

frieze

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Michel Auder

Galleria Fonti, [Naples, Italy](#)



Michel Auder first started working with video in 1968, when he collaborated with the 'Zanzibar' group of independent filmmakers in Paris. In 1969 he produced his first home video diaries. These obsessive analyses were edited in the most basic way, if at all, enabling the viewer to observe the protagonists from a starkly intimate perspective as they go through their daily routines. Auder's entire oeuvre is characterized by this naturalistic, immediate style, which creates an intense relationship between subject and viewer. When he moved to New York in 1970 with his wife, Viva, one of Andy Warhol's muses, he turned his lens on life at The Factory, recording fragments of daily life there as well as personal experiences and encounters with people ranging from Cindy Sherman (to whom he was also married for a time) to his own daughter. His films offer an intimate portrait of life in 1970s' New York and place him at the forefront of experimental video art.

Very often Auder himself is the subject of his portraits. In 'Dope and Narcotica Series', his recent show at Galleria Fonti, he presented two video installations using a small fraction of the vast quantity of footage he filmed documenting his 30-year drug addiction. The presentation was austere, with each otherwise empty room containing only one screen and one projection: this was an installation that made no concessions to the spectacular potential of video and asked for nothing more than to be watched.

In the first room was Dope (2006), a collage of two successive videos shown chronologically. The gesture of snorting cocaine is featured in two quite different moments: first, in the dark years of addiction, and the later, when the gesture has become a mere theatrical ploy. The first video, made in the early 1970s, is a black and white document of the artist taking cocaine, while the second video, made some 30 years later in colour, revisits the past by simulating the action portrayed in the original video but substituting the cocaine for salt. The second film doesn't dwell on the drama of the original; instead, it provides a fictional, almost humorous recreation of an activity the artist must have repeated countless times.

In the second room three videos were projected sequentially onto a column: *My Last Bag of Heroin (For Real)* (1986), *Polaroid Cocaine* (1993) and *My First Pipe of Opium since 1973* (2004). In the first film Auder positions the camera to capture himself in close-up as he smokes heroin. The drama lies in the gesture itself, certainly, but even more so in the words Auder utters: 'You know you're hooked on heroin when you start to say that each dose is the last.' *My First Pipe of Opium since 1973*, meanwhile, combines real and simulated footage in which Auder creates replicas of the implements used for smoking opium as a means of undermining the actual equipment required and thus reconfiguring his declared obsession with the drug. The climax comes with *Polaroid Cocaine*, a succession of found images combined with others photographed specifically for the work by the artist, which reflect on death, destruction and desire, accompanied by a melancholy soundtrack sung by Ingrid Caven with lyrics by Jean-Jacques Shul. Here the compulsive behaviour of the cocaine addict is replicated (and simultaneously disparaged) via the metaphor of rapidly changing images.

The videos come from a capacious archive; some are live takes, and others edited years after being filmed. This process of explicit recomposition is designed to reconsider the process by which certain situations are remembered in the light of the present. The artist's revelations of his drug use are not exhibitionist – one gets the sense that he never planned to show them when he filmed them originally. Auder does not attempt to deliver messages or to educate his viewers. He merely observes. This incredible voyeuristic curiosity enables him to seize on tiny details that might remain invisible to anyone else but which for him, and thus potentially also for all of us, prove to be essential.

