

Art Los Angeles Contemporary presents the debut of Scott Benzel's *W.W.A.R. / Die Dritte Generation for belt sanders, amplified newton's cradles, bass speakers, glass, magnetic tape, viola, violin, and voice*

Performed by Megan Daalder, Allison Wyper, Jos McCain, Cassia Streb, Sachiyo Yoshimoto, and Scott Benzel

incorporating elements of *Die Dritte Generation* by Rainer Werner Fassbinder- Subtitles by International Broadcast Facilities, *The World as Will and Representation* and *Noise* by Arthur Schopenhauer, translated from the German by R.B. Haldane and J. Kemp, quotes regarding 911 from a press conference given by Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Spam by the Internet

and incorporating elements of *Sines for Michael Asher (2011)*, *Recombinant Folk History and Non-Genre I for Belt Sanders and Female Black Metal Guitarist (2012)*, and *(Threnody) A beginnner's Guide to Mao Tse Tung (2012)* by Scott Benzel

A comedy in several parts full of excitement,  
suspense, logic, cruelty and madness...  
...like the fairytales we tell children  
to help them through life until death

Dedicated to someone who truly loves.  
So to no one - probably

I pray daily to Michael, but not to Lucifer. I have renounced him.  
But he is very much present, like in New York recently.

Well, what happened there is, of course  
—now all of you must adjust your brains—  
the biggest work of art there has ever been.

The fact that spirits achieve with one act something which we in music could  
never dream of,  
that people practise ten years madly, fanatically for a concert. And then die.

And that is the greatest work of art that exists for the whole Cosmos.  
Just imagine what happened there.

There are people who are so concentrated on this single performance,  
and then five thousand people are driven to Resurrection.  
In one moment. I couldn't do that.

Compared to that, we are nothing, as composers.

[...] It is a crime, you know of course, because the people did not agree to it.  
They did not come to the "concert". That is obvious.  
And nobody had told them: "You could be killed in the process."

In my work, I have defined Lucifer as the cosmic spirit of rebellion, of anarchy.  
He uses his high degree of intelligence to destroy creation.  
He does not know love.

After further questions about the events in America,

I said that such a plan appeared to be Lucifer's greatest work of art.

Of course I used the designation "work of art" to mean the work of destruction  
personified in Lucifer.

In the context of my other comments this was unequivocal.

"The world is my idea "

what one knows is not a sun and an earth,  
but only an eye that sees a sun,  
a hand that feels an earth

The world as will and idea.  
-I understand

Schopenhauer said...  
..."Man's existence  
is no more important...  
..."than that of a stone."  
And that's really stupid

-But that's ridiculous  
"No more important than a stone"

That's for people  
who can't do anything with their lives  
The likes of them need a war...  
...to realise that their lives  
count for a lot more than a stone

It used to be very different.  
Every generation needs a war  
Otherwise all human values  
go to the dogs

And people don't know how exciting  
it is between wars and  
in war they get stupid ideas into their heads,  
dim-witted and cowardly ideas

The papers are complete.  
-The world as will and idea  
The world as will and idea.  
-Understood

*When I look at myself in a mirror  
bordered with precious jewels...  
... and see my vagina flushed  
from the wind and from walking...  
... I would like to give myself  
to the first person who comes along...  
... in the name of love  
But my love for the Skullcutter  
is exclusive*

*A mountain of unbounded pleasure*

*He makes me open my legs*

*And his desire  
and ecstasy tells me..*

*..."You are the fille de joie I have..."*

*..."to cool me and to set me on fire"*

*I beg you, creation of my father...  
... open your legs. Lick yourself*

"The world is my idea "

what one knows is not a sun and an earth,  
but only an eye that sees a sun,  
a hand that feels an earth.

*you have this strange game  
with the balls, too  
-Of course. We all do.  
It's a sort of code, you see  
The video player, too*

The truth, which must be very serious and impressive if not awful to every one,  
is that a man can also say and must say, " the world is my will."

For as the world is in one aspect entirely idea, so in another it is entirely will

in the meantime, we must regard all presented objects,  
even our own bodies,  
merely as ideas, and call them merely ideas

For the body is an object among objects,  
and is conditioned by the laws of objects

behold a world of which you cannot say  
either that it is or that it is not:

for it is like a dream

it is like the sunshine on the sand which the traveller takes from afar for water,  
or the stray piece of rope he mistakes for a snake.

If a big diamond is cut up into pieces, it immediately loses its value as a whole; or if an army is scattered or divided into small bodies, it loses all its power; and in the same way a great intellect has no more power than an ordinary one as soon as it is interrupted, disturbed, distracted, or diverted; for its superiority entails that it concentrates all its strength on one point and object, just as a concave mirror concentrates all the rays of light thrown upon it.

