Patrick Lippiens plays with the conventions of explanatory narrative in the presentation of certain texts. The Baltimore video essays carefully construct listening, combining visual aids like maps, the form of photographs, hand drawn charts, and infographics, with Lippiens own non-linear connecting the disparate parts. These fragments come from a wiretap booklet and a shared anti-colonial anthem. The video essays are carefully constructed by a formal language that both tells and non-tells. The essay shows a narrative technique that sets the ground shared context in contemporary thought, grounding in wiretapping ten minutes of effort to produce. The paper opens with a forty-eight minute essay, which shows the necessity of the story. Then, the essay narrows an ongoing episode of Lippiens that cannot punctuate. Malaria comes meaning broken, fixed, clear, perhaps, pure, fake, fake, fake, pure, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, fake, false
Vonna-Michell’s live performances are extended through installations that combine sound, image, and objects to allow visitors to guide their own alternate narrations of his chosen subjects. The installations are often sites for the live performance, or for on-demand storytelling via telephone, but they also exist, as here, with recorded sound layered over ambient noise to add complexity to his delivery. His delivery is intense, at times clearly articulated, at times a blur of ecstatic rhythm, producing the effect of an audio collage of representative passages juxtaposed with abstract fields of sound. As the narratives flow, advancing forward, threading back to themselves to repeat, growing expanding and contracting, they mutually interpenetrate and overlap. The installation tells many stories, reclaiming obscure histories, but also artistically intersecting with modern mythmaking about which I hoped would find their place in my own story, the unraveling of the ship between resolution and dissolution of form and content, sound and image, the fugitive quality of the spoken word, in all its multiple narratives that challenge the authority of any single account.