



KATERINA UNDO
Selected Works

W/HOLE

2014 Installation

Wall, hole, rods.

1 channel for conducted sound

[Conducted sound can be perceived by people with normal hearing as well as those with impaired hearing - problems in the outer and/or middle ear]

Credits to Selen Ansen

After years spent in asylums, Antonin Artaud created the radio play "To have done with the judgement of god" which was banned the day before its scheduled broadcast as inflammatory, obscene and blasphemous [1947]. Artaud desired to cancel out the whole process of mediation and signification and sought ways for the work itself to reach the body directly.

W/HOLE immerses the listener in a metonymic state of embodiment that encapsulates Artaud's impalpable idea of the "body without organs" and his attempt to think the unthinkable: how the body is mind and how the mind is also a body. Artaud's language is fragmented, and the desire it carries for physical transmission and transformation sutures the pieces together in the listener's body to regain its exaggeration. By inserting a metal rod through a hole in the wall and resting the mouth on it, the listener opens or closes the escape passage of the voice, offering it the bodily continuum "which robs me of the words that I have found, which reduces my mental tension, which is gradually destroying in its substance the body of my thought".

*When you will have made him a body without organs,
then you will have delivered him from all his automatic
reactions and restored him to his true freedom.
Then you will teach him again to dance wrong side out
as in the frenzy of dance halls
and this wrong side out will be his real place.
To have done with the judgement of god (1947)
[final lines]*





W/HOLE

*How is one to get through that wall - since pounding at it is of no use?
In my opinion one has to undermine that wall, filing through it steadily and patiently.*

Vincent van Gogh, letter to Theo van Gogh, 22 October 1882, The Hague.

Not a sound, not a word, nothing. Our opaque walls are as silent as the grave. However, these aphonic fortresses are loquacious in their own way. They are the Pale Face/White Mask. A wall is only a wall provided it is different from the self: a screen that projects what it hides, a face that reveals what it conceals, a membrane that brings into contact that which it separates.

In order to hear nonetheless; hear what a wall does not say and listen to what it prevents being said, stare down its face, pierce the screen, rip the membrane, *and file away the wall.*

We must distrust walls that pretend to be walls, just walls, *nothing more*; since the void of monotonous walls holds irreducible excess and encloses a well-sealed secret. At first glance, this one is no different from any other. Not friendlier, nor less hostile, it does not emit any audible sound to the ear and allows nothing to show through. It also pretends to be a wall—nothing but wall, *just wall*. A pure surface, a pure medium. Except that this wall-that-does-not-speak is traversed, spoken through. A rather small hole (as big as the orifice of a bullet lodged in flesh) has assassinated its opacity. In order to reveal its secret, all we have to do is poke a stem into the orifice until it reaches the base of the wound and touches the heart of the riddle. Soon enough, the opening becomes glaringly obvious, the hole communicates the *surplus* that spills over from *nothing*: that inexhaustible remainder that we exhaust ourselves in our attempts to exhaust, because it is always *too much*. The eye does not enter, only the mouth listens; the wall vomits its entrails at whoever bites the wound. Thus what was trapped inside matter, contained under the bark of skin and the crust of bones, escapes through the breach. When the switch becomes a transmitter and the transmitter becomes a receiver, an entire system is short-circuited.

W/HOLE digs into what *in life* we would ordinarily like to avoid or cover over for fear of falling into the void. ~~The hole.~~ Furthermore, Katerina Undo's installation begins with a considerable opening: an ellipse in the representation that forces us to consider the work based on what it does not show—based on the absent image and the void that emerges in its place. The opening up of the hole both

DRAW

ME

A

HOLE

A pinhole, a
borehole, a
sinkhole, a
wormhole, a
pigeonhole, a
holy hole, an airhole,
an eyehole, a

alters and liberates; it perforates the subjective surface and releases the noise that lies impatiently beneath the layer of skin. *W/HOLE* represents nothing; its system ruins the edifice of image and undermines the wall's project, which would like to construe life as something outside of art. The hole tears the veil of representation, which distinguishes and maintains an inside at a distance from an outside. In a single movement, it reveals what it pierces through: the tenuous limit of a membrane that maintains the relationship between the strange and the familiar, the other and the same. In the shrillness of a cry and the transience of a breath, this continually traversed (yet never extenuated) boundary forms a threshold where *I* resonates with the self's own otherness.

What comes out one side to penetrate the other is a 'reality supplement' that is grafted to our lives, an outside that gradually dilates *its own* inside as it overfills and invades it.

Looking no longer suffices to see if there's nothing (or at least next to nothing) to see—a wall/a hole/a stem is still something; when there is Nothing to see. It is therefore important to *see* differently, without the eyes. To give up looking to the point of becoming blind to seeing- then listen.

Listening, as only the hard of hearing know how: by lending one's mouth instead of one's ear, to hear 'the unheard of' that paves its way on the inside. Now we are deaf and blind to the rest, in dark night. It is possible to see better in total darkness than in blinding light. Since space has narrowed down to the marrow, the mind can reach where the eyes can't see, under skin, inside the skull. There is a vast world of flesh and bones that resonates inside, a noisy world to be probed *viva voce*. With this deafness and this blindness of another kind, narrowed down to the IN side yet connected to the OUT side, we are now dreadfully open to possibilities: ready to receive the unexpected, since it always arrives, in a way that we never expected. That which we do not expect but yet still occurs—the accident, the event, the other, the noise—always manifests itself by ruining order and foiling reason.

Katerina Undo's sound installation undoes the grammar of the body, the hierarchies established between the organs and the senses, by creating new circuits and new and original connections. Body/Hole/Stem/Skull/Wall/Mouth/Bone. From the hole created to the existing hole, from the transmitter to the receiver, the trajectory is impossible to define. It is a continuous current that links heterogeneous elements together in a circuit without head or tail, without beginning or end. Anatomy has made humans docile and reasonable machines, subjected to the rule of the head, to the all-seeing eye and the diktats of verticality. Now, this great diseased and alienated body that is dissected by the strident nature of the voice, gradually breaks up as the wall cracks, as an established system is deconstructed; numbed by blanks, swallowed up by the hole, the *organs* fall one by one, sweeping blatant oppositions,

keyhole, an
arsehole, a
chuckhole,
feedholes, a
buttonhole,
dholes, tholes,
dreamholes, a
peep-hole, a hole
in the heart,
a black hole, a hole
in the wall, a
hellhole.

NO. HELL, A
HOLE. JUST A
HOLE. NOTHING
ELSE BUT A HOLE.
A WHOLE HOLE.

To draw a hole,
one needs to draw
something else.
What comes
before or after
the hole, the
prefix, the suffix,
the supplement
that the hole
pierces through.
A pin, a sink, a
worm, a worm ?
an eye, a door, an
arse, a key, a
sink ! a button, a
face, a heart, a
sky, a pigeon ?
one wall, two and
four dreams,
some air and a
few stars. Hell !
How to draw a
hole as whole,
that contains all,
nothing more/
nothing less ?

established categories and comfortable habits along with them in their endless fall.

The blueprint of the *body without organs* is simple but it requires pure and aimless desire and method in order to disrupt automatic gestures and throw the human machine into panic. To make oneself a body without organs, start from the toe rather than the eye, from the feet instead of the head; make the spleen *dance* with the heart, the mouth with the colon, the flesh with the psyche: learn to dance backwards so that *this wrong side* becomes *the right place*. Turn the *contemporary body* upside down until it flies into pieces, then gather up all of the shards without leaving a single one aside and juggle with these thousands, tens of thousands of aspects that form so many *selves*.

In this game of musical chairs and free associations, we discover a fluid network of nerves and intensities in which nothing holds still, everything circulates, nothing stays, and yet, yes, *it* holds, *it* makes sense in all directions. When the body is traversed just like a wall, it becomes a porous expanse that the skin stretched over the bones is no longer able to make watertight. Just enough remains—all that is required in terms of holes and surrounding skin in order to create a resonating chamber and produce an auditive, polyphonic, and *xylophonic* body.