Gigiotto Del Vecchio

Translated by Mark Weir

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Michel Auder



ArtForum.com-Critic Picks 01.19.07-03.30.07 Galleria Fonti,

“Dope and Narcotica Series” is the first show in Italy by French-born, New York-based artist Michel Auder. A pioneer in the field of video, Auder began his career as a filmmaker, looking to Jean-Luc Godard and Andy Warhol for inspiration. Auder has often used the medium as a form of personal expression, and most of his works are live recordings or fragments taken from his immense archive, which he often recomposes decades later to form an “archaeology of the present.” Auder's work is consistently autobiographical and characterized by a “diaristic” approach; he has relentlessly subjected his private life to the camera, focusing largely on his addiction to drugs, as well as on his marriages to Warhol Factory star Viva and artist Cindy Sherman. In *Dope*, 2006, Auder creates a video collage, collating frames from a 1971 black-and-white film with footage from 2004. The two periods are joined by the reiteration of the same gesture, sniffing cocaine. In *My Last Bag of Heroin (For Real)*, 1986, sequences depicting the preparation of a dose of the drug are narrated by the artist, who provides a dramatic first-person account of the experience. Auder's intention is not pedantic: His is a “phenomenological,” observational gaze, distinguished by an unflinching voyeurism, allowing him to dwell on small details that evolve into the essential particulars of his poetics.

Author: [Eugenio Viola](#)

02.09.07 *Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.*

Man with a Camera

AMY TAUBIN ON MICHEL AUDER

I FIRST ENCOUNTERED Michel Auder's video work in the early 1980s. The tape that left an indelible impression depicted Auder's daughter Alexandra at age five or thereabouts watching a video of her own birth. Auder was not the first artist to record moving images of his wife giving birth; that honor almost certainly goes to Stan Brakhage. Unlike Brakhage, however, Auder did not set out to make the home movie into a high-art form. He did not mull for months, as Brakhage did, over the problem of "aesthetic distance" and whether it would evaporate if he showed explicit images of the birth process. (It was specifically the image of the afterbirth in *Window Water Baby Moving* [1959] that troubled Brakhage.) Auder simply found the most informative angles for his video camera—one shot was indeed of the placenta being expelled. Another was a head-on view between the bent legs of his wife Viva, revealing the baby crowning in her vagina, part of the sequence that Alexandra was watching when her father videotaped her years later. What makes Auder an extremely interesting moving-image maker—one who intuited almost immediately that the inevitable ubiquity of video cameras would transform social relations and individual psyches—is not that he thought to shoot his daughter's birth and to use the footage in one of the many diaristic videos he has produced over the past forty years. No, it's that he would consider *reusing* that footage, redefining it in terms of who is looking at it. One has to think about what it means for a child to

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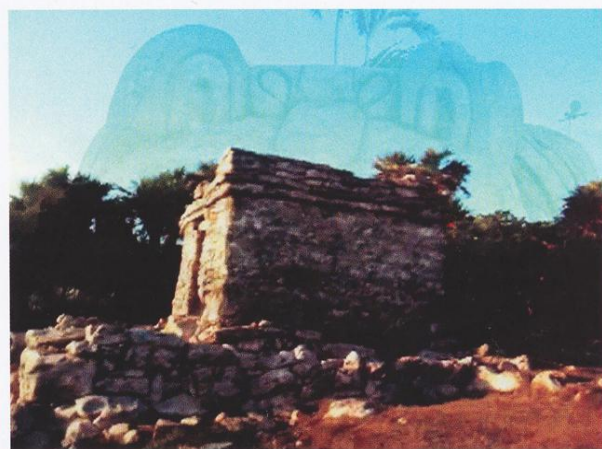
witness her own birth on a TV screen—what divisions between public and private, clarity and obscurity, known and unknown, parent and child, were breached at the moment in which that follow-up, but by no means secondary, video-within-a-video image was recorded.

Born in the small French town of Soissons in 1944, Auder began his career as a fashion photographer in Paris, worked with the experimental Zanzibar film

group, and met and fell in love with Viva when she and actor Louis Waldon came to Paris in 1969, the two of them notorious for their hard-core coupling in Andy Warhol's *Blue Movie* (1968), the sweetest, most touching movie Warhol ever made. Auder shot a film (using both 16 mm and 35 mm) with Viva and Waldon titled *Keeping Busy* (1969), which, like his earlier work on film, is probably mostly lost. He then followed Viva to New York and moved in with her at the Chelsea Hotel, where he met the experimental narrative filmmaker Shirley Clarke. That same year, he and Clarke bought a Sony Porta-Pak, the first widely marketed consumer-grade video recorder—the legendary, heavy, clumsy, analog progenitor of today's HD models.

