



**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. 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 *eardrum* 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

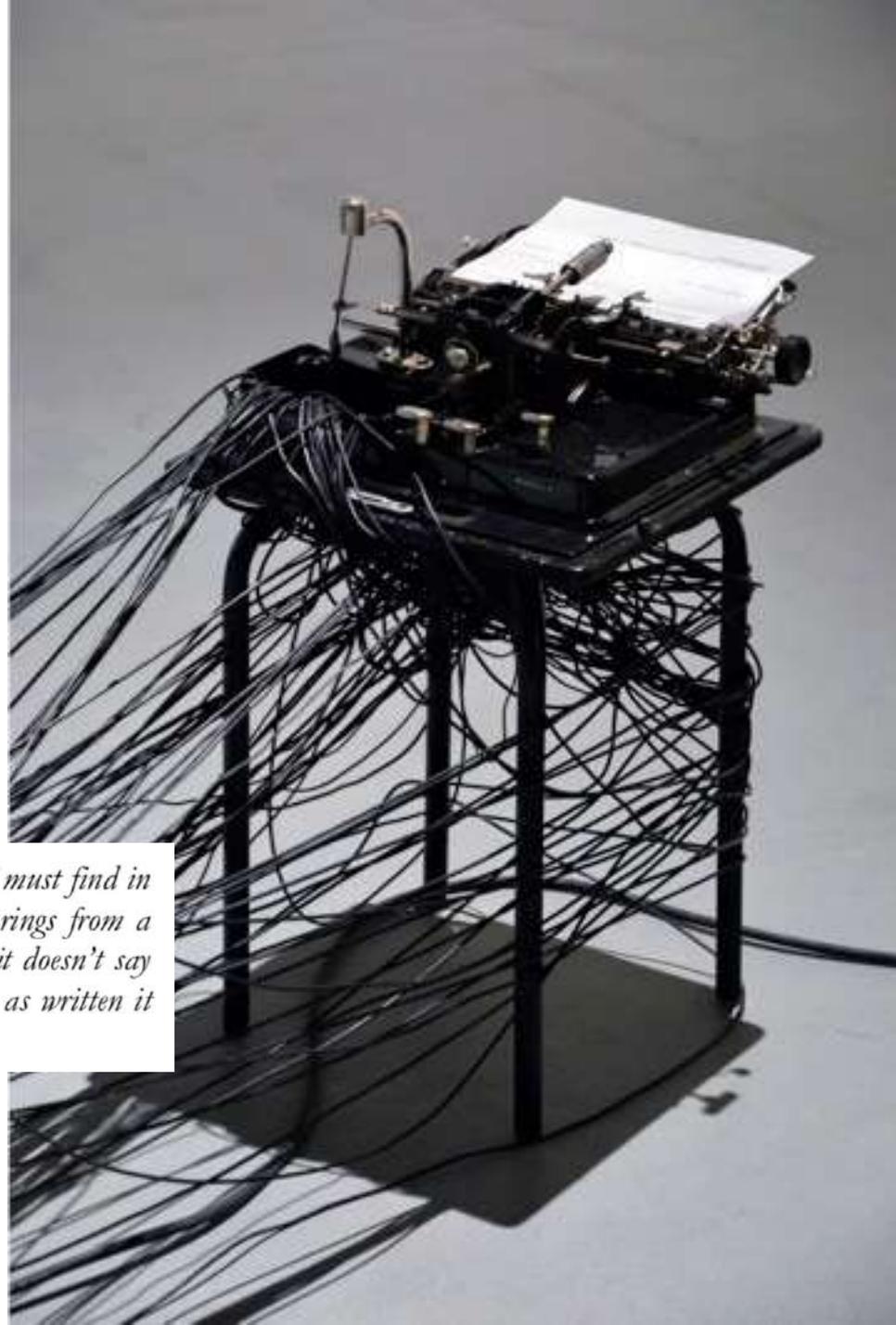
11 channels for conducted sound

[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)<sup>8</sup>

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

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

Conductors  
Antonin Artaud  
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Orgonomic functionalism

Body without Organs

To measure against ourselves

To measure against ourselves

Thinking is also thinking against reason





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 57

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  
That's the measure. One physical-mental  
22 MASTER VIBRATION  
each line as a single breath unit.  
9 ENERGY/ANGER  
where you imitate the shade of my mother.  
10 RETURN TO UNITY  
I ABSOLUTE  
I scribbled magic lines from my real mind

