

Tiny Little Stories As An Attempt To Un-Define Video Art

The essential goal of video art is to broaden the idea that you may have of the poet's work, to show that the poet is not this soft curly lamb which goes bleating lyrical and enamoured rhymes.

Poets are those who **resist** Poets are those who take part in re-enchanting the world, those who make the Verb of the new electronic machines sing Poets are those who **bite off** the strings of all borders to make violins out of them, those who **smite** the mountains with their giant's hands to make the frenetic forests dance, those who **drown** the rooted shadow of injustices in the oceans, those who shout, those who cry, those who laugh, those who brush the manes of the planets, those who paint the mouth of volcanos, those who say yes, those who say no, those who erect **barricades of stars** so as not to sink into oblivion.

Nothing can exempt life from being **absolutely** fascinating. Say the untold. Show the unseen. Experience the unexperienced. Adopt the **language of the mute** against the nationalist twittering of bayonets.

Become a poet. Burn your papers. Amaze yourself. Amaze us. **Thunder**, be stormy. Brush the dark sky with the lightning's graph and thus you'll be electricity fays.

What is electronic poetry **?** A writing of vertical images. A weapon against humiliation. A fine concern. The language of birds. A cart of stars. A cascade of silvery words. The vantage point of passionate love.

I hope you are **madly** loved.

Let's raise reality to the level of our dreams. Let's raise our dreams to the level of the indistinguishable. Let's become light. Let's rise in the west. Let's set in the east. Let's exclaim the cardinal points ! Let's abolish geographical punctuations ! Let's dazzle the North ! Let's build the igloos of the South ! Long live the international of wounded **seagulls**. Let's keep alive the memory of the **downtrodden** of History. Let's de-**internet**-ize our thoughts and our bodies. Let's become grave and joyful.

The electronic poet is a fighter. He doesn't negotiate with the moonlight of hope. He struggles **in spite of everything**. He doesn't complain. He lodges a complaint turning his back on all courts. He unbolts all the prophets.

Electronic poetry is the **university of the poor**. It's learning how to count with grains of rice. It's learning how to write with swallows' beaks. It's learning how to read with suburban dust. It's learning how to sing with a revolutionary breath.

Friends, grave and joyful, let's wander. Let's invent a **Gaya Scienza**. Utopia doesn't consist in doing something different, but in doing differently. Let's touch the images that touch us. Let's invent new cartographies, new human landscapes. Let's peruse the books of bruised bodies, let wounds surface in writing, let's frolic with the life of all rebels, of all insurgents. Let's spread our distress like the wings of thunderbirds. Our electronic poetry will be a **fluttering of images** in the sky of video, an absolutely unpredictable flight of pixels.

The electronic poet hacks off the barbwire of thinking. He takes handfuls of seconds which he throws on the grave stone of all the unknown executed by firing squads. He blows through the mouthpiece of trumpet-clouds all the minutes of silence. He remembers the future of all forms of resistance. **His watch is ahead of that of the stars**. Cognition is the ignition of existence with. Thus he knows the future. He is waves and particles. Every one of his works is a **constellation**.

If I offer you my humility, don't steal my pride. You see, electronic

poetry is a laboratory of life. A place where you experiment the possibilities of vacuity, of a complete blank, of nothingness. A space of solitude extraordinarily crowded. You entrench yourself in your images in order to multiply yourself.

Your video screen is a bed. Your images are undone sheets. You either play dead or you make love interplay.

Resistance, my fine concern. Oh drizzling stars in the dark. Oh multitude of luminous dots on a screen. An electronic poem is a passing star. Its language turn me at the same time into a barbarian, a savage and a civilized. I shine. I mumble. I roar. I fly. I break. I love in full voice. I love more. I love again.

I invent formulas, T.S. Television-Slavery; V.L. Video-Liberty. I choose neither my channels nor my shackles. Oh music without metronome. Oh cello without conductor. I'm in search of time regained. For a long time I will get up happy. I am a tardy chrysanthemum.

I am a liberation army of personal pronouns. I pierce sentences and images so that they leak. Oh resistance don't leave me. Hang around your neck this necklace of magnetic pearls I picked for you. You are a tip of present which springs from the layers of the past.

Oh my concern, oh my pain, come with the overflowing of all silences, undo the corsage of all obviousness. Oh my resistance, settle down at an editing table and engrave on the pediment of time the name of all the battles which were each time the dawn of a new grammar. Be the air-traffic controller-maquisard. Combine the flight of stars. Don't cry, don't cough "cough", don't shout, listen to the silence of the deaf stone that is watching you.

The poet-engineer will cut the rope which links sound and images.

Then the micro-seagulls will take off. Then the wind will splash us
with a collective peep. Then the trees will singsong the sky's
sidewalk chant. Then we will listen to the rainfall of the clouds'
cobblestones. We will write the electronic graffiti of our
story under the aegis of migratory birds.
Oh resistance, my fine concern. I salute you. I hope you are
vertiginously loved.