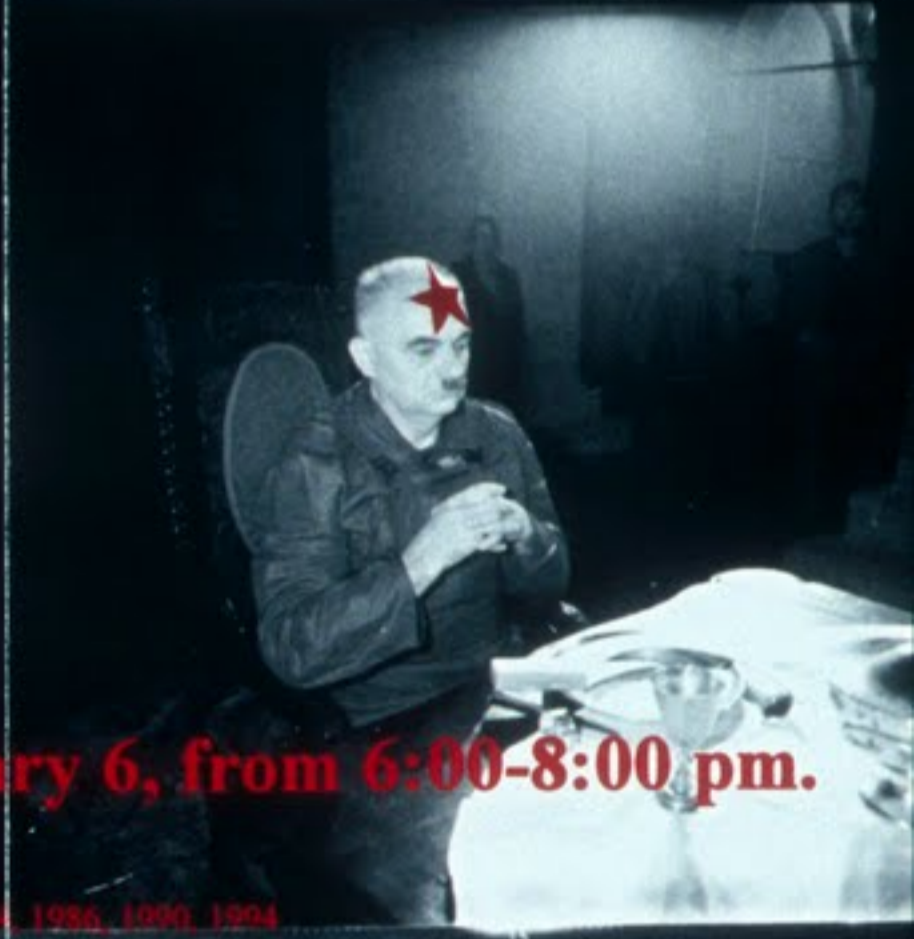
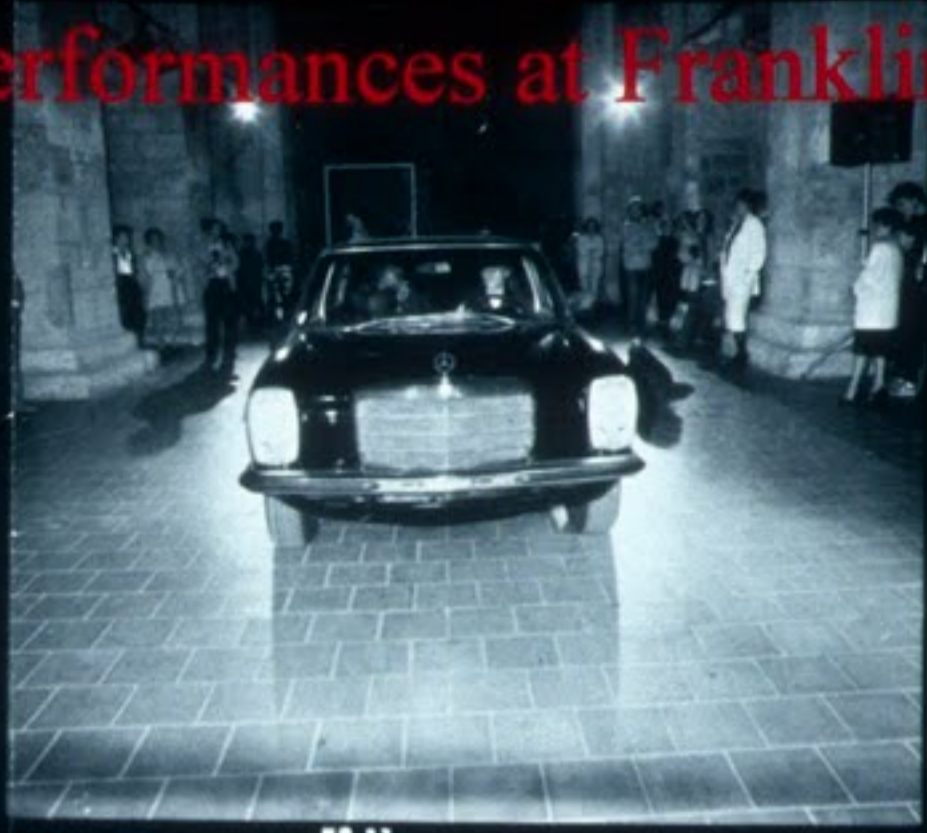