Carl Solomon!  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where you are madder than I am.  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where you imitate the shade of my mother.  
9 ENERGY/ANGER  
112 LINES  
First recited aloud:  
4 MEMORY  
Inspiration of thought contained in the  
4 MEMORY  
That's the measure. One physical-mental  
22 MASTER VIBRATION  
each line as a single breath unit.  
9 ENERGY/ANGER  
where you imitate the shade of my mother.  
10 RETURN TO UNITY  
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Allen Ginsberg met Carl Solomon  
A.G.I.'m Myrkin.  
Columbia Psychiatric Institute  
In the waiting room of the  
4 MEMORY  
HOWL FOR CARL SOLOMON  
where you are madder than I am.  
I'm with you in Rockland  
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I scribbled magic lines from my real mind

Allen Ginsberg received a letter  
from his mother after her  
death responding to a copy  
of HOWL he had sent her.  
The key is in the light  
of the window for me to get out  
of the window for me to get out.  
8 INFINITE  
Allen Ginsberg met Carl Solomon  
A.G.I.'m Myrkin.  
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In the waiting room of the  
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HOWL FOR CARL SOLOMON  
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I scribbled magic lines from my real mind

God's own most beautiful serpent had reduced them.

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It is a basic characteristic of the murder of the living animal. U.S. Federal Court Order: 19.03.1957 # 22 MASTER VIBRATION # MEMORY

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at any time and in any culture. The Murder of Christ 3.11.1952 U.S. Federal Court Order: 19.03.1957 # 22 MASTER VIBRATION # MEMORY

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but misunderstood and feared. Recorded himself at Orgonon 3.04.1952 # 2 DUALITY/SEPARATION

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of the individual who is unarmoured. Cosmic Superimposition

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Orgonomic Functionalism represents the way of thinking of the individual who is unarmoured. U.S. Federal Court Order: Public protection from Reich and his work; OKANUM (Orgonomic Anti-Nuclear Radiation) Experiment

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The cosmic orgone energy was discovered as a result of the consistent application of the functional technique of thinking. 9 ENERGY/ANGER 27 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM 34 8 INFINITE 71 886938 59385574

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WILHELM REICH 1947

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

ERIC SATIE  
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 ERIC ALFRED LESLIE SATIE  
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 b.17.05.1866  
 34  
 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM  
 b.01.07.1925  
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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.

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

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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

