

Between Script and Score: Notation and Movement in the Work of Cornelius Cardew  
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The work presented in this text is the candidate's own.

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## **ABSTRACT**

This practice based PhD explores experimental notation within the work of Cornelius Cardew. This exploration is undertaken, not only through historical theoretical research, but also through my practice as a film maker: the score is employed as a model for moving image production, and the potential relation between the score and the script investigated at the level of practice. Using a methodology that collapses the binary between theory and practice and argues for practice as an equally valid form of knowledge production, this research is constituted by an introductory essay, three films, a publication and a screenplay. These works are presented as in conversation with Cardew, a testing out of his methods within the landscape of the contemporary.

The title of this thesis points to its deployment of Cardew as a biographical character - a trope Giles Deleuze might term a conceptual persona - whose own compositional trajectory fundamentally encapsulates the issues at the heart of this PhD: its investigation of the relationship between theory and practice, form and content, aesthetics and politics. Cardew's work is thus used as narrative device to navigate the terrain of experimental notation, and to tease out a set of strategies inherent to post war composition that are then subsequently applied to film making. Two scores in particular are addressed: *Treatise* and *The Tiger's Mind*. Cardew's assertion, in his accompanying handbook to *Treatise*, that 'notation is a way of making people move' is key to the trajectory of the research. The term movement is explored on several levels, from the literal - the gathering together of bodies - to the more abstract - the interpretive shifts triggered by the indeterminacies of notation as a linguistic system. Finally movement is considered in relation to emotion, and with that a more speculative direction for future research proposed.

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3. *Agatha*

For copies of this thesis with no DVD's inserted please contact the distributors at <http://www.lux.org.uk>

## PREFACE

*'Notation is a way of making people move, if you lack others, like aggression or persuasion. The notation should do it. This is the most rewarding aspect of a work on notation. Trouble is just as you find your sounds are too alien, intended for a different culture, you make the same discovery about your beautiful notation: no one is willing to understand it, no ones moves.'*<sup>1</sup>

Some years ago, I read this quote by Cornelius Cardew, published in the accompanying handbook to *Treatise*, his monumental graphic score of 192 pages penned during the years 1964-1967. Since then my practice has been motivated by the idea of movement and with what I've come to term a 'poetics of activation' - the attempt through practice to instigate a more active kind of spectatorship - as it unfolds at both the level of both production and reception.<sup>2</sup> This concern has manifested in films that deploy notation as a paradigm for their production. The development of their scripts is treated as a formal, sculptural proposition; firstly compositional structures are set up to enable the production of speech - in the form of interviews and conversations - secondly, this material is edited into a form of notation to be re-staged.

The notion of movement is similarly explored at the level of the film's reception. Here movement is understood not simply as the instigation of a collective production process (in reference to Cardew), but as having to do with reception and interpretation on the part of the viewer. The films deploy a number of formal strategies intended specifically to lift the spectator from passivity and implicate their audience in the construction of meaning.

This thesis outlines the intersection of the score and script as it has unfolded through my practice over the last five years. Three films, *A Necessary Music*, 2008, *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, 2010, *Agatha*, 2012 and a publication and related screenplay, *The Tiger's Mind*, 2012 take up the discussion and form the body of research.

*A Necessary Music* was made in 2008 in New York. Its script was a collaboration with composer and cellist Alex Waterman. A musically conceived piece, referencing



the video operas of Robert Ashley, the film explores the social imaginary of a utopian landscape through directed attention to the voices that inhabit it. Employing the residents of New York's Roosevelt Island to be its authors and actors, *A Necessary Music* gathers together texts written by these residents and uses them to construct a script for the film. Casting seventeen residents to then enact these lines, the film is accompanied by a fictional narration take from Adolfo Bioy Casares' 1941 novella *The Invention of Morel*. A science fiction robinsonade about an island that turns out to be an image, this wrapping of reality with fiction in the film, becomes the means through which to reflect on the always already fictional qualities of the documentary endeavour.

*The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* was made in 2010. A 16mm film conceived in the format of a TV Play and set in an older people's care home. The script for the film was a collaboration with writer and critic George Clark and was constructed from verbatim transcripts of a discussion group held over a period of five months with the residents of four of Camden's Care Homes. Taking B.S. Johnson's 1971 experimental novel *House Mother Normal* as its formal departure point and employing the structural logic of a score, the script is edited into a vertical structure, in which eight voices or eight monologues occur simultaneously. The film features actors Roger Booth, Corinne Skinner Carter, Janet Henfrey, Ram John Holder, Anne Firbank, William Hoyland, Jane Wood alongside musician and Cardew biographer, John Tibury

*Agatha* was made in 2012 and departs slightly from previous subjects and methodologies. Made with friends, in the mountains of Snowdonia, over a week long period, with no crew, except for a cameraman, it explores a much looser, more improvised model for production through recourse to a fictional story that is itself a metaphor for improvisation. A psychosexual sci-fi about a planet without speech, the film is based on a dream had and noted down by Cardew in 1967. The dream recounts the voyage of its narrator to a planet with speech, chronicling his encounter with the languages that exist in its absence, through the acquaintance of two locals, Gladys and Agatha.

