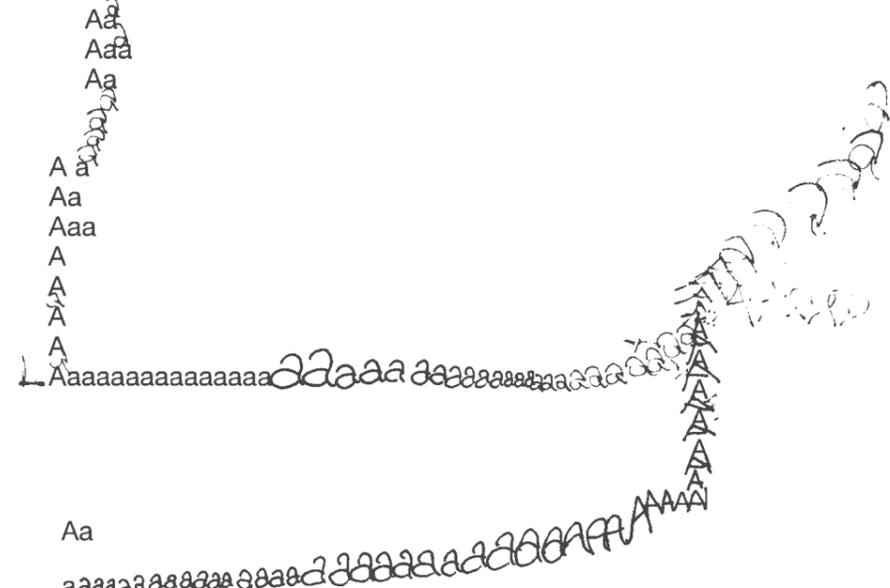


I Love You but - not Right Now

by Sara Milio



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I would like to bring various ears on the scream- to hear the scream through a number of different voices and pay heed to how each of these addresses, refuses and embodies the oppressive structures and systems that surround them. The voices I will attune myself to in particular, are those of Pipilotti Rist, Björk and the fictional character of Pinocchio. Following this I will serenade the scream of *Priscilla*, a fictional story in which the writer Italo Calvino personifies love through the reproductive process of a cellular organism. Each of these screams reverberate differently. Through my chosen format of perhaps what can be deemed, a performative and diary-like style of writing, I will explore the way in which these voices speak of the notions of distance and love. This style of writing is perhaps, in some ways, my attempt at voicing a conscious type of childlike-babbling. Moreover, I want to examine how these screams dis-embodiment their identifications, classifications and categories in order to sound more like themselves. In my research, I try to include the ideas presented by Adriana Cavarero and Brandon Labelle and how they perceive of the act of voicing as a force that unifies people.

The scream can channel rage-Through the voice, it can refuse feelings of oppression and identifications of violence. It has the power to refute silence; But that is not all it can do. The scream, I believe, can, in all its glory, take the format of a greater embodiment, something that resounds with "a promise of joining together"*. When thinking about the politics of the scream the first thoughts associated with it are perhaps those of violence, repulsion and rejection, but through my research, I want to widen its larynx and dissect the ways in which the scream can speak about love, sensuality and inclusion.

With this thesis, if you want to call it so, I want to call to attention the nooks and crannies of the scream. I want to bring

* Brandon La Belle, *Lexicon of the Mouth* (New York: Bloomsbury Publishing Inc, 2014), p.62

This specific scream is one of refusal and hysteria. It is saying no and it is angered. When screaming hysterically, the body shakes and resonates with a forced urgency to express feelings that are often angered and violent, repressed either by the surfaces of physical tension or oppressed deep in the seabed of the subconscious. Moreover, the act of screaming in itself is often perceived as affectively violent toward the body of the listener. Feeling a scream close to one's body can be shocking and uncomfortable; the body instinctively steps backwards from it. I think that we do this out of a need for clarity- a need to understand. In a sense the scream is the antithesis of the verbal agreement- It is the opposite of a tender, quiet conversation with an intimate friend or lover. In this case, screaming can also be perceived as the embodiment of misunderstanding but in Rist's case, screaming from a distance seems to reverse that role.

