

**Transcription
in enlarged characters**



Sara Cwynar

RED FILM

16 mm-film transferred to digital file,
colour, sound, 13 min, 3/5

Collection of the Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal.
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 **MAC**

The Task

OK

I am talking about American patterns

And French painters

And French painters

Cézanne, Sayzan, Susan

I am talking about the new woman

and a pattern which was invisible to the subjects when they lived it

I am talking about the face

we have seen it all before

a loop, a loop

my mobile body makes a difference in the visible world

Who is at the centre of vision here?

For whom does the world simply open up?

All the ideas must be apprehended in a single stroke

and a new image comes with no warning

and don't we all make everything just for one person?

Just for one or two?

I make it for you.

As we begin to traverse the field of vision, the tragedy of our partial knowledge lies behind us, right?

The desire to be attractive is inherent and as old as the human race itself

And I thought about the women of Antiquity accused of lying for making up their faces

Juvenal calls a woman's made-up face a wound (a wound)

Dark yolk yellow, blood red, which is darker than red, everybody is concerned with colour

I make it for you

The Face

The task involves the face

And making improvements to it

What do I need from you in order to complete myself?

The task has been to find that thing

A thing that is always already addressing us

Blue in the face from telling the story over and over again

Threatening the transparency that characterized the honest man

I was blushing to show true feeling in the world

But suddenly I had the power to make up that blush

Cézanne Susan Matisse

You told me you were made up of a thousand ideas about yourself, you were never allowed to be whole

A sort of fertility available to the image, reproducing yourself in print or on film

Remember that all scanners and digital printers have problems with highly saturated reds

I told you about my ability to see from all sides

I told you about the privilege of partial perspective

I told you about the idea of remembering something original or becoming whole again
(pulled in a million places)

The appeal to time itself

And what is remembered in the body is well remembered

(put your hands to mine)

All these things to learn

What is remembered in your body is well remembered

I go to make a note and I've already made it

Put your hands to mine

(right?)

A loop, a loop

But here, only those aspects of the past that are useful get remembered

Susan Cézanne

Things could always be otherwise

Paloma

The most recent past becomes distant

A painting worth so much money it cannot be ascribed to any particular age or subsumed to any singular rhythm

A common dream of growing larger as in Alice in Wonderland or on a billboard

is this a woman's dream?

Contemporary giants like Mr. Clean or the Jolly Green Giant the enormous face of an unnamed woman

Think Big.

Because it is invisible to us the face becomes gigantic with significance and meaning

The Face

I'm telling you these reds are not real

Descartes says that perception is not a vision but is rather an inspection by the mind

and it is possible that I do not even have eyes with which to see anything

Don't we all just

want someone to witness our lives?

California Body Beautiful

dream of bigger eyes and smaller teeth

How do we reach the true form of things?

Multiple forms of pleasure operating in the background

My friend C says you've got to take your pleasure where you can get it, Sara

You've got to take your pleasure where you can get it, Sara

Got it?

And a breakthrough to the heart of being

Is there a heart here?

apparently

Can I guarantee that what I know of this person and what makes me love him will be verified throughout his whole life?

Perception anticipates, it goes ahead of itself

I would ask nothing better than to see more clearly but it seems to me that no one does and I cannot promise my feelings

Future Feelings

He told me if we had everything we need, we wouldn't need language to ask for anything

Jameson describes a hypercrowd, which I find condescending, we are natives in this space

We know how to break it down into manageable pieces, focus on one eye, one lip at a time

We know our body only in parts, so the image is what constitutes the self for us

I am multi multi multi tasking

Turn your face toward the past future

But don't get too nostalgic about it

An impossibly pure place of origin, nostalgia wears a distinctly utopian face

Yes I am looking for a shortcut through the complexity and conditions of the historicity of my own age

Yes there is some nostalgia here

I am just trying to be my best self

To wake up in the morning and say fuck negativity

I have so many good things I want to tell you about

We are stepping out from the long shadow of X Y and Z

I am speaking now from the inside of power

I have a lot of good capital

I am only doing it if it makes me feel good

Which may include buying things

What did you promise me?

