

Punk explained what must be done
and then it destroyed itself.

As an artist, I can take any position, any voice, that I want.

I met a happy man
a structuralist filmmaker...
he said we are fond of you
you are charming
but don't ask us
to look at your films
we cannot
there are certain films
we cannot look at
the personal clutter
the persistence of feelings...
he said you can do as I do
take one clear process
follow its strictest
implications intellectually
establish a system of
permutations establish
their visual set...

he protested
you are unable to appreciate
the system of the grid
the numerical rational
procedures—
the Pythagorean cues—

I saw my failings were worthy
of dismissal I'd be buried
alive my works lost...

You
could have had it all
but you didn't call
me.

A woman's flesh is her soul.

A woman's soul is her flesh.

Is it really?

When my hair was cropped,
I craved a veil,
but now my hair itself is a veil.

auf Wiedersehen, Pina.
June 30, 2009

O gentlest mediatrix...

I'll lead you into the radiant light of the flower of the rod.

Where is this champion? Where is this great love? Where the prizegiver?

O! Shame-fastedness, protect my inner consciousness against filth!

Maidenhood, you remain within the royal chamber...

How sweetly you burn in the King's embraces.

Gentle maiden, you will never know the shadow over the falling flower!

Life after death will be much longer than life before it.

In classic style, I wore the mask until it became my face.

The ineffable bliss of lovers
who enter each other and are so completely absorbed in each other
that they are no longer able to distinguish their individual selves...
Mouth to mouth,
heart upon heart,
body within body,
soul to soul

don't move too slow

Work is sacred.

Secrets are impossible here.

It is necessary to forget, in order to go on living.

Pure myrrh
dripping off my fingers
upon the bolt.

She is putting away the world
Perishing out of season
She is dying into holy life
Say goodbye to the girl you knew but did not know

He spared the child and spoiled the rod. I have not sold myself to God.
I am lying peacefully and my knees are open to the sun.

I am the spring, the holy ground,
the endless seed of mystery,
the thorn, the veil, the face of grace,
the brazen image, the thief of sleep,
the ambassador of dreams, the prince of peace.
I am the sword, the wound, the stain.
Scorned transfigured child of Cain.

Love is a banquet on which we feed.

I was lost in a valley of pleasure
I was lost in an infinite sea.
I was lost, and measure for measure,
Love spewed from the heart of me.

Passing through
passing through memory.
Not mad anymore.
(just pissed off)

Memory

ghost people
very kind to me.
Sleeping, ever.

"In his hands I saw a large golden spear, and at its iron tip there seemed to be a point of fire. I felt as if he plunged this into my heart several times so that it penetrated all the way to my entrails. When he drew it out, he seemed to draw them out with it, and left me totally inflamed with a great love for God. The pain was so severe, it made me moan several times.

The sweetness of the intense pain is so extreme, there is no wanting it to end, and the soul is not satisfied with anything less than God."

On the brink of kitsch
and absolute beauty..

...mounted by the Tempter...

He arranges everything perfectly.

What have we done, straying to realms of sin?

I sigh for you...

Oh, grievous toil,

oh, harsh weight that I bear
in the dress of this life...

It is too greivous for me to fight against my body.

What is this mystery in me?

Woe is me, I cannot complete
this dress I have put on.
Indeed I want to cast it off!

Fatue, Fatue!

Punk nostalgia seems to be every year...I think people keep going back to it because it's a thing that can't be repeated...What people don't understand is when punk started it was so innocent and not aware of being looked at or being a phenomenon and that's what everyone gets wrong. You can't consciously create something that's important, it's a combination of chemistry, conditions, the environment, everything and it's not something you can orchestrate. It's a freak of nature and I love stuff like that.

O Sweetest Summoner...

Ah, but a burning sweetness swallowed me up in sins...

The great surgeon has suffered harsh and bitter wounds for your sake.

All your virtues are simply daughters of fear.

Your fervent supplicant...

Life is short, art long, opportunity fleeting.

The lights were violet and white. I had an ornamental veil, but I couldn't bear to use it.

I love you, Merce.
July 26, 2009

I didn't differentiate. It [punk] was the first thing that was unisex, and that kind of followed on from the androgyny of Bowie, but taking it further. There were tough girls and tough boys. It was trying to break down the stereotypes and it was the kind of thing where, for the first time, women were on a par and not seen as just objects. Though girls were objectified still.

Writers and artists cited:

Alex Melamid

Patti Smith

Hildegard of Bingen, *Ordo Virtutum*

Robert Hansen, *Mariette in Ecstasy*

Kim Gordon

Caroline Walker Bynum, *Holy Feast, Holy Fast*

Richard Hell

Hippocrates, *Aphorisms*

Hadewyck of Antwerp

Deborah Harry

Nikos Kasantzakis, *The Last Temptation of Christ*

Jimmy Tsutomu Mirikitani

Carolee Schneemann

Siouxsie Sioux

Saint Theresa of Avila

Hannah Wilke