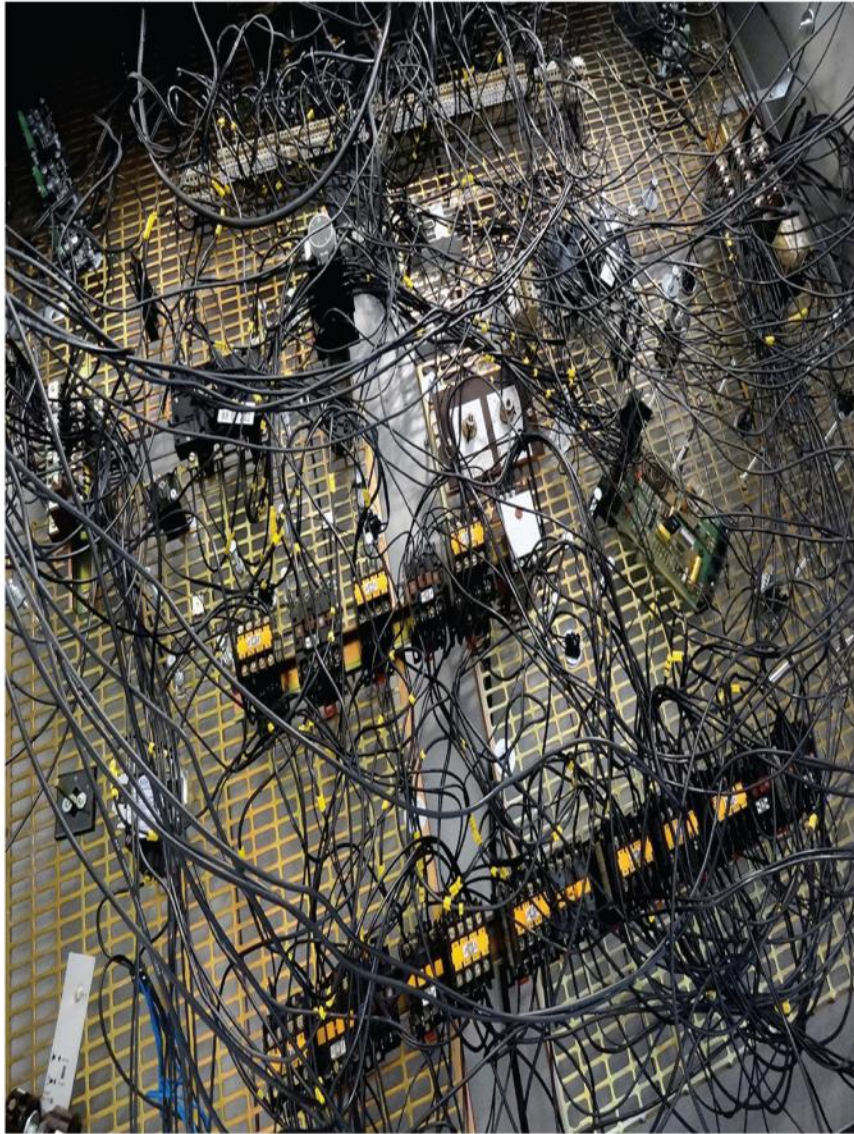
Method: Against

A mixture of ironic conformism, cynicism, authoritarian attitude, dialectic of negativity, a composite of judgement and affect, of condemnation and yearning, an absolute metaphoricity and self-sabotage. Within the Method, religion is used as a model or metaphor, where the author finds himself marked out for identification with Christ_ if only in order for him, too, to be rejected. *I am that Artaud crucified on Golgotha, not as Christ but as Artaud, in other words as complete atheist.*

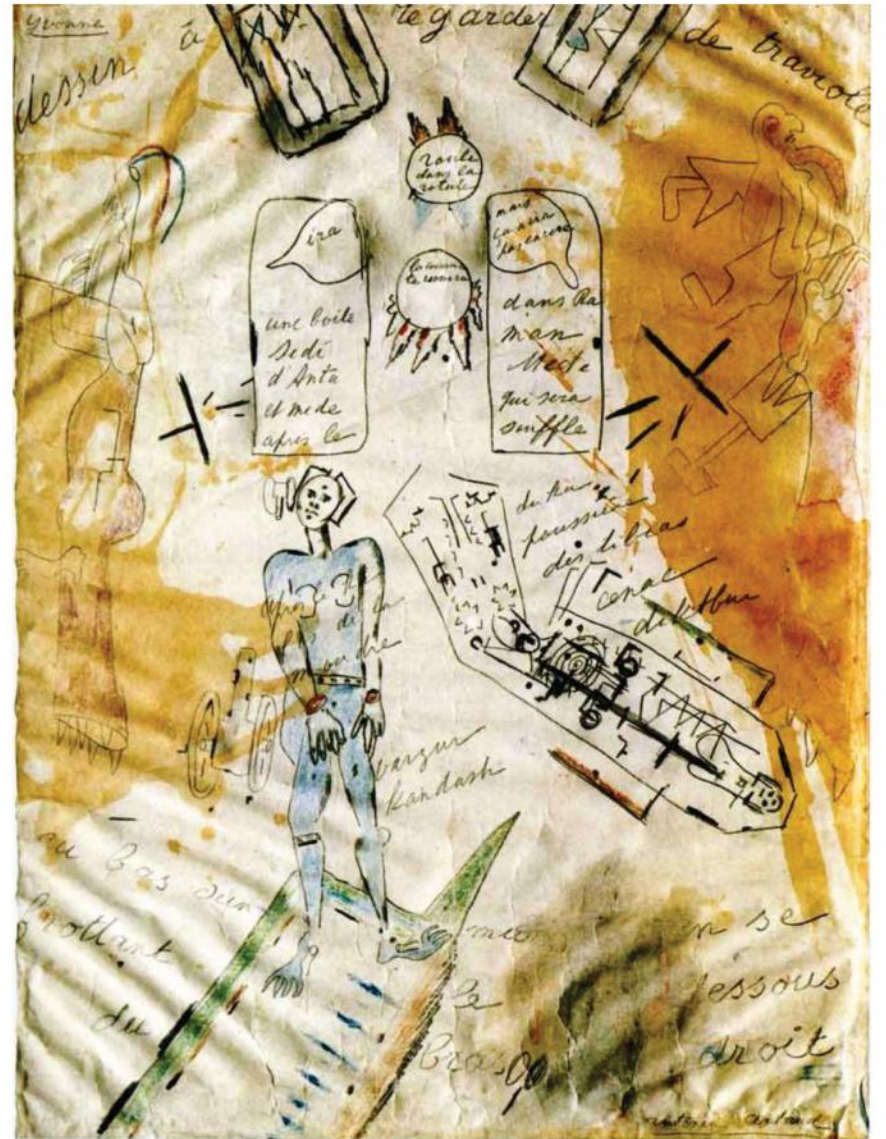
The Method is precise. It consists of 3 parallel operations that must be conducted simultaneously and it is their simultaneity that lends to impenetrability.

1. Affirmation of absolute value together with an evocation of immortality /authoritarian attitude.
2. Undermining of the authority that is affirmed in the previous operation. Anyone who takes such authority seriously is ridiculous [including the author].
3. An indirect demonstration of belief in the absolute value affirmed in the 1st operation; belief in spite of the irrational nature of that creed proved in the 2nd operation.

Briefly: The affirmation of absolute value; proof that it is irrational to believe in absolute value; and finally, an implementation that, irrational as it may be, we, like Artaud, Solomon, Ginsberg, Satie, Reich [to be continued...] do believe.



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