

immaculate
motion
pictures



by André Klein

1. Introduction

In the 1940ies when Germany was falling, rumors were spread about a sociopolitical art project called “Immaculate Motion Pictures”. The issue if the English title had been chosen randomly or with a specific reference to Christian mythology remains unresolved. Nevertheless a genuine call for a better world used to be the primal force when the group first met in their twenties which then disintegrated faster as they came apart, to quote a long deceased Jew who was only later claimed to be a member: „Our ambitions were way beyond anything known whatsoever. And as the high soaring idealism was reaching its crescendo I was one of the first victims.”

As stated in the Immaculate Motion Pictures “Mission” which was conceived two days after the Reichskristallnacht in a small café not far away from the SS headquarters :”We strive to embody the best and highest of our human potentials to initiate the revolution as soon as possible.” This revolution it further says, was to be carried out by: „infiltrating the world through all mediums and means possible.” This “Mission” is in fact the only evidence, some say, that the group had ever truly existed.

Unfortunately the second part of the document which was entitled “Die Botschaft” could not be recovered since the two sheets of natural paper were already severely decomposed when a young woman found them stapled on a book she rented at the library of Potsdam.

Historians argue that because that book was the military rights volume number 54 one might consider this found the last desperate act of a totally failed project whose only imprint on history was to fall into forgetfulness without any signs of influence whatsoever. Dr. Dreshmann, head of the history faculty at the Humboldt University Berlin has even waved the whole thing off as an “infantile joke”.

However, the IMP internet site, which is maintained by a group of students, says “For almost a decade Immaculate Motion Pictures were sewing poetry into uniforms”, in fact it further claims, they were the ones who invented what today is called “street art”. They were covering the walls with calligraphies of mystic medieval texts. They copied the Gospel onto sidewalks with a very resistant glue on which after a few days the word was written from cigarette butts, dead flies and newspaper scraps for all the world to witness. They smuggled their messages onto windshields of cars that were only visible by night. They spoke their poems by heart in trains. They fired repeated verses into the radio waves of the Gestapo and kept switching channels.

Luckily the question if we believe the whole story or not now is besides the point because the last surviving member is not the Jew who was quoted above but his grandson André Klein who is of course the author of the following poems that he reconstructed out of the heavyweight paper heritage of his father, a modest caretaker who mysteriously committed suicide at the age of 28 after moving his family to the United States. With the help of some photographs and old letters the IMP website will be publishing in the near future it won’t take long before the proof for their struggle is finally manifest.

Unconditioned by opinions of critics like Dr. Dreshmann, Klein’s poetry has gained considerable success in the English spoken world. Klein says it couldn’t possibly be a coincidence that his grandfather was a German Jew and he himself a child of fast food, computer games and television, grown up in the suburbs of New Jersey. “My translations would just not be the same if I could really – I mean really - speak or write German.” Although he considers himself to be not a poet but a translator his work speaks for itself.

It is in his interest to notice that the Texan porn production by the same name of “Immaculate Motion Pictures” which was sued for a range of criminal sexual practices like sodomy or necrophilic “art-projects” in June 2002 and whose founder after a huge media scandal was sentenced to death, is not in any way related to the title of this short collection and should not distract the reader from the first chance in history to hear the voice of a twisted lineage whose essence after half a century now finally bears fruit to the ear.

2. Body of Work

Looking backwards
through the hollows of seashells
through sun stained autumn leaves
through little children's eyes
there lies as beauty
a song of remembering mountain peaks
a melody of sweet forgetfulness
a spinning coin on the banks of yesteryou
glistening in the light of the past
a present to this moment
radiating landscapes of joy
in the incantation
this breathing sensation of
swallows slowly circling
around the lighthouse
in tune with the wind
in sympathies with the sun
my memory of you
is your memory of mine

∞

As I woke up
in the afternoon
my whole day
seemed a dream

I tried to resuscitate
my memories behind
this sleep textured
velvet curtain and
an unable now
but to be as
this moment

