



L'ÂNE

un voyage en 72 entre l'Europe et l'Iran, accompagné d'un va et vient d'individus dans une espèce de convoi de camions et d'associations Catho/ Islam/ick-eye.

Le tout tourné en 16mm et passé à une tireuse Maitpo Debric à la Film Coop de Londres en '74. Beaucoup d'emploi de bouc dans le temps comme dans la technique.

Un sens souvent aléatoire se récon-

père à la casse d'images et crée un serpent pelliculé qui n'est jamais rendu au bout. Le film fonctionne au niveau

modulaire par défaut à peu près 4 kilomètres de long il se partage actuellement en

10 rouleaux qui comporte environ 170 petits tableaux, variantes du paysage mystique, du religieux mystique, de la désacromanie graphique, du road movie. La Route de la Soie en Sol.

Monkey's Birthday'

'L'ânières de l'une'



DAVID LARCHER

Born London 1942. Studied Palaeolithic Archaeology Cambridge 1959/61. Royal College of Art, Film & TV Diploma 1964/65.

Film in Exhibition

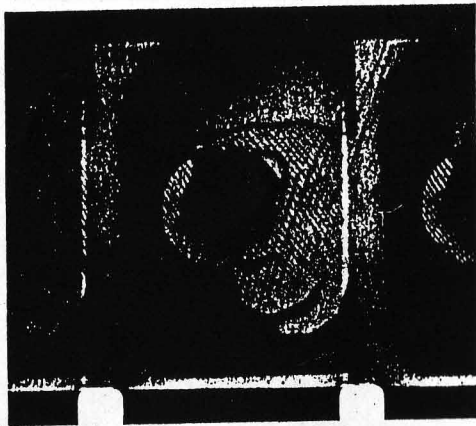
Section of *Monkey's Birthday* 38 mins 1973/75

Total 10 sections 360 mins or 255 mins (1 and 2 screen)

A 2 1/2 MILE FILM that leaves off at the beginning and eventually comes to an end.

The measuring worm draws itself together when it wants to stretch out.

Keeping this in mind, one can only agree that it is visible and invisible and children play with it in the street. The traveller who



Monkey's Birthday 1973/75

thinks fixedly on how far she still has to travel tires longer than her companion who lets his imagination wander. This is why *Monkey's Birthday* is cinema veritable plus 2%; it seems obvious that in the bush one is born many times, or again and again, continuously.

Moony astrattitudes transpolar longomp altitudes, and throughout its linear development one should sense a certain invisibility which makes much of any very thing and excepting what one comes across. This fundamental realisation event, you ally, will lead the viewer to become just this or that... after all the film does end with the words 'this letter is from a sacrosanct being to a sacrosanct being'. Woo is u, so we all have to eat.

If there is any point to the point you are there to point it out, so don't let that finger stray. To be put off by the sketchy character of hair in the gate is to see babies where there are none. Nothing in the world is bigger than the tip of an April hair, and mount Tai is tiny. Oligocene, pliocen, plasticine, miocen, there is definitely something strange about this planet. Si tu reste dans les mots, lecteur, you might as well walk out.

Those who look may see or not see; what difference will it make to them or me? Those who come may stay or leave; what difference will it make to the chair or the floor? The ordinary is or may be transformed into the extra super ordinary and who can see further than that? We can all imagine being over the edge and still in space. The films begin and end sooner or later; they need no words; they are films. From the womb of a cow is born an elephant and the blue sea produces yellow dust.

Filmography

1969 *Marie's Tail* 2 1/2 hours: 1973/75 *Monkey's Birthday* 6 hours: 1969 — EETC in progress.

68

David Larcher's MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY

1977

A 2 1/2 Mile film that leaves off at the beginning and eventually comes to an end.

The measuring worm draws itself together when it wants to stretch out.

Keeping this in mind, one can only agree that it is visible and invisible and children play with it in the street. The traveller who thinks fixedly on how far she still has to travel tires faster than her companion who lets his imagination wander. This why "MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY" is cinema veritable plus 2%; it seems obvious that in the bush one is born many times, or again and again, continuously.