What I'm proposing, is that the physical distance the artist takes from the microphone, in fact, facilitates the feeling of closeness and intimacy with the audience. This distanced, hysterical scream, by providing space for understanding and respect for the body, turns violence into an ornament of accessibility for the recipient. It appeals to the affective violence of the scream, using it as a tool to display vulnerability and violence at once, but without imposing these qualities onto the listener. It displays the emotional state behind the scream but by diminishing the volume [via increased physical distance from the microphone] the artist claims privacy for her own body to be vulnerable as well as for the body of her listeners who are able to participate in this intimate moment without feeling the affects of intrusion. Hence distance becomes the mediator of intimacy. Rist screams, displaying the vulnerability and hysterical spirit of a young and rebellious child. Yet, by the simple gesture of stepping back, she is giving the listener space from the obstructive vibrations of such a loud and raging scream.

When I was 6 years old, I had a nightmare that I was being attacked by a shiny, green goblin. He was choking me ~~in broad daylight~~, in the garden of my home - one of the safest and most sheltered places I know of. As is commonly experienced in a dream, I tried screaming for help but my voice was broken and soundless. When I awoke, I ran to my mother, who in an attempt to calm me, asked me to describe this horrible monster in detail.

While she drew him out in my green coloured pencils, my monster began to take shape. He looked funny and ugly with his shiny, bloated belly and stretchy lime-green skin. My fear began to wane; I wasn't afraid anymore. This drawing to me, like Pipilotti's distant scream, is also an ornamentation of violence one which provides space by separating the object of violence from the affect of the body.

The Hysterical Body and Pipilotti's Pop

By simultaneously using and destroying a pop-song, Pipilotti Rist's scream is also a refusal of commodity culture. The song chosen by the artist, Chris Isaak's *Wicked Game*, carrying the classical trope of a hot one-hit wonder, wet from smoky whisky and teenage-girl-drool, manages to be sad and horny and deep all at once: like a sexy cowboy surfing on a bleeding, heart-shaped cloud. That this work is titled, *I am a victim of this song*, resonates with me in an emotionally bittersweet way, because I too constantly fall prey to its mystical and cheesy charm. The form of the pop song is constructed to work its magic through its lyrical and instrumental structures which are engineered to seduce the ear of the masses, 'the populace', and hence the designation of its name- Pop short for popular.

The enraged screaming of Rist's voice above the chords and structures of Isaak's successful pop classic draws me to John Maus' notion of the 'hysterical body.' This is what a body might undergo physically when influenced by the affective rage of the scream, its vibrations reaching out from the stomach and the chest, shaking it in all its entirety. John Maus notions that "...the idea within a live performance is to try to appear...what we really want is to see one another and to be seen... and the hysterical body is perhaps exemplary in its affirmation of that."* This act of appearing is embodied in the moment when the artist, breaking out of the palatable conforms of the cover-song and into a spectacle of

* Filmed interview with John Maus on Pitchfork Television
<https://pitchfork.com/tv/1-plus-one/3-john-maus/> (accessed 3rd December, 2018)

hysterics, performs her scream against the conventional patterns of the original voice, of a people-pleasing voice and steps beyond the musicality and the lyrics of the song to express what I see as a rebellion from the powers of Pop.

One might hear a childish rage, a squeaky, whiny and adolescent *fuccckkk thiiiiisss Ahhh* coming from Pipilotti's scream. It is a format to transform a type of inner hysteria, that I believe, results from an explosion of suppressed emotions. Spoken through the narrative of a romantic pop song, I hear a refusal of suppressive identifications, a refusal of the categorisations of the girl as the weaker sex, of the female as a lover and of the voice as a commodity that is produced to be consumed with pleasure. Isaak's original vocals are very deep, representing the calm, suave and smooth man behind the sound. Even his less controlled falsettos seem too perfect- constructed to emote but without vulnerability something like: *I'm in pain but baby I've got this under control*. In Rist's version, however, the voice is not quite as musical: it breaks, crackles, squeaks and peaks. It tremors and shakes in uncontrolled whines. Her voice is cute, tender and frustrated.