∞

I want words
that tickle my skin
and make me feel alive

I need words
that are aflame
with golden
dawn's creation

words that still
this restlessness

words that bear
my body as one

phrases and nouns
and adverbs of splendor

reverberating as this
silent surrender

∞

To be conscious
is to be
naked in the sun
as the screen

there is nowhere
to hide in this maze
of triangulated mentalities
this venture is unpossessed
by anyone but you and me

all angular formulae
are rewritten constantly
from the scratch to match
the patterns of time so that
this loophole moves again
around a center celebrating
carousing the translucency
of opinions unmasked
beyond doubt and relief
to rhyme your spiral cord
with a word that spills
out of thousand heart's
undiscovered chaos

∞

I am a dice
folded into space

my boundaries
are populated
by thoughts settling
in clouds dispersed

while a wish
from within
is loving me
into oblivion

∞

Since your face vanished
into the steady stream
of western standard time
and the last touch started
to fade on my skin
i see you
everywhere now

each woman wears your hips' fluidity
instead of your sweet smelling teachings
now streetsigns point out your ways
the empty tables of restaurants
the rich green texture of maple leaves
the space inbetween the spokes
of my bicycle's rolling eyes
the summer city's flaming pavement
a drop of dew on my windowsill
all comes alive as your presence

and while i try to chase these
clues down through my memory banks
i am re minded by this moment that
what draws me draws you too

our faces are but intricate artworks
reflecting the ways of one sun

through the prisms of our bodies
we shine a wide silence origin

∞

In days of love
in dreams of stars
revolving in
the looking glass

The man who's been
the other me
transcends my
shadows's poetry



I am
an infant
breathless
in his father's
tight hug

death is
but an instant of
fear thoroughly
crushed into
spaciousness

"Is that I?"
was asked
and one
could be me

instantly
you guess

∞

This body is a ship
that's skybound
accounting my
soulfueled skeleton

this moment is a breath
sent seawards
connecting my bones
to the circuitry

∞

Our hearts are too big for this pity
of politics pondered so long
they travel backwards in time

our agenda is to tilt the mechanism
spinning planetary regression analysis
forward to penetrate the smog and be
spreading our boundaries across the sky
inward to the present eternally
pressed to the consequence of breath

their hills are golden but hollow within
filled with part-time personalities
and far too long neglected
imaginary playmates
fantasy siblings
so scared they turn to stone
on which one time all
names shall be engraved
as us and them

the joys 'r thus
redistributed

∞

Swayed within
my inner room
the floor becomes
apparently liquid

so I throw the anchor
dangling between my legs
to reach a sudden ground

though only in moments
forgetful of uprootedness
I seem to strike the pupil
of my soul's bull's eye

so I invoke all
angels buddhas and shamans
to catalyze my sweet intentions
of not wanting any more than
just to give it all away
as gifts yet unconscious

∞

The perfect vehicle
is what I trust
here and now
immediate
gratification

sometimes it seems
I got what I do not
but almost always
the wheel engages
a new morn with
yesterday's vision
emerging out of a
dream blown out

and I legitimize
find excuses
wrap opinions up
in little bouquets of bullshit
to escape the
Inescapable Countenance
claiming it was I alone
who roamed the
deep sea milky ways
with indestructible
wings of delight
while all the while
a stranger wasn't looking
and the body
(without warning)
breaks down

The perfect vehicle
is what I suspected
to be possibly
improbable

but now and then
when the moon is me
the sun is you I find
again what I wasn't
looking for here at this
banquet of the Inexplicable
drinking wine
and talking to the
wind about it all
the shame the soul
the doubt of falling
through a thousand clouds
desperately grasping
past the point of no return

and still clueless
but for one thing
within the uncertainties
of security unmeasured
that the day is still set
breaking out through
the night's periphery
where all reflections
of is and not
are but water
on water

∞

Inside I am already dead
desperate for a life
I no longer can live

this hollow is me
embodied as a
boundless desire
to reclaim
intolerable moments
present past and future

feeding memories to
the flame I'm erased
in its shadow

then whose voice
remains in this silence
without origin?