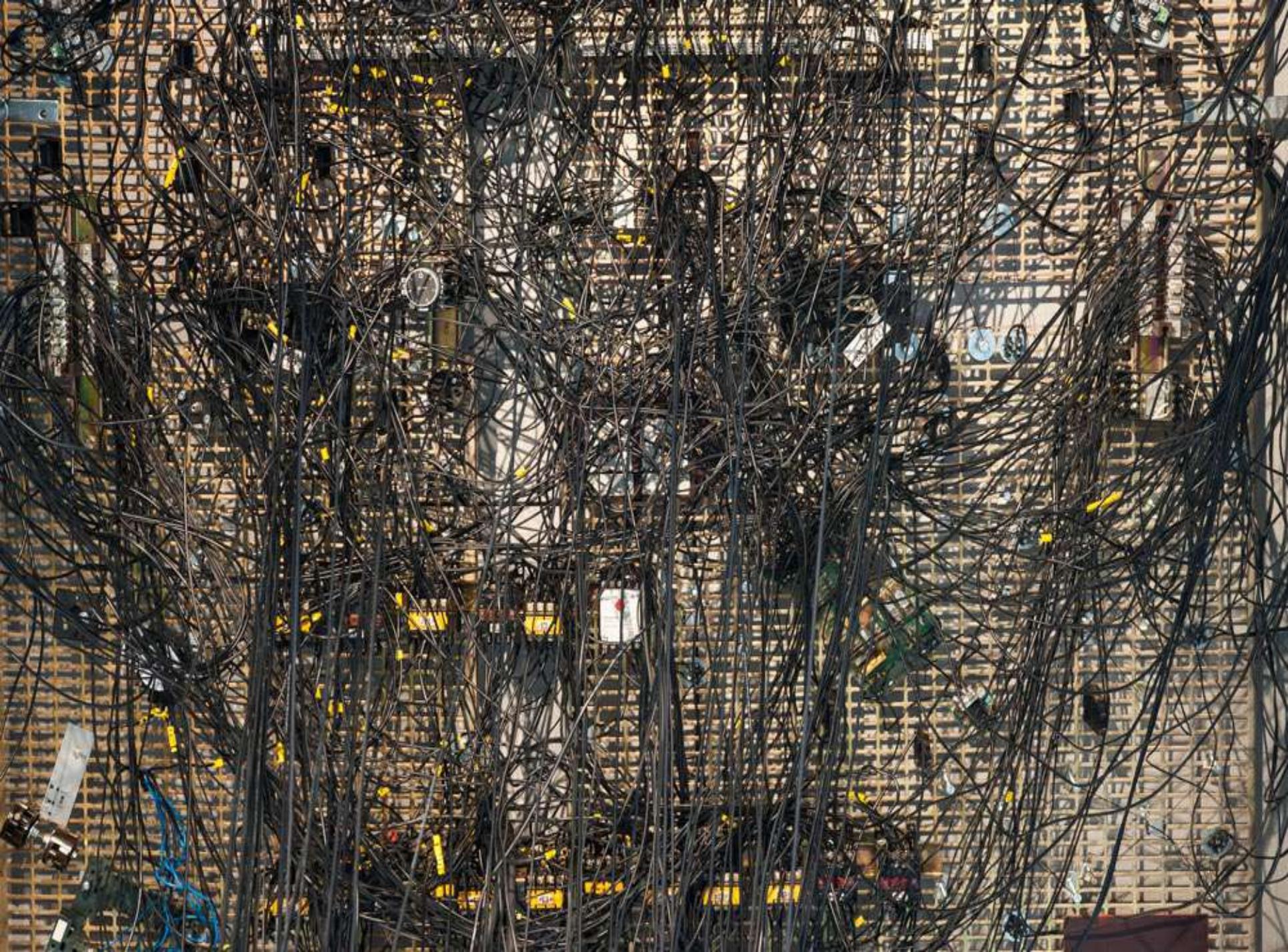
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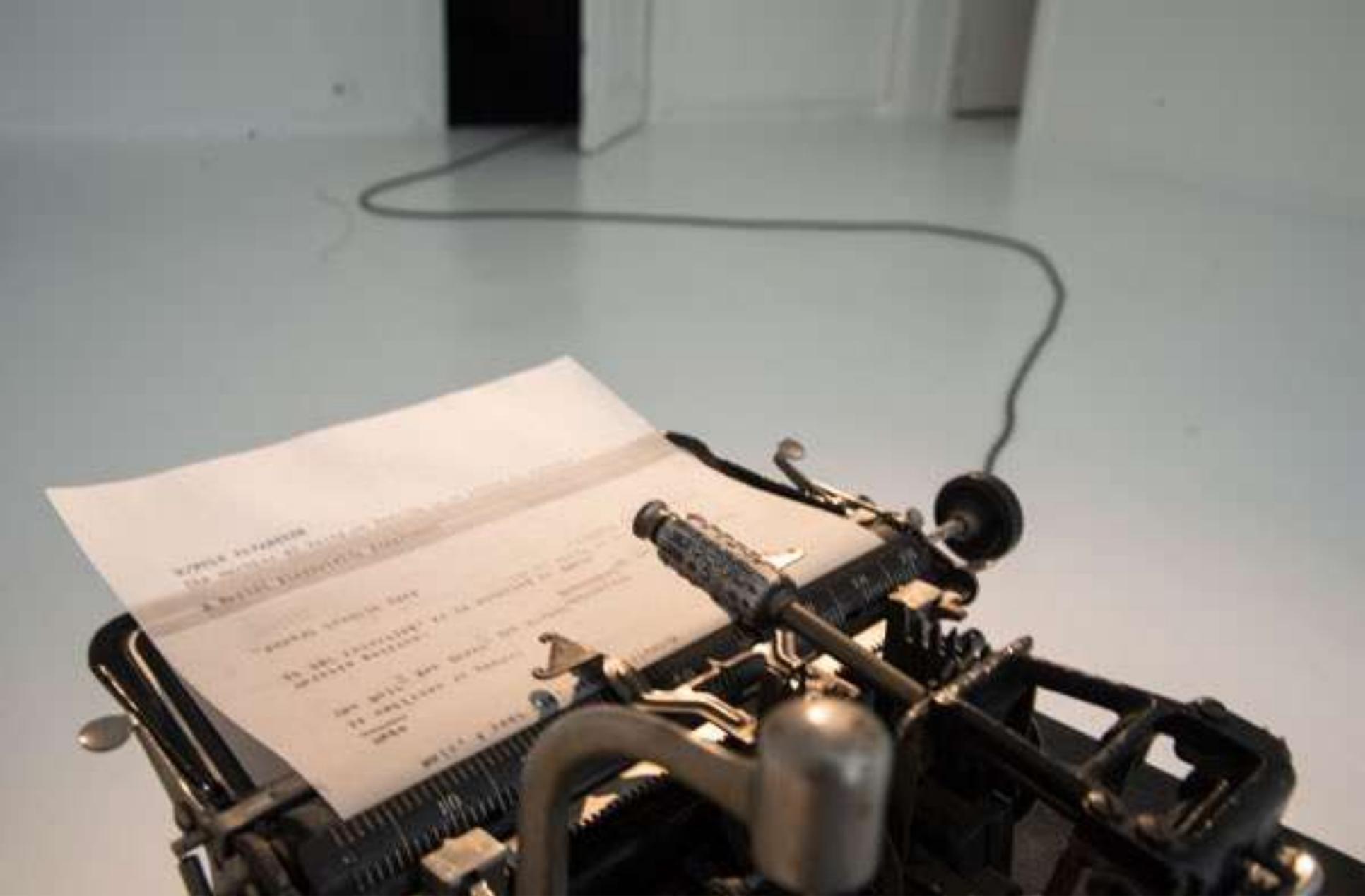
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*Où sont les sons?* CENTRALE For Contemporary Art, Brussels (20 April 2017 – 10 September 2017) Photo: Marc Wathieu