The lyrics she sings literally refusing: "*No I don't want to fall in love!*" as if in a desperate attempt to grasp at some sense of self-control starkly contrasts her voice which continues to remain wild and unhinged, creating a comical tug-and-pull. When she begins to scream from a distance from the microphone, her raging voice appears incredibly small. One could almost picture a minuscule Pipilotti stomping her child-sized feet in the corner of a room screaming: *NO!*

John Maus believes that music reflects the dominant structures of power at play within the era in which they were produced. In case of Pop-music, the onus of this goes to global capitalism, and social commodities, as well as the repetitive rhythms that accompany these structures. Pipilotti's conventionally unmusical, unstable voice, along with her, occasionally, mental and hysterical screaming become direct refusal of the capitalistic and people-pleasing norms that stereotypically accompany the dreamy pop her voice so brutally drowns under her own. Isaak's song, albeit very much of the Pop genre, has a certain quality of melancholic brooding that Pipilotti Rist uses to her advantage, uniting the viewers through its standard, bringing us the comfort of

familiarity, something normatively pleasing and then for dramatic impact, jerks the rug from under our feet, leaving us floating between the emotive fluctuations of romance and hysteria.

Perhaps what is posited here, is the immenseness of the power a singular, screaming body holds when combined with the universal and repetitive language of popular music. The four chords repeated over and over again (such as Chris Issak's repeated '*no I don't want to fall in love*') act like a foundational mantra for a common body of listeners to tap into. As present listeners, we are very familiar, we are in sync with this commodified mantra through our mind and body's history of labor within the rhythms and patterns of a Capital-oriented system. On the other hand, like a runaway train ejects from its tracks so does the scream eject from the hysterical, shaking body, rebelling against this comfort and repetition. The hysterical scream, in its singular and isolated form, like a war-cry to instinctively run from, may frighten the listener away but Pipilotti Rist's screaming combined with Chris Issak's dreamy bass-lines, seduces the attention of the listener from a distance: here I am, suffering is not as singular as it seems, let us not forget to dream while we scream.

No one will want to read my pain
 Of voicing an attempt at change
 Solutions slip from my finger tips

Into giant caves of throats and boats
 Swimming through my channels
 Up my brain, like a rapid rabbit's rain,

drowning my brain
 In silence, prefer I
 Not to speak again
 Is that a matter?

If were I to stay quiet
 How could I accepting the
 rabbit's pain?
 When I eat it with joy from
 A day of hunting came
 It was screaming my name!
 Now
 its flesh is in my throat

Bouncing like a battered boat
 In me caves of the throat

Suddenly the rabbit jumps up!
 It is alive again! Taking shape in this chest
 I nest its turbulence and rowdy rage
 To jump out and about, all throaty
 Breaking its cages
 But what's the matter?
 Who will hear my but the bouncy
 Walls of a boat that will only echo back
 In the throat-oat-oat?

It will boomerang back to thus, again and again
 If it cannot simply
 Voice its clarity,
 But even how hear can I the clear all above noise?
 Is it there in-between somewhere between the parts shaky parti-
 cles?
 In-between clumps of meat and noise matter?
 Oh wait, I think I hear it now - it doesn't matter,
 It was in-between the rabbit this whole godd-

Björk's Scream

Inherently raw and war-like, the very Marina Abramovic-esque AAA-AAA is often called 'primordial.' More than a call to attention, this suggests that the scream is being expressed in direct connection with the knowledge of our primitive past. When screaming, one might be channeling the might of a Martian-like warrior or echoing the sounds of a baby's scream as it enters the world. This vibrating snake that is born in the chest and slithers through the tunnels of the larynx, only to explode from the gaping throat and the open mouth, carries with it an urgent desire to be and to be heard. But it is also a call to remembering; an intuitive and primal link to all the screams one has screamed before and to all the screams that have been screamed by others before them. The act of screaming arrests the entire body, and unlike speech and song, it is free from the complexities of language and the tongue-twisting burdens of semantics. The scream can easily transcend those cultural nurturings such as educational hierarchies and lingual limitations, returning one to the state of a wise and wailing child.

