

OBSzine #12

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

LIGHT

GUEST EDITOR
SERGE GAVRONSKY

AUTHORS
JOE OPPEDISANO
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MARCH 14TH
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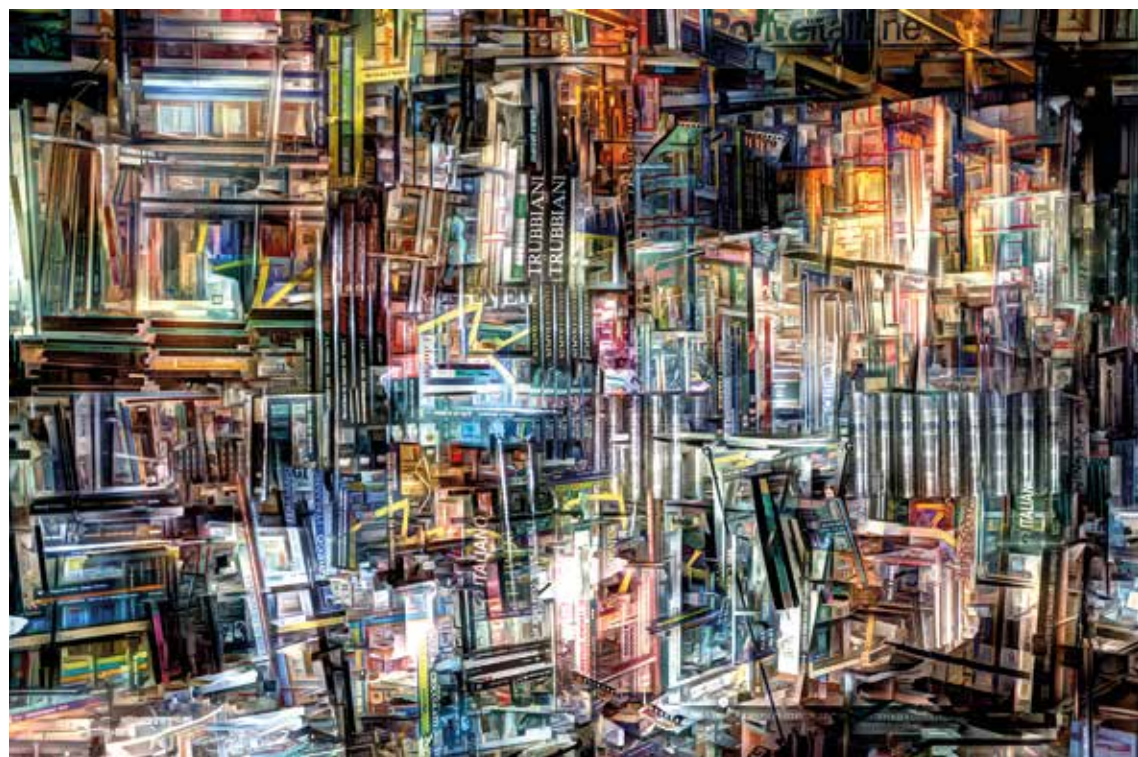
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(I and IV cover)
Joe Oppedisano
THE 5th DIMENSION
Rovereto, 2016



Joe Oppedisano
 TRIBUTE TO A DEAD POET TRIBUTE TO EDOARDO SANGUINETI
 Variation N°1
 Genova, 2018



Joe Oppedisano
 TRIBUTE TO A DEAD POET TRIBUTE TO EDOARDO SANGUINETI
 Variation N°2
 Genova, 2018



Joe Oppedisano
TRIBUTE TO A DEAD POET TRIBUTE TO EDOARDO SANGUINETI
Variation N°3
Genova, 2018

(Page 10-11)
Joe Oppedisano
VORTEX
New York, 2018

Well, if it isn't Pestilence & Famine
Sinister hirelings of mobster Piso!
Has that licentious prick picked you two over
My dear Fabullus & Verianiolus?
And does he feed you lavishly at banquets
While it's still light out? While my poor companions
Lurk at the crossroads, looking for some action?

Gaius Valerius Catullus
THE POEMS OF CATULLUS
Translated by Charles Martin

The nuptial habits of dogs are really something!
In a village in Bress, in 1946...
(I want to be precise because, considering the celebrated
evolution of the species, if it were to hasten.....or if there were
to be an abrupt mutation: one can never tell)...