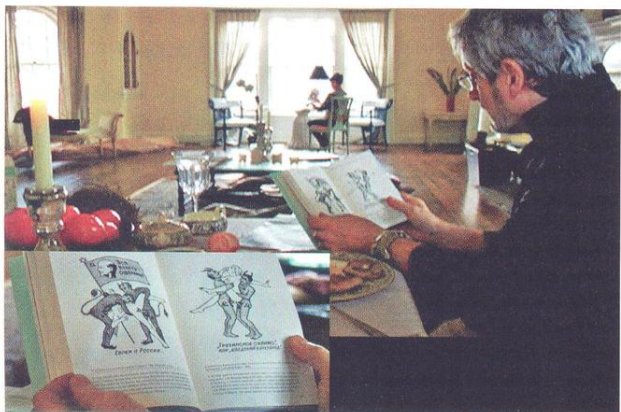
Among the most significant aspects of Auder's extensive body of work (reflected in his current retrospective at Lunds Konsthall in Sweden and in a three-gallery minisurvey in New York this past spring at Zach Feuer, Newman Popiashvili, and Participant Inc) is that it encompasses the entire history of the branch of video technology that was intended for use outside the network-television industry. One room of the small Bushwick studio where Auder has worked for the past eleven years is crammed with outdated hardware: Porta-Pak, three-quarter-inch Numatic, Betamax, Video8, Hi8. Auder keeps the stuff around not just for sentimental reasons but because he needs it to look at work he has not yet upgraded to digital. Early in the decade, he digitized four thousand hours of video, loaded it onto hard drives, and installed Final Cut on his computer. Auder says that for several years he hardly shot any new video, spending most of his time working with what was already "inside." When he again turned his eye to the outside world, it was mostly through mobile-phone cameras.

The combination of precise, sophisticated editing technology and low-end cameras has yielded a twenty-two-minute piece unlike any of Auder's work I've seen before. Titled *Narcolepsy* (2010) and shown in New



Michel Auder, *Narcolepsy*, 2010, stills from a color video, 22 minutes 48 seconds.

York at Newman Popiashvili (Auder used some of the same footage in his installation *Dinner Is Served* at Krabbesholm Højskole, Skive, Denmark, earlier this year), the video revolves figuratively if not quite literally around the image of a young woman, fast asleep, sitting upright on what might be a restaurant banquette. The piece is made up of multiple layers of superimposed imagery and twelve layered tracks of sound. The low-res picture recalls Super 8 film, but the colors are softer without appearing washed-out. The texture of the image, particularly in the close-ups of the woman's face, evokes the cracked, varnished surfaces of old-master paintings. Superimposition was used extensively by avant-garde filmmakers in the '50s and '60s, sometimes to economize (it was cheaper to roll back the film in the camera and record two or three times on a single



Michel Auder and Andrew Neel, *The Feature*, 2008, stills from a color video, 180 minutes.

strip) and partly to counteract traditional film linearity. But whereas film superimpositions yield a flattened space, Auder's swirling images seem immeasurably deep and vertiginous. Opposites attract: A pet rabbit bounding across a bed is paired with a wild rabbit dangling from the jaws of a wolf loping across the snow to join its pack. The four elements are forces to be reckoned with, but water dominates—pouring from faucets, condensing on windows. A group of naked men clamber from the sea onto a rocky shore. Toward the end of the piece, two little girls venture alone into a stream, the camera dipping with them into the shallows. On the densely mixed audio track, where such anxiety-producing factors as sirens, closely miked rushing water, and gasping breaths converge, the last thing we hear is Auder's urgent voice calling to them, "Come back!"