Inside, it speaks, someone speaks—but who speaks *me*? The wall's separation collapses by way of the schizophrenic language that operates through proliferation and multiplication. Good things always come in threes, fives and more; one needs as many heartbeats, laughs and screams, as *the minute of one's states* requires.

The VoiCE that was expelled from its original dwelling is a disturbing, homeless vagabond; just two letters separate it from the VoiD. There is no body to assign it a stable location. No face to identify it. *Nobody*. Nemo sets out to conquer his own name and must undertake a long journey in order to be *someone*. As for the voice in search of a new and original body, it eventually *finds the bone*. One must start from the middle in order to understand who is taking the place of the Self and leaving it vacant again so soon, who is speaking from the "I" and addressing the impossibility of being oneself: *Who am I? Where do I come from? I am Antonin Artaud*, Artaud who says *NO*.

A visitor. Or rather, a ghost.

From the hole where he lies buried, Artaud, who died in 1948, returns to haunt the living that he never perhaps left entirely, with the intention of celebrating life through its two extremities and multiple facets.

Of *Artaud-le-Mômo* whose body has returned to the dust, there remains only the voice, as white as a white noise, as bare and electric as an exposed nerve. On the return voyage, *old Artaud* lost

Slowly getting to the bone, a hole always comes with the more that it lessens.

Look for the gaps and the cracks that each letter and each word are opening instead of filling in. All that blank whiteness or is it white blankness in which meaning falls, and greatly fails.

ECHO has fallen for Narcissus who is falling for his own image. We all fall for better or worse, apart or through, in love or oblivion. Talkative Echo has no longer a voice of her own, can no longer speak with her NAME, for her self. Diminished in tongue, doomed to repeat the words of others, she is the ever-responsive, the never-speaker, the never-addressee. What she hears and what she receives, Echo imitates it and gives it back. Gives back words

his flesh and kept only the rot-resistant bone, what remains when all else has gone. The voice and the bones that have turned into stones, that is also what remains of talkative Echo, whose body was consumed by unrequited love. Since then, the echo—the voice on the (perpetual) return journey—ensures the wanderings of words, the permanency and flows of desires relieved of their object.

Ordinarily, we call this a *voice from beyond the grave*: a spectral voice that reaches us from "the other side", the final resting place from which it is said that only poets return. But this return comes at a price. In order to be able to articulate loss and resurface with it in the light of day, one must have experienced loss and trembled in a starless darkness. One must have experienced the hell of the hole. The rare ghosts always sacrifice something there: the object of desire, the reflection, the shadow, or the substance of the self.

Artaud speaking in my head, the other side is now closer than it has ever been, closer than it is supposed to be. Firstly, away from a mouth yet close to a breath. Then inside. Swallow. Inhale until the limit has been incorporated. This other side that is none other than this, reveals the repressed side of existence that is declared obscene and abject. *You are saying some very bizarre things, Mr Artaud*. In Artaud's voice, the final breath meets the first, and the first is haunted by the last. God is dead with heaven in his pocket; henceforth, life is here and nowhere else: *from the hole, you will return to the hole*.

Yet Artaud, who is now well and truly dead and buried, was somehow already dead when he was alive, "suicided"; like his brother-in-arms Vincent Van Gogh, *the man suicided by society*, who painted convulsionary landscapes and wounded suns—the world, drunk with (an excess of) reality. In this twofold and ambiguous expression, we must hear the voice of an individual whose *neck was wrung* by society that did not open its ears wide to hear him, because it has never been able to stand the voices of those who are too lucid and who make themselves hoarse crying out into the void.

Artaud-le-Mômo wrote despite diagnostics, judges and their judgements, against poetry, literature and hacks, and above all, despite and against language. He wrote the same way as he drew or spoke: in synopes, in the cavities and peaks, by scratching endlessly at the skin of words and the decorous surface of things, in order to exhaust the filter that intervenes between my flesh, my thought, and my-self. The more it scratches away, the more these words do away with superfluousness. They methodically exceed the mother tongue and the paternal law of the uppercase: the closed and asphyxiating system that *Œdipus* was first locked up in, with the rest of us not far behind him. It is the speech of an ageless and sexless man, since it reflects all ages and all sexes; untranslatable, multiple, and foreign like a foreign body penetrating the organism to contaminate it from the inside. The parasitic logic of W/HOLE is that of the noise that invites itself to the host's table without being

which are not hers anyway. The economy of the gift seems at work. One says and sends his saying, the other receives or rather takes—she who receives gives back in return. True, one might give to better receive. But there are certain things one can neither give, take, receive nor give back; such is time, such is memory; such is death, such is oblivion.

Echo has fallen for Narcissus who falls for himself. Neither can reach what would please one and the other, neither can reach one another. The former is deprived of a proper *I*, the latter drowns in it. Both have fallen, are falling into failure. Flesh is gone, bones have turned into stone. *Vox manet*, only voice remains and bones are left, dispersed like dust and sand in the air. Voice stripped bare from flesh wanders around without a destination, without a

invited. Except that the permeability of the hole transforms the abusive one-sided relationship of the parasite into a mutual exchange. Body/Wall/Mouth/Skull/Bone, soon all the elements of the system in immediate proximity to one another will affect and parasite each other. In the end, at the other end, the *I* offered for common usage is no longer mine, no longer my own. With my self dispersed, *I* become clandestine and vagabond in my own body.

To Have Done With the Judgement of God ambitiously hoped for a double ending, a double murder: that of the Verb that sucks the life out of what it names and that of mute speech that is unable to restore vitality to things. Already announced yet continually postponed, the death of God, that *monkey*, judge and thief all in one, since the body no longer has its holes, *I* is without Self and the flesh is pallid. *Neither my cry nor my fever belongs to me.*

To Have Done With the Judgement of God was also Artaud's testament, since he died the following year. Originally designed for broadcast as a radio programme, its goal was to shout out flesh, shake up the carcass, and stutter the tongue to vibrate thought. But the *pursuit of fecality* frightens morals and outrages good manners. The programme was first cancelled, and then reprogrammed for a smaller audience. For wont of finding more than one ear, Artaud's electric verb was smothered by its muzzle and went underground.

Antonin wrote. He wrote letters too, many letters: letters to the editor, to his psychiatrist, to his friends and his censors, to Jacques, Yvonne, Robert, Paule, Fernand, Max, and the others in order to speak of the evil that eats away at thought, and protest that this evil is not madness but rage. Some of these letters reached those they were addressed to, others remained on the platform; since they were not heard, many remained *dead*.

Antonin did not address Katerina Undo with her NAME. He would have been incapable of it; he didn't know her. Between him and her, between him and us, lies the great gulf of time. However, the letter and the voice always take a certain time to reach their destination. This gap that marks the distance between a starting point and an arrival point, the spacing and interval between two *letters*, manifests the inaudible difference that exists within a whole. HOLE/WHOLE

The *letter* and the voice may also never reach their destination: get lost en route or be poorly read, misread or misunderstood. Each *letter* carries in itself the risk of a potential failure, that of wandering endlessly around without ever finding an ear or a home. This is what Derrida, corresponding with the never quite corresponding, called the *destinerrance* of the letter: a destiny in and of wander.

What good is a voice if there is no one to hear it? Katerina Undo's approach might start there: based on this rift and blank that by depriving an utterance from its reception, deprives a thought of its

recipient. No home nowhere. Now everywhere is home. Echoing Echo repeats the words of others in wander, free of body, soon even to be uncoupled from bones. But what she gives in return is never the same, never matching what has been said, what has been sent in the air. Garrulous Echo swallows the first words of each sentence, keeps them for herself, hides them from ear, then spits out the last words out of many. *Is anyone here ?* he asks. ... *Here*, she replies. *Why do you fly from me ?* he wonders. ... *Fly from me*, she says.