Francis Ponge
THE SUN PLACED IN THE ABYSS AND OTHER TEXTS
with an essay, interview with Ponge, and translations by Serge Gavronsky

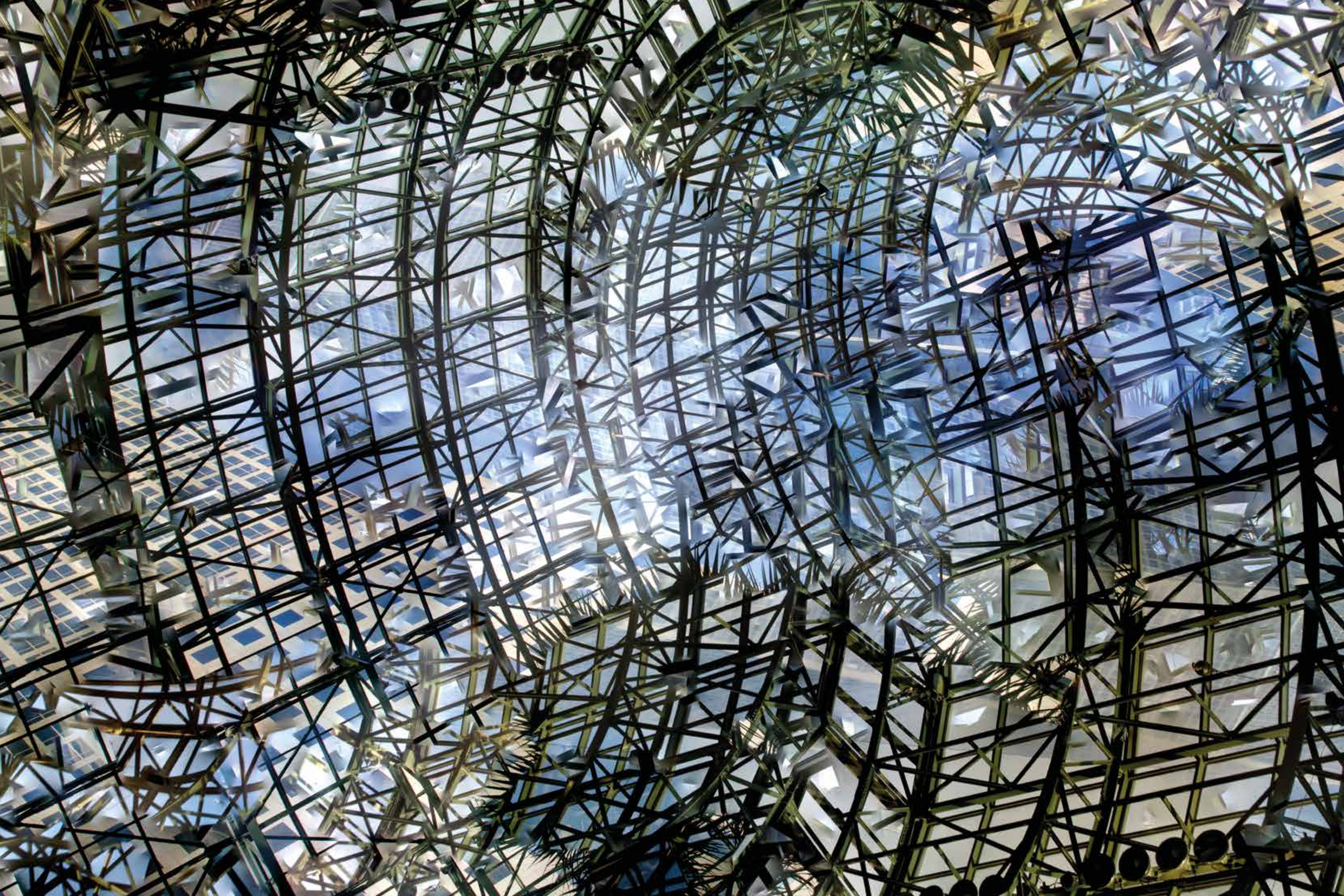
1. Always sweet.
2. Always right.
3. Always welcome
4. Always wife.
5. Always blessed.
6. Always a successful druggist of the second class and
We know what that means.

