

*Mrs Mojo Risin'*  
A LETTER

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Dear FRIEND, welcome to this text composed of words and photos. It is inspired by the Performance "Mrs Mojo Risin' - due to the friendship of Jim Morrison and Friedrich Nietzsche", by Jack Hauser and Sabina Holzer, which was announced as Lecture-Performance "Jim Morrison and Nietzsche" at the conference on THE CONCEPT OF IMMANENCE IN PHILOSOPHY AND THE ARTS at ANGEWANDTE INNOVATION LABORATORY (AIL), Saturday, May 7th 2016, 03:00-03:30 pm.

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Photo: Jack Hauser

*There are no longer "dancers", the possessed.  
The cleavage of men into actor and spectators  
is the central fact of our time. We are obsessed  
with heroes who live for us and whom we punish.  
If all the radios and televisions were deprived  
of their sources of power, all books and paintings  
burned tomorrow, all shows and cinemas closed,  
all the arts of vicarious existence...*

*We are content with the “given” in sensation’s quest. We have been metamorphosed from a mad body dancing on hillsides to a pair of eyes staring in the dark.*



Photo: Jack Hauser

*Through ventriloquism, gestures, play with objects, and all rare variations of the body in space, the shaman signaled his “trip” to an audience which shared the journey.*

*Metamorphose. An object is cut off from its name, habits, associations. Detached, it becomes only the thing, in and of itself. When this disintegration into pure existence is at last achieved, the object is free to become endlessly anything.*



Photo: Jack Hauser

*The subject says "I see first lots of things which dance...then everything becomes gradually connected".*

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*Celebration of the Lizard by Jim Morrison as container for the Performance Mrs Mojo Risin'*

Now listen, we've got a special treat for you right now.

This is a little tour the force, which we have only done a couple of times for strangers and it starts of kind of quite

So if everybody just can kind of relax,  
take some few deep breaths  
and feel your feet on the ground, or your sitting bones on the chair.  
Connect your sitting bones to your heels

and maybe you recognize a subtle shift of weight within your posture.

Maybe you want to be aware of your spine, curving upwards in a double s-shape. Your ribcage is wide and flexible, moving with every breath opening in the front, opening the heart, widening in the back to support where and what ever you are. And yes, the neck is loose and the head is floating upwards in a light manner. To anchor your head, you maybe want to relate to your reptile brain at the back of your head.

As you bring your awareness to your body and to your breathing, just think of all the things, you have done, thought or heard today, and what you imagine to come. And just realize, everything can change completely within an instant. Think about your eventual end.

Notes for the futures, right?

By the way, I don't know if you're aware of it, but this whole evening is taped for eternity and beyond that, too.

So listen, if you want to be represented in eternity with some uncouth language and moves - I hope you stand up on the top of your chair and play it out!

This is an invitation by Mrs Mojo Risin' aka Miss Coochie, woman of uncouth men and women. I will try to connect with you and all these memories coming not from so far, from the desert, like a moon covered in black.

Maybe the best is to tell you what the story is about: It is about a bunch of young people, who are getting fed up with where they were living and what was happening there. They group up together to find a different place. So the make journey together. When there are tired, they sit together, sing and discuss with each other, of what had happen and what will be.

They listen to the wind whispering:  
"Your talk about profit and efficiency.  
So tell me, when you move from peak to peak -  
do you use a pole to vault away from your death,  
or spring snatched from what ever is that struggles beneath your skin?"

Does flight, your laughter, your fits of rage come from your blood?  
Or are they nothing but the tricks of a man already dead  
and whom nothing can stop, since he has no place anymore in his body?

Ghosts, tight-rope walkers, or overfed dreamer which appear agile and smart, is that your superman?  
Whose soul insatiable with his tongue has already licked all the good and bad things?"

The body of his mother  
rotting in the summer ground.  
He fled the town.  
He went down west and crossed the border.

(The west is the best.)

Is everybody in?  
Is everybody in?  
Is everybody in?  
The ceremony is about to begin.

Wake up!  
You can't remember where it was that this dream stopped?

There's a truth gliding over me like a cloud  
striking me with invisible lightning.  
It's happiness spreads slowly.

Come. Come. Come!  
From demurring eyes,  
from velvet shudderings,  
it glances strike me.

