Beatrice Marchi

Portfolio /
September 2009

2009

August

The Party n2

13th August 2009, Berlin

The Party is a story. It wants to be a timeless moment in which the past is repeated inside a present party. Stories about parties I've heard are cloned as I imagined them. The actions of past parties became real for the second time in a new party.

That happened on 13th August 2009, inside an abandoned house in the middle of Neukölln, Berlin.

The Party n2, 13th August 2009, Berlin

The Party n2, 13th August 2009, Berlin

14th August 2009, Berlin

Dear Carola,

How are you? I'm very good but I miss you a lot.

Yesterday night I've been with Jenny and Joe at this freaky party, set inside an abandoned house, in the middle of factory parking. I suppose in the past it was a concierge's house or something.

Well, a very strange situation, when we arrived in the beginning it was all dark and they said that someone stole the diesel for the electricity generator, so the party was temporally out of electricity, and we had to wait outside for a while. In that while, it was very dark, I saw for the first time this cool guy… (wait, i tell you the rest later!)

The time was passing by and someone told us that we could enter the house; there were candles and torches around because the electricity was still out!
They said they had finally found the diesel but the generator was broken or something… So any electricity! It was ok, because there was light enough (and I liked the atmosphere)… but no music in the beginning! A couple of guys started to play guitar and to sing, it was nice, but not enough, you know… But then a miracle…they found a way to let a dj play music with boxes and a laptop with batteries. Yeah, oh yeah! Nice music, nice guys!
In that while I was looking for the cool guy, but he seemed disappeared. (honestly, while I was dancing I didn't care so much..)
From the beginning there was an Italian boy who was trying with Jenny. I felt happy for her because she is depressed, you know, after Mark. Anyway, well… after five minutes the Italian was dancing with another girl, and after half hour he was taking the number of another one… good, isn't it?
The party was going a shit, nobody was interested to speak with us (but the Italian…), and anyone offered us a drink, to the contrary, one was trying to steal our drinks, he was an asshole, asking everybody their drink! Oh shit! Get lost!
So, we went outside and we found a stairs to go up on the roof. We stand there to smoke something. It was nice to look and judge the drunk people from up. But as soon as they saw us they copied us and after some minutes the roof was full of drunken people. When, suddenly, I found him again! The cool guy of the beginning, remember? I saw him from the roof, he was downstairs and he was going inside. I flied down in a second and I started to dance alone looking for his face.
He was at the bar… Suddenly I was so thirsty… At the bar it was impossible to take a drink because the barman was fighting with a boy asserting that he was invading our party… I didn't understand so much... Later someone told me that the barman actually was a drunken tramp who stole the diesel and who wanted the steal even the money of the bar. They were shouting and the tramp was really drunk. While I was assisting at that scene I lost him again.
Everybody seemed lost or as if they were losing something. I met twice a girl who was looking for her boyfriend first, and then she was in paranoia because she was afraid the roof was falling down.
Later, I met two English girls in sexy pyjamas…. Oh… in pyjamas, yes! It was so funny; they were looking for a certain "Barbara" all the time, because they said "Barbara" to had invited them to a Pyjama-Party, so they were at the wrong party! I don't know if they were joking or if they were just drunk, but they were just wonderful!
I was speaking with they when a girl started to jump and to scream: The police!! The police!! The police!!
All the people jump out in a minute to see what was happening. Two police cars were standing outside around the abandoned house and I was sure the party was going to finish. But after speaking with someone of the organization in some minutes the police with their cars turn back and they left the place. They asked us just the music not to stand too loud.
When I got back inside I saw Jenny crying. She was seating down on the floor and she didn't want to speak with me. I left her alone, but after some minutes I saw her speaking with a guy… Ok, I though, whatever.
Later I hear a boy gossiping with friends about a girl who was crying because she lost her virginity. I was shocked, and I was worried that girl was Jenny. I still don't know the truth because she still doesn't want to tell me why she was crying. Don't tell her anything please.
Anyway, after sometimes the people were leaving and the people remaining at the party were not too much. There was also the "Guy"…
We were a small dancing group and finally I started to speak with him. He was really nice and he looked interested…
Well, we left at 4 a.m., after that the tramp stole the money of the bar and they kicked him away.
In the end I said bye to Jenny and Joe and… I went home with... him!!! His name is Matt and he is very nice. We spent the night together and now I hope he is going to call me.

Hey, now I have to go, you're always in my mind.

Looking forward to hear (or see) you!