There is a hole in the sentence, blankness in her voice. There is difference in the air. Words are falling into void, soon in oblivion. There is a hole in the sentence and nothingness voicing in between. In that interval, Echo has found her voice ; now hear her making her difference.

voice. It aims to restore an interrupted movement and re-establish a *correspondence* that has been missed by internalising the dual function of a membrane that both joins and separates simultaneously. W/HOLE is an ear that is complicit with a mouth, the kind of listening that forms a pact with the breath in order to *ear drum* the body, and to reveal the Whole that cohabits with the Void. This special kind of listening that emerges from a postponed encounter plucks a discourse as it flies and accommodates it, for a time—the time to reform a body and restore health.

The stay is temporary and the resting place is not definitive. In order to avoid the vertigo of chasms, we consider the hole from the edges, like a void to be filled and a desire to be sated. But no stopgap has ever managed to re-absorb the emptiness that threatens us underfoot, or to interrupt the flows of desire. He, the *unframed hole which life wanted to frame* has gathered flesh and mind in the bottomless pit that embraces all of existence.

Inside the hole, walls do not stand and the world as we once framed it no longer holds.

DRAW ME A WHOLE

with every letter in it,

give me a hole with the whole,

and I will find my name.

Selen Ansen

Translation : Anna Knight

1. INSERT THE ROD INTO THE HOLE UNTIL REACHING THE END OF THE WALL
2. BITE THE ROD WHILE CLOSING YOUR EARS



USED RODS

RODS



A Breathcrystal, Project Arts Centre, Dublin, Ireland (14 Apr – 30 June 2015)

W/HOLE Expansion

*The machine of being,
or drawing to be looked at sideways*

2016, Installation, production of Overtoon

2019-2020, expansion with Samuel Beckett's (w)hole

Machine (cabinet dimensions 150x150x25cm) fixed on metal construction (50cm height), Mignon Index Typewriter, Inox Rods, Step Stools, Episcopo Projector, 7 Typed Pages, Booklet

11 channels for conducted sound

[Conducted sound can be perceived by people with normal hearing as well as those with impaired hearing - problems in the outer and/or middle ear]

Fragmented internal monologues around the clash between the self and its otherness, capitalism and being, *abjections* and obsessions with signs, words, numbers and vibrations as embodied conditions are the subject matter of this installation. The concept is based on a pictogram by Antonin Artaud entitled "The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways" and its meta-representation or functional transformation into a circulating thought that resides in minds and mutates in bodies. On the back of the machine cabinet, a diagram connects 11 holes "filled with sound or stocked with silence", referring to factual and fictional connections between 6 humans and 2 animals: Antonin Artaud, Carl Solomon, Allen Ginsberg, Wilhelm Reich, Erik Satie, Samuel Beckett, Lamb and Rooster. Speech/voice is transmitted from each hole directly to the inner ear of the visitor by inserting a metal rod and resting the mouth on it (conductive sound perception). With this physical and penetrating act, the visitor invades the machine and is simultaneously invaded by it, becoming part of the machine or the machine becoming part of the human body; conveying their own metonymic status of the human-machine subject (here the composite is incorporated as a synthesis or prosthesis into the subject's identity beyond humanising the machine or mechanising the human). The speech/voice conjunctions are decoded on the typed pages. The text written on both sides of transparent paper (filling in the blanks) refers to the objective-subjective side, data and symbol, complementing and opposing each other. Since the readable side is the trace of the original (typed backwards through carbon sheets), each page is intended for double-sided observation, a process that emphasises the materiality of the textual condition, a text that re(de)constructs itself, a textual corpus in the process of being transformed into a body of completeness. Booklets with first-person texts addressed to the other (side) articulate the rationale of this co-referential parallelism.

There is no particular side from which to observe or perceive this work, nor a beginning, middle or end point. The whole work and each part of it can be conceived from a personal point of view, a subjective experience of time or a thought process.



You can only read them by scanning, in a rhythm that the reader herself must find in order to understand and to think: but that is only valuable when it springs from a blow; there is no point in going syllable by syllable; as it is written here it doesn't say anything and is nothing more than ash; in order for it to be able to live as written it needs another element... (ARTAUD, OC IX, 1974, p. 172)⁸



or drawing to be looked at sideways
The machine of being
W\HOLE Expansion

WHOLE EXPANSION
The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways
A Mental Electricity Experiment

Conductors
Antonin Artaud
Carl Solomon
Allen Ginsberg
Wilhelm Reich
Brik Satie
Samuel Beckett

Currents
Thoughts

Resistors
Myself//Yourself

Reason
Within

Method
Against

Offer
R/Roosrer, L/Lamb
Male, 1 year old, without Finnish

Here
It suffices to prove that:
the Self
the Other ///Circulate in Infinite Resonance///
the Number
/Ceteris paribus/ If not falsified, it is accepted as TRUTH

There is no TRUTH in Art
All writing is pig-shit
Should be read like a musical score
Blanks for when words gone
Nothingness in words enclose
No symbols where none intended
I abject all signs. I create only machines of instant utility.

Orgonomic functionalism Body without Organs

WHOLE EXPANSION
The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways
A Mental Electricity Experiment

Conductors
Antonin Artaud
Carl Solomon
Allen Ginsberg
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Orgonomic functionalism Body without Organs

inflammatory and blasphemous. 26 The day before the director banned its transmission he claimed that it was obscene. 20.02.1948 I ABSOLUTE WHOLE scheduled transmission: 3 COMPLETION/WHOLE Then you will teach him to dance alone side out as and this side out. /

When you will have made him a body without organs when you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions and restored him to his true freedom. 20.02.1948 I ABSOLUTE WHOLE 9 ENERGY/WISDOM 7 COMPLETION/WISDOM recording of sound and an invented language dialogue with ROGER BLIN 16.01.1948 20.02.1948 27 34

Rehearsal of the textual material: 22.11.1947 24.11.1947 27 34 Radio Play. 22.11.1947 24.11.1947 27 34 (To have done with the judgement of god) POUR LN FINIR AVEC LE JUGEMENT DE DIEU

What I had to say was in my silences, not in my words. I abandoned the stage because I realized the fact that the only language which I could have with an audience was to bring bombs out of my pockets and throw them in the audience's face with a blatant gesture of aggression. and flows are the only language in which I feel capable of speaking. Theatre du Vieux Colombier, Paris. Artaud spoke for three hours, from 9pm until midnight. The heat in the cramped theatre caused people to faint. 8 INFINITE

animate: breast 26 inanimate: breast-water/milk 8 INFINITE 5 FEAR Proto-algonquian language 13.01.1947 (The story lived by Artaud the Momo) MATANA 412151 I4 HISTOIRE VECUE D'ARTAUD LE MOMO

Certain sound vibrations entering the human body rearrange the molecules of the nerves. Artaud's language of incantation: to be read aloud, to create immediate sonic impacts. Should be read like a musical score. Klover striva cavour kavina scaver kavina okar MATANA 412151 I4

I don't believe in father or mother, I don't have papa/mama. For I am the father-mother, neither father nor mother, neither man nor woman, I have always been here, always been body, always been man. 12 COMPLETION 3 WHOLE

I am one and not numerous. I am Antonin Artaud. I myself am an absolute abyss. 11 MASTER VIBRATION 2 DUALITY/SEPARATION I am not dead I am separated. Mother/ 5 PHRASIS MALPAS 53789195 537111

10 RETURN TO UNITY I ABSOLUTE I am one and not numerous. I myself am an absolute abyss. 10 RETURN TO UNITY I ABSOLUTE I am one and not numerous. I myself am an absolute abyss. 10 RETURN TO UNITY I ABSOLUTE I am one and not numerous. I myself am an absolute abyss.

ANTONIN ARTAUD 1526595 192134 ANTOINE MARIE JOSEPH ARTAUD 1526955 41995 161578 192134 53 8 INFINITE 109

CARL SOLOMON
3193 1638465

47
11 MASTER VIBRATION
2 DUALITY/SPARATION

d.30.03.1928

26
8 INFINITE

d.26.02.1993

32
5 FLAK

Report from the Asylum:
Afterthoughts of a Shock Patient

Carl witnessed Antonin Artaud performing
at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier in Paris.
Shortly after he was voluntarily institutionalized
demanding instantaneous lobotomy.