Charming evil!  
The glance of a girl.  
The glance of a girl.  
My truth is speaking.

Now, run to the mirror in the bathroom!  
Look!  
Is this you?  
Crucified, inspected, resurrected?  
Is this the base of your happiness?

A crimson dragon lurks within the abyss of every girls glance.

Once I had a little game,  
I liked to crawl back in my brain,  
I think you know the game I mean,  
I mean the game called "Go Insane".

You should try this little game,  
just close your eyes, forget your name.  
Forget the world, forget the people  
and we'll erect a different steeple.

This little game is fun to do,  
just close your eyes, no way to loose  
and I'm right here, I'm going to

release control, we're breaking through, yeah!

Way back deep into the brain.  
Way back past the realm of pain.  
Back, where's never any rain.

And in the labyrinth of streams beneath.

And the sounds of weeping came instead of music.  
And I walked out trembling and pushed my face into the soil.

And sounds of weeping came instead of words, of speaking.  
And dark evenings arrived at the dawn and wailing rose from the village.

Don't stop to speak or look around.  
Your gloves and fan are on the ground.  
You're getting out of town.  
You're going on the run.  
And you're the one I want to come.  
Hhhhaaaaaa come on

Not to touch the earth, not to see the sun,  
nothing left to do but run, run, run.  
Let's run! Let's run!

House upon the hill, moon is lying still.  
Shadows of the trees, witnessing the wild breeze.  
C'mon baby run with me.  
Let's run!

Run with me!  
Run with me!  
Run with me!  
Let's run!

This is the end of our elaborate plan.  
Of everything that stands the end.  
Desperately in need we are.  
Of a strangers hand, in a desperate land.

Run with me!  
Run with me!  
Run with me!  
Let's run!

Come on girl, we're almost don!  
Yeah, come!

We should see the gates by mornin'.  
We should be inside the evenin'.  
We are inside already.

Sun, sun, sun.  
Burn, burn, burn.  
Soon, soon, soon.  
Moon, moon, moon.  
soon, soon.

Swimm, swimm, swimm.  
Climb, climb, climb.  
Son, son, son,  
Swimm, swimm, swimm.  
Soon, soon, soon.  
Come, come, come.

Wilderness between pricks out with miraculous spring.

Notes for the future:

Let the font sputter!  
Let the dragon dance!  
Let everything!

We came down the rivers and highways.  
We came down from forest and falls.  
We came down from Syria to Turkey.  
Down the mountains from Zarduscht enthralled.

And I can tell you the names of the kingdom.  
I can tell you the things, that you know.  
Listening for a fistful of silence.  
Climbing valleys into the shade.

Today I stretch out my hand to the curls of chance  
To lead chance along like a child, suffering from tenderness, to outfox it.

Hush, the crimson dragon speaks:  
You look like one, who has swallowed gold.  
One day, they will slit open your belly.

You are too rich.  
You corrupted too many.  
You make too many poor.  
I am cast into your shadow by your light.

The girl child shivers: Go away, go away you rich one.

But you, you would like to give. To give away your superabundance.  
But you yourself are the superfluous one!  
Be clever rich one!

First give away yourself.  
Give away yourself!  
Give away yourself!



Photo: Jack Hauser

In the discussion space of the artistic research group where artists and academics gathered, happened an ongoing discussion about how the difference between artistic research and art could be defined.

Where is the difference? Where is the line between artistic research and art?

Working in the intersection of art practice and theory within the art field, Arno Böhrer's request during our setup to contextualize our Performance *Mrs Mojo Risin'* in order to become the announced Lecture-Performance "Jim Morrison and Nietzsche" was quite a challenge. I regretted immediately not having discussed the terminology earlier, but having it taken rather as a programmers choice of some reasons, I did not know.

Here is the difference:

I did not want to talk about the performance, as I felt the set we created incorporated enough traces of this special friendship of Morrison and Nietzsche and maybe could open into some questions and discussions afterwards.

Yet, the minds reacts quick to demands, especially if you are in a context and place you



respect and happy and excited to be part of.

I finally decided to do an intro talking about The Doors and Jim Morrison to introduce his affinity to Nietzsche while sitting in the audience getting ready as Miss Coochie putting on her wig, having the people assisting me by holding the mirror. Totem was already in the stage - space, standing silently in his costume wearing an old folkloric dress and plateau-shoes, mouth covered with scarf, an e-guitar in his hands.