Love,
Gilda

2009

April

Crying

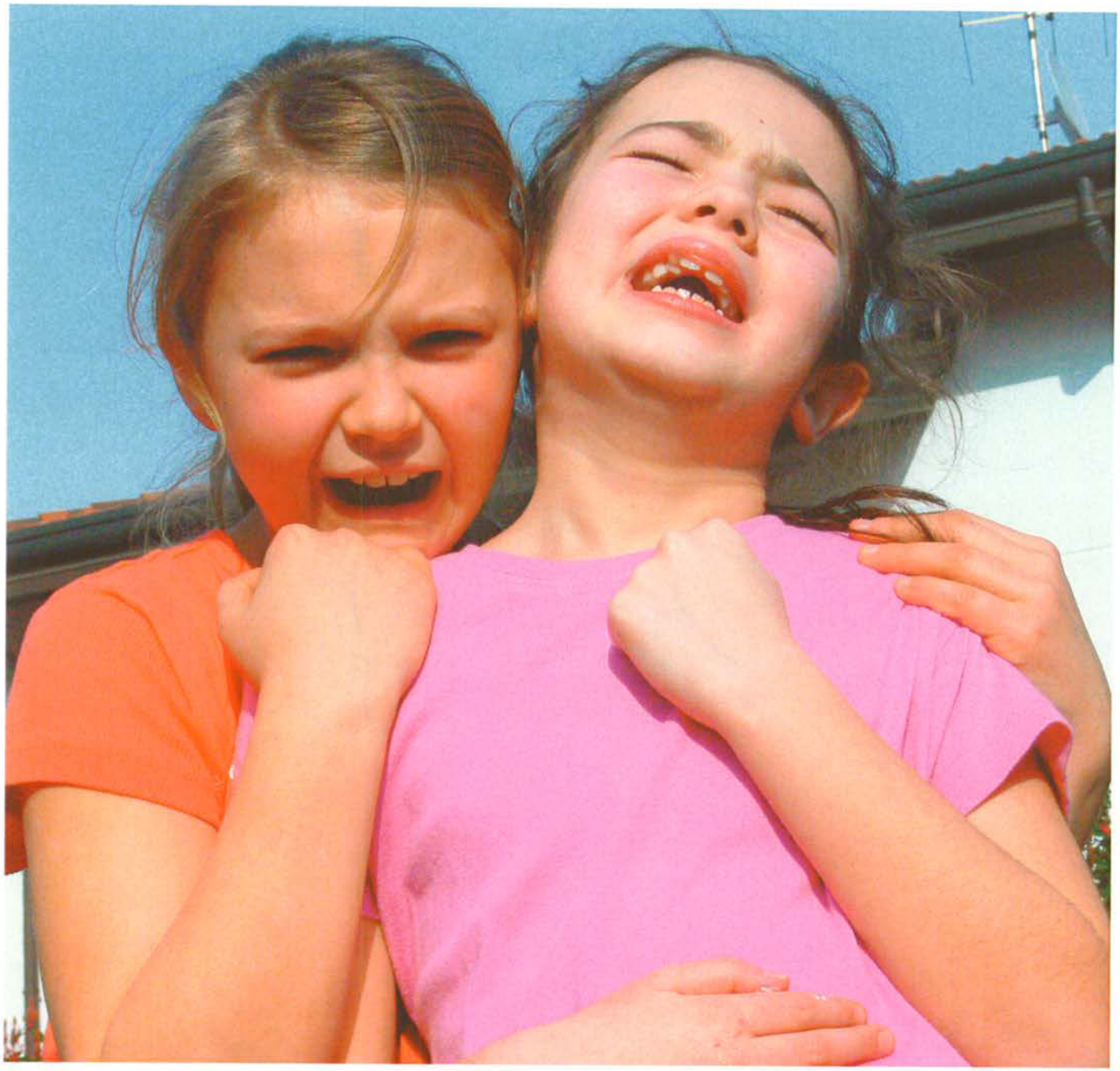
Photos' series

I've discovered how am I cinematographic, even during my intimate crying time. I was in Paris, I was alone, I was crying, I took my photo camera and I posed for a self-portrait.

I've collected different crying person's pictures and than I've asked some kids to enact and to clone these pictures.