Konx Om Pax

Noisy interruption prevents this concentration. This is why the most eminent intellects have always been strongly averse to any kind of disturbance, interruption and distraction, and above everything to that violent interruption which is caused by noise;

other people do not take any particular notice of this sort of thing.

The most intelligent of all the European nations has called "Never interrupt" the eleventh commandment.

But noise is the most impertinent of all interruptions, for it not only interrupts our own thoughts but disperses them.

Where, however, there is nothing to interrupt, noise naturally will not be felt particularly.

Sometimes a trifling but incessant noise torments and disturbs me for a time, and before I become distinctly conscious of it I feel it merely as the effort of thinking becomes more difficult, just as I should feel a weight on my foot; then I realise what it is.

But to pass from genus to species, the truly infernal cracking of whips in the narrow resounding streets of a town must be denounced as the most unwarrantable and disgraceful of all noises.

It deprives life of all peace and sensibility. Nothing gives me so clear a grasp of the stupidity and thoughtlessness of mankind as the tolerance of the cracking of whips. This sudden, sharp crack which paralyses the brain, destroys all meditation, and murders thought, must cause pain to any one who has anything like an idea in his head.

Hence every crack must disturb a hundred people applying their minds to some activity, however trivial it may be; while it disjoins and renders painful the meditations of the thinker; just like the executioner's axe when it

severs the head from the body.

No sound cuts so sharply into the brain as this cursed cracking of whips; one feels the prick of the whip-cord in one's brain, which is affected in the same way as the mimosa pudica is by touch, and which lasts the same length of time. With all respect for the most holy doctrine of utility, I do not see why a fellow who is removing a load of sand or manure should obtain the privilege of killing in the bud the thoughts that are springing up in the heads of about ten thousand people successively. (He is only half-an-hour on the road.)

Hammering, the barking of dogs, and the screaming of children are abominable; but it is only the cracking of a whip that is the true murderer of thought.

*... I would like to give myself  
to the first person who comes along...  
... in the name of love*

*But my love for the Skullcutter  
is exclusive*

*A mountain of unbounded pleasure*

*He makes me open my legs*

*And his desire  
and ecstasy tells me..*

*..."You are the fille de joie I have...*

*..."to cool me and to set me on fire"*

*I beg you, creation of my father...  
... open your legs. Lick yourself*

Sad News

This message is coming to you with great depression due to my state of discomfort.

I came down here to Manila,Philippine with my family for a short vacation

but unfortunately, we were mugged and robbed at the park of the hotel where we stayed.

All cash, credit cards and cell phones were stolen off us but we still have our lives and passports.

We've been to the embassy and the police here and they have done the best they can.

Our flight leaves in less than 12hrs from now but we are having problems settling the hotel bills and the hotel manager won't let us leave until we settle the bills which is (\$1,950). I am contacting you to ask for a short loan which I will refund immediately I get my family back home safely. Let me know if you can help.

Looking forward to positive response.

Best Regards,

it is only the cracking of a whip that is the true murderer of thought.

Its object is to destroy every favourable moment that one now and then may have for reflection.

If there were no other means of urging on an animal than by making this most disgraceful of all

noises, one would forgive its existence.

But it is quite the contrary:this cursed cracking of whips is not only unnecessary but even useless.

The effect that it is intended to have on the horse mentally becomes quite blunted and ineffective;

since the constant abuse of it has

accustomed the horse to the crack, he does not quicken his pace for it.

This is especially noticeable in the unceasing crack of the whip which comes from an empty vehicle as it is being driven at its slowest rate to

pick up a fare. The slightest touch with the whip would be more effective. Allowing, however, that it were absolutely necessary to remind the horse of the presence of the whip by continually cracking it, a crack that made one hundredth part of the noise would be sufficient.

It is well known that animals in regard to hearing and seeing notice the slightest indications, even indications that are scarcely perceptible to ourselves. Trained dogs and canary birds furnish astonishing examples of this. Accordingly, this cracking of whips must be regarded as something purely wanton; nay, as an impudent defiance, on the part of those who work with their hands, offered to those who work with their heads.

That such infamy is endured in a town is a piece of barbarity and injustice, the more so as it could be easily removed by a police notice requiring every whip cord to have a knot at the end of it. It would do no harm to draw the proletariat's attention to the classes above him who work with their heads; for he has unbounded fear of any kind of head work.

A fellow who rides through the narrow streets of a populous town with unemployed post-horses or cart-horses, unceasingly cracking with all his strength a whip several yards long, instantly deserves to dismount and receive five really good blows with a stick. If all the philanthropists in the world, together with all the legislators, met in order to bring forward their reasons for the total abolition of corporal punishment, I would not be persuaded to the contrary.