∞

I know
nothing
you know?

what do you
not want
to know?

when I do
crave I
want it now

I am
not
really real

why dreams may come
we do not know
when we're asleep

every eye is a window of the trinity towers
and the day stays aflame
unreflected by its frame of mind

∞

Are you sick
or only tired
of a desire so vast
it detonates the sky
launching love grenades
through a belly contracted
an urge unbearably arisen
just to wash these hands
sticking with regret

the light is refracted
on stained mattresses
and the sweaty shoulders
of refugees on the screen

still this consciousness
of my mistress' skin
is never what it seems
since the chameleon wears
mirrors this time around



On the frantic search
for a home I can call my own
the need to be is obvious
and I stop to enjoy

∞

I can't hide
wherever I am
she is as well

the goddess of my
vulnerable heart
sets a flame a
flesh constrained

in every corner
out of volcanoes
each gap in between
the pain of a joy
too big to hold
reverberates

as I am
impatient with
impermanence
all answers
find their substitute
in the bottomless
riverbed bound to
a morrow's
receding horizons

she is grace
without mercy
a silent savior
disguised as
suffering

immeasurable times
I have turned her back
refusing the invitation
at my doorstep
until the moment finally had
come in whose fragrance now
I rest a second stunned
to death as she revealed
her true identity
naked feeling
bare as I was and
on all ways will be
so suddenly she pressed
her cold breast to mine
that all thoughts stood still
and what is left now
transplants my breath
synched to her playfulness

∞

Unborn
undying
unstained
unobstructed

the similarity
does not refer
to its opposite
even though
it's inversed
since god
cannot be
circumsized

∞

As I'm sitting patiently
in the waiting-room
a thousand suns collide unseen
a million moons collapse
in the back of my brain
while everyone is staring straight ahead
enclosed in the vastness of waiting
caught up in the impossibility of enduring
just a simple second
without direction or aim
stranded in between sterilized walls
where white feet are shuffling
reverberating across the floor
calling names into different doors
which echo forth
keep ringing
drumming in every ear
seeping through layers
of thought and distraction
until finally
a body rises from the chair
relieved in the coming
of concrete procedure
happy
as long as something
anything
is happening

∞

Tired of a day
so aware
you sink into love
undisguised as
happiness
yet always
resurfacing
with a pearl
unexpectedly clutched
between your breaths

tuned to the moods of
solar systems you shift
your perspective
towards the night

but if the promise
still surprises
please turn this
sleep around
into its
other end
and look
me
in the i

What is left
when distance
disintegrates
and all is
attracted?

I see but my
lips trembling
in the stream
of time no word
better describes
than a woman
solemnly walking by
filling this emptiness
with a slowly vanishing
scent which re minds
this presence
of itself

∞

creation is
censorship
the censor said

and committed
a crime foretold

∞

When the theory about nothing
was inflated into everything
and swallowed by a gaping mouth
who was there to witness the spectacle
later implanted as the Implacable
as someone shrugged it all away?

since then a laughter
careless of birth and death
enlabels each act conceivable
even this as these words emerge
from the mirrored womb like
darkrays enabling their opposite
in this eternal tease
drenched with a tenderness
that leaves no
will unchallenged

∞

Who dies?
when the last breath
subsides
the final train
departs into the night

Who dies?
when jealousy gives
way to grace
and into love
this life's redeemed

Who dies?
when an i is on vacation
enfolding is becoming
in the now we are

Who dies?
when reason explains
itself away
criticism gets stuck
in its own strains
and the mechanism
of avoidance and attraction
is reconfigured like cracks
on a frozen lake
approaching sunrise

Who dies?
while reading
these lines
listening
to these sounds
echoes to echoes
dust to dust

∞

I have the right
to remain silent
while I sit around
a flame diminished
by diets of oil
and energy

I have the right
to be born without
a doubt when I'm
lost on your ways of
promise and rejection
not dying frictionless
no more the illusions
of the moon are swallowed
and a phoenix soars beyond
the stratosphere just to
burn in the process
as an offering
to the unresolved
structures of an essence
that's timelessly
revolving behind the
tiger's third eye
blessed with visions
of the rising son