Lily Allen: Me Crying In Bed

Beatrice Marchi, Crying, 2009



Crying Girls On The Gaza Strip

Self Portrait While I'm Crying In Paris

2009

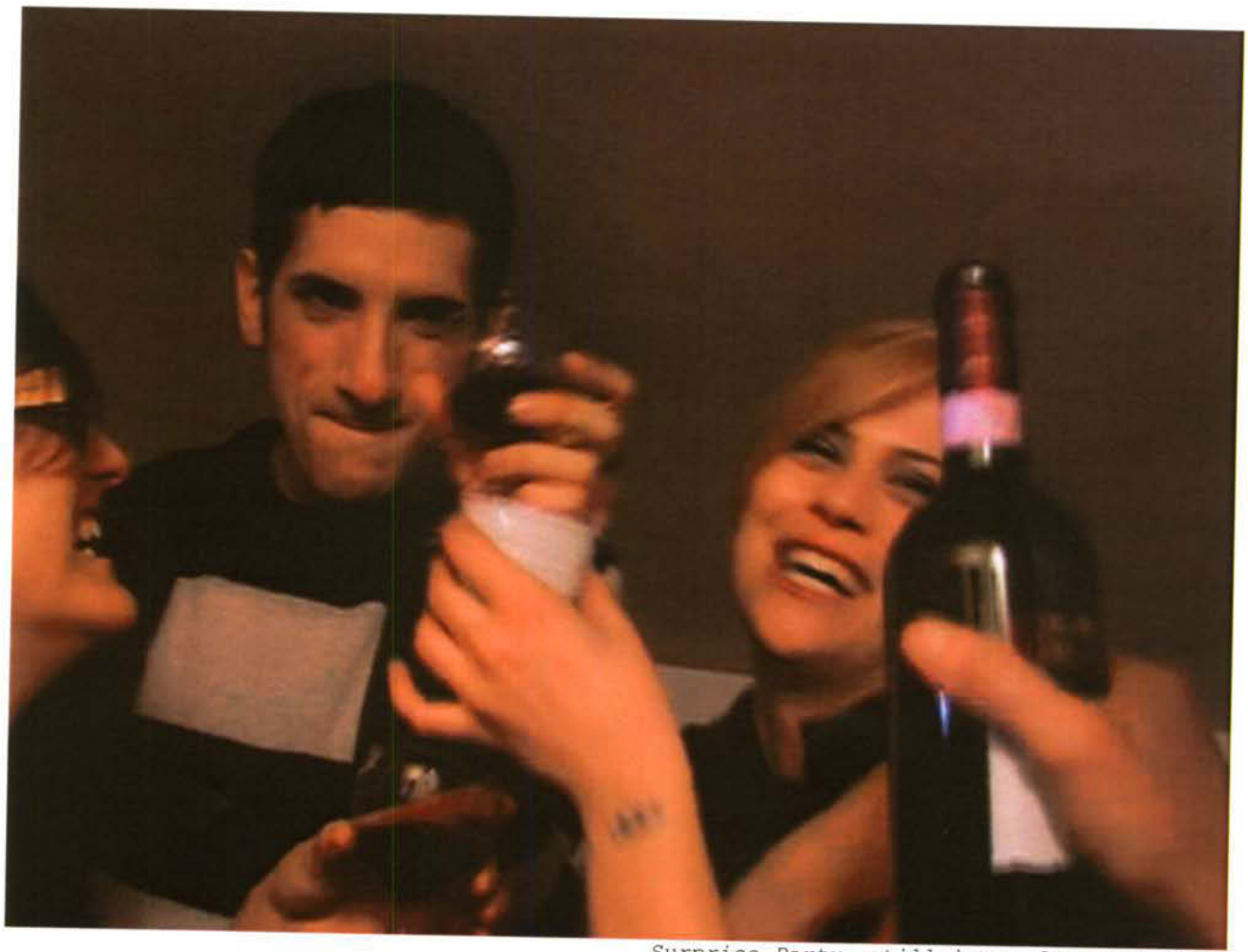
March

Surprise Party

7th March 2009, Besnate (Va)

The Party is a story. It wants to be a fixed moment in which the past is repeated inside a present party. Stories about parties I've heard are cloned as I imagined them. The actions of past parties became real for the second time in a new party.

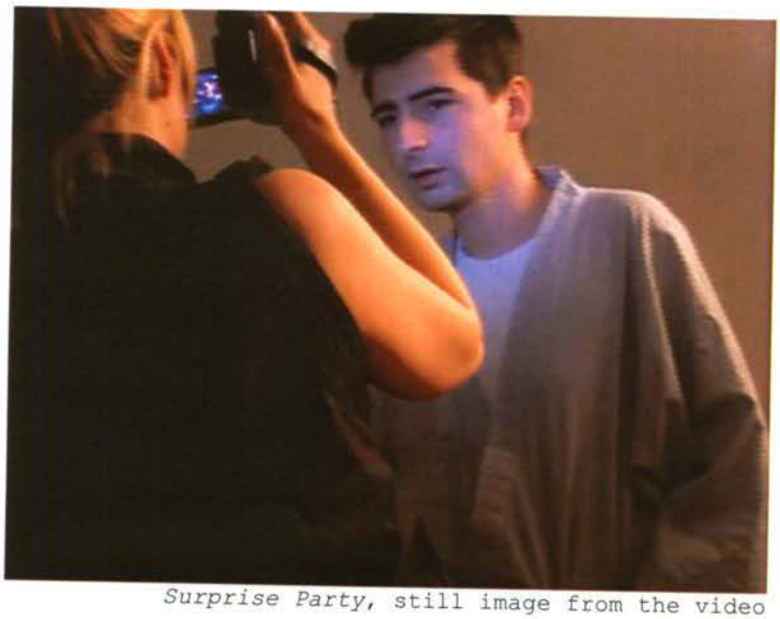
That happened on 7th March 2009, at my parents' house, in Besnate (Va).