Photo: Jack Hauser

Finally during the performance the heart-rate was high, the textures full of gaps and blindness, the unfolding of lines through space bare. Nervousness was the drug this time. It was a bewildered exposure, excited, shy and committed to - never mind how - reach out to get in touch with the immanent spirits of chaos and poetry, ...*all alone on a tightrope ride*

*I think of myself as an intelligent, sensitive human being with the soul of a clown, which forces me to blow it at the most important moments.*



Photo: Jack Hauser

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## Proposal for THE CONCEPT OF IMMANENCE IN PHILOSOPHY AND THE ARTS

For *Mrs Mojo Risin'*, Sabina Holzer und Jack Hauser get their inspiration from the influence Friedrich Nietzsche had on Jim Morrison, and by means of Nietzsche's Dionysian-Dithyrambos they develop a concert intervention.

According to Morrison's own statements, Dionysos, Übermensch, dissolution of the subject, and the will to power were the motor for his getting into contact with (subliminal) forces, forming them ever anew into different shapes in life and on the stage in order to abandon oneself to an unpredictable becoming. Morrison regularly used Doors concerts for spontaneous recitations of poetical texts. Over time his songs often developed into long, improvised ballads.

Mr Mojo Risin' is an anagram of Jim Morrison's name which he used in course of working on the LP *LA Woman*. At the same time, "mojo" is an African word for a magical amulet and synonymous for a talisman. Usually, a mojo is a pouch of fabric worn hidden under one's clothing as a talisman. Filled with herbs and magical powders, occasionally a coin and other suitable objects, and endowed with a voodoo spell, the mojo is supposed to ward off evil influence, and in certain situations bring luck.

Since 2005, Jack Hauser and Sabina Holzer have recurrently appeared as fictitious figures named Paul Sernine and Miss Coochie. Paul Sernine and Miss Coochie are fictionautical agents in the cause of poetry. With Nietzsche, one could also call them "maskings" which initiate situations and instigate interventions consisting of actions, graphical interventions, films, and performances. They are talisman and lucky charm. Fools.

It is said that Nietzsche, too, always staged his performances of lyric poetry consciously and artfully. For him, lyric speech was a language mask through which he could investigate his own as well as appropriated speech and the relation between identity and play. Obviously Nietzsche's agency is the fundamental musicality of language, and only conditionally perceived his poetry as word art.

*Mrs Mojo Risin'* celebrates the friendship between language and lied; circularity and intensity; noise, fluxus, and pop. Is affirmation, another attempt to affirm: "Yes! Against narrow-mindedness and resentment!"

Nietzsche's "Dionysian-Dithyrambos" are used as material for linkage with texts by Jim Morrison. These textures get written further, transformed, they dissolve and densify. Speech, calls, murmurs, melodies, gestures. Seriousness, pathos, groaner. Play as claim. Thinking as dance. Becoming an animal, becoming woman and man.

Or perhaps Holzer and Hauser will make – as Deleuze writes in his "Nietzsche Ein Lesebuch von Gilles Deleuze" – as it were as eagle (and snake) a "prattle", a "pop song" out of the eternal return.“

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Photo: Jack Hauser

Jim Morrison was the vocalist of The Doors, an American rock band formed in 1965 in Los Angeles with keyboardist Ray Manzarek, guitarist Robby Krieger and drummer John Densmore. The band got its name from the title of Aldous Huxley's book "The Doors of Perception", which itself was a reference to a quote made by William Blake, "If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite."

Morrison was invited by Ray Manzarek in his band after Morrison had read his poetry to him. They knew each other from UCLA's film school. Morrison did not want to be a singer of a rock band. He was fascinated by film, because it was such a young and experimental medium. His first student project was a film questioning the film process itself. Part of this film's inspiration was the work and life of Arthur Rimbaud, - it was one of the artist Morrison was deeply intrigued by; the other one was Nietzsche. Hence he wanted to make a scene with the moment in Nietzsche's life where he runs into the street to restrain a man from whipping a horse, which eventually brought on Nietzsche's madness.