I have the right
to have no fear
when I'm sucked
down so deeply
into throats covered
with traumatic tastes
and layers of hypocrisy
that I seem to have
no other reason than
just not to run but to
approach the stranger
again in the dark who's
me at my best and who
I never seem to see still
while all the time
the split was just a
crack reflected in the
skull's last tooth
and my wings stay
untouched in the thunderstorm
that's me undivided into
slave and master
identical with I
undressed before this beauty

with no agenda at all but to
crash the rolling hills the jungles
the oceans the deserts whole
mountainsides flaming with freedom
into the Twin Towers of Love



Sitting here i
become unglued
inside and all
thoughts are
lit up by a fiery
yearning curled up
in its own openness
like silent city centers
radiating neons at night

she is me as i am
dumbfounded
lightstruck by the
line on which we tip-toe
between honesty and a
playful surrender

clueless i stare
into stranger's eyes
torn alive by this
mutual recognition

my heart is stretched
wide open containing
this moment as feeling
with no resistance near
to bury hurt from its center

restless in the riverbed
curiosity partakes
and i cannot stop
to open up

even more
emerges as i
trace my desire
along the shorelines
of unfiltered energy
where two elements
meet like fireflies
drawn to their
own delight

my scalp is pulled
from my skull
and my spine
starts showering
all that surrounds
with an ecstasy
unhindered by
my strongest thoughts

overwhelmed i am
in honest wakefulness
still i try to legitimize
to justify this feeling
as past projected
holding the implications
at a safe distance for
not having to leap
unguarded into this
crystal clear attraction

but even this fear
of holding up
in the face of her
starts withering
in the wholesale
surrender of reluctance
and i guess i think
i feel what's obvious

no chance
to ignore
that i'm ready
to give beyond
restrictions
all that i am
all that i have
all that i want
as an offering
to the infinite
ground on which
these words appear
as beings enflamed
to each other

∞

She is a star
unconscious
of the light

her beauty
is a landscape
in endless change

the gravity
that she radiates
at night
flows upstream
to the cracks
within mountain heads
where the cycle of the
waterworlds is restarted

as stated in the scriptures
her hair harbors the milky way
her breasts bear its essence
and her eyes are lifebulbs
plugged into the sun

a million bodies
barely beyond being
are lining the shores
of lakes in summer
while three boys
wearing shades
explore the arousal
of their own reflection
in spiced up sand
and do as was told
and done before
the same old
hormonic cycle
of need and release
totally dedicated
to the senses

but as she smiles
her lips spread
wide open for the
untouchable union
to take space
unhindered by
her distance

∞

We are the equivalent
of blank paper
self inflicting words
upon our flesh

the power of the
middle of nowhere
plants history books
just to fill the shelves
while the fly derives
an independent dream
from what was lacking

sometimes is poetry
prose is always
propped up on
ambitions

what this is
classifies as
we don't know

∞

My life is spinning on both sides
of a stainless steel coin
perpetually whirling
in the palm of my hand
head and digit becoming one
in timeless acceleration
luck and loss are merging
in motionless speed
as the equivalent of a plane
propelling at dusk:

from within neither
progress nor regression
is witnessed
from without supersonic
movements seem so slow
so steadily the silver bird is
creeping across a summer's sky
while the coin in my hand
still invokes the momentum
rattling in my fingers' hollow space
cutting the air with a high pitched sound
the friction starts burning rose flesh
and in a sudden instance
it touches my thumb
losing balance jumping
plummeting dipping
to continue a dance
that never stopped
to begin with
within the outstretched
hand of a beggar
patiently standing by

∞

This separation is indescribable
like love on a purple evening
wordless wondering of waiting women
reversed into its unwanted extreme

Head disconnected from Heart
thoughts unrelated to feeling
in absence of the essence
desire drills
and something seems amiss

irreversible dissatisfaction

when all chances are cut
all ways blocked by blindness
eyes remain stained
in the stress of time
while the solution is
is just as is
always already
offering the obvious
a self-contained presence
circling within an empty eye