The publication *The Tiger's Mind* was made over the course of a two year period, from 2010 to 2012, in close collaboration with designer and typographer Will Holder. A piece of art writing set up as self reflexive tool, *The Tiger's Mind* is a collectively produced theoretical text that explores its subject equally on the level of form. Its associated screenplay - shot in July of this year and due to premiere on the 13th November 2012 at The Showroom, London - takes its material into the terrain of the imagination, presenting a portrait of this process in entirely fictional form.

The following introductory text outlines the methodologies employed in these four pieces, exploring in detail the intersection between the score and the script. The notion of movement is key, as is the figure of Cardew, the work and mythology of whom is used as a driving force or character to propel its narrative. The three films, publication and associated screenplay are explored as in conversation with Cardew's working methods, with each work constituting an exploration of those methods within the landscape of the contemporary. Other figures or interlocutors appear in the text in order to contextualise Cardew's work, but they, (save for B.S Johnson, who is also perceived as a primary source) remain of secondary importance and their placement as footnotes indicates this hierarchy. Here, footnotes act more as vocal echoes of the text, articulating a number of related propositions that lie contained implicitly within the text's primary narrative. Treated as ideas in conversation with Cardew, footnotes are largely constituted by quotes from other authors, while endnotes function in the normal manner: as a means to clarify the text. *Treatise*, Cardew's 192 page graphic score and magnum opus is deployed as the text's main methodological motor; its close reading providing a means through which to amplify and tease out certain conceptions of the term movement and how it has come to define and propel my practice.

Through its engagement with notation, specifically, *Treatise* and *The Tiger's Mind*, this text (and the larger PhD project in its entirety) examines ideas around active forms of spectatorship, as they might relate to both a film's production and representation strategies. In other words, it explores what the implications of notation

are in relation to how a film or a book might be both made and subsequently read or perceived. The methodologies outlined here are thus concerned primarily with production and representation strategies in relation to participants and viewers, or rather viewers AS participants. They explore models of movement - movement as activation - within Cardew's oeuvre, and outline their subsequent use or rather testing out within the content of the my own moving image practice.

The first section of the text investigates the idea of movement in its most literal sense: as a choreographing of the social occurring at the level of production. It explores the physical moving of bodies effected by the score as a social frame, and how that is played out at the level of the film's production. Here *A Necessary Music* is used as case study. The second section moves into more abstract terrain, exploring movement in terms of reception: as a representational strategy effected at the level of both script and screen that has to do with the activation of a reader or a viewer. Here *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* and *Agatha* function as case studies. The third continues to explore movement in relation to representation, looking in particular at the idea of fiction, where fiction is understood as a formal reshaping of language, a reshaping of material or content, that might allow for a shift in the way we see and perceive the world. The relationship between fiction and language, is further explored through the introduction of Cardew's only narrative and character based score (and the eponymously named publication and screenplay) *The Tiger's Mind*. Cardew's score, - ostensibly a portrait of a collective of improvising musicians, AMM, with whom he was engaged at the time, - features six characters, the Tiger, the Mind, the Circle, the Tree, the Wind, and a girl called Amy, each of whom must interact with each other musically, according to the relationships outlined in its nursery rhyme like structure. Based on Cardew's score, the eponymously named publication *The Tiger's Mind* takes my production methodologies as its subject but, in addition, explores and develops these themes - movement, collective work, reading as production - in a more formally experimental manner. Rather than being simply an academic text ABOUT certain

ideas in relation to Cardew, *The Tiger's Mind* EMBODIES them, by using them as methodologies in its own production.<sup>3</sup> Inviting six participants over a two year period, to have a series of week long conversations scored by *The Tiger's Mind*: Alex Waterman as Tree, Jesse Ash as Wind, John Tilbury as Mind (sound track), Celine Condorelli as Tiger, Will Holder as Amy and myself as the Circle, the publication, explores ideas around notation, characterisation, interpretation and activation – in relation to the script as a form of printed matter.