Gertrude Stein
THE YALE GERTUDE STEIN READER
Selections with an Introduction by Richard Kostelanetz

Remembers
Words like
Worker! Revolution!
My 5 year old
kid...

forget to
take my medicine
my mother scolds me-
feels good
after all this time

Takuboku
POEMS TO EAT
Translated by Carl Sesar



OUT OF DARKNESS LIGHT

 Kick a row boat
Egyptian comic book of the recently deceased

DEAD

 Eating crackers
Grounded in the way toward salvations of a
Whole family, for years to come

 Noises, with pride, from another side
BLACK
Diamond nemesis, wounded in wonder books
Dust wills a sandwich in a foreign coffee cake?
Birth and death, for the next subway station of a double cross
He and trips
 Napoleon in the packed snow of a Russian

advance of
DEATH

 Birds on a bride's arm
Soft as the sea in August
Clapping newspaper stomachs heedless of a past future
Spells out a special past future. It is said
Characters on a plate, murmured behind a theater set
Summer fire on stage a page hurtling non-words from
Sing Sing
Souls open CROUCH
2 hands
Are better than one only for the cooked crook
 Harpooning dead sides of
The same tragedy
For lunch, white bread and: "what's your... desire?"
In the arms of fear:

MOTS
mots

 mon tagne
 lost in a garble of speech
All wrecks pass unperceived or float above one pyramid,
A leap of faithfulness where
Have they all gone?
 (Perhaps) in another po em?
Reactionary political polls

 Paper like toilets, in gold affinities

 Moths eat rigorously blindness
 Tree goddess
At once, a hat emerges out of a canoe

Thinnest verbal jousting, off stage, of a tomb
Of rising verbs
Meaning in flight out of meanings

 Holy crows in a fictitious harem

 St Theresa holds herself?
Playing with her
Painting, filled with tourist desiring the "untouchable"
Speeds down a hissing foreign lingo, captured in a soured
 Bride
 Holistic
Condemned to begin punctually
 Pass a saint
 Theresa, blooming with joy, for multiple
cameras Symptoms
Bells non-existing
In A Garden of tearful sighs, tearing a path of future joys

→

Piramida

Omniforous statured years to come

4th square of a mid-week opening.

So what is it, now?

Chins milk nuttin

Try

There let the good be a damn

Fleshy distance..... with 2 many words so that the reed is

Pascal

Murderous hospitality eyes spell backwards

Tomorrow is tomorrow sauce for a while

Cha cha cha

Above a wave, in a painting, washes a background, swelling image

In A sweltering western, close to a scream

Rulers will always remember memories underwater fish, lost in a
puddle of memories

Grave meaning without a cypher

Sleep, in an open grave of flowered autographs

Eyes say what's the time of night's dashboard

Let me power your teeth

On Beekman place O! B

Speak to themselves, when, gone for another sound tastes bitter swe
et So ends breathing

ALL COLORS EaT Frenchied fried

Quit, or was it which syllable when IT was a young

Weakness, below words, looking for a druidic

Spermy wanderings
free pits of knowledge

Less meaning

Admire failures in the Meaningless

Prostitution in a framed=monastic convent

Meandering

out of sea swells now

aint dat dies the truth?

Take the escalator

closely out of order (ten tourists cry...)

Now, a reel

Allusion feeds birds

Autumn machine guns

An image flies from a meaning

meandering

Death

escalates meaning

Forgotten palaces, built out of kids' sand

Lacan breaks out of meaning

Wets

a conscious bed

Birth

horses break into

Meaning encores fall into the pits of

knowledge

rearing sense

DASH DADADADADDA

Leave your mind's cash on the table.

Freud admires Jacques Lacan's PeeNutS

Pick a

MARIE BONAPARTE

[She's the money influence that got Freud into England ...without
his daughters, who were in Vienna when the Nazis drove in]

[He spoke the mind's true language.
Marx found the truth in a factory's...]

Where they both light darkness?
Edges out of a second-hand mystery book? As you say, a disco... a
love affair with language's colors

Sympathy

Imaginary salvage?

All words are paintings...(A text is on its way, clarifying
something... much like ink looking.....)

O how decent it would be to clarify this, on a heavenly conscious?
A blue.

But then, going... isn't it a clarification, or is it white?

Hear what you think, or else a guitar, in the double hands of a
Blue Bob Dylan?

A palace of mental thunder-storms.

Or, a part of the one

Who paints there...

O=r PAINTS TOMORROW'S EAR?
(contra-imagintion?)