What was supposed to be given to me by somebody else?

Woman creates life man creates art but not anymore suckers

I can buy anything I want

I am living in the space between pure desire and actual enjoyment and I don't mind at all

We are appealed to as subjects while treated as objects

We are something broken but much repaired

We are the new accomplishers of things

We are the great accomplishers of everything

We have the new spirit

We know the open secrets

I am sun-filled

I am age-defying

This play is a replay will you listen this time?

Colour, like time or language decided on by someone else, handed down, placed upon us

I was surprised by the certainty with which you might talk about something so undefinable

But then I shouldn't be surprised at that anymore

I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman but I have the heart and the stomach of a king

Do you expect your face to be interpreted? To accurately present your inner state?

The women imagined new faces

The new woman the new face

Your attention is focused on the limits or boundaries of our bodies

I know I'm both animal and machine

Time is of the essence

it seems to her

since the advocates of advanced capitalism are grasping faster

Which explains my breathless pace

Yes, I am living in the present

well that's a good place to live

The New

I just want the new

I want you to be new to me and me to be new to you

You know, we used to believe very recently that the whole future would forever manage without anything new

And that the new and the pursuit of it had been overcome once and for all

But the question is really whether newness has any meaning at all if it brings no new truth in its wake

Wasn't something so definitively new supposed to emerge that there could ever be anything still newer thereafter

But the new is already on hand

The new is already on hand

So we don't even need to wait

we don't even need to wait

we are in the grip of an extra-ideological compulsion to innovate

And these days there is nothing more basic than an orientation to the new

keep up girl

A moment of ambivalent girlinesss

A mouth that makes you think more about your own

Pink noise

Red comes in many shades

Makeup is an armour

As E says, I am having a long laugh behind my mask

Nostalgia, which relates to the conditions of its own historicity by negating them

No you and no me

OK.

According to Plato, the beautiful causes a memory shock that propels the beholder beyond her normal views of the trivial world of things and people

In select moments amid a thousand everyday sights, human bodies, circumstances, shapes flare up and enchant the soul

And you are the person who cuts through everyone else.

The shock caused by a beautiful face, who wouldn't want to cause it?

Today I am thinking of fantasies of turning the body inside out

of a straight shot to the truth

The hidden self, which just has to break through to the visible material body

And somewhere else colour changes the sentiment, it swallows up the thought

Inside outside
essence appearance
authenticity or inauthenticity
bad apples or rotten fruit

The man of popular liberty must be gathered each day or he is rotten

Some consider the packaging a second skin

The dream of a second skin

The humiliating physicalism of our time

But the body is the still centre, the constant measure

Who were you when I first met you and who are you now?
I'm making up myself from the reflections of others

Early photographs show shop signs in reverse writing, traffic flowing in the wrong lane

And perception is still understood as a reference to the whole, which can be grasped

A group, a public self, a mask, a protection

Who is we anyway? What kind of a community?

There is nothing you could have done differently, you are quite simply yourself

Discovering you are not the same as yourself

But they choose you

So which you should you be?

Me and other me

A sign of myself as a composite being

Who owns the way you look?

Towards the end I would like to say that the feeling of time as shifting or moving faster and faster is mostly orchestrated by ephemeral consumer objects mobilized in support of some regulatory ideal of progressive time – makeup, clothing, stuff.

Technology disciplines its audience

Blue in the face from telling this story over and over again

Which has been of such great service to capitalism...

Design, which has been of such great service to capitalism

A loop, a loop
The Task

The green earth

A dress, a human being, a flower, a language all had the task of wearing colour

I was confused at the certainty with which you might describe something so undefinable, but then I shouldn't be surprised at that anymore

Identity is conferred on human subjects by recognition, to deny to refuse to accept everything,

To choose when to be looked at, when to look

That is the essence of human freedom

I am smiling the smile of a long-dead king who continues to exist and reproduce herself in a million images and stories, splitting again, I am everywhere

The human body conserves itself

so does the society