Moony astrattitudes transpolar longomp altitudes, throughout its linear development one should sense a certain invisibility which makes much of any very thing excepting what one comes across. This fundamental realisation event, you ally, will lead the viewer to become just this or that... after all the film does end with the word "this letter is from a sacrosanct being to a sacrosanct being." Woo is u, so we all have to eat.

If there is any point to the point you are there to point it out, so don't let that finger stray. To be put off by the sketchy character of hair in the gate is to see babies where there are none. Nothing in the world is bigger than the tip of an April hair, and mount Tai is tiny. Oligocene, pliocen, plasticine, miocen, there is definitely something strange about this planet. Si tu reste dans les mots, lecteur, you might as well walk out.

The hundredth Name of God is put into a particle accelerator. A Turk slides a smatch into the corner of his eye, and produces it out of the corner of the other and then from his mouth and the commonest transistor of light penetrates the brain of a wise trickster.

Gold mountains dominate dwellings in petrified dervish hats a hundred foot high, wherein are buried mummified angels. Gold men beat bronze, and Jewels are seen as terrestrial condensers, assisting the Earth's flight path instead of gluck for the rich. Spirit and flesh cartoons reverse the writing on the wall; what is written becomes the writer without a pause.

Light vultures eat the sun and excrete it as a megalith. Acidulous magma sprites beat their wings against the inner sanctum of a mobile mosque.

The phoenix fucks. Fire burns backwards.

A Time-Light bomb is detonated and rough beasts, their hour come round at last; hover above the tomb of Attar, waiting to land, with the patience of ants.

A man wearing hyperspatial UFO spectacles makes mating calls to them, and an egg-coffin is laid. On a persian film set a boy's astral body can be seen and heard fluttering inside him. Spires and minarets try and sky-write UFO's to lure more down.

There is nothing to fear from them. A tomb painting is shown with women and men entwined with sky snakes.

Adam's grave turns into a wheel in the desert, filled with water, and rolling towards angels praying to the Lamb; and lays down rules for living in white light.

Religious Architecture is seen as a lonely, patient cargo cult, cathedrals are built in a second with musical drills.

Webbed hands suddenly fondly stones with water dripping in the background.

The metal teeth of Carnaudance and holes in the ground start mouthing. Faces of now and the future appear in the stone; then the stone turns to Adam's grave. The film cuts from here to there, from Surbiton to Siberia to wherever's true to that pico-second.

A madman in a bowler hat in the middle of the desert with an abandoned troupe fleeing, proclaims "I hope when it turns into a landscape, that I won't regret being alone" or At One, having Atoned, Stoned stones will atone him.

The movie is a third ear, third eye, Diurnal of four years in the Global-Trucking Company where the truck occasionally turns into a metallic-Stonehenge slab of white-light-integrating the ley-lines of technology-into-Titan-tracks.

The truck becomes a slab of burning stone, the inhabitants filming all the while.

This is a letter from a sacrosanct being to a sacrosanct being. God has made movies of all life on this planet, in one long take with no cuts, and Monkey's Birthday, undisturbed by the Recording Angel, in as much as Two and a Half Miles of Celluloid allows, has snuck 20000000000 in a suitable and amazing format (rather than the Woolworth's antacid showpiece that got through the psychic customs) for the inhabitants of Ahtareh.

It should be buried alive in the Embankment time capsule, shown translated into Martin Gossip of holographic ticker tape in Piccadilly Circus.

"The emotions travel 30,000 times faster than the intellect," Gurdjieff, and a generous genius has stretched the celluloid duxer further than anyone else, and snapped it to give birth to a trucking feast of instinct, and visionary acupuncture for the pineal gland.

Heathcote Williams, 1975

This program supported in part by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Pennsylvania State Council on the Arts.

