

SANDRA MOUSSEMPÈS

FROM SUNNY GIRLS

**TRANSLATED BY ELÉNA RIVERA, SANDRA MOUSSEMPÈS AND
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MOMENTARY RESURGENCE OF VISUAL SENSATIONS

...

when I ask myself the question I think to think speaks for itself I think with my lips I smile but without thinking reflect on the fact that thought speaks for itself speaks the sound of my lips doesn't exist if it isn't in the sonic fiction I would like to speak to you I would like to tell all but to tell all results in a reality that is no longer my way of telling and of being and if a film obscures my field of vision then I think it's a remake

...

I also think of subtitles of languages read heard learned I think as thought they say to open their lips their eyes blink my mouth is open now I preselect a thought I think for you I divide myself into thoughts in my dreams thought is inscribed all along the faces the colors have their own thoughts that fill each projection into full screen mode

...

one sees the lips of actors one sees that they don't think the actors don't think since their life is a momentary constraint a photograph of a two-way mirror, the actors act on the screen whereas off camera the actor thinks of the role and is therefore outside the role I sometimes point myself out as an actress of my spoken thoughts, think a thought in the moment then describe it more or less, I point myself out while those who think they've received my confidences haven't heard a thing haven't seen me, they have ideas but not their own proper thoughts, the reason that the crease at the corners of the mouth leads to an affirmative answer

...

I like voices she could say I like not synthesizing not telling not retracing instead of shutting up, I ask myself and my answer is a question that becomes a remake of my supposed previous life, track the sound that delayed leaves my mouth track that which spills out in thought, do you think then that one can become a person that will come back that one can come back in thought in the thought of those who question you?

(tr. Eléna Rivera)

SUPERNATURAL JEWELS

Let's take a sound dedicated to princesses
When the skin becomes slightly darker
And across the kingdom in a mauve bikini
Then get down on their knees on the motorway

Toward a perspective on deep harmony
The cult of the surface generates a form of obstinacy
From old scaffolding, you reach a blinding light
Or any other target is crushed in the anthology of senses

"She is really young"
Did not become a metaphor but a suspicion to divulge
From this statement, frozen landscape are born
With a purple dress at the middle (i can go even further on)

Often the house was closed
Because of link without extension
The billboard "ON SALE" was a part of a dynasty
But could'nt explain neither the light dizziness nor the melody heard in the distance

While watching "Spring breakers" from Harmony Korine

(tr. Sandra Moussempès)

FRAME— NIGHT — RED ABODE

The heat of studios, we can extract this heat.
“Your body holds up a night-light, you are languorous.”
—title of the first dialogue—

The hero says he's captivated.

When you are in this Santa Monica hotel you have a view of the ocean, you are in the interior of a décor purchased by more than 900 T.V. channels.

You like the blue that makes positive thinking easy, the whiteness of the walls looks like Greece but in L.A. it's never too hot or too cold “I like the quality of life, our kids go to a private school” or any other dialogue in sale will be fine.

She walks on the beach, that ocean is not actually a place for swimming, we find sharks there and the opinion californian have on them.

— We have to drive, I see, you don't like driving you'll have to get used to it, that and the gym.

The red light intensifies, the faces frown, 1979 or maybe 1982, no mass movements, the Cocteau

Twins are big with young Californians at the time, in L.A. there were some fake punks who lived in luxurious villas, they organized parties on the patios of their plastic surgeon parents.

[I met a brunette there who looked like Mia]

But also some arty directors and rising actors; sometimes the servers became stars, shortly after, but no one really knew how to lose themselves like here.

Dialogues numbered 1 through 13

— I want to re-read some books, books stimulate me and make me stronger, at the cinema (the image makes everything) there's this condensation on the camera that prevents seeing in, depth, it is very tempting to be guided by an atmosphere.

— It's possible to be lured by silence and to wish for the sound to guide us.

In L.A. two women kissed each others, I remember this moment; was it just a spot for a vintage porno in faded colors (a popular aesthetic in the field of design) ?

— I watched these two blonde women, naked, who had maintained long pearl necklaces, in a wicker chair, the light was blue, their bloneness was blue, and this blue became tangled in many layers, with their legs and their ankles becoming mauve on the photo once enlarged.

Red desk-blotter, first window

Rectangle, transparency, dark edges—

The heroine became a second role in the background categorized emerging pin-up, in this independent film, she slaved away (the quality of the image makes everything).

—We'll call her Mia, blond, father German, mother Irish, physique Hitchcockian but without the ambivalence, voluptuous curves, Mia wears a brown wig that brings out her blue eyes and the paleness of her complexion.

(In this boarding school, no one knows who is who, no one knows who is I)

—But, yet it's the same woman, I'm sure I recognize her.

—Yes actually, but the image doesn't make everything.

So, various hypotheses

—I did not go to the cinema for years but I included myself in my list of unfindable films

Questioning, question marks

Repetition of the final sentence

Motives, suppressed adjectives

— The final scene didn't make me feel anything

but deep inside, she is devastated
in a sculpted house

3 o'clock, in front of the housing development barely out of the ground, the residents come
to get the keys, they open the door of their apartment

A form of submission
They fool around with each other

I had repetitive dreams: I am almost superstitious when I keep quiet
No sentence seemed really positive despite the blue
"Coldly received"

Fade to black
Thesis of survivors who are fed up with
Aliases & memento to forget them
Something welcome : the replacement of the rumor with a strident note

"You enter a new cycle you'll see nothing will be the same, or maybe you'll see nothing
because
everything will have changed"

Nothing needs to be explicable if the explanation is the only thing that stays

Something shorter
— This bitch ripped you off

Features other than direct access to the sea: the waste collection is becoming decent
We could say boiler if everything hadn't been taken away

With me as an extension of you
I bet you are
Smiling I feel that you wish me well

(tr. Sandra Moussempès and Hadley Sorsby-Jones)