Manzarek and Morrison were the two representative types of artist defined by Nietzsche: the ratios who imitates dreams and the artist who imitates drunkenness. It was the two of them who set out for their vision of a band as a mix of rock, blues, avant-garde theatre, fun house, surrealism, symbolic verse and film technique. This was the concept, which brought the Doors into being. Or as Ray Manzarek put it: "We tried to marry poetry and music much in the same manner of poetry and jazz of the Beatnik era, the fifties and the early sixties. We tried to do poetry and rock 'n' roll."

In the beginning Morrison was so shy, that he sang with the back to the audience. Soon this became style and he developed a charismatic, unpredictable, dark and sensuous stage persona. It was feed by ideas of personal freedom through the reconciliation of body and soul integrated with exploration of sensorial perception and states of mind mainly achieved through taking drugs. Maybe because of his shyness Morrison was fascinated by the crowd and studied it. He wanted to incorporate Antonin Artaud theories of "The theater and his double" into his performance to find a different relation with the public and dissolve the separation between the performer and the audience. The performer should be a healer and shaman. For him singing rock 'n' roll was a way of trying to draw out evil spirits and banish them. But mostly it was Nietzsche who influenced his personal and professional style. Morrison adapted aspects of Nietzsche, like Apollonian / Dionysian dichotomy, the

Overman, the Will to Power and reworked them to represent his own philosophical beliefs on life and art. As a poet - because this is what Morrison wanted to be respected for the most; more than fame, wealth, or sex, he wanted to be taken seriously as a poet, - his personal and professional style seems as if he tests Nietzsche's concepts by wanted to incorporate them into his life to figure out what happens then. - (Imagine philosophy as a power. The law of powers is, that they can only make an appearance by covering themselves with the mask of previously existing powers. First of all, life must imitate matter ...)

There is this scene before a concert in Saratoga Springs, New York, when Morrison improvised backstage an Ode to Nietzsche“:

He threw his arms around the horse's neck  
And kissed him everywhere  
I love my horse  
A crowd gathered  
His landlord appeared  
And took Frederick back up to his room  
On the second floor  
Where he began to  
Play the piano madly  
And sings madly like  
Ooooooh.....I'm crucified and  
Inspected and  
Resurrected and  
If you don't believe that  
I'll give you my latest  
Philanthropic sonata  
And the landlord's family was amazed

So they sent for his friend Overbeck  
And he got there in three days by coach  
And they took Frederick to the asylum  
And his mother joined him  
And for the next fifteen years  
They cried  
And cried  
And laughed  
And looked at the sun  
And everyone



Photo: Jack Hauser

Celebration of the lizart, which we decided finally to be a base for our performance, was a piece written by Jim Morrison extending once more the usual notion of a rock-concert. It is composed as a series of poems, musical sections, spoken verse and passages of allegorical storytelling. It is a long composition and improvised - a trip following its own rhythms and dynamics and the states of Jim Morrison, while the band merges completely with him. It begins, gets bogged down, starts up again, falls apart, gets resurrected and is, finally, abandoned. It draws from the contents of Sir James Frazer's "The Golden Bough" and ends with an imagery reminding of Zarathustra coming out of his cave and to generously and completely give of himself. Morrison is speaking in tongues like a the schizopsychotropic girl who can read your bookshelves as tiles spill into one another and jam up against the other into frantic, voodoo verse. The band tried several times to record the composition in the studio, but the live interaction with the audience was essential and they never were satisfied.



Photo: Jack Hauser

Dear FRIEND, we hope you enjoyed our (MOONLIGHT) DRIVE. We chose lines from Jim Morrison's poem THE LORDS AND THE NEW CREATURES, NOT TO TOUCH THE EARTH from "Celebration of the Lizard", and fused it with Nietzsche's THE POORNESS OF THE RICHEST, some lines of Luce Irigaray's MARINE LOVER and of P. H. Harvey's THE HOLLOW OF THE HAND. We were largely inspired by Gilles Deleuze "NIETZSCHE EIN LESEBUCH VON GILLES DELEUZE", "NIETZSCHE. LEBEN ALS LITERATUR" by Alexander Nehamas and MR. MOJO RISIN' JIM MORRISON THE LAST HOLY FOOL by David Dalton. We figured it would relate DAS UNZEITGEMÄSSE as a performative script for the conference and the atmosphere and topics of our time. It is a dedication to people wanting to BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE, ETERNAL.

*The soft lizard eye connects.*

YOURS,  
SABINA & JACK