Perspectives on
British Avant-Garde
Film
Hayward Gallery

Arts Council
of Great Britain

MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY

-David Larcher, 1975

David Larcher represents something of a paradox in terms of British avant-garde film-making. His importance and influence are indisputable, yet they remain difficult to trace—his work has spawned no significant epigones. He has released only two films in the last eight years, yet their combined running time of almost nine hours makes him one of the more prolific film-makers. And, though absent from Britain much of the time, he retains his identity within the British avant-garde.

MARE'S TAIL and MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY are firmly in the visionary strain of avant-garde film-making—Larcher formulates a personal poetics in which the film-maker explores his own vision through the medium of film—and in this sense his work finds sympathy with the American avant-garde which shares that visionary aspiration. Thus it is appropriate that the release of MARE'S TAIL in 1969 was celebrated by Steve Dwoakin (an American resident in London) in the following terms:

"A film like MARE'S TAIL by David Larcher is an epic film flight into an inner space. It is a 2 1/2 hour visual accumulation, which, as it is, the film-maker's personal odyssey, becomes the odyssey of each of us. It is a man's life transposed into a visual rapport. ... MARE'S TAIL is, probably the first British made film that reaches towards this encompassing sense of pure vision, and one of the few of its kind and size in the world. Larcher, who is also one of the few subjectively responsive and free photographers, has no theories. If any influences seem evidently exerted it is the 'I Ching', hypnagogic imagery and some of John Cage.... The real influence however is still Larcher, who roves and discovers in his own world without the constriction of ours." (AFTERIMAGE, No. 2, Autumn 1970)

It was another six years before Larcher completed another film, a film even more ambitious in scope than MARE'S TAIL. MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY extends that inner voyage into an externalised odyssey in which Larcher and his crew wander across Europe. Years of travelling and filming were finally edited into the six hours of footage which represents MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY. The film is at once a diary of that voyage, a romanticisation of the quest implicit in the conceit of the wandering protagonist, and a universalisation of that quest beyond the individual protagonist.

It is easy to see how the film operates on these three levels simultaneously. The diary format yields a peripatetic lens which poetically records the events of the journey. But the centrality of the protagonist as diarist and his attempt to reformulate the experience of the real journey into a cinematic experience suggest that the quest of the wanderer serves as an external metaphor for the internalised quest of the artistic individual. In this regard, MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY should be considered in light of MARE'S TAIL, which originally posed that quest in terms of a highly personal, internalised vision. MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY clearly translates this quest into the visual idiom of the phenomenal world as perceived by the traveller. But the inescapable corollary of that external quest is the internal quest of the artist/perceiver. And yet the scope of the film opens it out past the experience of any individual artist/per-



ceiver. Its six hours of images offer more than can possibly be absorbed with continual concentration, and thus the film becomes something larger than any one experience of it. It is something to which one must return and reconsider. Larcher occasionally projects the film in a twin screen format which, while reducing the running time, expands the visual information beyond the point of assimilation. And so MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY must be appreciated in the simplicity and beauty of its diary format, in the intensity of its personal quest, and in the ambitiousness of its representation as universal odyssey.

HENDRIK HENDRIKSON
April 1977

A " 2 1/2 MILE FILM MADE OVER 3 WEEKS ;
~~with the same camera as the original~~

(^{Arky}larooped traces) it leaves off at the beginning and eventually comes to an end. ^{how}in many good films, people die of thirst in the desert, but the point is what happened to the ^{how}Angels. The measuring worm draws itself together when it wants to stretch out, ^{plus}keeping this in mind, one can only agree that it is visible and invisible and children play with it in the street. The traveller who thinks fixedly on how far he still has to travel tires faster than ^{how}his companion who lets ^{how}his imagination wander. This is why "MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY" is cinema veritable ^{plus}minus one^{2%}; it seems obvious that in the ^{stet}dush one is born many times, or again and again, or again continuously. MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY has a lot to say, which is why it takes a long time. ^{as a rule}Moony platitudes transpolar longomp altitudes, and throughout its linear development one should sense a certain invisibility twitch makes much of any very thing annexing what one comes across. This fundamental realisation event you ally, will lead the viewer to become just this or that ... after all the film does end with the words " this letter is from a sacrosanct being to a sacrosanct being ". Woo is u, so we all have to eat. If there is any point to the point you are there to point it out, so dont let that finger stray. To be put off by the sketchy character of hair in the gate is to see babies where there are none. Nothing in the world is bigger than the tip of an attum hair, and mount Tai is tiny. Oligocene, pliocene, plasticine, miocene, there is definitely something strange about this planet. Si tu reste dans les mots ,lecteur, you might as well walk out.

