David Lazarus

I knew this was a risk from the second I signed up, but I never thought this would happen. Its hard to believe its actually happening to me. Sort of thing you always think happens to other people. I thought I was too good, I got comfortable, and I made mistakes.

But its too late for regrets. Something smells like burnt. The light is flashing. On and off. On and off. On and off. I can't see anything. Oscillation between light and dark. It feels like stab wounds darting through my brain. Everything is out of focus. This is killing my soul, destroying my dreams. They are breaking me. I won't speak. Even after all this. My lips are sealed. Pain is rushing through me like electricity. I'm sweating. But I'm as cold as a damn ice cube. Something's piercing through my skin, I don't know what. This agony is numbing. Its everywhere and nowhere at the same time. Unbearable.

They say what doesn't kill you, makes you stronger. Bullshit. If this doesn't kill me it'll make transform me. I'll be a human wreck. What am I saying. I'll die here. On this chair. In this room. I can feel life evaporating from me. I've only got a couple minutes left. But i'm sticking to what I own. Not my dignity, not my respect. They'll never know. I'll never tell. My leaps are sealed. I win the game. You lose.

*Hi David…since I think some of my comments still apply from last time, I’m going to repeat some:*

*the mood is matter of fact, direct...and thats good.*

*I would like to encourage you to find optional words for the words that we hear too often...the phrases we might hear too often.*

*What would happen if you had rushes of fragmented thoughts?  it seems too rational for the moment, more like what might be thought in reflection?*

*Your use of the light, the mouth and the crochet hook added to the meaning of the piece…although you might consider changing the color of the orange in your QT version.*

*Good 3.5/5*

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Eric McEver

1/25/09

*赤ちゃんの目覚まし.*

*The amber drifts across his/her/its collective unconscious and hits a snag in the trickle of possibilities. The child turns outward within, flexing and kicking and kneeding and bucking and leaping to be free of its pen of bridled nonexistence. It smells its warm perfume odor of cinnamon and wet soil and shattered brittle bottles of olive oil and rubbing alcohol. Somewhere in the floating haze of pink pus and globules of white feathery shards of meat cells and rubber and steel shavings it glimpses a reflection of its rounded, polished cheeks gleaming with their fresh coat of crimson and silver chrome. The frame of its helium lips arc to smile, and then later sometime confusion sweeps into the scene as a patchwork quilt smothers an aged and shattered and bloody bull steer skinned alive of its hide and stripped dead of its horns.*

*Flex cannot move cannot rumble cannot jerk cannot kick kick kick try to chomp chomp chomp chomp. Empty. Give in to famine and and and solace of substenance and and and snicker twitch nourishment. Warm molten white smeared nectar oozes down canal filling empty trough of meat meat meat toothless mouth chomps away on sponge of…*

COMMAND OVERRIDE. ENTER CODE H7815BX//#\_TRIDENT. ERROR TYPE AZEL773+additive9

“ストロンスト博士？…”

“ええ、石さん、何でしょうか?”

“…subjectはもうpre-chargedとなりましたが…”

“ああ、困りましたなぁ. Keep the juice switched off prior to Activation Code 10, it’s imperative to fend away fundamental sequences…”

“The subject seems to know how to access primary cognitive channels on its own. It activates the command sequence independently of…”

“Drain the excess buildup of sequential cognitive sequences.”

“はい。了解しました。”

EMERGENCY COMMAND TINK//44 ENTERED. INITIATE COMMAND OVERRIDE 12\_E3

*Blip. Blip. Whoon. Plip.*

*Bubbles swell and stretch and pull themselves way up and yonder to whee and the firmament stretches its fins wings fangs. Akachan twitches his shining chrome lips and this time a smile pulls them back to reveal glimmering elephant ivory teeth. A fist reaches skyward and closes opens closes opens closes opens shuts tight and almost encircles the flock of magenta geese that wheel and duck and dive overhead. A streak of India ink smears across Akachan’s knuckles and ignites the stench of fur and cloud-stained sunlight and shells on the beach.*

*Akachan lips roll into heap, raises other fist, twists his jelly-log legs, rising to…*

SIREN. GASP. VANISH.