Narcolepsy fits squarely into the avant-garde genre of film-as-dream, but no other cinematic dreamscape in film or video looks quite like it or mingles the fierce and the ephemeral in such a quietly unsettling manner. And though its control and polish distinguish it from

Auder's previous work, *Narcolepsy* carries on the videographer's undeviating strategy of adapting new technology to his personal vision. When Clarke and Auder bought their Porta-Pak, they intended to use it to make narrative features, but they quickly discovered that even in the world of underground film, the softly defined black-and-white images yielded by this primitive apparatus were considered inadequate to their ambition. Auder had already shot a second feature on film, the Viva vehicle *Cleopatra* (1970), but lost control of it in a dispute with the producers. The Porta-Pak, however crude, gave him autonomy, and he began to carry it everywhere, just as the avant-garde film diarists (Jonas Mekas, Warren Sonbert, and Andrew Noren, among many others) were doing with their 16-mm cameras. He recorded his daily domestic life and his extensive travels, made portraits of close friends, and entered into collaborations on quasi fictions with underground writers and performers. He spent months shooting anonymous passersby from his window (e.g., *Rooftops and Other Scenes* [1996] and *Blind Sex* [2009]), and he turned his TV set to record the Olympics when he was denied direct access (*The Games [Olympic Variation]* [1986]). Over the forty years that he has treated his video recorders as naturalized extensions of his eyes and ears, using them to navigate the world, his basic method has remained the same: He collects images and sounds, then files them away, waiting months, years, decades to shape them into pieces—works of art. His most recent videography lists close to one hundred titles running anywhere from three minutes to three hours in length. Much like Mekas's film diaries, they constitute a history of the underground and downtown art world, but Auder's predilections took him into a not unrelated sex-and-drugs demimonde where Mekas never ventured.

Until the 1990s, Auder's work was shown only in alternative-media spaces, and there only sporadically. His first solo exhibition in a commercial gallery in the US was at Nicole Klagsbrun in New York in 1994. That show's centerpiece was one of Auder's most incisive and moving pieces, *Voyage to the Center of the Phone*

Lines (1993). In it, Auder juxtaposes intercepts of anonymous mobile-phone conversations with a seascape—sand, water, the sun, the moon, wandering birds, not a human in sight. The images evoke an accepted universality, the timeless natural world; the audio evokes something perhaps no less timeless: the human psyche. People fret obsessively to one another about their sex lives, their children, the frailties of their bodies, the anxiety in their voices revealing their inchoate sense of mortality.

There are several ways to account for the growing interest in Auder's work over the past fifteen years by the museum/gallery/art-fair system. The ascendancy of video has led to an expansion of the parameters of "art video" beyond the formalism and structuralism that were institutionalized in the first decades of the medium. Auder accounts for his current relative success from a diametrically opposite position, citing television's relaxation of technical standards as changing the kind of images that everyone—not just the art world—is willing to accept on video screens. And, like Warhol, who makes several notable appearances in Auder's diaries, including an extremely creepy one in *Chelsea Girls with Andy Warhol* (1971–76), Auder is a visionary for the age of webcams and cell-phone cameras.

If his oeuvre is in part a public history, it is also an autobiography, as he makes evident in *The Feature* (2008), a three-hour narrative directed by Auder and Andrew Neel, grandson of the painter Alice Neel (Auder's close friend and the subject of several of his most complex and caring video portraits). The movie's presumptively fictional framework—the sixty-five-year-old Auder is shown to have brain cancer and is given but a few months to live—motivates him to review his life and work, primarily his marriages to Viva and Cindy Sherman, his relationships with his daughters and with his current lover, and his long friendships with Neel and Waldon, among others. Among the many purposes of this thoroughly engrossing though occasionally awkward movie are to demonstrate that there is no lensed fiction that is not a documentary and vice versa; to act as a highlight reel of Auder's digitally spiffed-up videos; to allow the artist to reflect on his life through his own representations of it; and, disconcertingly, to allow him to write his own epitaph while he is still very much alive and kicking up a storm of work at home and abroad. □

"The World Out of My Hands," a retrospective of Michel Auder's work, is on view at Lunds Konsthall in Sweden through November 14.

AMY TAUBIN IS A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF FILM COMMENT AND SIGHT & SOUND.



Art review
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Michel Auder, “Keeping Busy: An Inaccurate Survey

The pioneering video diarist is reviewed.