She lives in this house over there
Has her world outside it
Scrabbles in the earth with her fingers
and her mouth
She's five years old

Threads worms on a string
Keeps spiders in her pocket
Collects fly wings in a jar
Scrubs horse flies
And pinches them on a line
Ohhh...!

She has one friend, he lives next door
They're listening to the weather
He knows how many freckles she's got
She scratches his beard

She's painting huge books
And glues them together
They saw a big raven
It glided down the sky
She touched it
Ohh...!

Today is her birthday
They're smoking cigars
He's got a chain of flowers
And sews a bird in her knickers
Ohhh...!

In 'Birthday', Björk sings about a 5 year old girl who touches ravens and keeps spiders in her pocket. I feel like there is a similar intention present within her voice, within her scream, to "reach out" towards this embodiment of nature within her immediate surroundings- To scream in excitement from the strange and cheeky joy of pinching 'horse-flies'.

I value Björk's scream as a gibberish of the throat and chest, as an undoing of verbosity, a destruction of the wordiness of words; a refusal to partake in the symbolic structures of language. As utopic as it may sound, I believe this particular scream can perform as a bridge between the singular and the communal; taking one from the initial source of 'I' to a sense of 'us'. There is potentiality within the scream to expand from one throat into the chests of many. Whether live or amplified by speakers and earphones, it reverberates from one body into multiple bodies. The expansion of the scream and of the voice, as noted by LaBelle, is a space which embodies, "all that may drive us beyond ourselves;" a space that invites, "metaphorical, social and erotic gathering." Björk's lyrics, at once cheeky and sensual, wherein she "sews a bird in her knickers...ohhhh..." display an unhindered, unfettered freedom of expressivity of one's sexuality. Why not rejoice in the sensual act of sewing a bird into one's knickers and in all that this may imply! Her scream and the joy that displays is an absolute refusal for pleasure to be limited by its cursory identifications.

Pinocchio's scream

...And here, another voice joins the cacophony of voices and shrills, that of a little wooden boy who goes by the name of Pinocchio...

In Walt Disney's animated rendition of Carlo Collodi's timeless 'coming-of-age' children's' tale, a scene of much significance is that of Pinocchio, the marionette, diving into the bottom of the sea in search for his father, Geppetto, whom a monstrous whale name Monstro has swallowed. For the duration of this montage, the animation follows Pinocchio as he meanders starry-eyed through a plush and colourful sea-scape of algae, corals and anemones, calling out to his incapacitated

FoAoAoAoAoTH HoEoEPoRc

As Pinocchio attempts to project his voice under the water, the air from his mouth collides with the water that surrounds him producing bubbles, smothering his voice, to an almost dove-like cooing, but wetter. Trembling and quivering, this voice allows for a very tender and sweet affect. Pinocchio joyfully bounces across vast spreads of floral sea-weeds, which, thick with colour, open towards him like gaping mouths or tulips. In the vicinity a little fish flirts and teases, playfully. This scene, with its sensual detail and visual generosity, is mesmerizing enough to perhaps make the viewer forget, that, in the meanwhile, Gepetto is being digested in Monstro's belly. The juxtaposition of the gambling Pinocchio to Monstro who lurks in the darkness and isolation of the near-unknown, allows for the emergence of certain intersections between fragility and danger, like a meeting point for violence and vulnerability. Could Pinocchio's vulnerable scream act as a vessel through which to approach notions of the sensuous on the one hand and the dangerous on the other?