HISTOIRE VECUE D'ARTAUD LE MOMO
(The story lived by Artaud the homo)
13.01.1947

INFINITE 6

Mishaps Perhaps
More Mishaps

In the waiting room of the
Columbia Psychiatric Institute
Carl Solomon met Allen Ginsberg
229.6.1949

4 MEMORY

HOW FOR CARL SOLOMON a poem by ALLEN GINSBERG
6653 666 3193 1638465 13355 79512527

90
8 INFINITE 8
9 ENERGY/ANGER y

Who threw potato said at the CCNY
lecturers on Dadaism and subsequently
presented themselves on the granite steps
of the madhouse with shaven heads and
harlequin speech of suicide demanding
instantaneous lobotomy.

CARL SOLOMON
3193 1638465

11 MASTER VIBRATION
2 DUALITY/SPARATION

d.30.03.1928

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instantaneous lobotomy.

A Note on the Real Allen Ginsberg:
I feel this clown before your eyes is really a double.

CARL WOLF SOLOMON
3193 1638465

9 ENERGY/ANGER

CARL GOY
3193 767

9 ENERGY/ANGER

Hence,
of inhabiting that Void
of which Antonin Artaud
had screamed.

A voice that sustained me.

?;S:Who are you?
A.G.I'm M'Yshkin.
C.S.I'm Kirilov.

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Carl Solomon met Allen Ginsberg

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and the gay Creator dances on his own body in eternity.
The trial was widely publicized and made HOWL and Ginsberg famous.
Ruled that Allen Ginsberg's poem HOWL was not obscene.

Obscenity Trial
being imported from the printer in London.
Customs officials seized 500 copies of the poem
5 FEB 68

25
25.03.1957
were charged with disseminating obscene literature.
Upon the poem's release, its publishers
Molochwhose name is the Mind

1956
Molochwhose name is pure machinery
I scribbled magic lines from my real mind

Antonin Artaud's physical breath
elastic of a breath.
Inspiration of thought contained in the
4 MEMORY
22 MASTER VIBRATION
112 LINES
9 ENERGY/ANGER
where you imitate the shade of my mother.
I'm with you in Rockland
where you are madder than I am.
I'm with you in Rockland
Carl Solomon!

Allen Ginsberg met Carl Solomon
A.G.I.'m Myrkin.
Columbia Psychiatric Institute
In the waiting room of the
reading Ah Sunflower, the Sick Rose, Little Girl Lost.
Ginsberg was hearing the voice of William Blake himself
1948

8 INFINITE
The key is in the light
The key is in the window
from his mother after her
a death responding to a copy
of HOWL he had sent her.
out to get me of window of HOWL he had sent her.

9 ENERGY/ANGER
Mother:
NAOMI LBVY
51649 3547
44
8 INFINITE
The key is in the light
The key is in the window
from his mother after her
a death responding to a copy
of HOWL he had sent her.
out to get me of window of HOWL he had sent her.

9 ENERGY/ANGER
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out to get me of window of HOWL he had sent her.

Allen Ginsberg
19355 79512597
62
8 INFINITE
The eternal war is here.
b.3.06.1926
27
9 ENERGY/ANGER
d;5.04.1997
35
8 INFINITE
The key is in the light
The key is in the window
from his mother after her
a death responding to a copy
of HOWL he had sent her.
out to get me of window of HOWL he had sent her.

God's own most beautiful serpent had reduced them.
I, therefore submit,
in the name of truth and justice,
that I shall not appear in court.

God's own most beautiful serpent had reduced them.
I, therefore submit,
in the name of truth and justice,
that I shall not appear in court.

perpetrated his entrapment.
and so it came about that man
the limits of reason.
It reaches proportions beyond
the adjustment is complete.
into the Trap

perpetrated his entrapment.
and so it came about that man
the limits of reason.
It reaches proportions beyond
the adjustment is complete.
into the Trap

laminal, armoured animal.
by the human armoured animal.
It is a basic characteristic
in any culture.

by the human armoured animal.
It is a basic characteristic
in any culture.

in any culture.
at any time and
have been murdered at
Christ would certainly
the principle of life per se.
We may say that Christ represents

in any culture.
at any time and
have been murdered at
Christ would certainly
the principle of life per se.
We may say that Christ represents

but misunderstood and feared.
because it is not investigated
the framework of our civilization
functional thinking is outside
Here it suffices to prove that

but misunderstood and feared.
because it is not investigated
the framework of our civilization
functional thinking is outside
Here it suffices to prove that

verifiable facts and interconnections.
even if I produced the simplest and the most easily
Hence I had to expect that I would not be understood
Without wanting to, I found myself outside its limits.

verifiable facts and interconnections.
even if I produced the simplest and the most easily
Hence I had to expect that I would not be understood
Without wanting to, I found myself outside its limits.

of the individual who is unarmoured.
Cosmic Superimposition
represents the way of thinking
Organomic Functionalism

of the individual who is unarmoured.
Cosmic Superimposition
represents the way of thinking
Organomic Functionalism

ORGANOMIC ANTI-NUCLEAR RADIATION) EXPERIMENT
Public protection from Reich and his work;
U.S. Federal Court Order:
1947

ORGANOMIC ANTI-NUCLEAR RADIATION) EXPERIMENT
Public protection from Reich and his work;
U.S. Federal Court Order:
1947

9 ENERGY/ANGER
7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
6 INFINITE
5938554 95938
WILHELM REICH
1947

9 ENERGY/ANGER
7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
6 INFINITE
5938554 95938
WILHELM REICH
1947

The cosmic orgone energy
was discovered as a result
of the consistent application
of the functional technique
of thinking.

The cosmic orgone energy
was discovered as a result
of the consistent application
of the functional technique
of thinking.

PHIL SATIE
 5992 11295
 43
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
 AIR LESATIE
 199 921129
 47
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
 SADI
 1141
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM

ERIC SATIE
 5993 11295
 44
 8 INFINITE
 ERIC ALFRED LESLIE SATIE
 5993 136954 351395 11295
 98
 17
 8 INFINITE
 b.17.05.1866
 34
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
 b.01.07.1925
 25
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM

ERIC SATIE
 5992 11295
 43
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
 AIR LESATIE
 199 921129
 47
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
 SADI
 1141
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM

WHAT I AM
 Everyone will tell you that
 I am not a musician.
 That is correct.
 From the very beginning of
 my career I classed myself
 as a phonometrographer.
 my work is completely
 Phonometrical.

WHAT I AM
 I eat only white foods:
 eggs,sugar,grated bones,
 the fat of dead animals,
 veal,salt,coconut,
 chicken cooked in white water,
 fruit mold,rice,turnips,
 camphorated sausage,dough,
 cheese (white),cotton salad,
 and certain fish (skinless).

WHAT I AM
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 eggs,sugar,grated bones,
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 veal,salt,coconut,
 chicken cooked in white water,
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 From the very beginning of
 my career I classed myself
 as a phonometrographer.
 my work is completely
 Phonometrical.

Église Métropolitaine d'Art de Jésus Conducteur
 1891
 Founded by Satie.
 He has been the only member.
 Finaï Cartulaire
 No.42-63, 06;1895

Église Métropolitaine d'Art de Jésus Conducteur
 1891
 Founded by Satie.
 He has been the only member.
 Finaï Cartulaire
 No.42-63, 06;1895

Prayer for the Worthy and against Sinners
 Atheists,blasphemers,free-thinkers,
 the vain-glorious,resolute Jews,
 aglican heretics,Simoniac freemasons,
 and others.