MAAC, Brussels, Belgium (14 April – 14 May 2016) Photo: Pierre Ghysens



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



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



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



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



[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.<sup>1</sup>

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.<sup>2</sup>

Antonin Artaud

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

<sup>2</sup>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 1<sup>st</sup> operation; belief in spite of the irrational nature of that creed proved in the 2<sup>nd</sup> 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 - ongoing

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>

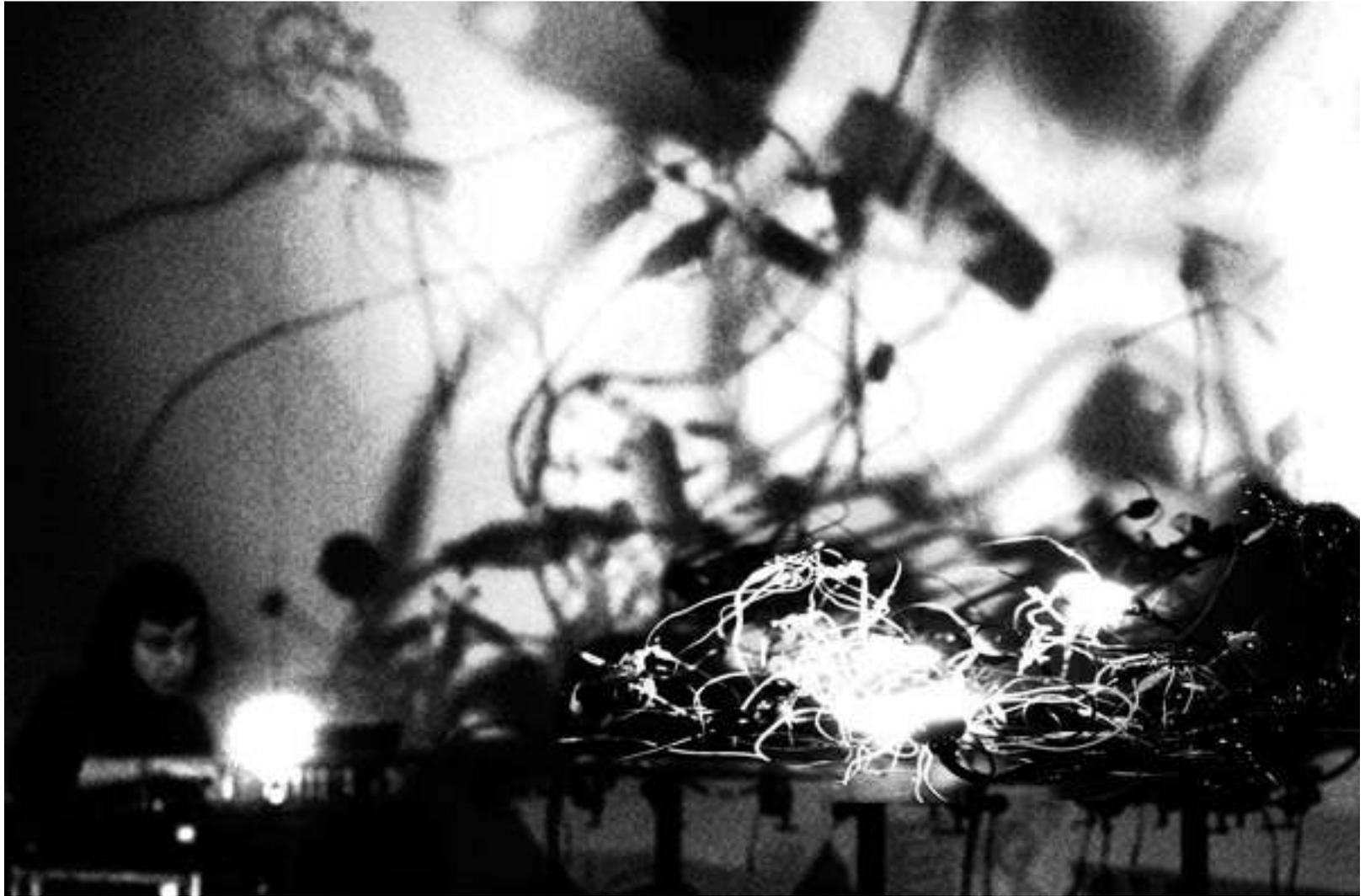
Sense of Sound, Z33 House for Contemporary Art, Hasselt, Belgium (March - May 2014)