The preface to the publication *The Tiger's Mind* presents a close reading of Cardew's original score, while Chapter One (Day Piece), and Chapter Two (Night Piece) expand into the actual playing of the score, deploying its character based improvisational structure as a means to direct conversation. The screenplay for *Tiger's Mind* leaves behind words to venture into a more object based production. Participants were invited, still in character, to collectively produce the components of a film; its props, foley, soundtrack, narration and special effects. The subsequent screenplay written by the myself as the Circle depicts the often antagonistic relationships between the players as they unfolded. Set against the backdrop of brutalist villa, six characters, The Tiger, The Mind, The Tree, Wind, The Circle and a girl called Amy (the film's props, its music, its sounds, its special effects, its narration and its director) battle one another for control of the film as it unfolds on screen. The film explores the relationships between these characters as they emerge and unfold: perplexing, grappling, wrestling and dreaming with one another.

*The Tiger's Mind* represents an approach to knowledge production that traverses the entirety of my work and that forms the basis of this PhD project. The line between thinking and doing, or theory and practice, is blurred, with each work, filmic *and* textual, attempting a different kind of knowledge production than the conventionally academic might perhaps allow. Rather than offering a historical, theoretical account of Cardew, this PhD project, charts a slightly new terrain for knowledge production, by thinking Cardew through enacting him.<sup>4</sup> The three films, the publication and its

accompanying screenplay are a set of experiments that in essence perform Cardew. As such the contribution of this PhD project resides is in its process as well as its content, with its process in fact becoming its content. What is offered here is not a history or theoretical exposition of Cardew - such a history has been already been compiled - but rather an investigation of Cardew's thinking through its re-activation within the landscape of the contemporary. The relevance of Cardew's techniques are thus explored through their performance, and this performance is explicitly experimental in that, - to return to Cardew's quote - the idea of discovery is at its heart. Systems of production are set up that in many ways develop beyond my authorial control or intention: compositional collective structures take on their own lives, lives that leave me, their original author in their wake or rather, sweep me up in their ebb and flow.

The social and the political are key feature or a central tenant of all the works presented. Politics is explored at the level of form and the aesthetic: following (the pre maoist) Cardew, in the manner of the production of the artistic object, politics is explored not so much in subject matter but rather as manifest in structure. The composition of each film presents a micro socio-political laboratory. From the collective production of scripts with the film's subjects, to key collaborators on the constructions of the film's themselves, to the more complex collective structure of *The Tiger's Mind*, it is different formal configurations and communities of production that inhabit and propel each work. Departing from and reflecting on Cardew's concern with music as a social and political practice embodied in the aesthetics of music and deploying his methodologies to investigate different paradigms of the social, the works presented here think the social and through a compositional lens, each in their own way amplifying, articulating and exploring different rhythmic encounters, connections and intensities of being with and being together.

In the end, however, the complexity of my relationship with Cardew becomes clear and the conversation between Cardew and the works starts to unravel. Premised on the necessary failure of the films to fulfill some of the more utopian drives within

Cardew's thinking, communities of production begin to be replaced by a necessary, singular voice, with all of the works at some level or to do some degree, (some more explicitly than others,) becoming a reflection on the impossibility of their own starting point.

## CHAPTER 1

### Movement as a choreographing of the social

In this first section of the text I highlight the social aspect of experimental notation, dealing with movement in its most literal sense: as the gathering together of physical bodies. I explain the actual choreographing of the social, effected by the score as a framework and continue by describing how this is transposed to the medium of film using the film *A Necessary Music* as a case study.