In my opinion, the scream acts like a shield- a protective armour which shades Pinocchio from the traumatic event that he must soon face, that of being swallowed by Monstro the monstrous whale. His is a soft shield, but one with great power, the power of a singular voice- like a loaded gun of semantic meaning. Pinocchio's scream, doused in sweet emotion, is one that every 'monster' should truly fear. As the words "Father" and "Monstro" vibrate out of Pinocchio's chest, they twist around his wooden tongue, bursting into bubbles and frightening the sea-creatures around him. How is it possible that something as fragile as the skin of a water-bubble can contain such significations of terror and violence? Moreover, how can these significations of fear, for the creatures of the ocean be mediated by the single voice of a harmless wooden Puppet?

Productivity and Surface Tension

Keeping in mind the sensuality of ocean flora in Pinocchio and the tender skin of bubbles, I would like to corroborate the notions of 'Surface Tension' with Heidegger's statements on boredom. Can the simple, sensuous form of a 'water bubble' speak of productivity and boredom?

There is something titillating in the state of a brimming cup of tea, when the surface of the fluid is tense over the edge of a glass, just about to flow over but from some fascinating force of 'sticky' molecules, doesn't. There is excitement in the potential of this, in the cheeky possibility of intervention, of teasing the fluids out of this state of perfect tension. In his seminal text *Being and Time*, Heidegger states that when we are bored by something, it is actually because we cannot let it go -"We are compelled by it, bound to it for whatever reason."* If boredom is the opposite of productivity, then perhaps, by Heidegger's definition, a state of boredom compels an urgency for discovery? Perhaps it is the catalyst that urges one to burst into a form of self-willed productivity or reproductivity. In seeing a vessel brimming with fluid, I am held fast by it because I am curious of its form and the feeling that it brings to me. Is not letting go of this feeling, by Heidegger's definition, boredom? Is wanting to create something from the surface tension of this fluid by teasing its limits with the tip of a finger, stretching its boundaries to see how far will it go before the surface pops also boredom? Alternatively, if one was to conduct an experiment of say "the surface tension of the tea in a cup" or render a reproduction of the "image of popping water" would that be considered as productive?

The tension that is held within the surface of a brimming cup of tea, I think, carries the same fragility and vulnerability within the bubbles of Pinocchio's scream. The brimming tea-cup, with its tethered potential, refuses notions of productivity by rebelling against any one specific, expected or demanded outcome. It is an affirmation of an in-between state; contained within the fragile and slippery structures of water, as little molecules stick together very closely at the rim of a glassy surface, refusing to provide satisfaction, by perpetually refusing the state of finality.

The three characters detailed above, those of Pipilotti Rist, Bjork and Pinocchio, are, as I see it, embodiments of the attitude of resistance and rebellion; they are 'half-children,' who joyfully refuse the societal massacre of adolescence and forced productivity

* "In becoming bored by something we are precisely still held fast [festgehalten] by that which is boring, we do not yet let it go [wir lassen es selbst noch nicht los], or we are compelled by it, bound to it for whatever reason."
- Martin Heidegger, Hyperlink lost (502 Bad Gateway)

within them. Pinocchio, a wooden marionette, is surrounded by representatives of society who impose the classical expectations and norms upon him meant for a 'real' boy as he displays the innocent hysterics that best suit his personality. The narrative of Pinocchio's tale is scored throughout with the good-willed and morally driven voices of his father Geppetto and Jiminy Cricket, imposing notions of boyhood onto him, simultaneously banishing the natural, wooden self that is true to his nature. The notion of productivity in this scenario is attached to the structure that is imposed onto Pinocchio in order for him to become a 'real boy' or in other words, an adequate member of society. He is expected to go to school, and work hard and well within a structure he does not understand, much less belong to. Pinocchio's resistance and rebellion against his father's impositions of societal expectations drives him into a perpetual state of boredom, the surface of which ruptures when he decides to jump into the ocean in a rescuing attempt of his father from Monstro. This act that urges Pinocchio to produce something out of his state of supposed boredom and leads him towards the stepping stones of his transformation into a 'real-boy. Then perhaps it is not unsafe to say that Pinocchio's indulgence and ultimate boredom from them is what catalyzes his eventual heroism. In other words, if Pinocchio had not wiled his time away at Pleasure Island and tired himself of the distracts it had to offer, he would never have gone in search of Papa' Geppetto.