# TOMISLAV GOTOVAC

## POINT BLANK © 1994

Installation and Performances at Franklin Furnace Archive



From January 6 to January 31, 1994. Opening January 6, from 6:00-8:00 pm.  
Installation

Museum of People's Revolution of Tomislav Gotovac © 1984, 1986, 1990, 1994

Muzej revolucije naroda Tomislava Gotovca

Paranoia View Art (Homage to Glenn Miller) © 1984, 1994

Ugajnost paranoičnog pogleda (Homage Glenn Miller)

Documents ←—1956—1990—→ © 1986, 1990, 1994

Dokumenta ←—1956—1990—→

Performances

Sickle and Hammer and Red Star © 1984, 1994

Thursday, January 13, 7:00 pm

24 Images Per Sec. © 1994

Friday, January 21, 7:00 pm

Shooting Piece/ Sniper Pence © 1994

Thursday, January 27, 12:00-6:00 pm



Photography by Nino Semialjac © 1988

Tomislav Gotovac **Point Blank**

One day, when I woke up, everything had changed. Changed from what I thought things looked like, and especially changed from how I thought the relationships between those things came about.

It was difficult to figure out what was up and what was down, what was on one side and what was on the other, what was soft and what was hard, what was sweet and what was bitter.

*Panic in the Streets* ensued, when a *Young Man with a Horn* in front of the *Western Union* played *My Darling Clementine*, *Without Pity*, for *Fourteen Hours From Here to Eternity*.

What I liked best was observing, observing for observation sake. Observation was my monument, behind and on top of which I hid most of the time. Most of the time is to put it rather casually; it was in fact all of the time.

What is moral and what is immoral? What is ethics and what is aesthetics?

*Alexander Nevsky*, *The Bicycle Thief*, looked through the *Rear Window* and thought about *The Lost Weekend*, and it was *All Quiet on the Western Front*, as *Citizen Kane* said.

/A.Q.o.t.W.F., 1930/

Sometimes I was able to distinguish between different observations, but for the most part I couldn't. One kind of observation came when I had no consciousness of the outside world. Another, when I acted in the so-called real world and was in so-called full possession of the senses, at times perhaps hampered by alcohol or exhaustion. The third and perhaps the most important kind of observations were the ones in darkened spaces of someone else's images that would come into my field of vision at the rate of 24 per second, with a black, blank space separating each of these images.

Questions started accumulating: What is good and what is bad? Who are the bad guys and who are the good guys?

Under the *Gaslight* /1944/, having avoided *The Asphalt Jungle*, the *Notorious* watched with *Vampire - The Strange Adventure of Allan Gray* *The Death of a Salesman* /1951/ from *Show Boat* /1951/ and wondered what kind of a *Detective Story* it could be.

The first two kinds of observations, dream like and real life ones were gradually dissolving into observations of images /24 images per sec./ in darkened spaces. One day, all these observations merged into one single and singular observation /24 images per sec./, and all the rest was darkness.

What is paradise and what is hell? What is light and what is dark? How do we perceive God and the devil? Is it true that God so often appears in the guise of the devil?

It all started on the *Rio Grande*, where *I Was a Male War Bride* and saw the *Tragic Hunt* on the *Battle Ground* and heard *The Glenn Miller Story*.

Observation becomes a rhythm, a life in itself, with its light-whiteness and its dark-blackness, and a tempo that fills the rhythm of light and dark with silences and sounds /noises/.

Questions kept accumulating: What is a lie and what is the truth? Is it true that the devil often appears in the guise of God?

*Rashomon* started when *Strangers on a Train* met on *Sunset Boulevard* and *A Man Escaped* toward *A Place in the Sun*.

One day, when I woke up, everything had changed. Changed from what I thought the things looked like, and especially changed from how I thought the relationships between those things came about.

Dedicated to *Buster Keaton* and the *Marx Brothers*.

Zagreb/ New York, Fall 1993

Translated by Philip Philpovich.