

Jeremy Blake
One Hit Wonder

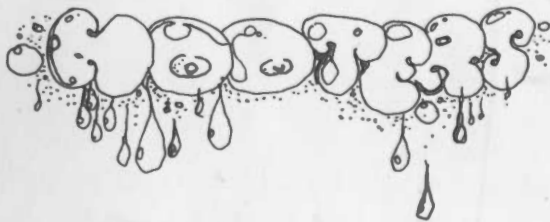
27 february - 10 april 1999

works on paper, inc.

6150 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90048
323/964.9675 FAX 964.9607

(Go ahead - Make FUN)

Just because I spend a lot of time in



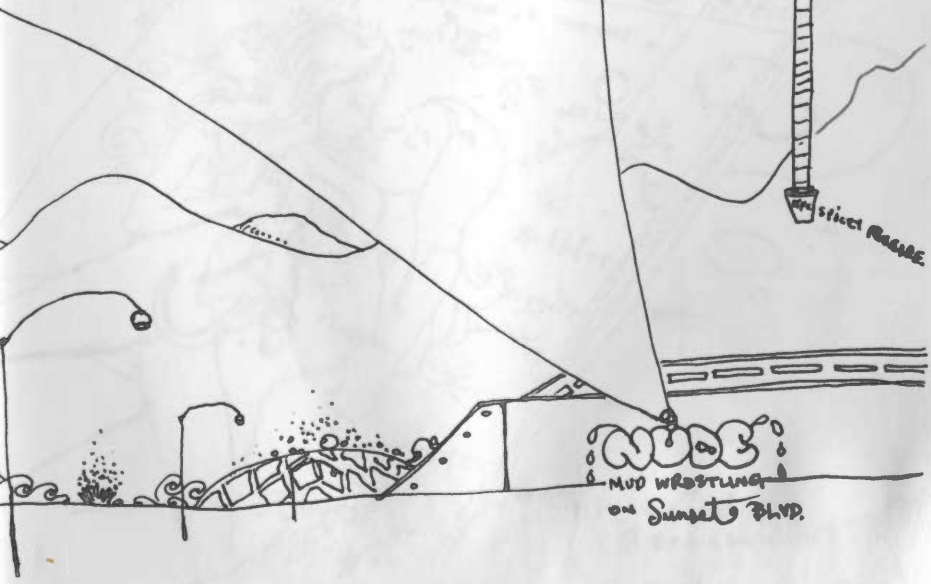
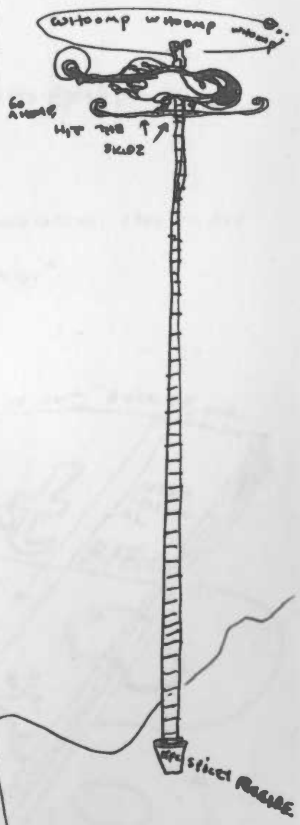
doesn't mean I'm a lousy cop...



"Paradise Lost"

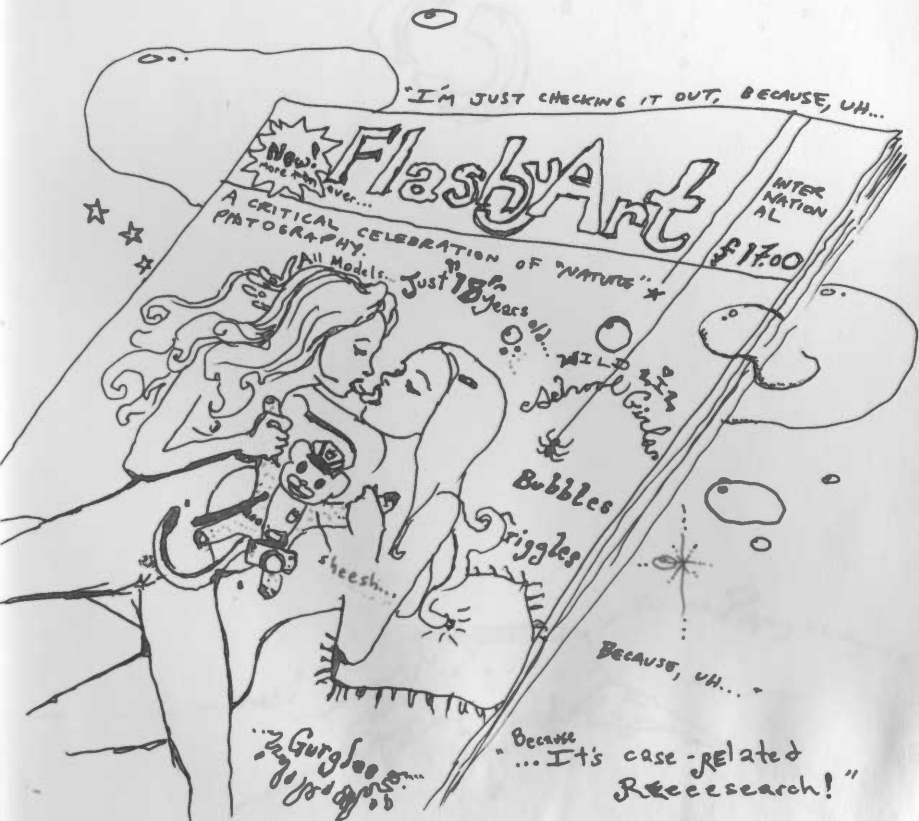
VS.

"GILLEN GIY"



The boys used to make fun of me for reading ~~Flashy Art~~ ^{F O A} in
the squad car...

Finally I told 'em "Look, ^{-Motherfuckers} you don't understand, they've had
a change in editorial policy lately:"



PLEASE NOTE:

This arrest report was manufactured using
paper made out of wood pulp from

THE GIVING TREE.



For you? **?** Any thing...