Surprise Party, still image from the video

Surprise Party, still image from the video

Surprise Party, still image from the video



Surprise Party, still image from the video

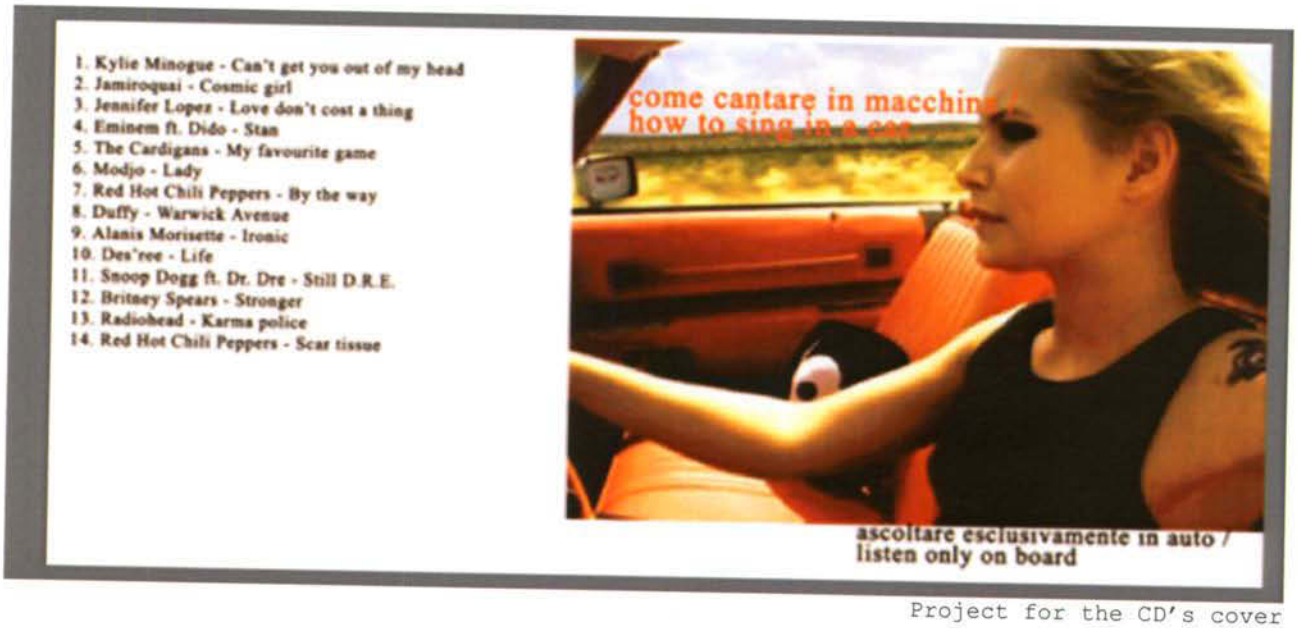
2009

February

How To Sing In A Car

Project for an audio CD

The project is to product a sellable audio CD, which is possible to hear only inside a car.
The idea is to collect songs from music video set inside a car. The audio CD made with these songs works as a soundtrack for the car trip. So it would work only if knowing the video clips and only if it's heard in a car.



Project for the CD's cover

1. *Kylie Minogue – Can't Get You Out Of My Head*
2. *Jamiroquai – Cosmic Girl*
3. *Jennifer Lopez – Love Don't Cost A Thing*
4. *Eminem ft. Dido – Stan*
5. *The Cardigans – My Favourite Game*
6. *Modjo – Lady*
7. *Red Hot Chilli Peppers – By The Way*
8. *Duffy – Warwick Avenue*
9. *Alanis Morisette – Ironic*
10. *Des'ree – Life*
11. *Snoop Dogg ft. Dr. Dree – Still D.R.E.*
12. *Britney Spears – Stronger*
13. *Radiohead – Karma Police*
14. *Red Hot Chilli Peppers – Scar Tissue*

Project for the CD's songs

2008

December

Dog, kid and ball on table

Printed photo on paper 50x44

The still objects turn into a physical experiment; they become potential energy on a table. The potential energy is the energy within a physical system that has the potential to be converted into work.

detail

Beatrice Marchi, Dog, Kid And Ball On Table, 2008

Print on paper, 50x44

2008

October

Chanel N5

Plants

In a vase there are the ingredients of the Chanel N°5 perfume: jasmine, orange, rose, sandal, bourbon vanilla, ylangylang.

