

This is a speaker from the Grand Ol' Gellematrium Theater in Albany, New York. In it's day the Gellematrium was the most beautiful theater in the country. I saw On The Waterfront there, and all the great old black and white films. Back then, the film was printed on horse intestines and the light source for the projector was a wood stove that burned whatever trash you wanted to throw in there.

Back in the good old days, going to the movies was really something special. The seats in the theater were made out of velvet, and you would buy a pound of popcorn for a penny and they would slather it all over with hog grease and if you asked nicely they would even give you a little extra squirt of hog grease in your mouth from the grease gun.

Bogey's voice came booming out of this speaker, and I knew immediately that I wanted to be just like whatever. The smells and the sights and the old stale cigarette smoke and the rattling noisy machines. Nothing worked at all because everything was powered by a donkey that dragged a bag of rocks around on the floor.

This speaker and the others like it were all hooked up to the donkey's anus, and Bogey would make guest appearances every night that his movie played and shout his lines into the donkey's ear. There was a priest that played the piano, too. But the piano was really just a bag of rocks.

All the beautiful actors and actresses would wave their evening gowns around climb up and down the golden ladders that blocked the exits in case of fire.

The speaker kept getting louder and louder. 1001 Arabian Nights was on the screen but the sound seemed to be a magical mixture of Birth Of A Nation and Frankenstein. Bogey's voice was beautiful, like an air raid siren. Huge bucketloads of pig intestines were crashing through the roof of the Gellematrium. A little girl dropped her doll when her mother swept her off to shelter from the falling debris.

The camera zooms in on the doll. Now the voice of Bogey isn't coming from the speaker anymore. It's coming from the doll. There is gravel in the voice. Now it's Jimmy Durante. The doll has ten arms and is waving them around like Shiva the destroyer.

Close-up on Bogey. He knows exactly what is going on. He is the mastermind. The camera is jiggling all around but everything is according to plan. Oh no! We forgot to load film in the camera. It is flopping so much now, it seems like we tied it to a dog running up and down a flight of stairs. The dog doesn't mind though, he is in on our experimental filming techniques. He is co-author of this movie.

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