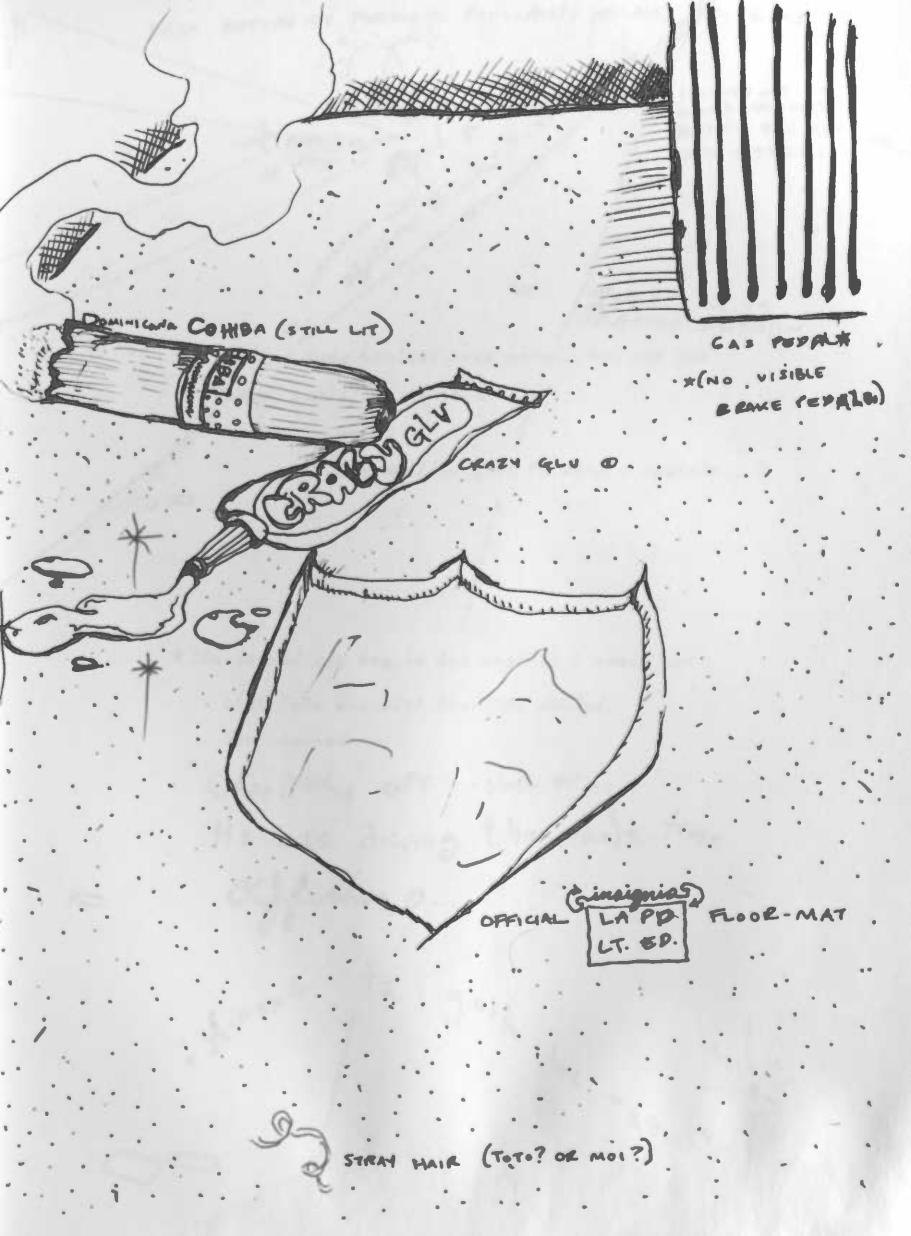
No it's not about castration at all...



... * * * * * It's about public service. * * * * * * * * * * !!

LITTLE BOOK...

EVERY COP ON THE RACE INCLUDING MASHAKI JUST LOVES THIS MUTTY LITTLE PAETIC



DOMINICANA COMIDA (STILL LIT)

CAS PUDRA

X(NO VISIBLE
BRAKE PEDAL)

CRAZY GLU

CRAZY GLU ©

OFFICIAL

insignia
LA PD
LT. SD.

FLOOR-MAT



STRAY HAIR (TOTO? OR MOI?)

BACK BEFORE MY PERSONAL POPULARITY BEGAN TO SOAK...



STORIES OF THE
Yellow Brick Road Patrol

CLOSE UP OF
GOLD BRICKS/
EMPTY BIN BOTTLES...
VOICE-OVER:

Used to be on
TRAFFIC DETAIL

* I pulled Judy Garland over once. Her car had
(banana peels) for tires...

She smelled like (a ship's captain...)

* She Leaned way ^{back} in her seat so I could see
that Toto was with her. She smiled.

She slurred:

"OFFFIFER, OFF ishsh er..."

He was driving the whole time

Offfisher... "

"Honest ta gosh

he was..."

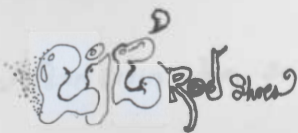




"Officer Spike Punch...L.A.P.D!!!!"

"I'll arrest you, and your little dog too!"





"C'mon, Tap 'em together sugar..."

"There's no place like Guru Puneer's Farm?"

"Sheeci +"

"Keep tappin..."

"There's no place like the Zen Center..?"

"Nope. Keep tappin..."

"There's no place like the PCN?"

"No..."

"There's no place like The Tank"

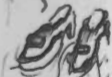
"Bingo

Bzng0

Boom

You
got
it"

* Tappity Tappity Tap...
* * * * *



And
off
we
went
(in my car)



After seein' him so often...

★ The guys on the squad got to be friendly

with

Toto...



Urg! Ah... the sweat of bitterness of showin' big life...

Was no lads, the friendship of you boys in the vice room is no small comfort

let me assure you... I shant forget you when I regain my stature



We called him "The One Hit Wonder."

You see, "The Wizard" was his only big hit. After that? Well, nothin'.

But hey,

We still loved him...
to be invited to every opening night gala

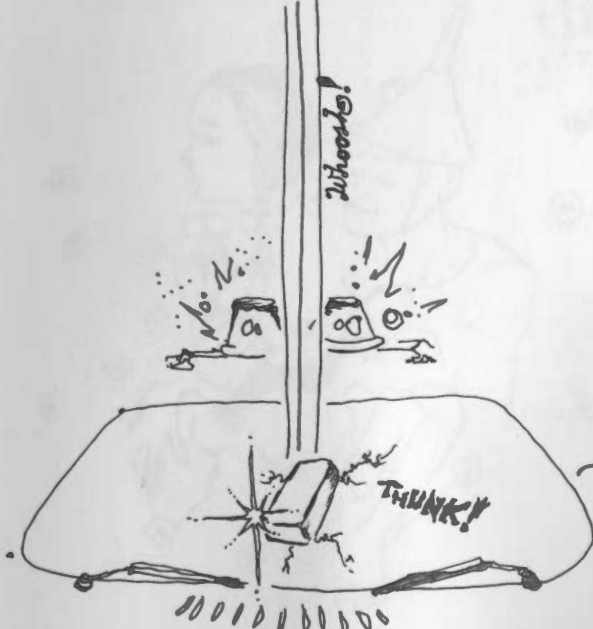
honoured guests... gentlemen it will be a privilege



Follow Follow Follow... Follow The yellow brick road... Follow

ONCE: To get back at me for arresting his Dorothy,
Toto waited for me on the 10 freeway overpass

and dropped a gold fuckin' brick through my windshield.....