By Jane Harris

In *Chronicles: Family Diaries* (1971–73), Michel Auder films his wife, Viva Superstar, giving birth to their daughter, Alexandra. The entire event is captured, from the taxi ride to the hospital to the discussion Viva has afterward with the doctor who delivered the child. At one point, the latter inquires how tight Viva wants her vagina to be sewn up, and in what Warhol would later call “the most tiresome voice I’d ever heard,” Viva turns to ask Auder. There is no audible reply. Later in the same video, Auder shoots a garrulous scene inside a London hotel restaurant in which the management refuses to let Viva breast-feed, interspersed with subsequent newspaper headlines about the incident (WARHOL STAR TOLD TO QUIT HOTEL) and tender scenes of Alexandra nursing. Again, throughout the footage, Auder maintains his silence. This sense of presence and absence, intimacy and detachment, defines most of Auder’s pioneering video work (a corpus that reportedly includes thousands of hours of raw footage), and is summed up best by the artist himself: “I have always been a voyeur, but a voyeur with a very poetic sensibility.”

In “Keeping Busy: An Inaccurate Survey,” a three-part exhibition taking place at Zach Feuer Gallery, Newman Popiashvili Gallery and Participant, Inc., this poetic voyeurism unfolds like a diary with no beginning or end. The sheer magnitude of it all is astonishing (hence the title, no doubt), as nothing in his turbulent life is barred: not the breaks with his famous wives (who have included Cindy Sherman in the 1980s), nor his battle with heroin, his participation in orgies and so on. Still, more often than not, such melodrama is subsumed in the quotidian, Auder’s chief subject matter.

Presenting more than 40 works that span the same number of years, this wonderful, heady survey includes two 16mm films: *Keeping Busy* (1969), featuring Viva and Louis Waldon—as themselves lolling around in bed—and *Cleopatra* (1970), an idiosyncratic, sardonic take on the 1963 Hollywood epic starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. In their use of nonlinear narrative and spontaneous action, both films evidence the influence of Warhol and

the French New Wave, and can be seen on demand, per the artist's request, at Participant, Inc.

The rest of the survey consists of video, Auder's true medium, a technology he embraced almost the moment it became widely available. As early as 1969, he was using a Sony Portapak, the first home-consumer camera on the market. As Jonas Mekas remarked, video has been "a part of his life, eyes, hands" ever since (though Auder claims he's shooting less and less each year, preferring to work instead from existing footage).

Elliptical, fragmented and often layered, many of the videos—shown on monitors, projected on walls and arranged in installations—represent Auder's signature themes: the biographical vignettes of friends like Alice Neel, Annie Sprinkle and the Cockettes; the montages of everyday people (a prostitute on Tenth Avenue, a male couple having sex, a man escorting a woman across the street) shot from windows and rooftops; the dreamy, splintered travelogues from places like Morocco and Bolivia; and the seminal works shot off TV (*The Olympic Games Variations*, from 1984, and 1986's *The Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling*, on view at Zach Feuer, being two particularly good examples). His most recent work, *Narcolepsy*, from this year, encompasses five flat-screen monitors on a wall at Newman Popiashvili. It centers on images of a sleeping woman, as well as scenes and sounds of water (girls playing in a river, a sink of dishes, the plink-plink of rain, dolphin cries), cut up and overlaid with other surrealistic details: a person fitting a life-size doll with fake eyeballs; shots of Santa and snowman tchotchkes; wolves killing a bunny; abstract sparks, all playing across the monitors like a Greek chorus, commenting on the action. Some of the video is old—remixed, as it were, from Auder's extensive archive. The result is a confluence of past and present, dream and reality, fragment and story that evokes the unreliable structure of memory.

This idea of the remix—employed first by the Surrealists, and later popularized by William S. Burroughs (who literally cut up prose, his own and others, to create new meaning)—becomes in Auder's hands both metaphor and strategy. Revisiting his past, he rewrites his future, and in a potentially never-ending process of editing, undoes the very concept of the *fait accompli*—perhaps his greatest legacy as an artist. That, and creating some of the most strangely banal, yet lyrical, videos you're likely to see.