

Danspace Project

Dean Moss, *Untitled (perfect human)*

Text from Jørgen Leth's film, *The Perfect Human* (1967)

[Music begins to play—a melancholy tune with string and wind instruments]

Narrator

Here is the human. Here is the human. Here is the perfect human. We will see the perfect human functioning. We will see the perfect human functioning. How does such a number function? What kind of thing is it? We will look into that. We will investigate that. Now we will see how the perfect human looks and what it can do. This is how an ear looks. And here is a pair of knees. And here, a foot. Another ear. Here is an eye. Look at this human's eye. Then, a mouth. A mouth and another mouth. Look, the perfect human, moving in a room. The perfect human can move in a room. The room is boundless and radiant with light. It is an empty room. Here are no boundaries. Here is nothing. Walking, running, jumping, falling. Look, now he falls. How does he fall? This is how he falls. Look, now she lies down. How does she lie down? This is how she lies down, like this.

[Music continues...]

[Music stops]

Yes, there he is. Who is he? What can he do? What does he want? Why does he move like that? How does he move like that? Look at him. Look at him now. And now. Look at him all the time. Now the music is gone. No music anymore. The perfect human in a room with no boundaries and with nothing and a voice saying a few words. This voice, saying a few words. Look at him now. Look at him all the time.

[Music begins again, cheerier and faster now]

Now the perfect human undresses. The clothes come off. Bow tie, coat, shoes, trousers, boots, socks, dress, nylons, bra, pants. The clothes come off.

[Music continues...]

[Music stops]

How is it to touch the perfect human? How is the skin? Is it smooth? Is it warm? Is it soft? Is it dry? Is it well cared for? How is the skin of the chin? How is it on the legs? The arms. The throat.

[Music begins again, slow and somber]

Here is the bed. Here is the bed. Fresh fragrant sheets. A soft spring mattress. A bed in this room. The room is no longer empty. There is a bed in the room. The bed in which the perfect human sleeps and makes love.

[Music continues...]

[Music stops]

Listen to the human getting ready. Listen to the perfect human living. Listen to its sounds. What is this human thinking?

Human

[Speaking in Danish:] Today, too, I experienced something. I hope to understand in a few days. Around my left hand was shining a ring of hazy white flames. I considered carefully the left side of my own dark coat. In the middle of my heart. There was a small white spot. I don't know what it's supposed to mean.

[Music begins again]

Narrator

Now there is a table too in the room and chairs and the human. The music and the voice. The perfect human is going to eat and to drink. We will see a meal. How does the perfect human eat? We will see its eyes and its mouth, eating. We will hear the sound knife and fork. We will see the fish being carved. And the wine being poured into the glasses. Dinner is served. Lovely boiled salmon with boiled potatoes and sauce, Hollandaise. With it, a bottle of Chablis.

[Music continues..]

What is he thinking? What is he thinking? Is the perfect human thinking of the room he is in? The food he eats? Happiness. Love. Death. What is the perfect human thinking? Look at him. What is he thinking?

[Music continues..]

[Music stops]

Human

[Singing in Danish:] Bum bum bum. Why is fortune so capricious? Why is joy so quickly done? Why did you leave me? Why are you gone? Why is fortune so capricious? Why is joy so quickly...? Why did you leave me? Why are you gone? Why is fortune so capricious? Why is joy so quickly done? Why are you gone? Why are you gone?

[Other distant voices speaking and yelling]