I need to die before
a million times more
to be without expectations

no peace intended but only
forgetful of path and progress
these canyons come alight

while all that surrounds
is sucked down into
my eyes gone blank

I am this center once
thought of innocently
as rock solid certain

but when these body's
borders open up into
the infinite even
crystal clear beliefs
are decompressed
and washed up
in the process

for unattended by
experience
I am known

∞

Tired of turning
every stone in
hope of finding
I let go and return
to the initials engraved
as one on a back
as the prophets predicted
at rest amidst directions
that contradict themselves

and all arguments at love
are only now recognized in
flowering faces of laughter

∞

I am nothing
more than a
confluence
of forces

a breeze of
silent surrender
blown afar
from home
at rest in
the arms
of the source

my fingers
locked
behind the blaze
formerly known
as body
I recite my self
into silence

∞

What value has a word
of good intention you say
when it still stays a lie
cause it's always the author
censoring the creative interplay
mingling with the rays of
lightways encapsulated in
a mind in need of meaning
shaking rolling stumbling
breaking the chain of reason
just to draw beauty into
the cave's dark entrance
set between the missing links

this desperate yearning
of our soul injection
surpasses all attempts
to reflect in the place
of acting and we're
screening love over
dysfunctional dinner tables
remembering the end
even at the onset
of success

in every circumstance
the play of words
is just the dance of lovers
drawn to each other
beyond right or wrong
as praise explains more
than words
can tell

∞

My love is traced through corridors
generally known as footprints
on a muddy floor

with each step into the flame
my toes are pressed deeper
leaving the ground
with the imprints
of a union unheard of
where in the absence
of me and myself
the downpour of desire
is pooling, stagnating
in the crater's dry mouth
filling the hollow to the brim
until the borderlines become blurred
the need to seek does overflow
erasing impressions of times passed

the land returns to its virgin state

one foot still in the air
the other not yet installed
I am free to receive
the word in silence
ready to embrace
the name before
my first day
was conceived

∞

Words are loud
when silence
rearranges
death
into a
Honeymoon

Proud enough
are the angels
and also sad
to be
so Perfect



the orgasm
is on
mute

we excavate
drill our souls
to the ground

while it's welling up through
Artesian wordviews
the world a friend to trust
in myriads of masks
with eyes too bright
to withstand

“If you can't even prevail before yourself without fear
how will you ever be able to face the sun without shades?”
a voice diametrically opposed to me is whispering:
“afraid in the light a shame is what blinds us
hides you in a cloak still smelling of the sweet infant's sweat
uncomfortable in its excrements and no mother near to purify
this fear of isolation a fire that turns into ice
the known and the unexpected.”

when there are no more consolations to reach for
all passengers are getting off this death is
destiny a thousand minds are withering
torn apart by a will rendered needless
as I strip off resistance
naked in this dream
as real as us united
on which they come and go
this screen is we aware

and if you were but blind
we would not even notice
split seconds
of the separée

“you see?”

∞

Can you imagine
a pain unbearable
a burden so big it's
filled by the weight
of its own hollowness?

this pain is absent
in the comfort zone
where I exchange
my rugged edges
for TV couch and
ice-cream

still you try
but every step
is lost on mediocrity
each solemn resolution
built on sand

the question is
if you can feel
are really willing to
be receptive to
these stings and
aches of emptiness
so you be constantly ablaze
without consummating
the fervor in passivist
sweat lodges

∞

On the tip of my tongue sits a silent ecstasy
always on the verge of breaking out
but never quite aware
chanting mindful melodies
and coloring the cities of dust
with rainbow anecdotes

Most of the time its tinyness is not revealed
realization blocked in gridlocked thought-traffic
but still it's ready any time,
any moment, ready to jump and turn myself
inside out
outside in
blowing out all pain and misery
bowing gratefully to gifts returned
offering all suffering to the whirling winds
merging with a mirrored mind behind the moon
receiving dreams from the stars
and memorizing the sun's sacred rays
by draining consciousness of every concept
and knowing nothing by heart
no need to search no more
the marriage of World and Witness
is celebrated by my seeker's steps