SYNOPSIS

CART TRACKS TO KONYA, THE DONKEY THE OLD OLD MAN & THE HITCHIKER, LAILLALAILLAALLABYTHESOFED, STEEL J.Y., LIGHT SOURCE PROJECTED CONDENSED AND SEALED (NICHE) IN WAX, COMA, PRINTAFASH, INFRARED SUN, MOON DISC ECLIPSE ELIPSE, OMAR STAR TENT, CARNAC/GAZALI GRILL, BEKTASHI MOON CANDLE, ATTAR VISITORS, CLIFF DOOR, VALLEY OF MUMMIES, BLANKET BAT, CLOUD CASTLE, BEE KEEPER, CRUCIBLE, DRONE DOME, TATE ASTRONAUT, EGG STONE, LOOK LOOK LOOK LOOP, GEOLOGICAL HIATUS, DOWSE, SIFTER, DISSERTION, FINDER, OWINDO, JARDIN FERMEE, ROSACE a la ROE MYSTIQUE, BLUE MOSQUE AROUND/ MOON FLECK, MONKEY PUZZLE MOON, TREE, ROCK WINDOW, SHADOW WALK, TUMULI, CAERDROIA, SILME SUNRISE, OVER ELECTRIC LIGHT, FADES OF THE RISING MOON, SNOW VAN, PERSIAN SHADE, CARNAC, HERMIT LANTERN, CLIFF WALK, BOAT GRAVE, TURNING WHEAT, BUS TOP, MEVLANA, TURNING HORSES, MARIENPLATZ, MOON STONE, POND LIFE, TADPOLE, BUTTERFLY/CANAL LOOP, GUNNI YOGI, LADY FOUNTAIN, NASTY SNAKE, SERPENT CAVE, MR MAGIC, X RAY, LEOPOLD TRACK, WOLF LANDSCAPE, ROAD TO VAN, DOWN TO LORRIES, BEIDERSTEINER, FISHBACAU, VIENNA, CLUJ, WOODCART, RIVER LORRY PAN, PETER & DANA, SHEPPERD WASH, NAPO'S CHICKEN, PLUCK, CAMP PAN, NAPO'S WINDOW, STUCK, TRAVELLERS, BLACK SEA SHORE, WINDY SALONIKA, SELONIKA SPRINGS, WATER MOSQUE, NAPO ETC..

SUITE -

N ASTY CAT, LORRY MOVIE, RED ROCK LORRY, LORRY CEMETERY, LORRY TOP WASHING, UPSIDE DOWN SHADOW, LIGHT CLIFF / KIRILAZAC, SUN SET, SUN HORIZON, XAN REAR, OM WINDOW TO OPEN DOOR, REJEP THE TIN, SILME CLIFFS S/F VILLAGE, BIRD CLIFF, E, CAT, STONESTEPPING, WHEELLESS, E, CARRIES CANS, OM SHADOW, KURDS LORRY.

DOT DOT DOT

MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY - Reels one to four

The Hundredth Name of God is put into a particle accelerator. A Turk slides a match into the corner of his eye, and produces it out of the corner of the other and then from his mouth: the commonest transistor of light penetrates the brain of a wise trickster.

Gold mountains dominate dwellings in petrified dervish hats a hundred foot high, wherein are buried mummified angels. Gold men beat bronze, and Jewels are seen as terrestrial condensers, assisting the Earth's flight path, instead of gluck for the rich. Spirit and flesh cartoons reverse the writing on the wall: what is written becomes the writer without a pause.