<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

Displaced signs of captive behaviour are inscribed in the paradoxical act of listening to oneself and clearly hearing another. Heterotopias and notions of becoming unfold here. Insects emit signs. Insects emerge as creatures characterised by their ability to last, to transform, to survive. Consider the periodic cicadas: their life cycle, their resurrection from the earth, their metamorphosis into winged form, and their voice.

The life of a cicada begins when an egg is laid in the bark of a tree. A nymph hatches, falls to the ground, and tunnels into the soil, where it lives underground for up to 17 years. On a warm night in the designated interval year, the instars tunnel to the surface and return to the tree. A split opens along the back of the nymph's shell; it pushes itself out, leaving behind its exoskeleton (exuvia). Overnight, it completes moulting, and in its vulnerable, pale post-shedding form, it waits for its new body to harden and darken. The cicada then flies, sings, mates, and dies within a few weeks.

Bizarre transformations, prime-numbered intervals, non-existent forms, a phantom performance with a consistent voice. Physical pre-objects, non-objects, hyper-objects; a post-functional emergence of a trans-species with a long-lasting spectral voice. Where is its place in the phonosphere? Is it a somatic or immaterial voice?

Every voice echoes its somatic origins, yet this one ultimately escapes the confines of 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 may be called metaphysical not because it transcends the physical realm, but because it engages another materiality beyond that located in spatio-temporality. It follows its own material logic: a meta-physical corporeality associated with the seductive song of the Sirens – semi-human, semi-animal, semi-goddesses. The cicada carries the voice beyond time: mortal in its phenomenology, immortal in its sound[1]; a mourning of procrastination, a pro-vocation.

Species of (non)time. Taxonomies of (non)belonging. Phototaxis, phonotaxis, metamorphic trans-species in synchronous emergences, pulsating, chorusing attacks from a transcendental elsewhere. Strange coincidences, some call them synchronicities. The risk to an individual that remains synchronised is less than the risk to one that breaks synchrony.

There is safety in numbers. There is a hybrid process that takes no place in chorusing: decentralised swarming in the mind, as if they know their audience lives online.

Toward an impossible search for stability, a return to a previous future era, a passage into co-existence; from captive behaviour to freedom; an opening of temporality and placelessness. Caught in cycles of extinction and reanimation, refugees from bodies and senses. In this perpetual, semi-spherical, semi-tonal, semi-embodied phase, where residues still meet, voices seek to register an open (dis)closure, externalising their interiority.

Co-existence continues in a non-present form, in periodic phases.

## *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 m<sup>2</sup>),  
cicadas recorded sound, paver concrete  
blocks with QR code

Video Documentation

<https://vimeo.com/653161480>

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



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

SOCRATES: Everyone who loves the Muses should have heard of this. The story goes that the cicadas used to be human beings who lived before the birth of the Muses. When the Muses were born and song was created for the first time, some of the people of that time were so overwhelmed with the pleasure of singing that they forgot to eat or drink; so they died without even realizing it. It is from them that the race of the cicadas came into being (Plato, *Phaedrus*).