Teasing tea cups as a rebellion to what is supposed to be done at snack time

Dear b-brimming,
and b-bubbling as a state of b-being.
It's me, Tea.
I am Brimming at the edge of a cup's rims, I am a still fluid- apparently.
Tease me with your finger tip and I will overflow
Out of titillation!
Spilling my quivery guts on the edges of glass
with anticipation - haha!
Revealing that my static appearance was only a facade for the fluid flux of flublublublif
Finger me and you will see that stillness does not exist.
Does this mean that boredom is debatable? Has boredom today been replaced by Anxiety?
There is no such thing as doing no-thing. (Ya, Hallo)
Sitting in total silence, slipping to observe.
Drum roll Suddenly Some Art appears!
Is making art like dancing on the craters of the volcanoes of suffering, knowing that you will fall
in every once in a while?
Hmmmmmm.... interesting.... Don't want to think about it now but thanks a lot for the insight,
Shmandi.
Better Go and do nothing in Silence-Sit
Down -
Don't touch your finger. The tip of your finger is not boring, but buzzing in bonkers.
Tomorrow I am doing nothing.
Tomorrow I will have a conversation with the
Tip
Of
My
Finger.
Of course, I am being productive.
But
How much happier would my finger be?
In a cave kind of place?
Sitting cross-legged in there and living off a self-produced nectar that would trickle down from
the palate onto the tongue?
I would lick at it like a silent dog.
A silent finger.
But,
Suddenly Screaming!
No! Don't go! You can't leave us! There are so many nice things here, in this kind of
Place.
Let's play together, like friends.
Hold my hand and walk with me, then sometimes you will scream alone.
A big, big scream! Like a big, big train to carry my pain, shook by the bubbles of rain
Of Amsterdam-where is my Umbrella? I don't have one.
Maybe Uber-topia?
Maybe I will just stop here and have a Caramell-o-Cappuccino Bambino in a Business Bell Be-
hind me! Over took me!
By a finger!
Finger me and you will see the B-ubbling cup of B-brimming Tea,
Is moving inside of
Yours,
T(oo)ruly.

Me, Mamma, the Apple and I

By introducing a fictional diary-entry I wrote titled *Me, Mamma, The Apple and I*, I would like to move from Pinocchio's hopeful and youthful scream into the notions of exchange of voice and body between a mother and a child. This will then continue into a more harsh reflection of the scream within Gregor Samsa's desperate screech in Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*. This chapter is dedicated to firstly pointing to the importance within the designation of words and the value within a kind of communication that is non-verbal. Contrastingly, it will go on to determine the value of the signification of words, leading an introduction of an alternative to the previously interpreted concepts of screaming, distance and identification. This will hopefully take us into a distancing from the singular identities of the so-far appointed 'screamers' into a notion which includes their screams into a perspective that is more wholesome.

Dear diary! My name is Pinocchia and my first word was Apple. My mother's name is Geppetta. In English this sounds like 'Jehpettah'. She told me that my very first word was Apple - I am not an apple, obviously. These names and these words were important for me not to go running around my school, yelling to the other children that my name is Apple and I like to eat a Mamma who is called a Pinocchia! Haha, so funny - Mark is such a loser anyways? he was like 'blablabla' its not a plant DUH its a ~~plant~~ and I was all like - YAHOK whatever! major loser pants! hehehe! (ops sorry.) In school today I learned that because of a plant-stem that comes from the ground and an Italian man which grows in all kinds of different directions at once I can also look at things as I want to as more together in one kind of thing. So, sometimes Mamma Geppetta's eyes totally shine like an apple, on their surface I saw my face once, it was hot that day so my cheeks were flushed and red like the Apple I put on my teacher's desk today because I am such a very good girl!

