

24p 125 frames

call: Park tiny camera

CDL Tap 01-13 + Tap 18

blume jade

Baum nicht nur Blumen

Fake blood

Magazin für St. Just

Make up: Murderer

Ausstattung Bilder von Danton? French Revolution?

14 pages : 4, 3,5 pages a day. 9 scenes, 2,5 a day.

Macbooks für artforum szene

poster von ausstellungen

barbaric ion

Implosion

Kathy Acker 1983



1. THE BACKGROUND OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Three scenes.

1. Scene 1. Europe. The people Mutter Political Discontent.

Kathy, Father, Frank, Patricia

Intro: filmed with small camera. Actors having a break, sound recording of conversation.

Camera stops at every person. In film with text as introduction.

All

Costumes: ~~Frank~~ look like business men

Kathy in Panties

auf bett

Kathy, an American visitor: How do you make love?

Father, a Frenchman: I make love with my fingers. My fingers are magic.

Close up:

Are you feeling them now?

Separat gefilmt? Close up, masturbation and close up kathy.

Kathy: Oh yes!

(He beats her ass while he fingerfucks her.) Oh. OH! (Comes twice.)

Father: I have other kinds of tastes. I'm a feminist: I like to watch two women fuck.

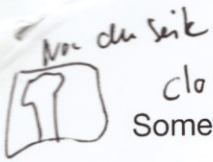
Bis hier close up kathy während Father spricht.

dann frank und patricia im hintergrund auf dem bett, erst jetzt zu sehen. Father gefilmt im profil

voice over oder er holt kathy ein-rufen

sound: 99, 99, 99, 99, 99, 99





close up Father:

Sometimes I beat them with my belt while they fuck each other. (Frank and Patricia lying on bed) Frank! What is the matter with you? Are the Dutch people calling you a fascist again?

Frank, a Dutchman, sitting on the bed between Father's and Kathy's bodies: I'm no goddam fascist. I don't have any politics. I'm like an American.

Patricia, also Dutch: I'm thirsty.

Frank: I'm sick of moralists. For the first time their economy's going under and the Dutch are beginning to realize their posh ways of life might no longer be available to them. At this moment they're acting scared cause they'll do anything to avoid rocking the boat.

Father: Of course. I'm a good Frenchman.

Frank: ... They've always worshipped anything that's safe. That's why they're Liberals. The Dutch Marxists in announcing themselves as the only opposition to this reaction have grouped and defined themselves so rigidly that they've got no political power. They're as beaurocratic academic and rigid as the Right-Wing.

Patricia, close up to Kathy: How long will we be as bloody and dirty as children?

Kathy, Close up Kathy masturbating: Oh oh oh.

Close up Kathy

Patricia:

voice

For how much longer are our toys – the coffins of friends out on heroin – going to be the only thing we can love. For how much longer will severed heads be the only people I place my lips upon? I love death. The committee of Happiness better begin its work.

Father: close up

von der Seik

Your statements are reactionary cause you can't so simply put ideals on top of what's actually happening to you.

Patricia: close up (piece of clothing in hand) But ideals can pick holes in the social fabric.

'True' and 'false' is beside the point. Even if they did nothing, they're the only tool we've got.

Kathy, stopping masturbating for a moment: I'm too crazy. The only thing I want is feeling.

Talking to friends. Gefilmt mit oben masturbation

knee shot:

sexuelle belohnen

Frank, caressing her ass: How are you going to do that? They either worship you or they despise you, but you'll never be human because you feel.

Kathy: (Gets dressed) This talk shits. Go crazy. We're going to cause a revolution. I tell you.

Kathy lying a boat

long shot

close up von der Seik

long shot

line shot

Schoolmistress: Well, here's little Johnny. (*Feeling my cock between my legs.*) You certainly are little Johnny. I wish I was teaching future criminal offenders in the South Bronx. I always knew it was better to live in America. Look how well all the students are coming back. They know how to walk. They all know how to walk. We have a very fine establishment here.



Teacher *close up from side:* Let 'em rot. At least these rotters are willing to stand up. (*To Headmistress*) Madam it is your Job to train these young pliable minds to want goodness. These pliable minds will be the owners of the world and the world will rest on their shoulders. Goodness or godliness, you know, is a taught desire: the social caviar. You must persuade their frail wills to want goodness rather than coca-cola.