Milan, 2008

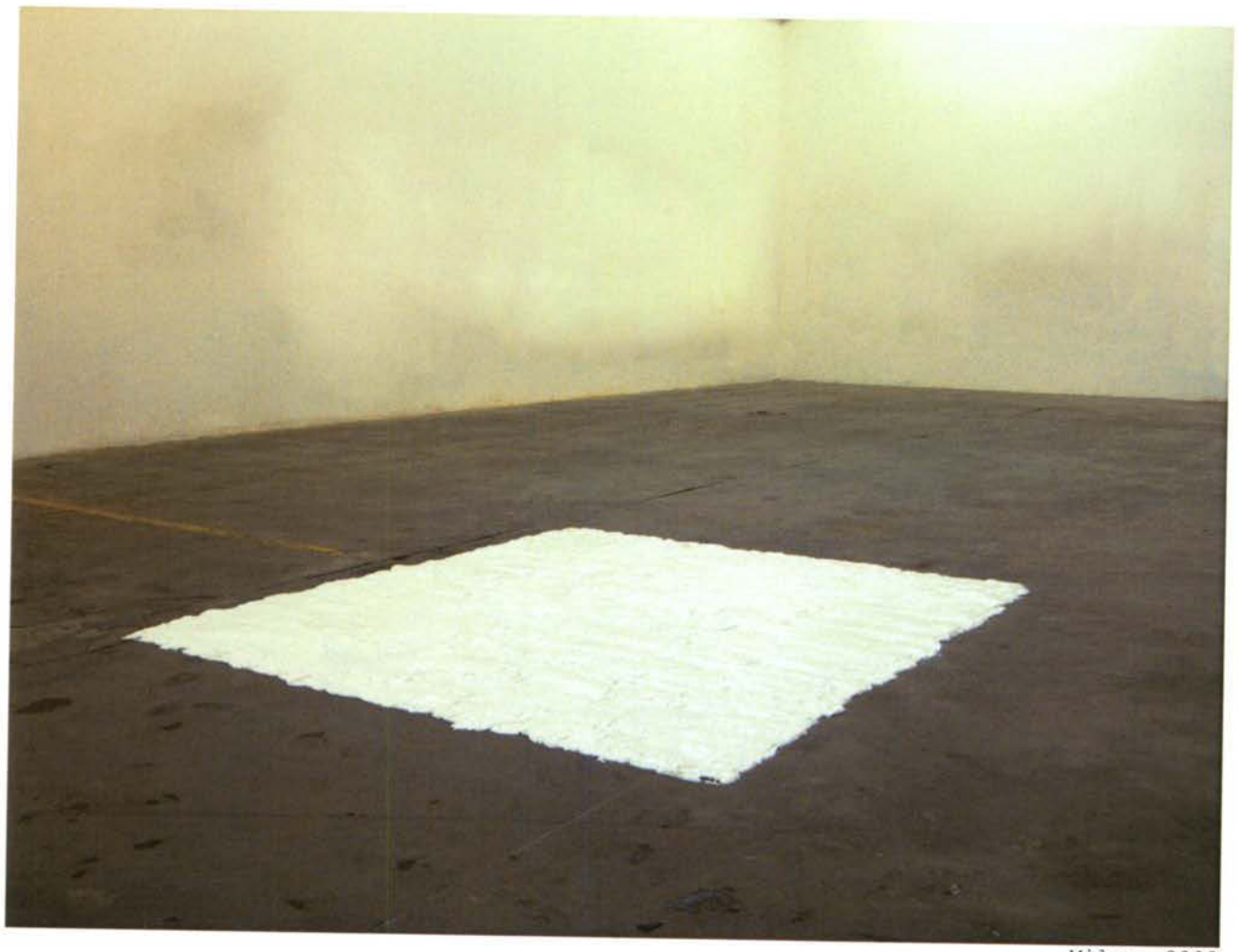
2008

May

You Must Be Like A Man, Like A Saint, Like A God.

20 litres of toothpaste

The carpet is made by 20 litres toothpaste standing on the floor.