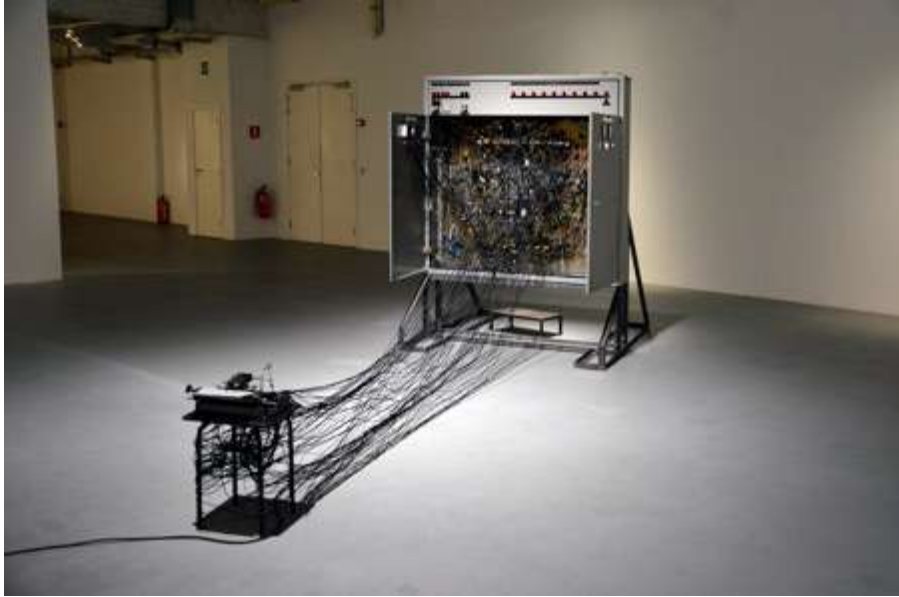
Prayer for the Worthy and against Sinners
 Atheists,blasphemers,free-thinkers,
 the vain-glorious,resolute Jews,
 aglican heretics,Simoniac freemasons,
 and others.

In order to play the theme
 840 times in succession,
 it would be advisable to
 prepare oneself beforehand,
 and in the deepest silence,
 by serious immobilities.

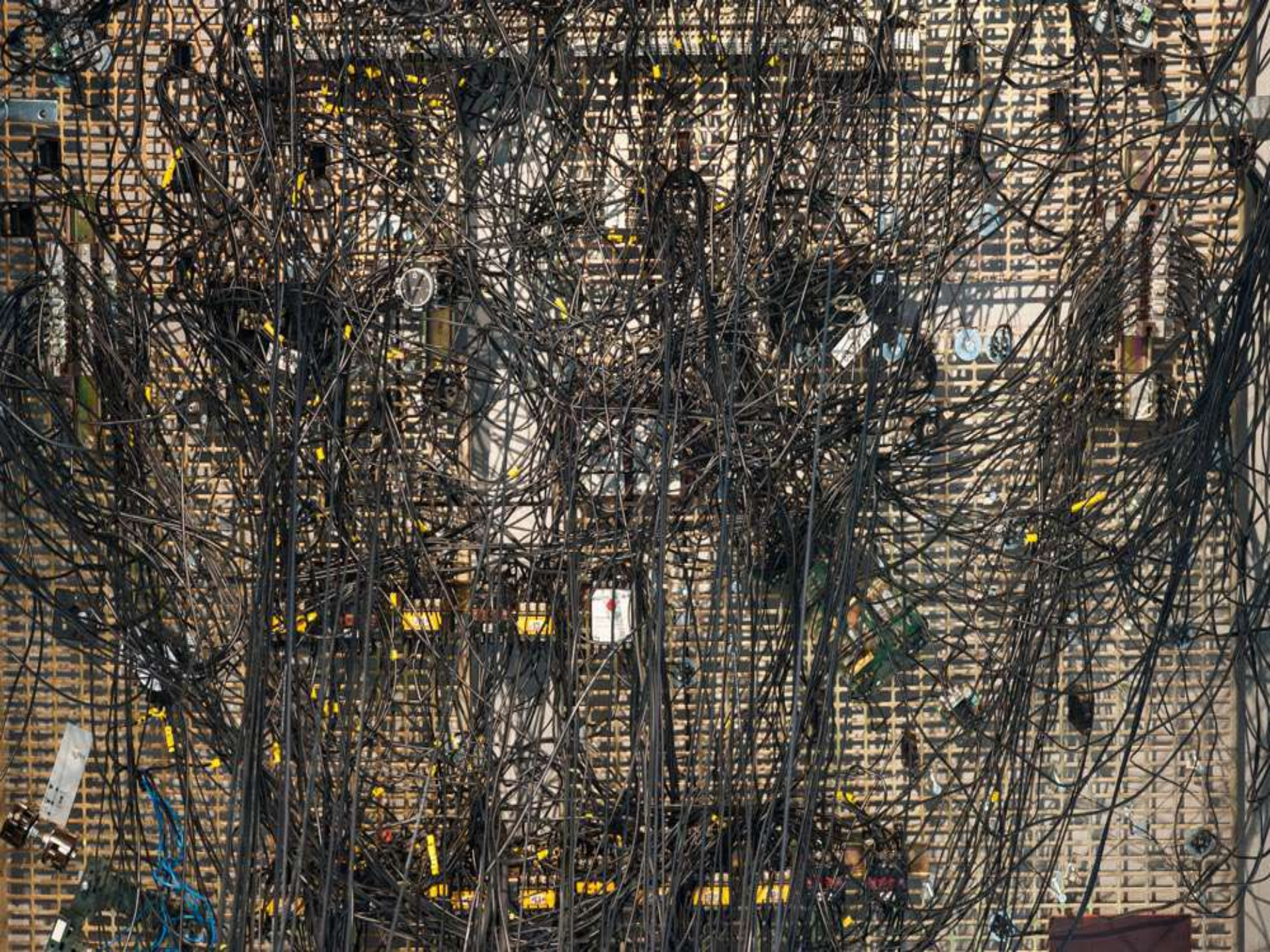
UNDATED
 840 REPETITIONS
 12 COMPLETION
 3 WHOLE

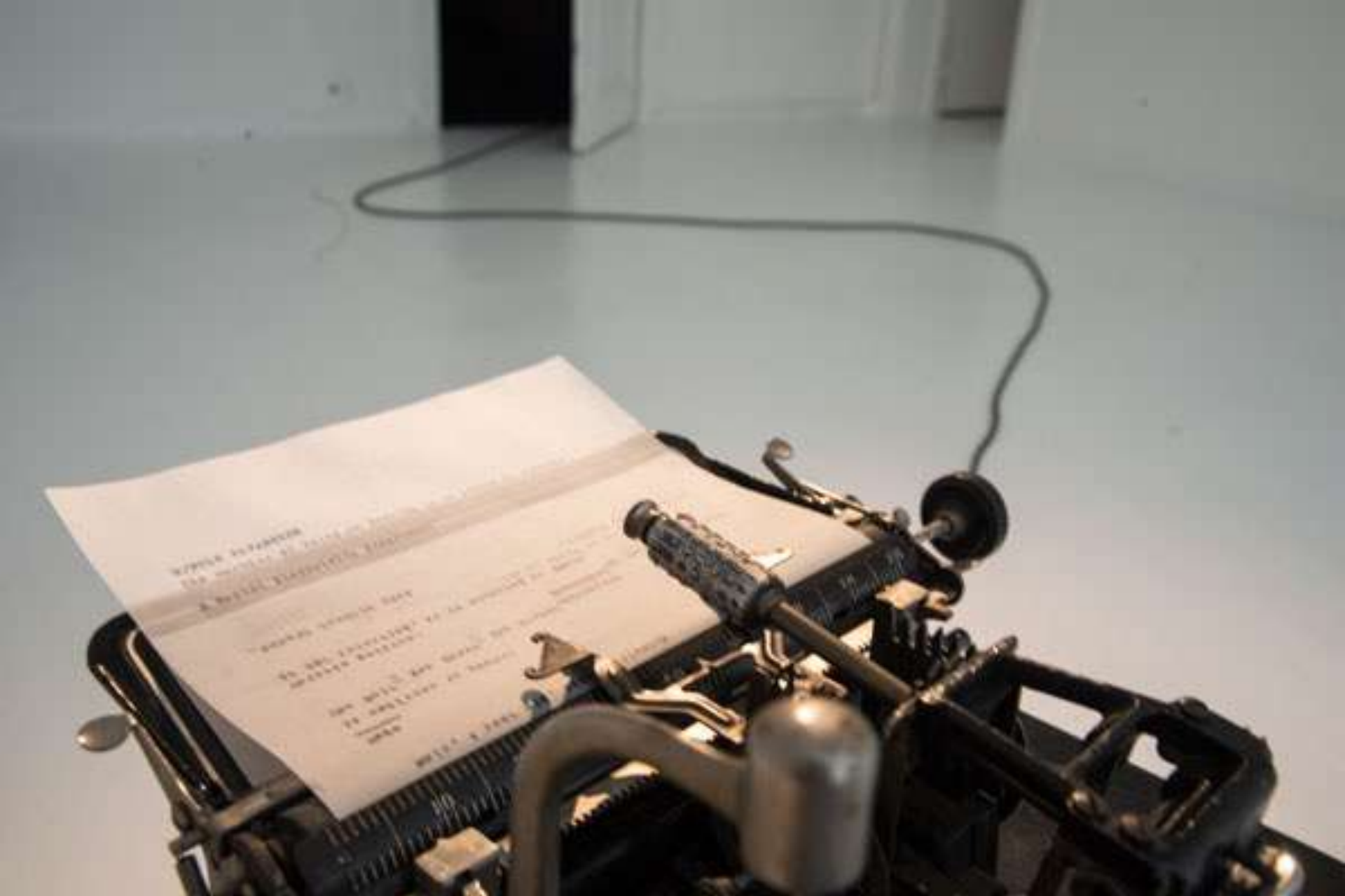
UNDATED
 840 REPETITIONS
 12 COMPLETION
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In order to play the theme
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 by serious immobilities.