Teacher: (*Watching Boy giving Headmistress a blow job*) They ain't innocent enough. I always said, we don't get enough virgins and so they ain't worth anything to us, they're just used rags cause they parents gets 'em first an' they ain't worth anything to the people we's sell them to. Do you know how hard it is for a teacher to make a boy fresh and innocent again? You can't do it with your girls which's why young girls don't go to school. There ain't no use for them to go to school. We have to be really highly trained and it takes a lot of the taxpayers' money to make an already rotting vegetable into a strong carrot.

Close

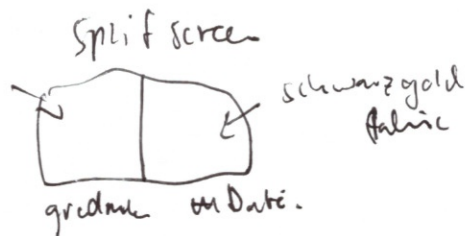
Schoolmistress

Boy, turns to Teacher: The only thing we want for our coca-cola is hard drugs.

2. The Punk World. Scene 3. Love Scene.

My Grandmother, Danton,

in different rooms, two images on screen
filmed 16:9 and later cut in half NO PHONE



Intro: filmed with small camera. Actors having a break, sound recording of conversation.
Camera stops at every person.

My Grandmother: I miss you so much.

Danton: I'm not near you. I'm in England.

My Grandmother: I wish you were next to me so I could lick your ears. The tips of your ears tip tip. Then into two eyes. My love. We've never said anything affectionate to each other. We

don't really know each other.

Danton: We don't know each other.

My Grandmother: Shit. You're less capable than I am. I should forget about you.

Danton: A person should be as self sufficient as possible, but I don't know what the hell for. Robespierre's coming to arrest me.

2. Scene 4. Danton.

Alone, somewhere else, it's dark.

Close up.

Intense, desperate, but subtle

_____ *Voie over*

Drine

Danton: I want to be less nothing. There are some thoughts that shouldn't ever be heard. It's not good if they cry out the second they're born a baby out of the womb it is good: they can blow up the world.

Text:
Scene 5. Robespierre's Coming For Danton.
Lots of battle scenes, small battles, all around. Only street fightings no more major characters.
Scene 6. Robespierre's Coming For Danton # 2

Make more and more like a painting.

Whole foods

My Grandmother, Danton, Robespierre

Image: battle scene

viefe plane


My Grandmother: Do you know who I am?

Danton: How can I know who you are? I only fucked you twice. (*Lots of sunlight and little battles.*)

What I believe is what I see. It's harder to live than to die for what you see.

Danton in wholefoods with costume, filmed with small camera. Dancing and shopping

My Grandmother: What do you see?

Whole foods

(Text: Lots of sunlight and little battles.)

desires. It doesn't matter if I name these desires because every desire acts the same: Either, if I let myself be overcome in desire I'm being sentimental so not letting the mind have a resting place should take every desire which rises up in me and shove it; or, I should be dumb passion! Let desires and revolutions act! The last choice makes me happy because it's true there's no will.

Where are you? Please call me.

3. Scene 2. Everything Is Gone.

Intro: filmed with small camera. Actors having a break, sound recording of conversation.

Camera stops at every person.

*Everyone hanging out on couch/bed
filmed from above*



Paul Rockoffer, Ella, My Grandmother, Convict

Paul Rockoffer in mourning: Shut up, bitches! I'm returning to Art I'll be an artist and now I'll be happy. I'm an artist I'm an artist I'm an artist! I don't believe in breaking traditional form.

Ella, a pretty eighteen-year-old girl: You're 46 years old.

My Grandmother: I'm 22.

Ella: Well you are fat enough to be 46.

My Grandmother: My body doesn't matter. It's always trying to die anyway. The hell with it. My mind matters less. It's a conditioned piece of shit. Keep your mind on what matters, girl.

Ella: What matters?

Paul Rockoffer: Tell me please, what is life really?

Ella: Now I don't know anymore so I feel dull.

Paul Rockoffer: Don't force me to make speeches. I could tell you things, beautiful and horrible deep and drastic, but it'd be just more lies.

Ella: Now the artist's talking sincerely.

↑ shot
↓
close up