No the fuckin' HOLLYWOOD DOGS!!!



I blacked out and had some very vivid dreams...



He came in that night rambling...

READ ON...



PROFILE...



BOOK END * * *



Surprised?

THAT'S ALL
YOU CAN
SEE WHEN
FACED WITH
SOMETHING
YOU DON'T SURPRISE
UNDERSTAND?
FOR PET'S SAKE
MAN, DIDN'T
THEY HAVE
ANY ART CLASSES
AT THAT POLICE ACADEMY

YOU WENT TO ~~ART~~ OR
WERE YOU JUST GIVEN
A BADGE AND A GUN
AND SET LOOSE ON THE
CITY TO MAKE LIFE MISERABLE
FOR THE REST OF US? ~~BLAR DE BOK~~



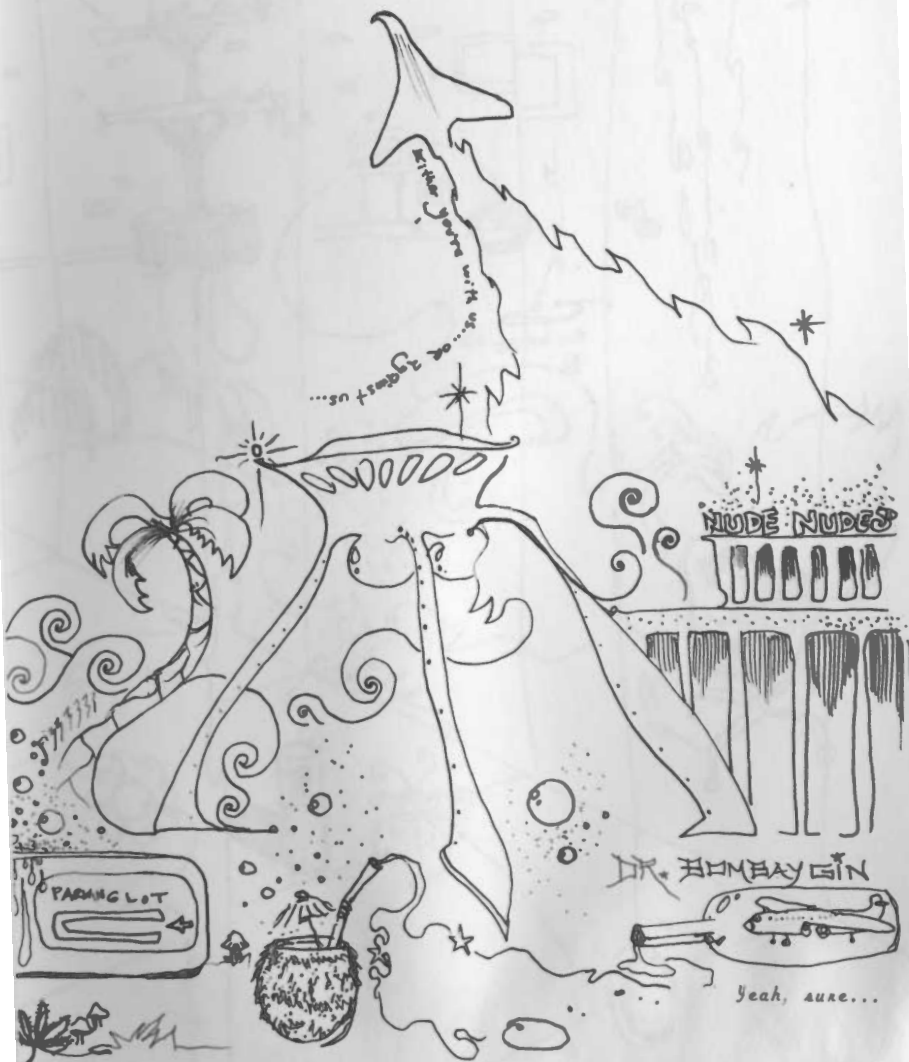
Handwritten text at the top left, possibly a title or page number, which is mostly illegible due to fading.



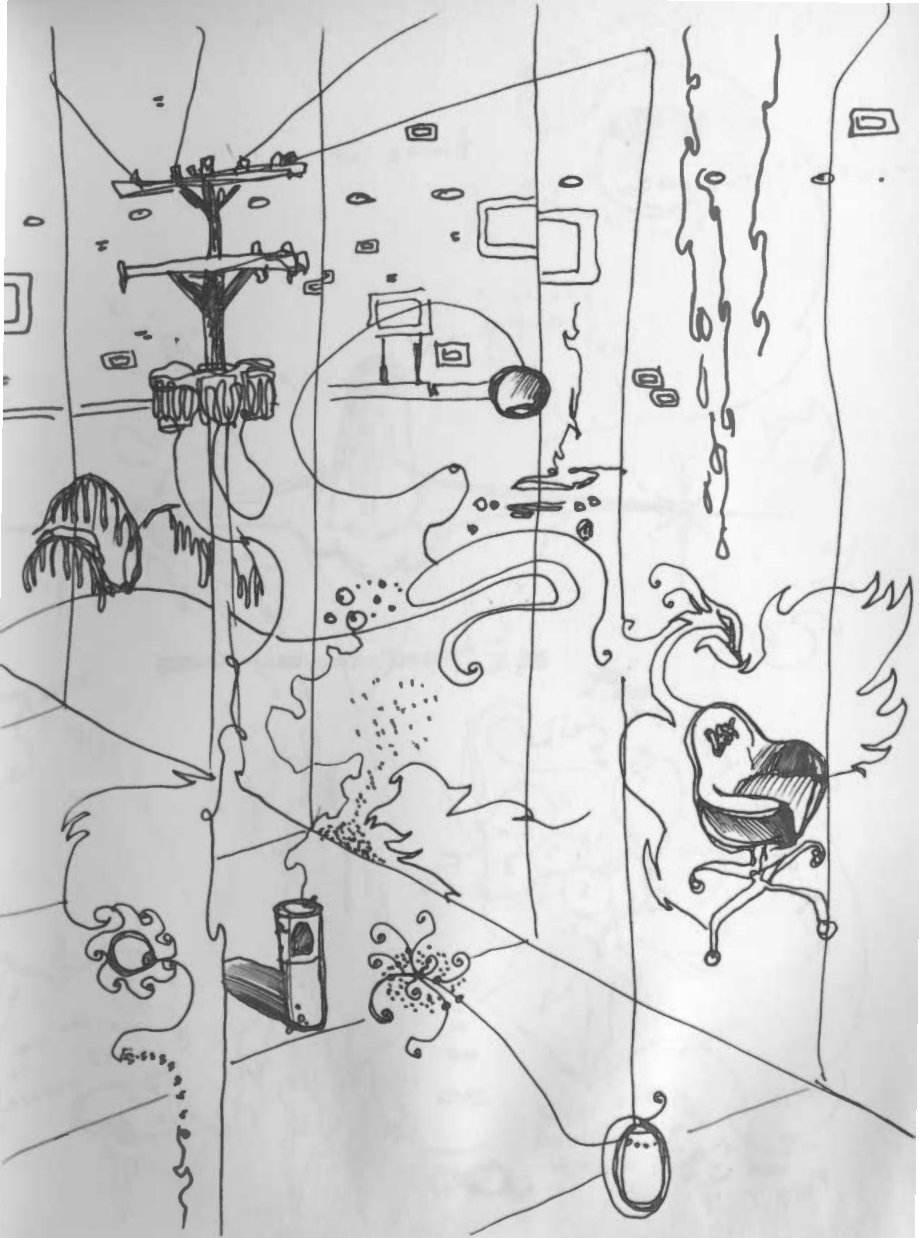
© 2007 by The McGraw-Hill Companies
All rights reserved.