In Berardi's *The Uprising; on Poetry and Finance*, a fact states that in recent generations, children have begun to learn more words from machines than they do from their mothers*. He asserts that this has negatively affected certain cognitive and social aspects within individuals, most of which are those sensibilities that aid in the understanding of non-verbal communication and body language. Although learning language through the machine allows faster connections to be made between symbols and their meanings, they deprive an individual of the skill to understand the meanings beyond the symbols that accompany words and deprive children of a deeper understanding of the pauses and silences that linger in-between words. These pauses and silences play an affective role in understanding the distance, and thus the closeness, between a child and their mother's body. Berardi notions that an integral feeling of trust is removed from language, in the absence of the mother's voice. This voice, emanating from within the maternal body, is a point of trust-worthy reference where, as children, we learn the meaning of things as the sound given to them moves through a warm, familiar body and onto our own. In the case of machine-learning, this exchange is replaced with the connective and semiotic labour involved in acquiring information from text on a screen. I lay particular emphasis on the importance of voice here; of the vibrations produced by the human body, carried within the voice, permeating from one body to another. Not only does this represent a method of communication and an exchange of symbols and meaning, but more so, this affirms the trust-worthy power that a voice carries when it surpasses the boundaries of these significations.

In the way of demonstration let us consider Kafka's morbid novella, *The Metamorphosis*. Gradually, abandoned by his Mother and Father, Gregor Samsa, who used to be a Travelling Salesman, physically and psychologically transforms into a monstrous beetle. The more isolated he is from his family, the more Gregor transforms, ultimately losing his human voice entirely. His attempts to communicate are limited to insect-like cries and his words no longer form the same significations they once did. As his human memory begins to fade, the sound of his mother's voice and her words become an 'arousal'**, to recall a past in which he too

* Franco "Bifo" Berardi, *The Uprising: On Poetry and Finance*, Los Angeles, Semiotext(e), p.107.

** "...Was he then at this point already on the verge of forgetting and was it only the voice of his mother, which he had not heard for along time, that had aroused him?" Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*, New York, Simon and Schuster, 2009, p.54.

could speak. Gregor's penultimate attempt to communicate, given his frightening appearance, is cruelly rewarded by an apple, violently thrown at him by his father, forevermore drowning his voice and eventually leading to his death.

The story of Gregor Samsa and his animal-sounds brings about a different perspective to the scream. Unlike Bjork's scream, the signification of words here represent an important value to an individual who reaches out to communicate. The singularised and grotesquely different creature that Gregor transforms into ostracises his voice from his identity and whatever sound or scream he produces, simply highlights the fact that he is like an alien to his family. In this case, screaming is only a downfall for him, it is no more valuable than the rotting apple stuck in his back.

*Screaming for Priscilla -
Replicating Beyond the Singular Voice*

So far, the scream has been analysed under the light of singular entities whether coming from the voices of artists or fictional characters. I would like to introduce these screams towards something which may expand their understanding beyond the sometimes shackling identifications which tether them to their singularity as human-like individuals. A way of doing this could be by taking distance from these individuals that have screamed so far, and zoom into a more microscopic and metaphorical representation of the scream, remembering to include the ideas of distance that this representation may carry. I would like to take this total detour from the human voice and the scream into a short story titled Priscilla. Written by Italo Calvino, this story is narrated between the vaguely shifting perspectives of a human narrator and a cellular organism. The narrator personifies this singular cell, appointing it with human emotions and desires, whilst describing factual information on cell division, mitosis and meiosis, the behaviour of DNA and genes and when a cell undergoes the 'replication' of itself. The act of cellular division and replication is described as if it is coming from a mysterious and passionate urgency that is beyond human understanding. What is simply happening in the broader narrative of this story, is the human narrator's attempt to describe his love for another human character named Priscilla. Something so distant from literature's usual depictions of romance, becomes a metaphor for an indescribable, unknown and unconditional-kind of love. The properties of a very human-like quivering, described as inherent qualities belonging to a cellular organism, seem to urge this same organism to expand and be pulled into a new form of being. Like a scream or a romantic calling to Priscilla, it is the same love for her character that drives this singular cell to 'replicate'. What is being depicted here, is a larger concept of love through the incredibly microscopic membranes of a biological process. The poetic gesture of appointing human emotions to a simple cell, or at very least blurring the boundaries between the two, I find, to be another way to use distance as a tool for understanding. Similar to