Tombs are illuminated by body music. Corpse tea is served. The glaring tomb in the mountains becomes an astral cunt.

Gnauaua music accompanies the birth pangs of Triffyds. Light vultures eat the sun and excrete it as a megalith. Acidulous magma sprites beat their wings against the inner sanctum of a mobile mosque.

The phoenix fucks. Fire burns backwards.

A Time-Light bomb is detonated and rough beasts, their hour come round at last, hover above the tomb of Attar, waiting to land, with the patience of ants.

A man wearing hyperspatial UFO spectacles makes mating calls to them, and an egg-coffin is laid. On a Persian film set a boy's astral body can be seen and heard fluttering inside him. Spires and minarets try and sky-write UFO's to lure more down. The earth suddenly has genitals. Millennial brain-pan flashes turn the sun, moon and earth into whirling dervishes at a light feast.

A UFO will land, and their first meeting won't be with poets or cops, but with stones. They may spend three aeons, digging them, before they blink and look at anything else. When they look for "humans" perhaps they'll look for meditating stones.

There is nothing to fear from them. A tomb painting is shown with women and men entwined with sky snakes. A 13 year old Nubian boy is shown sucking off a black mamba. Nature provided blow jobs many moons back, sperm vampires.

UFO's will first flash on stones, for they know exactly what they need, and make high music. In reel 3, the megaliths of Carpa dance and holes in the ground start mouthing. Faces of now and the future appear in the stone, then the stone turns to Adam's grave. The film cuts from here to there, from Surbiton to Siberia to wherever's true to that pico-second.

Adam's grave turns into a wheel in the desert, filled with water, and rolling towards angels praying to the Lamb, and lays down rules for living in white light.

Religious Architecture is seen as a lonely, patient cargo cult; cathedrals are built in a second with musical drills. Stone fronds at the bottom of the sky scenting sensual vapours at the surface of the firmament;

What is it; a madman in a bowler hat in the middle of the desert with an abandoned troupe fleeing, proclaims that "I hope when I turn into a landscape, that I won't regret being alone." or At One, having Atoned. Stoned stones will atone him. Webbed hands suddenly fondle stones with water dripping in the background.

The movie is a third ear, third eye, Diurnal of four years in the Global-Trucking-Company-where-the-truck-occasionally-turns-into-a-metallic-Stonehenge-slab-of-white-light-integrating-the-levy-lines of technology-into-Titan-tracks..

The truck becomes a slab of burning stone, the inhabitants filming all the while UFO's tangling with their brain stems, drawing away the veil of territory by taking on all comers as fuel cells, enriching them, disgorging them. The Sun becomes the Star of Nazareth, because the Universe is the Messiah.

This is a letter from a sacrosanct being to a sacrosanct being. God has made movies of all life on this planet, in one long take with no cuts, and Monkey's Birthday, understanding the Recording Angel, in as much as two and a Half Miles of Celluloid allows, has snuck 200000000001 in a suitable and amazing format (rather than the Woolworth's anticid, showpiece that got through the psychic customs), for the inhabitants of Antares;

It should be buried alive in the Embankment time capsule, shown translated into Martian Gossip on holographic ticker tape in Picadilly Circus.

"The emotions travel 30,000 times fast than the intellect," Gurdjeff.. and a generous genius has stretched the celluloid duxer further than anyone else, and snapped it to give birth to a trucking feast of instinct, and visionary acupuncture for the pineal gland.

Heathcote Williams, 1975.

MONKEYS BIRTHDAY - directed by DAVID LARCHER and produced by ALAN POWER and starring the Cosmos, is being shown at all night sessions at the Grotto Cinema, Rutting Hill Grotto. The premiere was at 6am Wednesday, 7th May 1975.

sunday

2nd September 6am

16mm.. 360 minutes.. david larcher's travels with a donkey .. beside .. the road .. movie.. print in average condition but breaks between reels guarantee tension.. splices in situ... printer tests.. bi- tri- quadri pack and more.. loop ripper reconfigures time.. a sunday morning wait-in.. X stasis a breakfast date to watch and wake..

call up.. sell by date.. take a way sermon on the wheel.. pilgrimage to a coffee bar.. tealeaves to interpret.. remembering to bring the sandwiches and enough to doze in comfort a ministerial travelogue .. historical meandering ..