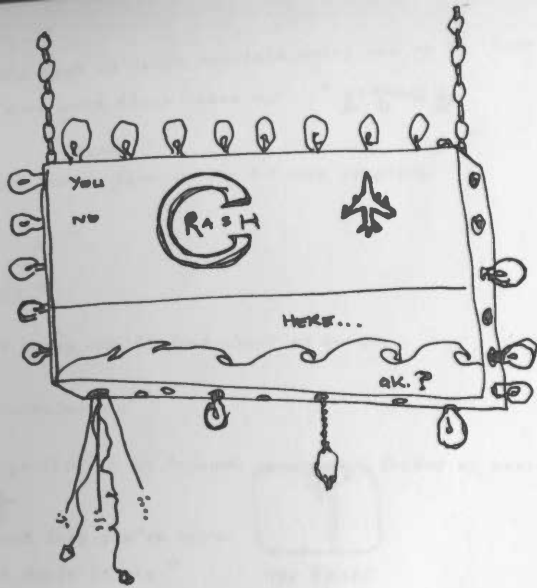


GO MAKE A FEW BUSTS @
The Airport?



Yeah, sure...





CONSCIOUS PILOTS: **NOW** with our constant in-flight terminal...

you can pay your outrageous
LANDING FEE,
DROP A BIG ASS
BOMB, KISS YOUR OWN ASS
GOODBYE--
RETURN TO YOUR HOMOSOCIAL
H.Q. IN ONE EASY STEP ANY CONNECTION? YOU BET YOUR ASS IT IS.

What the fuck is craft services doing set up at "Nude Nudes?" I told them to
break down over three hours ago... squawk

"Dunno."

Do you have a line on the A-Frame location? yet?

"No."

Why not?

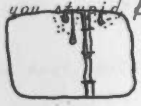
Don't worry, we'll just shoot as we go...

That worries me.

Then go find us an A-frame you stupid fucked up, worried motherfucker...

squawk

You act like you've never made a movie before.



THE EXOTIC
ALLURE OF
FAR-AWAY
PLACES...

No, I've just never made
this movie before... Voiceover

LIONS,
TIGERS, n'
BAMBOO?

LIONS,
TIGERS n'
COHIBAS?

LIONS,
TIGERS n'
CHOPPERS?

DIRTY MAGAZINES?

AIRPORT (and surrounding vicinity)
DISTRACTIONS
INCLUDED:



TAKING-OFF/
LANDINGS



A SENSE OF
COMMUNITY



WOMEN IN
UNIFORM ENTERING
LEAVING THE REST-
ROOMS



CUTTING-EDGE
GRAPHIC
DESIGN



THE GURU
FREEE POLICE-BAND
RADIO SHOW



NEARBY
ESTABLISHMENTS
WHERE POLICEMEN
TEND TO CURRY
FAVOR...

I don't know if something like this
has ever happened to you...(and I don't
really give a shit if it has or not to
be quite ho-neat) but the CPTN. had told

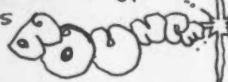
me to go to the airport and do something
or investigate something or some such
or was it make a few busts? I don't
~~XXXXXXXX~~ remember what...

So I turned on the radio

which distracted me even ~~XX~~ further.....

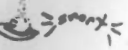
And of course, SNOOP DOG'S point is the exact opposite of standard wisdom: the harmonious balanced totality is not the 'truth' within which particular exaggerations, deprived of their excess, must find the proper place; on the contrary, ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} truth which undermines the falsity of the balanced totality. (THIS THE RECAPITULATION OF ^{BOASTS: MEGA,} ~~THE~~ ^(FUNKY) "BOUNCE", OR EXAGGERATION ON THE ^{REALLY LET} ~~NEW~~ ^{NEW} TRACK: "SNOOP BOUNCE".

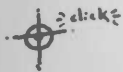
THE SUBJECT EMERGES IN THE EVENT OF THIS



WHEN A PART
EXCEEDS ITS
LIMITED
CONSTRAINTS
AND
EXPLODES
THE
CONSTRAINTS
OF ≈
BALANCED
TOTALITY...

"XXX This Dg talks too much..."





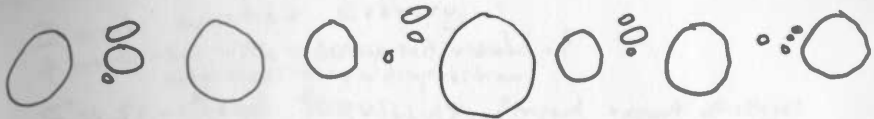
Oh god, my head...



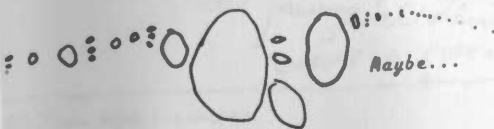
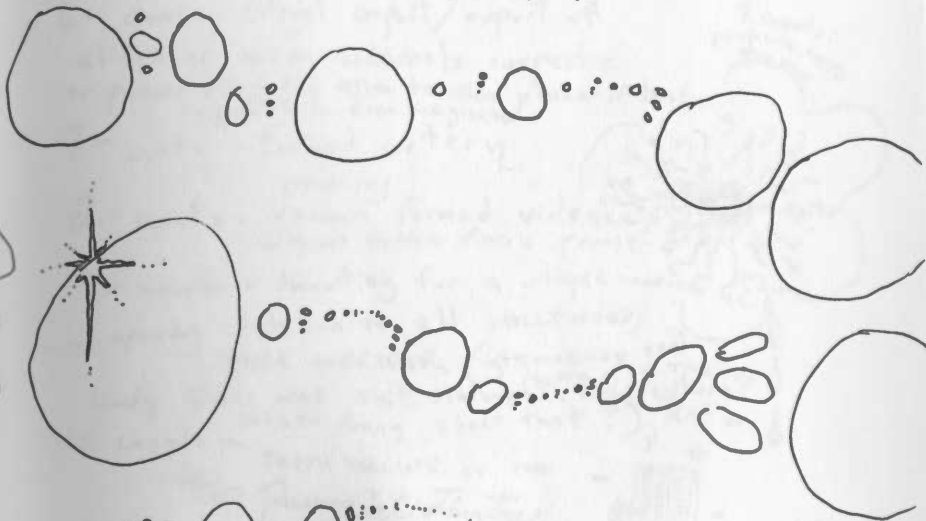


Fuck, I think I recognize this greasy voice...