Milan, 2008

Beatrice Marchi, You Must Be Like A Man, Like A Saint, Like A God, 2008

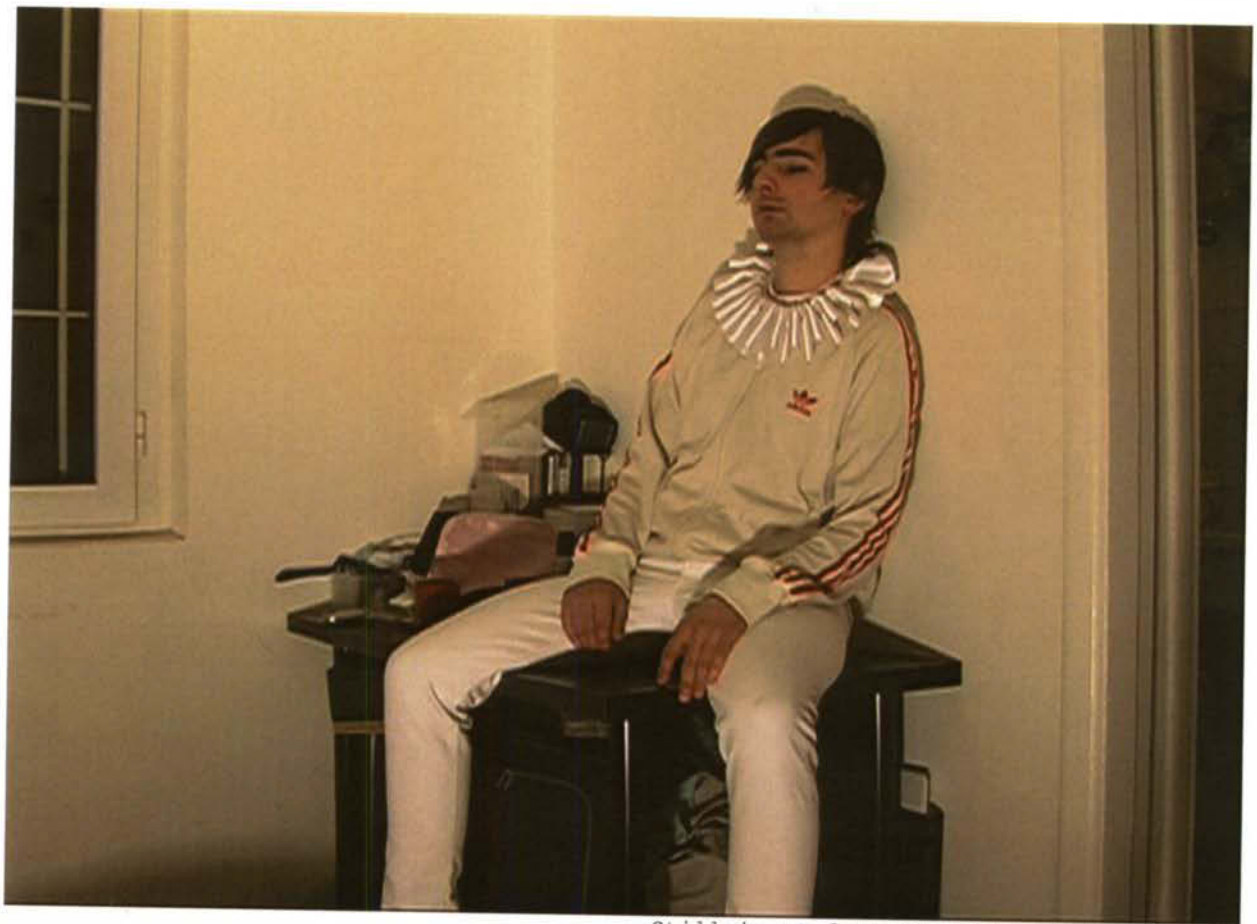
Dresden, 2008

2008
February

Portraits
Video projections

The bodies try to keep their still position for the portraits.

View of the installation in Milan, 2008



Still image from the video projection n°1

Still image from the video projection n°2, part A

Still image from the video projection n°2, part B

2008

February

The Family

Photos' series

It's a research on different combining possibilities of families, associating diverse stranger members, in the same way as to create a family for a film.