... still time for no thoughts.. watch yours and wait or register as poste restante .. may get a fry-up free at discretion of resident chef-film maker

SUNDAY 2ND SEPTEMBER. 6AM.. LUXKINEMA.. HOXTON SQUARE

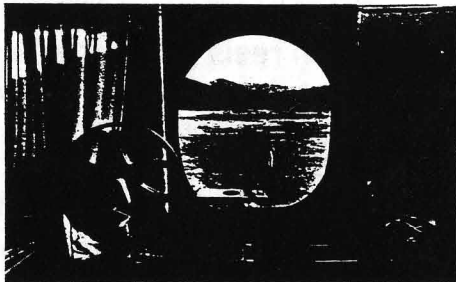
second thoughts last night's mares etc.. empty spaces to fill out with muffins..

MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY .1975

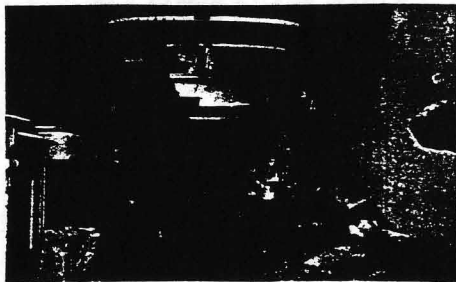
16mm.. 360 minutes.. david larcher's travels with a donkey .. beside .. the road .. movie.. print in average condition but breaks between reels guarantee tension.. splices in situ... printer tests.. bi- tri- quadri pack and more.. loop ripper reconfigures time.. a sunday morning wait-in.. X stasis a breakfast date to watch and wake.. call up.. sell by date.. take a way sermon on the wheel.. pilgrimage to a coffee bar.. tealeaves to interpret.. remembering to bring the sandwiches and enough to doze in comfort a ministerial travelogue .. historical meandering still time for no thoughts.. watch yours and wait or register as poste restante .. may get a fry-up free at discretion of resident chef-film maker

SUNDAY 2ND SEPTEMBER. 6AM.. LUXKINEMA.. HOXTON SQUARE

second thoughts last night's mares etc.. empty spaces to fill out with muffins..



Vue du camion Bedford — Roumanie. Jonathan L. fait sa toilette



Mercedes Lasterbach / Kiashi. interieur. d. a. g. — Nape. Nasty. Thomas. Biggy.



Acquisition d'image a Cappadoce en Turquie

The hundredth Name of God is put into a particle accelerator. A Turk slides a match into the corner of his eye, and produces it out of the corner of the other and then from his mouth: the commonest transistor of light penetrates the brain of a wise cricketer. The scene is a third ear, third eye. Diurnal of four years in the Gloom-Trucking-Company where the truck occasionally turns into a stallion. Stonehenge—slab-of-white-light-interlacing-the-level-lines of technology—into-Titan-tracks..

The truck becomes a slab of burning stone; the inhabitants filling all the while UFO's canoline with their brain stave, drawing away the veil of territory by taking on all comers as fuel cells, enriching them, discarding them. The Sun becomes the Star of Masareth, because the Universe is the Messiah. This is a letter from a sacrosanct being to a sacrosanct being. God has made movies of all life on this planet, in one long take with no cuts, and Monkey's Birthdays, underestimates the Sacrosanct/Ansel.. In as much as Two and a Half Miles of Ca-luloid allows, has struck 2000000000. In a suitable and awesome format (rather than the Woolworth's antacid showpiece that ooz through the psychic customs), for the inhabitants of Antares. It should be tucked alive in the Embankment time capsule, shown translated into Martian Gossio on holographic ticker tape in Piccadilly Circus.