Où sont les sons? CENTRALE For Contemporary Art, Brussels (20 April 2017 – 10 September 2017) Photo: Marc Wathieu







MAAC, Brussels, Belgium (14 April – 14 May 2016) Photo: Renaud Schrobilgten



Coup de Ville, WARP, Sint-Niklaas, Belgium (9 September – 9 October 2016)



W/HOLE Expansion

"The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways"

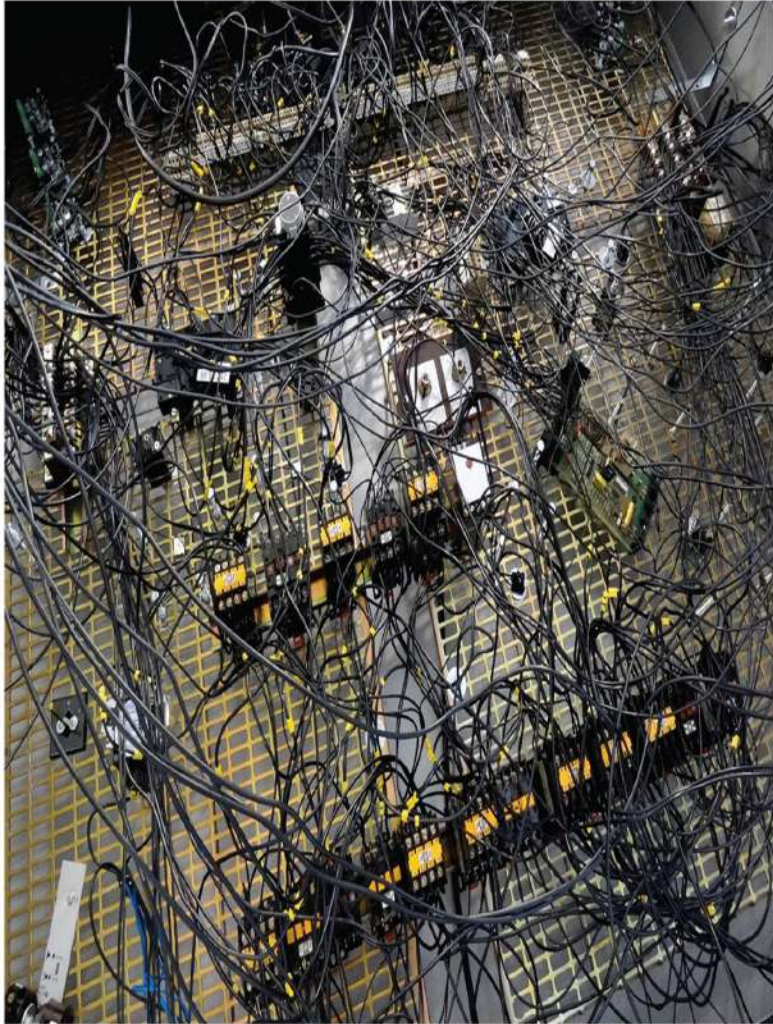
Katerina Undo



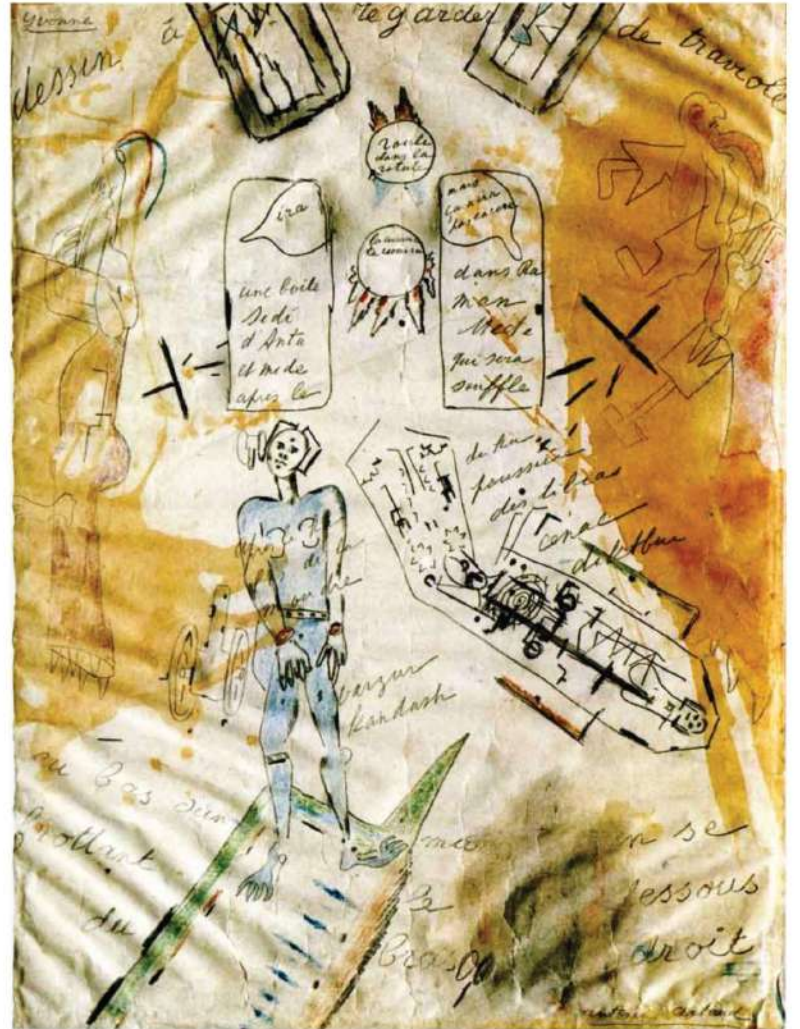
W/HOLE Expansion

"The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways"

Katerina Undo



W/HOLE Expansion
Katerina Undo



The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways
Antonin Artaud

[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:

W/HOLE Expansion

"The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways"

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 traviole, 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

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

²Antonin 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.

Creatures

Performances 2012 – 2014

Video Documentation

<https://vimeo.com/306832624>

Across the Great Divide: Creative Human-Machine Improvisations. International conference. Onassis Cultural Center, Athens & Q-02 Brussels.