Beatrice Marchi, The Family, 2008

2008

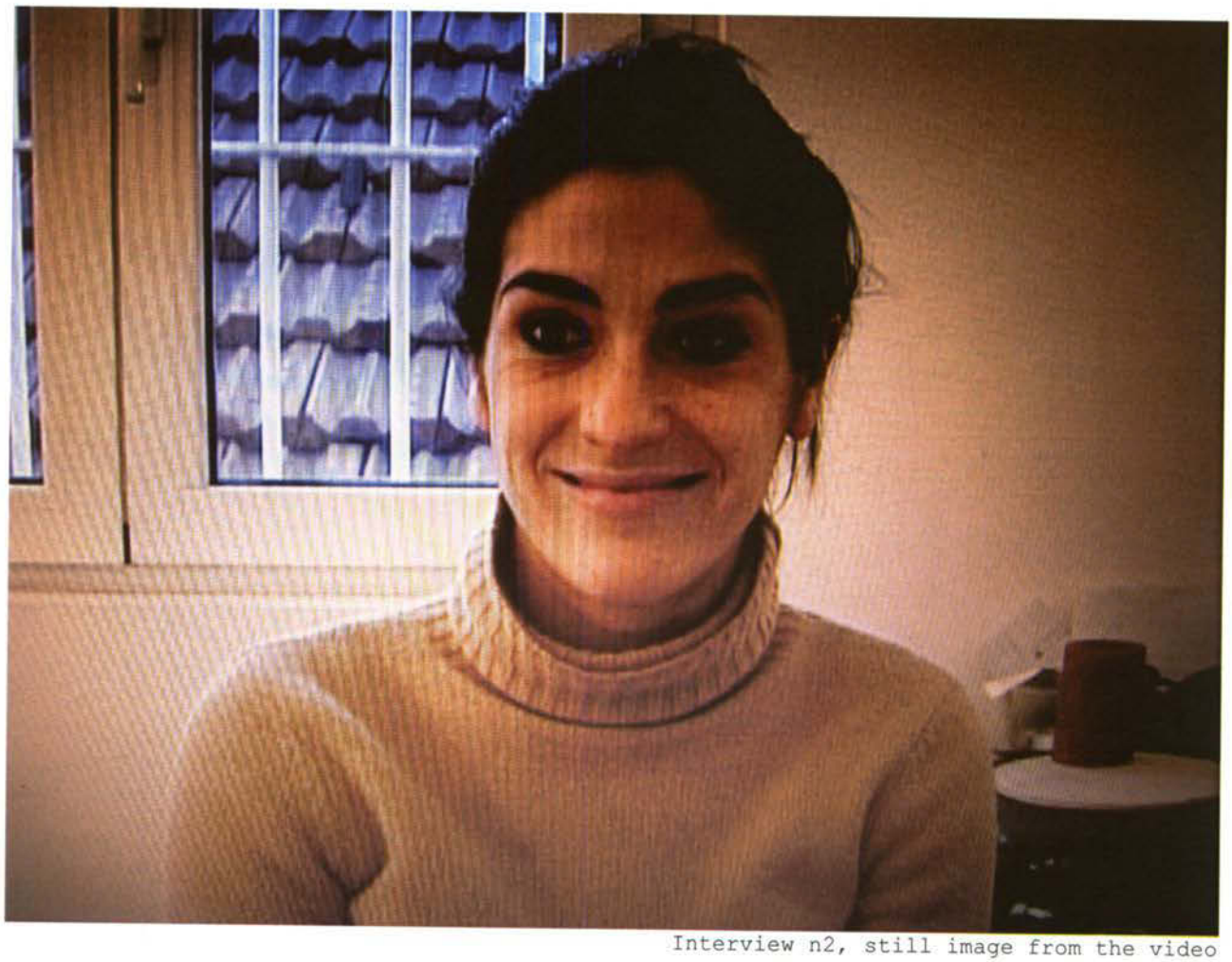
January

Interview n2

Video, 5'

Controlling the body is a hard mental exercise to get an objective. As a film director a person can chose how to direct himself.
An interview is an explicit way to become both actor and director of the self-body and the self-story in front of a camera.

This is the second interview I made with the actress Stefania Monaco. This time, she tell her story mixed to an imaginary story and to a true story of another person.



Interview n2, still image from the video

2007

December

Interview

Video, 10'56"

Controlling the body is a hard mental exercise to get an objective. As a film director a person can chose how to direct himself.
An interview is an explicit way to become both actor and director of the self-body and the self-story in front of a camera.

I interviewed four people on their stories about controlling their body in different ways: a girl with a past of anorexia, an engineer, a girl suffering from bulimia and a person who tried to kill herself.
Then I wrote a play script with the words of the interviewed people. This became a new story acted by an actress in a final interview.

The actress Stefania Monaco talks about controlling her body in the acting time while talking with the words and the voices of other people. This is a story about acting, directing, fasting, remembering and keeping the body in daily hard exercises.

Interview, still image from the video

Q- How to control yourself?

First of all, to control his self, a person must really want it, I
mean, someone must definitely be motivated to do it, to be able to
carry this thing out. Because going against your instincts, is not
easy. The hunger's instinct, the thirst's instinct. It is not easy,
it's not simple. Therefore, you must have very much self-determination
and very much strength of will.

So, I feel that the clock rings, It's time to have breakfast, then
it's time to get out of the house go to get the train… When I used to
walk to the station… I must leave at 6:30, I get to the station in 18
minutes, it's time to make a cigarette…I don't know, in the end it's
all craps, no? But I think about it…And I don't know, I'm used to do
those things by now.

And what is the trap of this belief? It's just the strength of will.
It's the fact that doing it, you feel omnipotent.
The control makes you unbeatable.
And the only way you can tidy up all this mess, is to have a manner of control.
And the only thing you can control is your self, your body.
Therefore, in the end, it is like as if you mould your body, according
to your idea. An idea of something of…of…ethereal, a mental idea.
And therefore every thing makes you…create an idea of you.
You imagine that you can be seen only in that way. So, you become… you
want to be suffering, you want to draw attention. And therefore, you
start to take control. So it's a control on your emotions too, it's a
control on everything.
To make you feel unbeatable.

I…I have to know precisely how many seconds, I don't know… how much
time It takes to do this, to do that.

Me, as to self-control, I think…that is, I think that I usually
control my self, I mean I'm not a girl who is used to charge up or to
do something wrong when I get angry.
It happens, once in a time… a moment of rage… that… practically… Can I tell it?

Q- Yes.

A- Hem… Practically, that is… ok, I was 16 years old more or less, 15,
16… I argued with my parents, we used to do it normally…and then I,
practically… throttled my self.
In the bathroom, in my house, with a scarf.
I practically, I immediately realised that I have been ill, that is, I
felt all my head tingling…and…I got up, I opened my eyes, I looked at
myself in the mirror and I was completely red.
And… and now I know that I did a foolish must be able to regulate your self some times, in the meaning that… I
could…I could have gone, that is, so for a foolish thing. Then I
didn't have a similar situation anymore.

Q- I know that you have a ludicrous bad habit…

A- …I want to know my friends' number plates!

Q- Please, tell it…

A- So, everything begun with a bloody stupid thing… I used to be at
the middle school, there was that person who I liked… and I see her
getting in the car, classical scene, at noon… "See
youuu!"…and…so…simply I watch the number plate of the car…and I still
remember that number plate! It remains burnt into my mind!… And I
thought, so when I will see it… I can greet her. So, simply! Then,
from that moment, I started to learn the number plate of my teacher of
maths... And from that moment, stop, what a mess! From that day, I
was… at the middle school… I started to learn the number plate of some
friends.
And it comes naturally! I meet a person? I learn his number plate! You
ask "Why?"… to greet him!