From some flying monkey sequence?



Maybe...

3 counts armed Rubbery...

4 counts - sex with underage individuals of interdisciplinary disposition.

5 shots - illegal TERVILLAZ (import export of illegal raw remedies)

6 - counts - illegal import/export of aliens or alien individuals suspect z or persons allegedly alien to this place - if that is possible... even imaginable

7 counts: STARRING INTO THE SUN...

7 - counts - formed artery

8 - counts - vacuum formed violence without fetish finish permit

9 - counts - shouting for a utopic-anarch

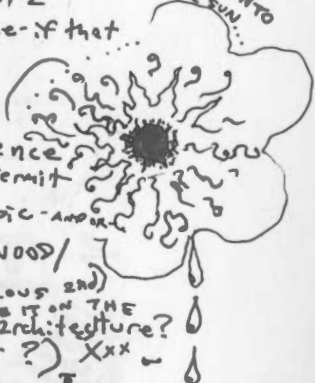
speedy solution to all HOLLYWOOD/

YUCCA CORRIDOR (glamorous 2nd)

bloody DRUG WAR shit storms (BLAME IT ON THE

10 counts - what's funny about that?) XXX

TRUTH TELLING AT THE Pussycat Theatre DURING A PERFORMANCE.



Yeah, ~~that~~ I remember:

Checking the Gnu's Record (As long as ~~it~~ shlong...)

"Geez Capt'n, I don't know wether to arrest this guy... or ~~Kiss him~~."

COUNTS of

CRASHING WITHOUT A LICENSE. NO

Fees collected

to gate from me. ~~THRU~~

PUREE for moving violztrons

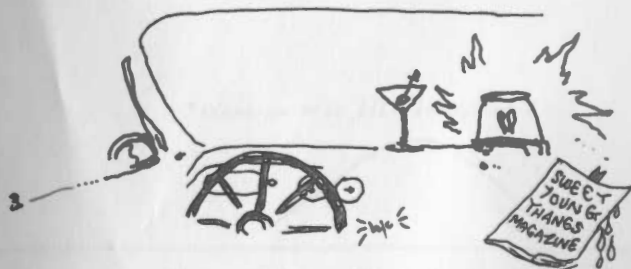
suspect lives in A-FRAME... TOO NICE FOR WORDS

17 COUNTS - CULT FOLLOWING WITHOUT A PERMIT...

15 - Import/export of designer bamboo products for geodesic shelters with permission from the Jap

WE'VE GOT HIM NOW CHIEF...

Confusing an officer + illegal transmissions =
over police bandwidth



Interfering with an officer in the line of duty.

A doowyllo# llih htiw on on daa?



A Hollywood hill with no road?



I'm too drunk to fly the COP CONCORDE

- ♡ AIR FRAME
- ♡ BAY WATCH
- ♡ AIR FRAME
- ♡ BAY WATCH
- ♡ AIR FRAME
- ♡ BAY WATCH
- ♡ AIR FRAME

John's burning
Coburn's way

WHOMP A WHOMP A WHOMP A WHOMP A

WHOMP

- ♡ AIR FRAME
- ♡ BAY WATCH
- ♡ AIR FRAME
- ♡ BAY WATCH
- ♡ AIR FRAME

KILLER ELITE

COPPER

CHOPPER

AIR FRAME
HARD ON
SIGNED

BAY WATCH
ALL SET

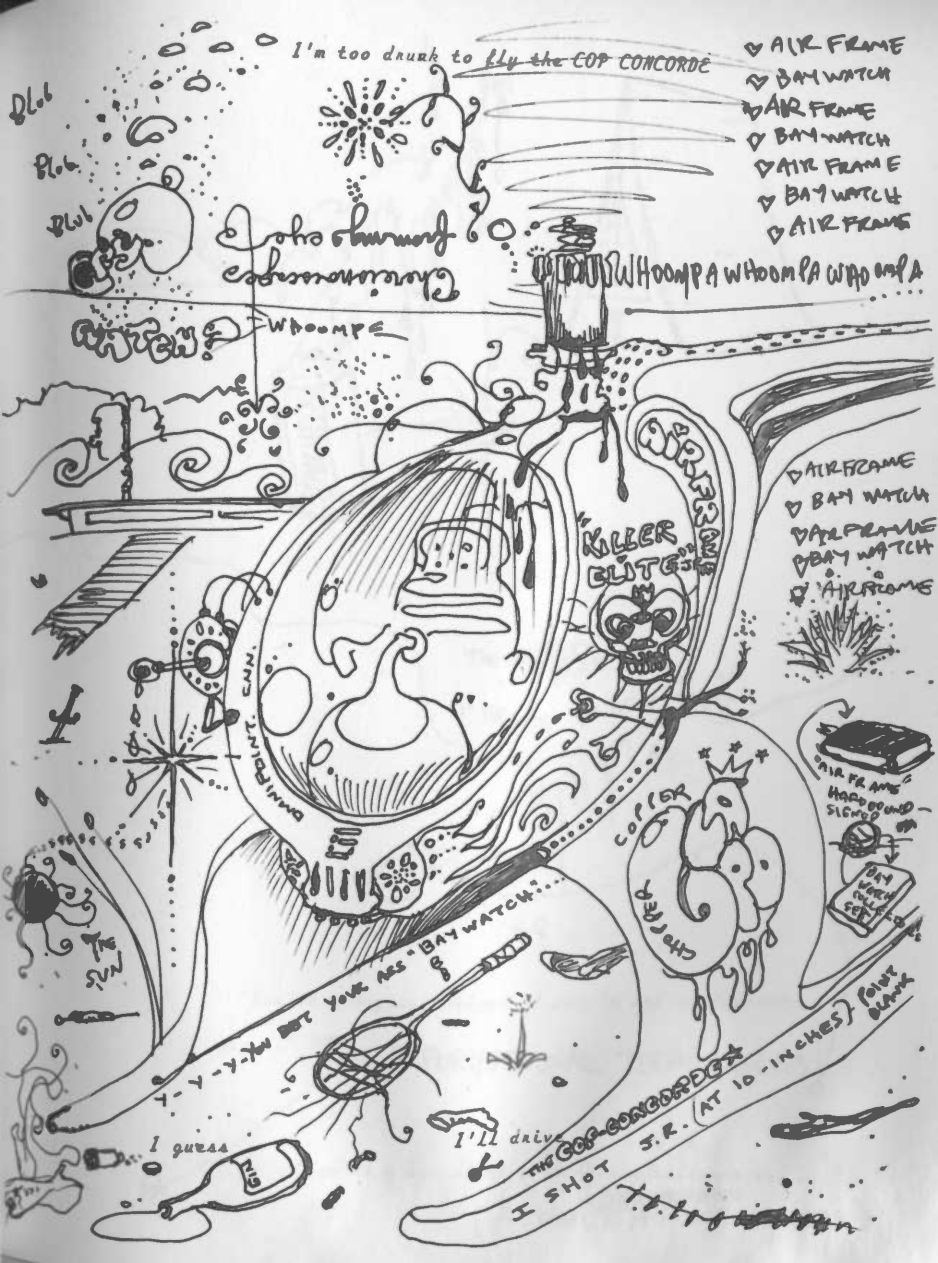
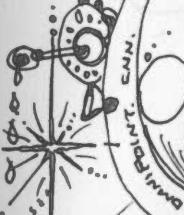
Y-Y-Y-YU MET YOUR ASS BAY WATCH...