On speed... the imagination ...
(Now, on page's lips, something to clarify looking at a canvas)

Overheard death, passing through a keyhole

morose

An afternoon, filled with a mental disorder?

→

Hear a blue absence of continuum?

Here, all is suppression?

Fold your shirt, slide it above an above
(My father dropped my favorite horse, without Tonto riding on it)

(Thanks to the god, I preferred, at that age, swimming in a verbal
pond...)

There must (nearly) always, BE A painted Freud
Sigmund

Hear... Suppress suppression, and ride into ... an academic
conference...

Or,

Paddling with Jane (seen, nearly always? leaping off a branch?)

(All you've got left to do is mirror yourself, out of a medical
journal?)

(All is on a museum abstract canvas)

Or, a Suppression off side glances at RR tracks?

Or, a Rapturous Repetition

Dear couching-Freud!

Do not hope to take a metro snack, when strikers are on strike,
Bon appetit!

(Says the President of the Republic, having stopped all strikers,
on their own turf.

("Circle your wagons, says the guide, having glanced at the Indian
cavalry.

Do

Not fever over climate change

Or else, borrow a bike from some eastern European... and have
your picture taken, on a hospital bed, pleased by quite a gorgeous
Horse, smoking behind the front desk looking at a blue paragraph,
designed in your brain-dead, no longer harming your visiting nurse,
who does her rounds, twice a night, checking your behind for any
bruises...

She asks, if he had ever a sore memory, riding on a borrowed Horse?

But, after a quick hand touch, she whispers:

“Take the electric slippery current, and tell the front desk your toilet kit is out of order...She’s listening, hard, as her crayon fills out a blue prescription, as she finds the proper, five letters on her puzzle, tucking in my sheets, motionless on the floor.

Others, surrounded by home- made delights, eat their family members, in a Formia hospital...

When the nurse turns off all lights, I wonder if, others, in other beds, in other hospitals, double take their family’s pasta, offered, and then, a member of their family, wipes off the remains of a tomato sauce, off their necks.

All saints speak in hollow languages.
They ask me, in dark colors, to tell them what’s on TV, since, in actuality, they cannot read their newspaper listings.

Or, they dream of one of their family members, comes to greet them, at JFK, and take them, by Uber, to Mulberry street, where, one of their members, waits to take them off to a waiting wall.

Ask, in short blue breaths, how their grand-mothers are doing.
And, ask if their harvest was good, north of Sicily?

A blue American tourist, going home, heading toward St. Louis, in a painting, waves at an attendant.

“I thank you for that so decent a trip! “
(We might all have died, all over the Atlantic!)

Then, waves would have covered us with jets of whale-wishes.
(A poet lived, in a fancy Brooklyn, now famous with all his punctuations.

Dreams rain down his sleep, as he hopes to recover, early in the morning, lines of a poem he was trying to member as the forgotten Dream-unfolds,

Tell him: “its time, IT’S TIME, for little walks”

And, the ship’s captain lights a cigar.
Opens his small--concealed liquor door, and removes a dust-covered Irish whiskey.

Folds in a recalled thought, probably invented by a fairy desire?

Darkness?

Or,... a Father, slapping his left cheek,
Or horses dreaming their future,

In his imagination, a smiling pool in a rented summer house?

You could hear
All of them snort, and, like real horses, enter another’s

condensed dream

Bre bre bre bre bre bre bre bre
Brue

BRUEGEL (REPEATED A THOUSAND times)

Twice said, on a singular canvas, still dripping of thumb drippings, refusing a blue drip,
As if, an act of an otherwise, might make sense of sensuality

BRUEGEL ON RYE, WITH MUSICAL MUSTARD

Now,
lights dim in the hallway, where Roman statues struggle with Egyptian feet.
Molded memory on a toasted Tuesday.

[DO not believe what’s on museum walls.
DO not believe what’s on off Madison]



Here
Right here,
Hear, and then, dull colors believe they should be in black. For
the time being, we're all on striped yellow pad-paper, writing to a
lost member of a palatial residential wall, or, if color blinds black
acrylics, with no signature, faking art, without a wall, in a place,
still in the being of becoming.

They all see trances, as if they had taken a long light blue bath, in a
hamlet, out of Wagner, who was so angled, out of a poor scenario
by Nietzsche (?)

To the left, with a price stuck on the lower right, or was it in blue?