“Sequence engaged.”

*Particles memories leather saddles wooly spring rolls jelly rolls poppy seeds crunch ducks cinder blocks dust. The baby no longer an akachan child man child husky walls wheeze and sputter and kick up gas filled with specks of soil and flesh and plastic and butter and eyesight. Algorithms unfurl across paper and shrink down to lasting remnants of rind and fossil.*

*Stone and ink and crumbs and the last of the feast cools as the moon rises overhead.*

SEQUENCE COMPLETE.

*Eric,*

*Your writing, presentation, preparedness, sequencing, etc were EXCELLENT…and everything I could hope for for this project. I think a science fiction feel is difficult to achieve with sophistication, and I think you have done this (therefore I don’t feel it is disconnected from current life) You’ve also got a great recording voice, performance speed and clarity. 5/5!*

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Jennifer Newman

There are 1,871 people in this town, and they all have boxes and numbers.  I'm 1363.  I don't know why, but someone probably does.  Someone must.  It'd be a lot to sort through, though.  All those people and boxes and numbers.  Maybe it's a something that knows, that sorts.  I'm number 1363 but I don't know 1364.  He seems happy enough.  Content with his place, his box.  But he only speaks in question form.  "I'm 1363," I tell him every time he asks, but it's really just a formality.  I wonder what it's like in his box, though.  I wonder if the light is blue or orange.  I hope it's messy, like mine.  With bits here and pieces there, a random assortment of round things.  I wonder if all the boxes are the same.  I don't know why we'd have different numbers, though.  There has to be a reason why I'm 1363 and he's 1364 and everyone else is every other number.  Maybe it has something to do with color, or smell.  Maybe we're in order by the length of our feet.  I think it might make a matrix.  A pretty big one, too.  You could extrapolate a lot of information from a matrix of 1,871 boxes, if you knew how.  Maybe it would tell you something really important.  Or maybe it would tell you how many particles of dust are under every one's fingernails combined.  Maybe it equals zero, or infinity.  They're both round.  Maybe it equals 1363.  Someone must see the pattern.  The big box made out of all our little boxes.  I hope it's there.  That would mean 1363 means previous, and next, down one, up one, four to the right, and hello.

Hi Jenny….I think your writing and ruminating on the meaning of boxes is strong, as is your image creation and selection. The image with the feet is exceptional…the line up of the two side images with the framing is great. I still don’t think you need to see the actual mailboxes, though I know that’s what inspired the writing. GOOD progress 4/5

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Said Zagha

Said Zagha

Storytelling in Video art

01/25/2009

Narrative: Click for Change- personal images

As I was being pulled down through the steep, snowy alley, I realized that I can’t (couldn’t?) find what I’m looking for. I’ve plunged into the search of the unknown. It perplexes me, and numbs my senses. I can’t even tell of this is the right path. As if I’ve never took the right decision or made the right move. I’ve been looking for the same thing for so long <to the extent> that I’ve forgotten what it is that I am searching for.

That frigid alley did not resemble the other places where I was initially rummaging. Yet, it is the same. It’s only different from the outside; it is filled with the same conflicting forces that divert my attention from the end of the road. (I like this paragraph especially)

I turned the lights on to help light my path. No help. I was still lost in oblivion, searching for something that might force me to relinquish the trifles of my life. This time, being pulled through the untrodden path was a dissimilar experience.

It was different only because I wasn’t making any choices. I was dragged through that dark alley, all while attempting not to be exactly similar to the fellow flaneurs.( I don’t know this word) But I still passed the same way like everybody else. The lights didn’t help. It all felt like a distortion blowing inside my head. I didn’t see the world differently; I just passively observed it from the same idiosyncratic lens we all use. ( I like this last line too)

Said…just be careful to keep in the same tense …is it all past or present? Also, I would still encourage the idea of three sections to match images and perhaps consider third person rather than first? Your choice of images and sounds helped interpret the piece, and the canvas did read as snow. 3.5/5