Creatures Cluster

Site specific installations
2014 - in progress

Free-form oscillator circuits, metal wires, lights, jumper wires, Axoloti core

A co-production of HISK and Overtoon
Credits to Johannes Taelman (Axoloti Platform), Ralf Schreiber & Christian Faubel

Video Documentation

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1CPLkNdhOH0>

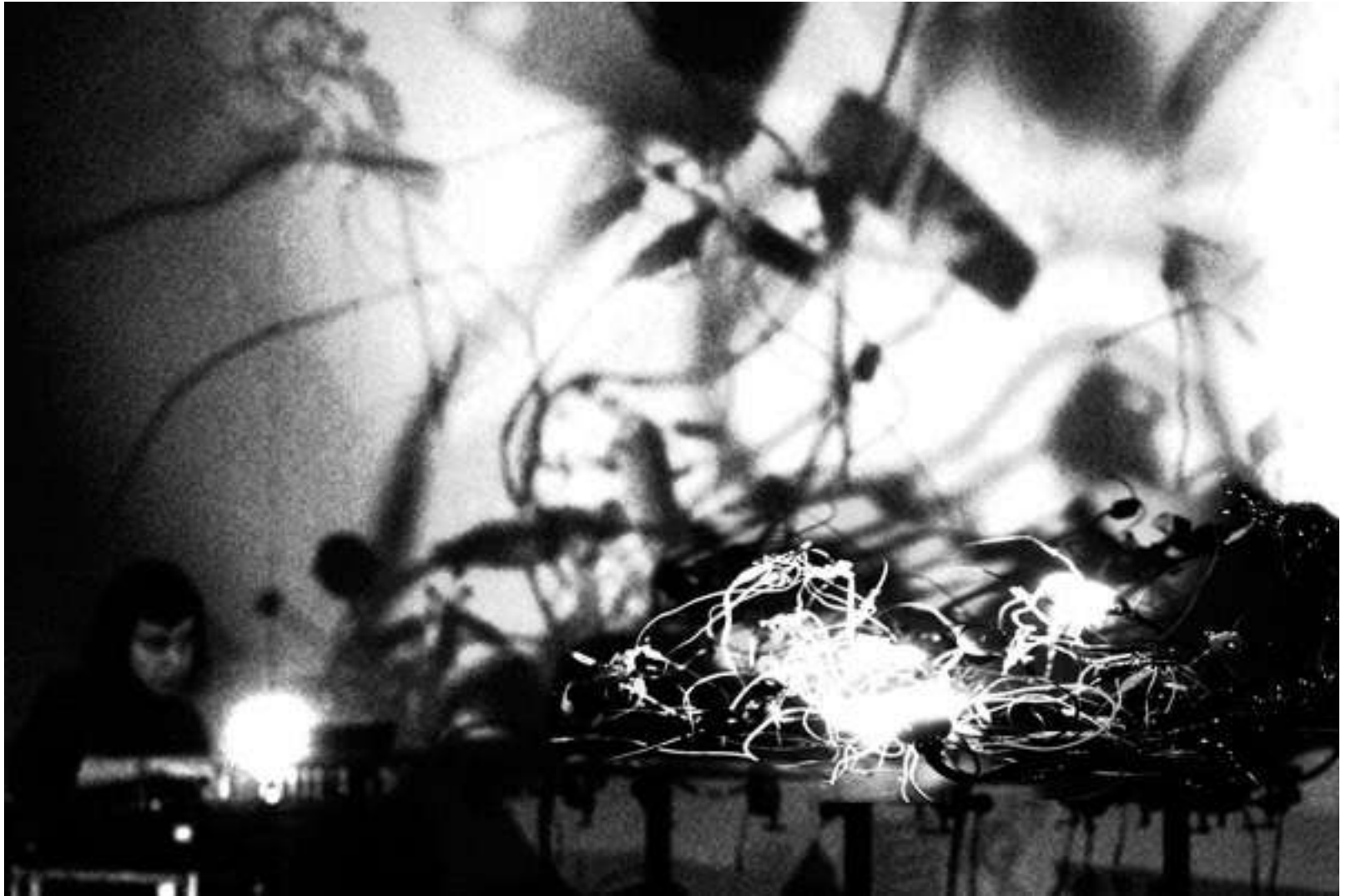
Sense of Sound, Z33 House for Contemporary Art, Hasselt, Belgium (March - May 2014)

<https://vimeo.com/193541053>

Red Dawn, Hisk, Ghent, Belgium (Nov - Dec 2014)

The Creatures are autonomous modules that draw their energy from light to generate a variety of soft sounds or pulsating movements. They are developed using two simple analogue oscillator circuits inspired by living organisms: the Suneater and the Solar Sound. The Suneater (invented by Mark Tilden) is a circuit designed to harvest energy from light to produce pulsed motion. The Solar Sound module (invented by Ralf Schreiber) emits a variety of gentle sounds depending on the intensity of light received by its solar cell. As it is impossible to reproduce identical circuits, each Creature is unique.

The project began in 2012 with sound performances in various transformations: Creatures Sextet, Ensemble and Orchestra. The performing synthesis was determined after an intensive period of observation of the interrelated sound patterns that occurred between specifically connected modules in series receiving controlled light intensity. The output was an amalgam of structured improvisation elicited by manipulated light sources, while the generated sound patterns were amplified and mixed live. The final performance took place at transmediale 2014, and from then on the project moved towards greater autonomy through the realisation of site-specific installations.



Transmediale Festival 2014, HKW, Berlin. The Creatures Ensemble, Performance (30 Jan 2014)

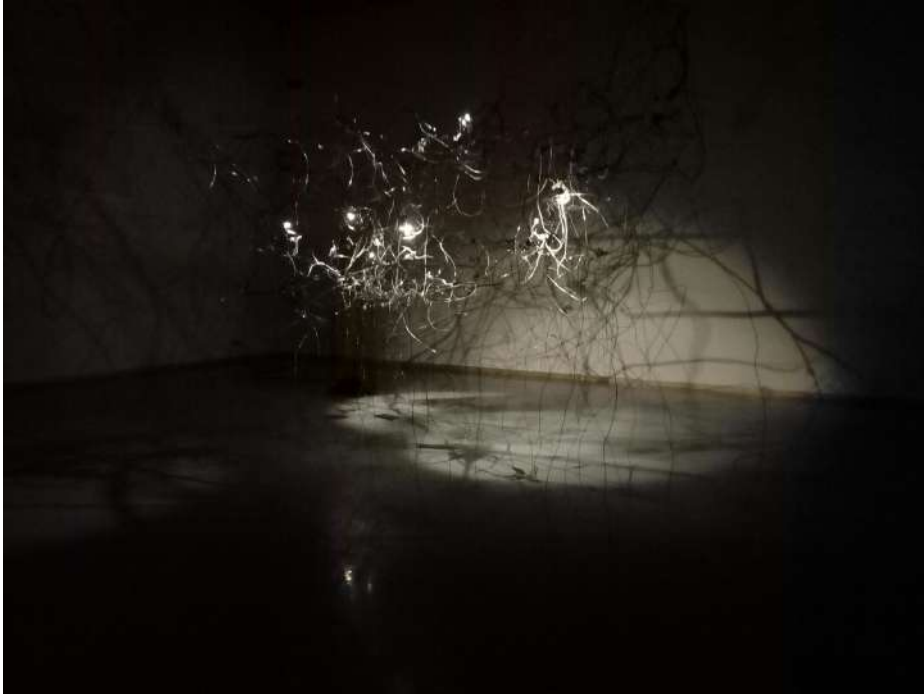


The **Creatures Cluster** is an apparatus of interconnected modules and light sources that reciprocally affect each other. As a web built entirely in space, the sculptural, kinetic and acoustic nature of the synthesis refers to an open nervous system, a symbiotic system or an ecosystem. From an anti-authoritarian point of view, and in preserving the autonomous, organic and self-sustaining nature of the cluster, no programming is used to trigger interactions. Instead, the modules and light sources are directly connected to evoke light intensities that register changes in the oscillatory activity of the cluster, in line with the concept of autopoiesis [a system capable of reproducing and maintaining itself]. The light sources are thus organically integrated into the functioning of the cluster, which is fed by and fed back into the oscillatory activity of the creatures. As a result, the system is constantly responding to changing conditions, creating new patterns of light and oscillation, and the causal reasoning continues ad infinitum between potential chaos and homeostasis.