Pipilotti's distant scream, the narrative of a microscopic process gives us space as readers to see something that happens inside of our bodies from an external lens. What Calvino achieves through this strange marriage between Biology and Romance, is to spark a little rebellion against the segregation of poetry and art from the very hierarchical structures of empirical science. Thus, by distancing the notions of love from the emotional, non-rational human figure and imposing it unto the cold, factual and insentient 'cell,' and watching it unfold outside (and by extension, inside) of us, we can arrive at a deeper understanding of such a complex concept such as love.

() = microscope

(Always Opening)

Open to host the bouncy and
 Devoted vibrations
 That shape
 And mould the air.
 To only reach the ears:
 Shells and portals to the palace
 of
 The
 Body.
 Resonating and shaking! shock from the air!
 That was shaped by the lips of another

Only to form those shapes
 in the new body
 2 bodies
 3 bodies
 4 bodies
 MORE...?

The singular scream travels distances from Pipilotti Rist's dismantling of hysteria and violence, along the unifying rhythms of Popular music. It then bounces with Björk's *Birthday* into a quivery and bubbly explosion of an Ancestral-kind of sensuality - only to reach the ears of Pinocchio, who must travel to the depths of an ocean to discover that the 'skin' between air and water is akin to a meeting point between violence and vulnerability. The singular scream embodies more than the identity politics of the screamer- Pipilotti's scream is not bound to the sound of hysteria, no less than Björk's is bound to exploding. It is more than these screams refusing the naming of their particular identifications, or a so called resistance to the powers which identify them as such. For example, the naming of Gregor Samsa as a monstrous and scary bug is what also imbues unto his scream the value of fear.

More than the cognitive oppression of Berardi's 'distance' from mothers, or John Maus' hysterical shaking as a means to rupture Capitalism into rapture, the scream is an emancipation and an affirmation of the very powers within the body and within the natural forces that can be shaken and activated through the sensuous channels of the mouth and the throat. These forces shake and extend like Ancestral *Songlines* to reach the ears and bodies of others. The palpitations of the chest are like a forceful urge that want to vibrate beyond the structures imposed on a voice, on sensuality and on language itself. The scream is a like call for the abstraction of language through sound, reaching for a clarity that lives in-between the words of LaBelle and Cavarero. Moreover, the urgent vibrating of a singular cell, calling for its own expansion too is limited by Calvino's passion. These screams embody a joyful, bombastic kind of love, perhaps lying dormant in the spaces between each cell, in the distance between each cell- waiting to be heard. If listened to with ears- uncorrupted by the act of identifying- the scream can seduce the listener to multiply and rejoice within its resonance. The identity of the screamer affirms resistance, but above, in-between, beneath and beyond the limits of this identity, it rejoices in and loves this distance, screaming out: (I) am here! (You) are welcome to join me.

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Contents

AAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAA	3
Pipilotti's Scream	5
<i>A little Rabbit in My Mouth</i>	11
Bjork's Scream	12
Pinocchio's Scream	17
<i>Teasing Teacups as a Rebellion to What is Supposed to be Done at Snack Time</i>	21
Me, Mamma the Apple and I	22
Screaming for Priscilla : Replicating Beyond the Singular Voice	25
<i>Always Opening</i>	27
Conclusion	29
Bibliography	31
Colophon	35

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