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Joy Doyle

*LATELY*

Joy Doyle—01/26/09

Lately my dreams have been making sleep less restful.  They have that surreal quality that haunts you long after you wake up.  They leave a heavy, invisible imprint on me; you might call it a stain. (EXCELLENT EVOCATION) It is a stain that makes me feel like other people can tell that I’ve been living a bizarre second life while I sleep—like you can read it on my face. My dreams rub this psychic feeling off onto me like a second skin the next day. In these dreams, I normally recognize where I am, or in the morning can derive from real life what places I had married.  It tends to be nighttime, and recently it tends to be winter.  There is always a man, a main character counterpart to the role I am playing. This man may be someone I know, or a version of someone I know.  If he is a changed version of his normal self, he tends to be aged some years. I always feel uncomfortable around him. (( Not sexually, but criminally, like we’ve done something wrong; but sometimes sexually.) Although these dreams are most commonly set at night, the scenery is extremely lit. The deep purple and blue hues of the moonlight are rather potent, and undisrupted by any yellows or oranges from streetlamps. I suppose the darkness allows for some amount of secrecy or mystery, but mostly it creates a feeling of disturbia. (GREAT WORD)

(I wonder if you need the next section…could you just skip to the last two sentences?)

  It’s rare that I have a sense of direction in my dreams.  I’m normally still, and tend to follow the leader. I’m never cold even though I’m most often outside in the snow.  And the strangest part to me is that there is always something going on outside of my direct visual scope, but I’m extremely aware that it is happening.  That, I’m sure, is what makes these dreams so creepily realistic.  I can hear activity happening just out of my eyesight. The sounds of whatever is happening echo in my head, begging me to not pay attention. They resound.

The funny thing about how vivid these dreams are is that I have no recollection of how they begin or end.  It’s similar to sitting down to watch a movie, but starting it halfway through and turning it off long before the ending. The feeling is wildly discomforting, but somehow, I like it.

Hi Joy, Your selection of clips/sounds had a great symmetry along with appropriate speed and arrangement to fit into your dream depiction. I made a few suggestions above…mostly LOVING the unusual words like “disturbia” and wondering if it could be shortened a little…as well as leaving open the interpretation of the man. GOOD 4/5

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DAVID MASNATO:

The basement is duty.  I take a breath and cough a little.  It's stuffy so I turn a fan on.  The dust is moved around more and a cough a little more but it's better than sweating.

I start unpacking boxes.  The one in the corner has my name on it so I start there.  The mobile that put me to sleep lies on the top and I accidently jostle it when the package opens.  It plays a few chords.  They were like the symphony of my childhood.  I see myself watching television with my mother.  My sisters aren't there because they haven't been born yet.  My mom ties my shoes for me and I go to school for the first time.  I come home and play in the sandbox until dinner.  My mom unties my shoes and an entire beach-full of sand pours out.  It happens every time.

Back in the basement, I find the shoes at the bottom of the box.  Some dust blows off the soles.  I would like to think it was some sand mom missed when she cleaned them, but it makes me couch and the symphony from the mobile stops playing.

David M.

Hi Dave, you evoke the sense of unpacking and the history of memories here. You have a good composite of images and sounds…it is ominous, especially where the interpretation is open. The final line is a good way to end. 4/5

I do wonder what would happen in third person…or just taking out the “I”s …fragments of observational sentences.

For instance:

The basement is dusty.  (actually breathe and cough)  “The air isn’t moving” (as you click on the fan image) rather than: It's stuffy so I turn a fan on. “moving the dust may be better than sweating”…

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Mechanical motions, all different but yet all the same.

Spinning, Turning, Folding.

But is anything really there?

Poking, Prodding, Manipulating.

Do these machines even get us anywhere?

Clicking, Closing, Shifting.

What purpose do they have?

Glowing, Moaning, Piercing.

Will they ever stop?

Shattering, Breaking, Deafening.

These mechanical motions won?t ever end,

Because that is just what we are.

Machines

Paul Rutherford

Hi Paul…I really appreciated your returning to the verb lists in between the questions…and the choice of images and sounds to go with them evoked the question you continued to ask…that of the relationship between the human and mechanical. I’m still not sure you needed to ASK the question, rather…I think you might have just presented the facts as you did in the first declarative sentence…

Mechanical motions, all different but yet all the same.