I SHOT 3.R. (AT 10-INCHES) FOUR BAY WATCH

I guess

I'll drive

Blub
Blub
Blub





Guru
THE ~~BOSS~~ ... HAD AN
A-FRAME UP NEAR THERE

"You're a magical helper of people and my favorite

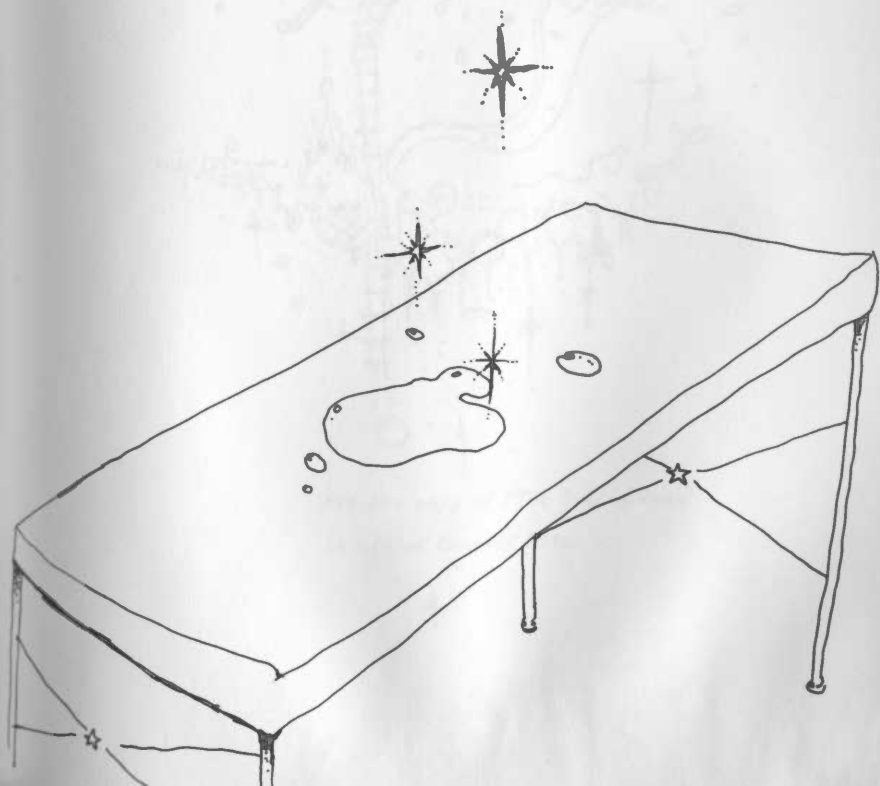
guy..." **TRANSFORMATIONAL TECHNOLOGIES!**

"You're a brilliant grass-roots salesman and ..."

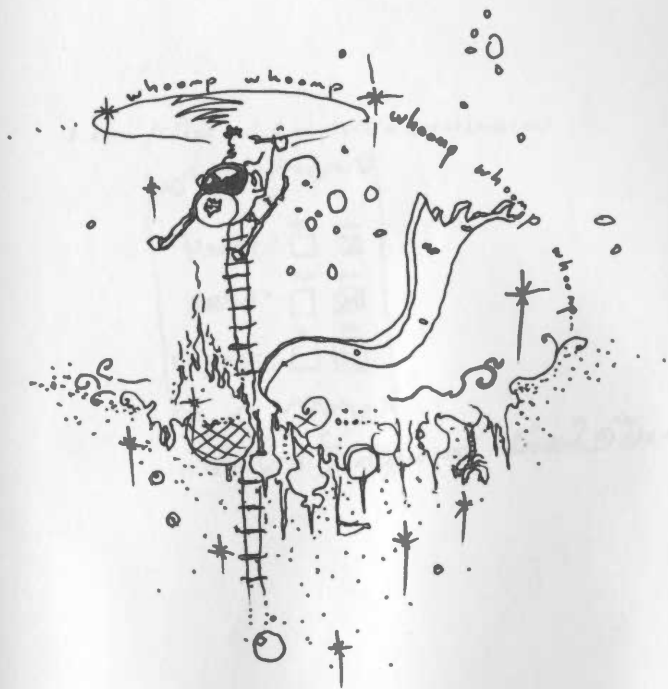
(A REAL MOTHER FUCKER)

Ah...

The Guru's Massaggggge Table...



Hope.



Not one copy of "The Giving Tree"
in all of Emerald City...



Yup. I took my time searching the place...

I even filled out A visitor's questionnaire:

HEART?	YES <input type="checkbox"/>	NO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
BRAIN?	YES <input type="checkbox"/>	NO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
COURAGE?	YES <input type="checkbox"/>	NO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

RESULT: Hollywood Trash De-Lux

Say what you want but:

124 The Guru has great taste, let's face it...

Most A-frames ^{to the} remind me of an

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF PANCAKES or some such...