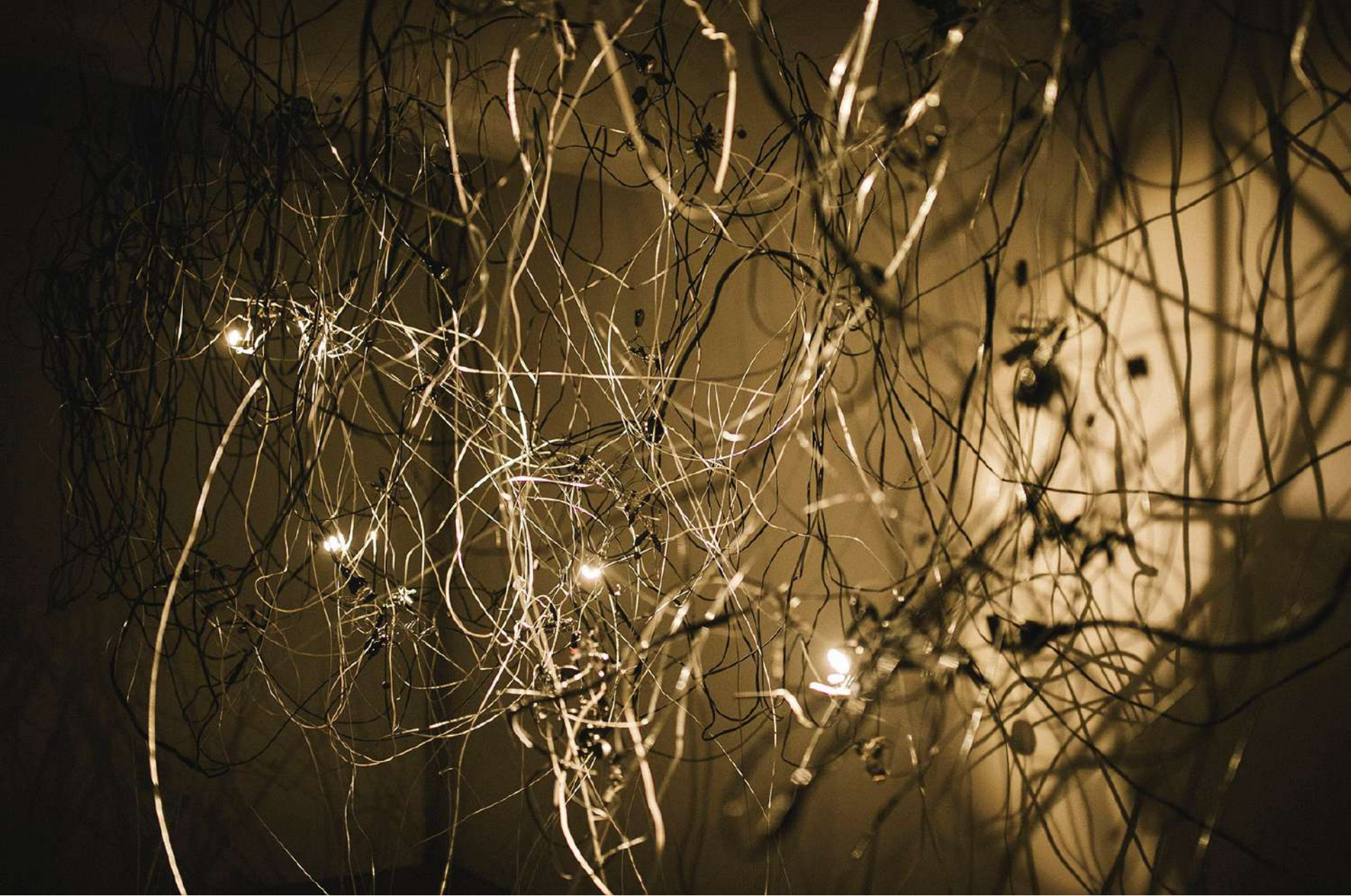
In this artificial coexistence of electronic modules, created by the ramifications of the matrix code, the cluster, as an organism, and each individual creature, as an organ, become available and vulnerable to all combinations, to all connections, to all modifications. It even becomes its own antibody by overturning its defences, by unravelling its code, so that it always escapes forms of representation, always shifts its sources of origin, carries its voice from a single body into a web. Thus, while homeostasis appears as an impossible state, an improbable condition, its eventual attainment in the symbolic world is offered as catharsis and significance to programmed machines. The result of this symbiosis or contiguity of the self with the *same* is, therefore, a matter of actively maintaining fairly changing conditions of survival or methodising the intention of confronting oneself or becoming the object of the observer's gaze in the panopticon from a deterministically unpredictable point of view.







Máquina loca. Teatros del Canal, Madrid, Spain (March 2021)



Hyper Organisms. iMAL, Brussels (24 June - 20 September 2021) Photo: Caroline Lessire



Hyper Organisms. iMAL, Brussels (24 June - 20 September 2021) Photo: Caroline Lessire

*In the Place of the Insect,
as an Echo of Itself*

2021, Site-specific Installation
Production of the LUFF 2021

Tree, anti-frost cover for plants (~400 m²),
cicadas recorded sound, paver concrete
blocks with QR code

Video Documentation

<https://vimeo.com/653161480>

Displaced signs of captive behaviour, written in the paradoxical sense of listening to oneself, clearly hearing another. Heterotopias and notions of becoming. Animals emit signs. Animals emerge as creatures characterised by their ability to last, to remain, to survive. Let us observe the periodic cicadas, their life cycle, their resurrection from the earth, their metamorphosis into a winged form and their voice. The life of a cicada begins with the laying of an egg in the bark of a tree. A nymph cicada hatches, falls to the ground and tunnels into the earth to live underground for up to 17 years. On a warm night in the designated year interval, all the instars tunnel to the surface and make their way back to the tree. A split opens along the back of the nymph's skeleton and it pushes itself out, leaving behind an exoskeleton known as exuvia. It completes the moulting process overnight, and in this vulnerable, whitish post-shedding form it will wait for its new body to harden and darken. The cicada will fly, sing, mate and die within a few weeks.

Bizarre transformations, non-existent forms, a phantom performance with a consistent voice. Physical pre-objects, non-objects, hyper-objects in a post-functional creation for a trans-biological long-lasting voice. Where is its place in the phonosphere? Is it a somatic or immaterial voice? Every voice echoes its somatic origins, but this one ultimately escapes the confines of the bodily form. The cicada embodies the paradox, the riddle of the voice, both a symptom of the body and a triumph over physical matter. It can be a meta-physical voice, not in the sense of being beyond the realm of the physical, but in the sense of involving another materiality, beyond or below that located in spatio-temporal reality. It is its own material logic, a meta-physical corporeality, associated with the seductive song of the Sirens, semi-human, semi-animal, semi-goddesses. The cicada represents the paradox of carrying the voice beyond death: mortal in its phenomenology, immortal in its sound [1], a mourning of procrastination. Species of time, taxonomies of belonging, phototaxis, phonotaxis, metamorphic trans-species in synchronous emergences, pulsating chorusing attacks from the transcendental nowhere. Strange coincidences, some humans call them synchronicities. The risk to an individual who remains synchronised is less than the risk to one who breaks synchrony. There is safety in numbers; there is a hybrid process that takes no place in the chorusing, decentralised circling of cicadas in the mind. As if they know that their audience lives online.

Towards an impossible search for an identity, a return to the previous future era, a passage to existence, a captive behaviour to freedom, an opening of temporality and placelessness. Caught in the cycles of extinction and reanimation, refugees from bodies and senses. In this perpetual, semi-spherical, semi-tonal, semi-embodied endgame, where residues still meet, organisms seek to form an open closure to externalise their interiority. Co-existence continues in a non-present form in periodic phases.

[1] Pauline A. LeVen. Music and Metamorphosis in Greco-Roman Thought. Cambridge University Press, 2020. Chapter 3 - Cicadas: On the Voice p.79-106.



*LUFF*2021. Esplanade of the Casino de Montbenon, Lausanne, Switzerland.

When the Muses, goddesses of the arts, were born, an ancient race of men sang non-stop until they died, after which they transformed into cicadas.