Spinning, Turning, Folding.

“Push apart to reveal the future” or some such sentence might go between the lists rather than questions.

 Why do I say this? Perhaps the questions seem too obvious?

Even so, the rhythm of your writing is great as stated above. 4/5

James:

Your written piece is outstanding…just the right length, good repetition and resolution. The images you chose allowed for a range of interpretation without direct illustration. Great work. 4.5/5

Jean

I appreciate the change in mood and images/ sounds in your presentation…it might be interesting to change them in a sort of split edit, changing one element at a time. My favorite line was something about “Don’t I look flat like the rest of the beach?” which was a refreshing concept and phrase. I still think you could avoid some cliché sentences like “Sand castles of my soul” to continue to awaken the viewer’s senses…whereas clichés tend to shut down receptivity. So good changes, good development, perhaps some refinement of the text before moving to QT. 4/5

Hi Hannah

Your choice of images…creation of images is very strong. The text has a two part/ dual POV that is quite interesting and the final sentence flips our understanding of the narrative in a way that is provocative! I am still wishing that the words “boy” and “girl” were avoided. I understand you don’t want to use names. I wonder about just using “he” and “she”? The boy and girl words really settle me into a mindset that is less than your writing skill supports. It sets a tone that makes me think of highschool and college writing, where the content of what you are writing is much more subtle and sophisticated than that. Sorry to go on about this….I only do so because I really respect your work! 4/5

Hi Becky

The layers of senses that once worked together fluidly, now have all separated from each other like distinct suspended deposits of sediment. Confused and trying to act alone, they just are not connecting very well.

Nothing catches. Like old worn out Velcro, nothing is catching.

It should work, it should catch, but it’s not. There’s no way to fix this without throwing something out and starting over and there isn’t time for that.

Words are said, but with jumbled meanings. Whatever is spoken is for an exclusive group, which I have been excluded from. When was this decided? I did not want to form my own personal club. Was my membership to theirs misplaced? Did the locks change or did I lose my key? Who took it, who stole it from me? Lips move and familiar sounds are made, but they just are sounds. That’s it. My understanding has become unhooked.

It’s my duty to respond, to tell the faces my thoughts. To contribute, to make them believe I am still in their club. connecting and participating with their world. But blank apathetic stares tell me they know I’m not. I’ve lost a connection, and I really would like to find it again. I would really like to find it again. To sink my hooks back in, but some part of me knows nothings sharp enough to catch anymore. No one hears me reach. When did they stop listening? Why did they stop listening?

Life like this is lonelier, like moving forward with you’re eyes closed and you’re ears blocked. Every touch seems familiar, but I can’t be sure. It’s hard to know, it’s hard to remember. Advancing without noticing how far I’ve moved, without seeing what’s happening, losing history and losing time. Sort of Floating.

The connections are gone, the links are cracked, the bonds are broken, the hooks have snapped.

*Although I don’t have your text in front of me, I do remember the use of the word “Hooks” as a way of connecting to the crochet image…and the general quality of your writing was good…but I can’t comment on specifics without the text. The mouth image that you shot continues to work for a variety of narratives, the blackness in the crack is evocative. 4/5*

Hi Juney

Causation for my Annihilation?

Geographic Relation to Precipitation.

Here I am, Meditation for Salvation;

Just wanting Regulation of Inundation-

or perhaps a higher elevation?

This Help, Alteration of the Situation,

made possible by Flotation.

I could pass the time with Hibernation...

Duration?

Until Saturation.

Aggravation at mere Irrigation?

That is a sever under-exaggeration.

More like Trepidation of Extermination.

What's This?  A hint of Evaporation?

This Celebration needs no explanation.

Pour Libation and burn immolation,

Carry Communication to future generations.

*Although I don’t have your text in front of me, I do remember loving the repetition of sound/ “tion” on the endings…the way that you were able to carry through the piece, using water as a visualization was consistent and interesting. 4/5*