A- In the end it isn't control anymore, because it becomes something
inside you. I mean, you don't take notice, anymore.
In the beginning it is a control, but then, it becomes a bad habit,
doesn't it? Something like breath. You don't think about it every
time, I mean, it becomes automatic.
And also that…the…the faculty of this obsessive movement, to wear out
your self, the constancy, to get on the situation, even when you are
tired out. You know that coming home you don't get in the elevator,
but you go up walking up the stairs.
You don't go to the station by subway, but you walk to the station,
even if you are tired out, because you know that you must do it.
Because if you don't do it you feel guilty.

Q- Do you depend on something else?

A- That's correct! Initially, I had the situation under control, in
the sense that I saw that, even if I was hungry, I had in front of me
a slice of cake, perhaps my favourite one, and I said: "No! I don't
eat that! "And I didn't eat that.
Then, after, fuck, maybe I was, when I weighed 32 kilos, maybe I had a
slice of dried beef in front of me and my mother told me "Eat that"
and on the one hand I was telling my self: "Don't eat that", but on
the other hand told my self: " But what can a slice of dried beef do
to me? " and then in the end I wanted to eat

able.
So, that is, in the end I understood that I had lost control. That is…
I couldn't decide to… say yes, to say no… not…not any more. I wasn't
there, my mind wasn't there any more…and…

And you see that you are strong because you can do it while the others
don't. And you look at the others with their bodies and you think: how
gross. That is, you see that the others don't have enough strength of
will to become what they want to be.

I wanted to be a child again. And when I weighed 32 kilos, I felt like a child.
But now thinking back, it was paradoxical to impose such rules, such
limits that a child, actually, could never follow…and this is a
contradiction.

Q- Do you mean a total control of your self?

A- Yes, it's something that totally condition your life.

Q- What about the sex?

A- Hem…Even that, it's something…you don't get pleasure, you can't feel it.
It's a body's control, ok, but then it reflects on the inside too. You
don't show your emotions. You can't show your emotions in front of the
others. With your mother you are cold, you're frozen, you're ice,
you're wicked.
But you're not wicked because you want it, you are wicked because you
can't show what you have inside.
Well, it's a violence, it's masochism on your self. It's a pain that
you don't admit as a pain because it makes you feel good. It begun as
a sort of rebellion. I used to vomit and I felt infinitely good. And
even at the moment it happens sometimes.
And, so, this is the only way, that is, you fill your self and then
you cast all out, it's like to release all of your problems, and then
you feel very good, you feel free.

Q- How did you feel?

A- So, physically, I felt… heavier.
That is, actually… a weight, I felt it on me, if only to raise an arm…
I had a very small arm.
I remember I used to do so… to take it, I could touch my… two fingers.
And I liked it a lot… That is, being able to… touch my self, I don't
know, I liked it. I liked to feel my bones, really.
And… and nothing, but I felt…. I weighed a little but I felt heavy. I
mean, I felt physically weak, like going up the stairs. I got on top
of the stairs with the heart beating hard, pale… But I liked it, to
feel tired.
I remember well that I had a low voice, and I did not have the
strength to speak and people never heard what I said.
I wanted… wanted to lose pounds, I knew that I was lean…… But I wanted
to see how far I could get.
And when I arrived at 32 kilos I understood that I couldn't go
further…. I could not. I talked with a doctor and actually he made me
understand that more than this… either I died… either…. either I died…
When you get to such a weigh, you can't even think any more. The only
thing you think is to not eat. That is the only thing you think.

Q- So, for you it was a non self-control way?

A-Yes…Yes, yes! Because, thinking about it now, it could have been…so
easy to control my self. I was there, that is, at the moment of the
fight, I didn't think: "Now I go to the bath and I kill my self". No,
I didn't think that. I only went in front of the mirror, I started to
cry, I had this scarf around my neck…and…I held. I didn't think.

Q- You didn't think?

A- No, no, I didn't. It was an instinct, call it as you want.

Q- Did you even faint?

A- Yes, yes, I did. Now, yes, I can understand that I fainted, I mean,
I have been… practically… I have seen total darkness… when I felt
tingling…Now, I don't know, obviously I fainted. I fell, I have been…I
opened my eyes…before opening my eyes… I saw total darkness… I don't
know if I had just opened my eyes, anyway, I saw total darkness, I
felt all my head tingling…you know when your feet tingle? It was the
same for my head!
Because I think I got a good knock on my head! Fortunately
nothing happened.

Q- My green "Punto"?

A- Hem… AXDlDDY!

Q- And the Ale's one?

A- PMH…..

2005

December

The Stage

Installation

A microphone is on, connected to two boxes and surrounded by many balls of every dimensions.
Every single movement of the spectators who want to approach to the balls, become a strong sound coming out from the boxes. If someone passes trough the installation, the balls start to move, the microphone start to record and the boxes start to reproduce the sound.