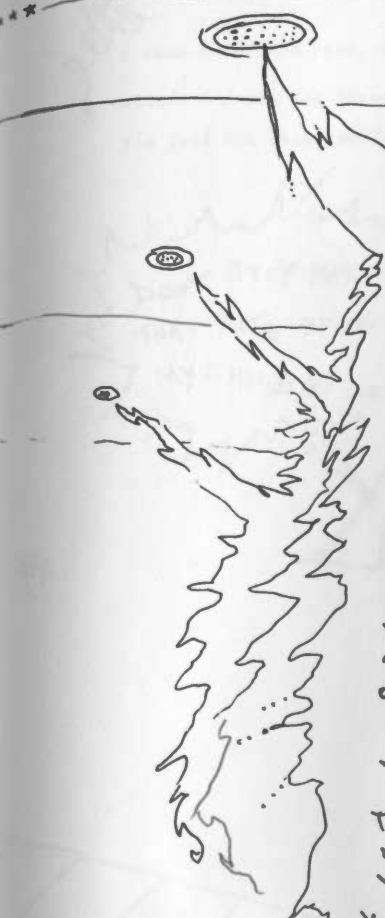
But this one was like,



I dunno...

different...

Now I may not be the smartest guy on the force... ***



INTRUDER!

HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT
THE **GURU** IN
MID-~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
MONOLOGUE **???**

YOU ... FOOL ... WHAT WOULD
YOU DO WITH THE THRONE
EVEN IF YOU HAD IT? COULD
YOU PROVIDE THE LOST LITTLE
DOROTHYS OF THE WORLD WITH
A *Raison d'être* **???** COULD

YOU BUILD A CAGE STRONG ENOUGH
TO HOLD ^{THE} EDWARDLY LIONS OF
THE GREATER LOS ANGELES AREA **???**
I THINK NOT! WHAT CAGE IS THAT

YOU MIGHT ASK... WHAT CAGE **GURU?**
THE OPEN CAGE, YOU IDIOT & THE
OPEN CAGE! **BLAR DE BLAR, BLAR...**

at I know when

I'm not welcome...

Sure...

I knew I had the Gunu, but it wasn't until I saw the
Little A-frame dog house out back that I knew who
the fuck the Gunu really was... and how 'bat-shit' he'd gotten... ^{become}

DON'T STEP PAST
THAT FATID SPIKE-ER,
MY CHILD!!!



• Come out now. •

"Aw, c'mon spike!"

• You are under arrest... •

(BACKYARD)

(REDWOOD PATIO)

"But Spike!"

"...You have the right to remain silent..."

"Spike old man, let's talk this over!"

Anything you say can be used

against you

by another screenwriter..."

My God, Spike... I haven't -

Shut Up! That means

Shut up now Toto!!!"

"I ~~did~~ didn't do nothing!"

"...you have the right to a comeback..."

"H2!"

"If you cannot

afford one, it

will be

provided for you

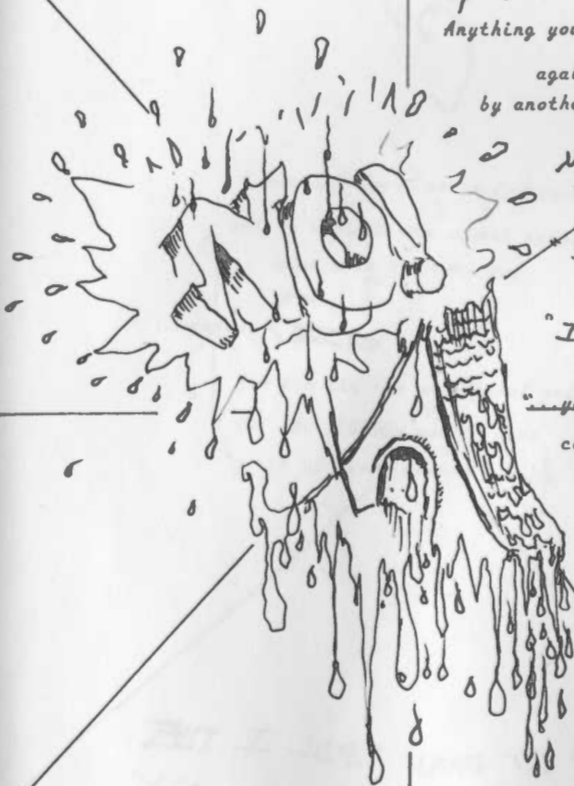
by the ~~market~~ ^{market} ~~place~~ ^{place}


which ~~is~~ ^{is}

the industry..."

"Promises... Empty promises!"

"you have the right to one drink..."





I decided early on in this investigation
not to over-do the arrest report when the
time came to write one.



You see its the unofficial policy of
HOT TUB STUDIOs not to make
'point of view' movies...

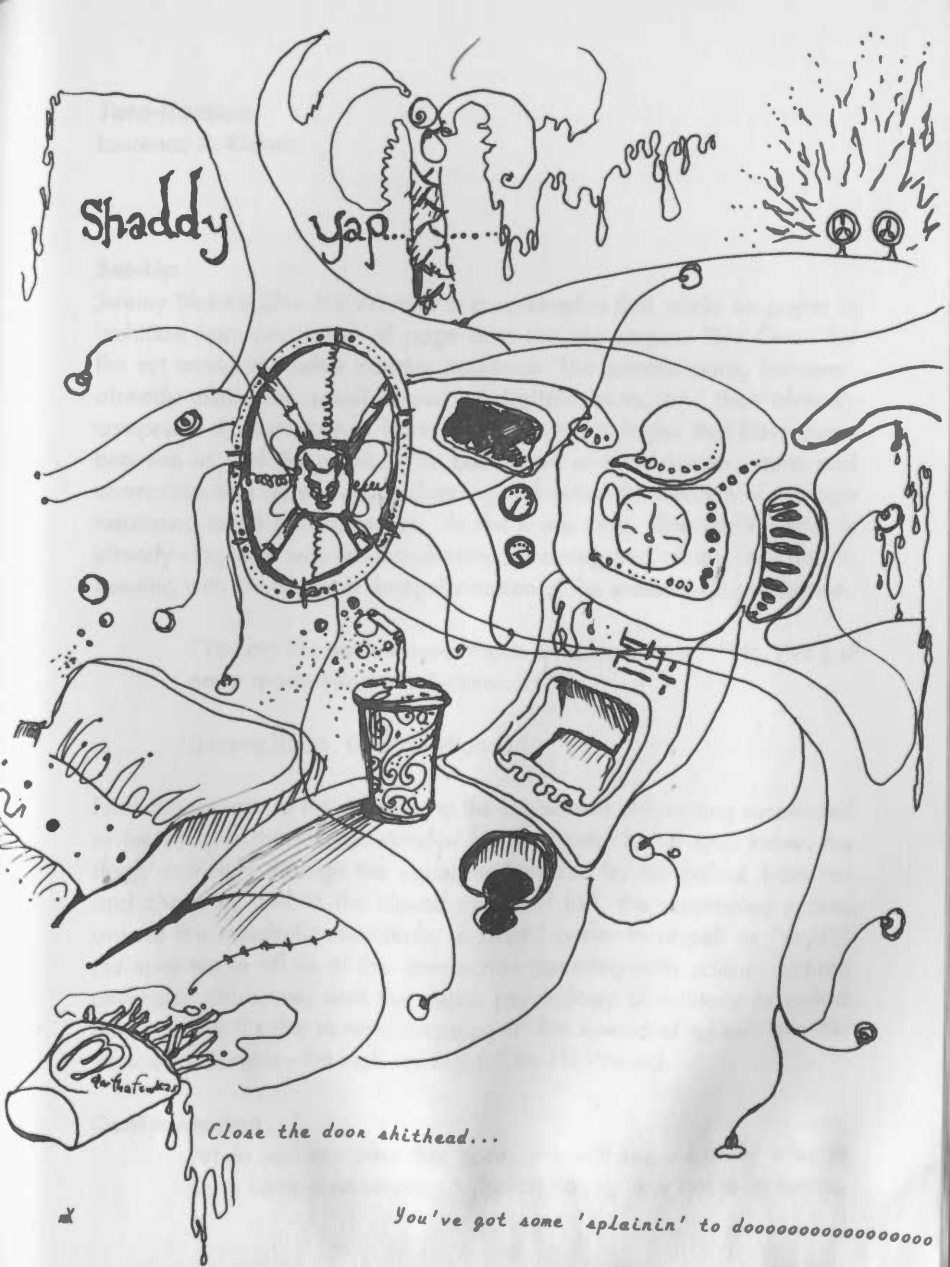
BUT I JUST HAVE TO SHOW
Y'ALL ONE LAST THING*