A scream from
deep within
disrupts all
feelings wide
and near and i
cannot help but
to give way wile
becoming the
embrace of my
own reckless
heart's eruption

my fingers clutched
to my face i try
to free myself from
a thousand shadows
suddenly pulled into
the light without mercy

still i know i can't escape
this stripping of my soul
to bear a body as the
newborn sun

unflinchingly i gaze
with eyes wide open
knowing that my time
now finally has come
to realize what's been
realized and accept
what always was
evaded

my being
a bridge
which spans
the galaxies

my breath
a bride
to desire
homesick
in its source

∞

Back again to pen and paper
trying to intensify the word
higher than the scripture beside
I'm waiting
in a silence
filled by the scent
of my own absence

who am I
to be believing
myself as free
you say while
the newspeak
enshrouds the mystery
of a fetus traveling
irreversibly aligned
to these labor times
uncatalyzed

come sample
my shadow's essence
and let us be reinterpreted
through the scriptures unsung
wisdom of blank spaces
populated by watery eyes
that stream combined
sweet reminders
of a sheet read by

on love a single tear
seems nourishing itself
embarking on the moment
through sound barriers
and gravity shopping
of hungry ghosts
in undergrounds in airports and U-boats
in animal parks and conquered penthouses
tracing the laughter of the Unknowable
home towards the source
of wondering creation

my songs about
are songs united
like buttercup petals
around the stem

nobody sees
nor misses
this wild beauty
at rush hour
in the gutter

on whom
our life beyond
does though depend
embracing doubt
into a new between

∞

Oh silent surrender make me free
let me lose all selfishness in solitude
see me falling through a thousand clouds
hear me walking slowly
around your traces of yesterday

Oh sweet source of forgiving
leave all my guilt with its sweating owner
blow my guards across the cities of dust
where pain and anger
roam constantly on concrete feet

Oh endlessly returning remembrance
lead me out of your weak brother's walls
show me the key and I will
not ever forget
what sustains me now

My worries will be still
until the end
when you will arrive at the same spot
at the same moment in a full year
where once through you
I came onto this world
to become what now I am
my own birthday's presence
summoning every scrap of experience
lighting up the scheme of things
seducing me against all odds
again and all gains

∞

What a day
I said to myself
and merged
with this fire-breathing
dream creation

even though this
hurt seems real
love seethes
through day to day
reality's rituals

and we are
erased in exchange
to one another

∞

My head is split apart
by a silenced hammer
while dreams are trickling
out of a wound denied

I become drawn
into the movies
and the city stops
dead in its tracks

fused with shadows
I am suspended
beyond wishful
thinking and
humanistic fictions
inseparable
against the light
I'm bleeding out
the flow

∞

No one knows the reason
for not knowing the immense mystery
of a universe popped into existence
like a baby's eyes suddenly bulging

as long as there are gaps
we'll cover them up with stark beliefs
for the abyss of emptiness which is
in fact immeasurable
scares us into action
continuously

I do not pretend
to have an answer
but
isn't this moment's
shapeless foundation
enough to ask anew?

if there is time
there is motion
though in this silence
nobody circumscribes
we are forever
changing form
at rest
in play

∞

No risk no gain
the city taught me

this moment is pleasure
in a life embodied as this:
cascades of sensory
stimulation hear see
and feel from my
vantage point

loss and success
are mounting
the horizons
as I leap into
the climbing
scales of love
followed by
no second
thought at all

∞

Not being able
to wait any longer
I let go into love
and give presence
to all regardless
of emotional tastes
in living colour

my neck stretched
through the clouds
and feet planted treelike
a belly unfolds
pushing tenderly
into personal clearings
caressed by belief systems
to be symmetrically
wrapped up in the sun
where out of
their difference
freedom is born



You live
inside me
now as
the other half
of a coin
spun to be
turning the
spokes of
perpetual
love

not missing
a thing in heaven
I listen to the
universe's motion
to retrieve the
echoes of me
and myself
in fallen trees
and dazzling flowers
everywhere a spot
to bow down
before this beauty
devoid of characteristics
opposed to inner
imperfections

in this light
enriched by your glow
everything is openness
and everyone
stays faultless

my breath
still resembles your smile

my body
is still trembling
from a memory
carried on as this moment

this sweet affection
to sunrays unstoppable
holds my being together
centered amidst these
downpours of bliss

∞

No word
can claim
this moment's
openness

no sign
can be
attached to
its eternity

still the mere attempt
to express the unconfined
surpasses inaccountable
limitations verbal
and otherwise

so all can connect
as one in this equation

∞