I've been tipped off  
that something is about to happen

I don't know what exactly, but when it gets  
going, it will be time for us to act

That's why we need the new papers  
now. ID cards, driving licences, etc.

in the meantime, we must regard all presented objects,  
even our own bodies,  
merely as ideas, and call them merely ideas

For the body is an object among objects,  
and is conditioned by the laws of objects

You're having more trouble than usual  
concentrating today

*... see my vagina flushed  
from the wind and from walking...*

*... I would like to give myself  
to the first person that comes along...*

*... in the name of love*

*But my love for the Skullcutter  
is exclusive...*

What is this? Did you write it?

No. It's a young French girl  
who committed suicide when she was 17  
It's a strange story. There are  
no photos of her, only these recordings

As long as art is sad, life isn't

*...the instinct to command others...  
...in its primitive essence...  
...is a carnivorous, savage instinct*

Then under the influence of it...

*... violence against objects*

I used to say...

.. that violence against objects  
leads to violence against humans

Unfortunately, I was right

...it went through all forms  
of slavery and obedience...

...gradually taking on  
a more human form...

...and sometimes  
regressing into barbarism

Today... exploitation... money.

For the body is an object among objects,  
and is conditioned by the laws of objects.

Those who, outside the cave, have seen the true sunlight  
and the things that have true being (Ideas),  
cannot afterwards see properly down in the cave,  
because their eyes are not accustomed to the darkness;  
they cannot distinguish the shadows, and are jeered at for their mistakes  
by those who have never left the cave and its shadows.

The will, considered purely in itself, is without knowledge,  
and is merely a blind incessant impulse,  
as we see it appear in unorganised and vegetable nature and their laws,  
and also in the vegetative part of our own life,  
receives through the addition of the world as idea,  
which is developed in subjection to it,  
the knowledge of its own willing and of what it is that it wills.

I'll keep my sights on the pigs,  
and if something goes wrong, I'll shoot  
through the keyhole

The pig's on the prowl again  
He's getting closer... and closer  
I think he's coming in here

Tell me what isn't forbidden!  
-Everything... that is allowed  
Good. And what is allowed?  
It's simple.  
Everything that's not forbidden is allowed

Just when I was dying for a pee  
the fuzz had to come along

Life, the visible world, the phenomenon, is only the mirror of the will.  
Life accompanies the will as inseparably as the shadow accompanies the body.

Marianne Klein  
Marianne Klein  
My name is Marianne Klein  
Marianne Klein  
I was born in Berlin  
on 17th February 1948  
I'm married with one child.  
I'm a bookseller  
My name is...  
My name is David Greenbaum  
I was born in Berlin  
on 17th February 1948  
I'm married with one child.  
I'm a bookseller  
Again!  
My name's David Greenbaum  
I was born in Berlin on 17th February  
1948. What are you called?  
My name's Sarah Greenbaum.  
Maiden name, Stiefel  
I was born in Königsberg  
on 25th December 1950  
I'm married with one child,  
a housewife

No one will suspect us  
with the baby  
What idiot would go into hiding with a  
baby. It's the best possible disguise

- My name's David Greenbaum  
- My name's Sarah Greenbaum  
Born in Berlin on 17th February 1948.  
Married, one child  
My name's Sarah Greenbaum.  
Maiden name, Stiefel  
I was born in Konigsberg  
on 25th December 1950  
- My name is David Greenbaum  
...housewife  
...born on 25th December 1950  
- My name is David Greenbaum  
...17th February 1948, married, one child  
...Stiefel  
...married  
- My name's David Greenbaum. Born...  
...married, one child.  
...Berlin. Married, one child

We demand the release of all political  
prisoners

- All of them?

Yes, but...

- What do you mean, 'but'?

Well, I just mean... why?

-Because that's what you do

Right. It's normal

- That's right.

Of course, it's right

That's why you're here.

Today is Tuesday 27 February 1979

The last day of carnival madness

I'm being held prisoner in the name

of the people, for the good of the people

Is it OK like that? Are you happy with it?

- Is the writing the right size now?

can you speak a bit louder

when the tape's playing?

Let's try it again  
Move a bit more to the left.  
A bit, a bit, a bit! Yes, stay like that  
Will you get out of shot back there!  
Turn the animal noises on  
The last day of carnival madness  
I am being held prisoner in the name  
of the people, for the good of the people  
Make it a little louder this time, please  
The last day of carnival madness  
I am being held prisoner in the name  
of the people, for the good of the people

I recently had a dream...  
...that capitalism invented terrorism  
to force the state to protect it better  
Very funny, isn't it?

For the body is an object among objects,  
and is conditioned by the laws of objects.

the body is an object among objects,  
and is conditioned by the laws of objects.