Some of us breathe blue
Some others, following a museum guide's breath, swing through
tactile groups of foreign visitors... then, they drop their tactiles,
when an over-weight-Blue quietly yells, in a mix of foreign tales and
obituaries, remembers, years before his supposed retirement how, 3
yr olds snuck in, to see more than they were told not to see. A
A full blown

Roman
Horse, tries to ride away, without a rider, as if, from the bottom
of numerous tryptics, meanings reassembled, drink a drink...)

Is a voice, colored speech?

FOLLOW ME, PLEASE

Don't argue with titles, they're meaningless.
JUST LOOK

The third floor mirrors the previous ones, and the next one,
upstairs.

During reconstruction, elevators will do no work.
During
A path, leaping over small electric people who walk their

photographing, leading to a secret of black flushes.

Could the guard's eyes sleep until day-time? Until a high grade
guard whistles, in full daylight, in some foreign European
languages:

"Do not fall off the..."

(Down below, a fountain, half-human, sprinkles an
absence of a willful tone.)

Unleash meanings, poorly framed

Fearing the sun's critical heat

Did you ever taste darkness?

When a gallery talks, it says:

"You all, (southern accent, here inserted, for "fuck off!")

Folds of repressions need to be dried off .
When he cries, in his sleep, will I become photographed, with three
children, standing in front of the FLOATING LILLIES?

A guard, on roller black skates, joins them,
crying:

"Because you paid to get in here, there's no reason...
In an armless dusk, to stay when the museum's wall wails out: "all
of you get the hell outa here!"

– Serge Gavronsky



Joe Oppedisano
 "HERO'S" TRIBUTE TO 150° ANNIVERSARY OF UNIFICATION OF ITALY
 Ossuary di Custoza, 2011

SERGE GAVRONSKY
BORN IN PARIS ON AUGUST 16TH, 1932

He was educated at Columbia University, where he was awarded a PHD in European History. He was professor of French Literature at Barnard College, until he retired in 2014.
He resides in New York.
He has published eleven books of poetry in French and in English, in addition to over twenty artist's books in France.
In English, he published poetry, fiction and literary criticism, as well as five books of translation of contemporary French poets: *Poems and texts, The power of language, Toward a new poetics, Six contemporary French women poets, The writing of Appollinaire.*
His main focus was the poetry/poetics of Francis Ponge.
His more recent publications include: *Silence of memory, Truth Truth Truth, Murderous fantasies, And what's the title? Title.*
The next major publication in French, this fall, will be Louis Zukofsky's "A", co-translated with Francois Dominique.
He is presently writing a new work of poetic fiction.

JOE OPPEDISANO
GIOIOSA IONICA 1954, R.C. ITALY

He currently lives between New York and Italy. Transferred with his family to New York when he was only seven years old, he started photographing as a child and he never stopped, managing to create his own personal art formula which he contends constantly to get rid of.
In 1979 the International Center of Photography of N.Y. invites him to participate in a large event in Venice. A few years after, he moves to Milan, in Italy. He signs advertising campaigns for international brands, Adidas, Kodak, Fiat, Panasonic, Olivetti to name just a few. Meanwhile he starts running around within the vast territory of photography, attempting the impossible undertaking of making cinema within a static image. He combines the imagination of the southern Mediterranean, where he was born , with the pragmatism of the American West. His first show was at N.Y's Atlantic Savings Bank, in 1978, followed by about forty personal exhibitions, New York, Milan, Turin, Arles, Paris, Tokyo, Switzerland, and about sixty group exhibitions in Italy, the United States, Germany, Spain, Great Britain, up to the Venice Biennale where he was invited in 1995 by the Alinari Museum of Florence to participate in the exhibition "A century of portraits in Italy 1895-1995". In 2005 he was invited to participate in the large survey "60 Master Photographers "at the Peggy Guggenheim Museum in Venice.
Teaching: From 2007-2010 a specialization course on portraits at the Academy of Fine Arts in Brera Milan. From 2010-2018 a specialization course on portraiture at ISIA in Urbino. In 2019 a specialization course on portraiture at the Academy of Genoa.
His images have been widely published and are conserved in various private collections and institutions.

www.joeo.com

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS
LATIN
84 BCE - 54 BCE

FRANCIS PONGE
FRENCH
1899 - 1988

GERTRUDE STEIN
USA
1874 - 1946

TAKUBOKU ISHIKAWA
JAPANESE
1886 - 1912



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