Shaddy

yap.....



Close the door shithead...

You've got some 'aplainin' to dooooooooooooooooooooo

nk

Toto-lization

Laurence A. Rickels

Set-Up

Jeremy Blake's *One Hit Wonder* is a screenplay that works on paper in isolation from projection of page onto the big screen. This *One's* for the art world—the other captive audience. The printed parts, however, already made the small screen of digitalization, and thus already comprehend, in part or in frame, the tape technologies that have come between us and the movies. The better part of hand-written inserts and corrections and doodle-esque drawings advertise the medium of teenage resistance to all official reports. At the same time, *One Hit Wonder* is already—together with the handwriting, drawing and all the rest, and in keeping with the rampant deregularization of the industry—in production.

"You act like you've never made a movie before." "No, I've just never made *this* movie before..."

(Jeremy Blake, *One Hit Wonder*)

From the airport, to the A-frame, to the big screen of haunting suspended in the past, to the totemic stand-in for the primal father (you know, the dog), and right through the visual medium run by the police, from car and chopper, and in the closed circuit of jail, the screenplay moves around the metabolization basic to what I prefer to respell as "psy-fi," the spot we're all in at the intersection jamming with science fiction, psychotic delusions, and the depth psychology of military or police enforcement. It's the re-metabolization of the wound of takeoff into the wonder or miracle—the high—of flight. *One Hit Wound*.

Confrontation

When you complete this book, you will know exactly what to do to write a screenplay. Whether you do it or not is up to you.

teen spirit—of losers who just the same win, just as the movie always gets completed somehow or other, without authority or author, like some ectoplasmic extension of the in-group sensorium. Pabst really didn't get the big picture implied in and excluded from a film medium of cuts, sutures, and reanimation.

In the movies, according to Benjamin, what you see is what you forget. The shock or shot of inoculation you thus also get provides protection against and projection of the psychoticizing direct hits of technologization and mass-psychologization. But, and here we part company with Benjamin's upbeat techno reception, this inoculative administration of shocks can at the same time or over time extend a certain coverage, the kind Karl Kraus called journalism and Freud referred to as the death drive, conceived, that is, as the life insurance policy of groups. Reaching for these covers we thus also reach the point of no return, where believing is seeing, where not-seeing—or Nazi-ing—is the ultimate treatment for the screen memories. One Hit-ler Wonder. But, as with Winnicott's psychotic patient, this catastrophe of annihilating breakdown we still anticipate with dread belongs in fact to the recent past, which repression has primalized. It's a long-distant past that's along for all our direct connections across long distance. In the visual media of not-seeing, what we identify (with), but without recognition, is that we already were Nazis and that, if we don't keep on getting into the same pictures, we will, horror of horrors, turn into Nazis. Thus the moviegoer always assumes the position of victim in order to win, just like a victim, without guilt or crime of war. Won Hit Wonder.

How-to screen-writing texts are, in the details they get into, arrest reports that can only be taken interpersonally. For example: "try to focus your efforts on strong descriptions of visual information, rather than on adding lots of 'running commentary.' The latter can often seem too smart-alecky and distracting" (Dona Cooper, *Writing Great Screenplays for Film and TV*, p.155). Or again: "Another reason for restraining yourself is more practical than creative. Most people in this business have so much reading to do in their work that thick, long paragraphs in a script cause their

Benjamin identifies the police force as phantom-like in the improv nightmare issuing from its hunting license for ungrounded evaluation and decision-making. "Its power is formless, like its nowhere tangible, all-pervasive, ghostly presence in the life of civilized states" (*Ibid.*, p. 287). Which also just means that Benjamin for one, but one for all, bore inside him the crypt of an improper burial or unmarked grave that the phantom police were haunting because the wound they left behind had not been laid to rest. The cops are our walking wounds. But then they're off to the airport, to turn into the wonder of fight or flight, toward the "busts" that refer to the maternal order of administration. Good cop, bad cop is the one and only ritual that corresponds, point by point, with the split Melanie Klein diagnosed between Good breast, bad breast. We cop our highs in our favorite haunts.

But in *One Hit Wonder* the promise of busts at the place of the heir ultimately comes across the air waves of radio broadcasting, and redirects the force from the airport to the guru's A-frame up in the hills. Then we again attend the arrest of Toto, who holds the place of father. "Motherfuckin' Hollywood Dogs!" Thus our police POV, Officer Spike Punch, L.A.P.D., confirms the reservation. Officer Punch blacks out and dreams up the X-rated version of OZ—somewhere over the transference. (The Tin Man as dream machine represents the projection of the dreamer's relationship to his body, with his mother's body at the front of the line. Dorothy with her poppy breasts is the object of the officer's identification, a flash back no doubt to the seductions of toilet training.)

The police represent a moment of arrest—of conflation or confusion—in the handing down of the legacy Freud called the cultural process (which supersedes social conditions as formative influence). Because your superego, the conveyor belting of tradition, comes not from the parents via interpersonal contact and internalization but from their superegos, the beat of the police is the one precisely skipped by the superegoic band lengths. But that doesn't keep the cops from taking it all interpersonally even or especially in the moment of arrest, the moment of regression to the bust or breast.

All original drawings, 1998, pen on paper, 8½ x 11 inches

design

patricia moritz

printing

the castle press

catalogue edition, 500

© 1999, by Works on Paper, Inc.

All rights in this book are reserved. No part of this work may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording or any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the publisher.

works on paper, inc.

6150 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90048
323/964.9675 FAX 964.9607