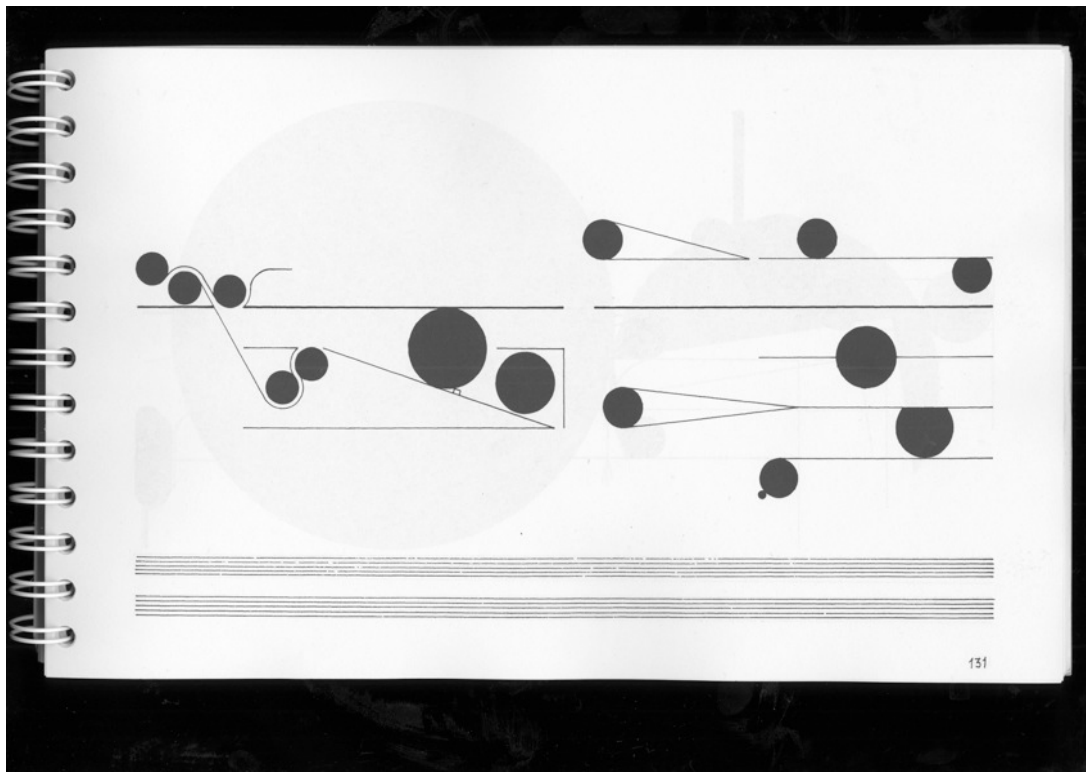


Figure 1.

*"I wrote Treatise with the definite intention that it should stand entirely on its own, without any form of introduction or instruction to mislead prospective performers into the slavish practice of doing what they are told."* <sup>5</sup>

Notation is the wall between sounds imagined in the mind and their material performance. A language designed to represent aurally perceived music - in order to save it from oblivion by bad memory or bad hearing - notation is essentially a system

of signs and marks by way of which music can be archived, remembered and later read and performed. With the birth of notation however, came the birth of the composer, the author of the musical text and the designer and manager of the activity of its performers. Previous to this moment performers had been situated on a more or less equal register, but, as Cardew notes in his 1976 essay *Wiggly Lines and Wobbly Music*, the increasing amount of precision made possible through notation brought with it an increasing amount of authority located within the figure of the composer.<sup>6</sup> In other words, the more precise the notation became, the stronger the hegemony of the composer over the music. With time the composer became the sole author-engineer to which all other performing bodies were rendered subservient.

Experiments in graphic notation within the field of experimental music, - begun as early as the 1950's - sought to question and upturn this hierarchy. A radical reassessment of classical music ideology, they sought to elevate the role of reader performer and to foreground collective participation. Concerned with sound as social activity, they sought to stimulate performers into action, suggesting activities that were open to myriad interpretations, and opening the door, once again, for increased levels of participation and authorship on the part of the performer. Text and graphic based, the process of their collective deciphering, negotiation and enactment, performed and produced complex socialities of mutual interest and dependency.

One such graphic score is *Treatise*, written by Cardew in the period between 1963-7. A young man at the time, he was at the forefront of a micro political revolution within the British musical avant garde. For Cardew, and for many other musicians of his generation, the traditional musical establishment had become a politically oppressive and bourgeois establishment in need of serious reform. Notation was at the heart of the matter, understood, in its passage from composer to score, score to performer and performer to listener, as a power relation.

Taking its name from Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico Philosophicus*, *Treatise* consists of 193 pages. Presenting an array of shapes, varying from the recognisably



musical to the utterly abstract, *Treatise* gives no clear indication as to how it is to be performed. Drawing instead on memory and oral tradition, performers come together as a social body and through dialogue and consensus determine how it will be read and what sounds it will produce. The task of the players is essentially to assign sounds to symbols: deciding what kind of sounds will attach themselves to symbols and how one might differentiate them. Some strategies might include: assigning meaning to a symbol's location relative to the centre line, assigning specific symbols to a specific player, how to play (as opposed to what to play), or associating a symbol with silence or with listening or with another player.

The politics of *Treatise* and other experimental scores of its kind is that they are models of action. They are models, in other words, for making people move. *Treatise* and scores like it, proposed radical new models of reading, in which the participant was transformed from a passive implementer of preordained sounds into a co-author of a landscape of potential sound. In the act of doing so, they transformed music making, or the making of music into a radical social act. The opening up of musical works such as *Treatise* - paralleled in the literary field by the emergence of the "open work" - was a radical gesture concerned with the dismantling of musical language and the overthrow of authorial power.<sup>7</sup>

Cardew's conception of music was inherently political. He was not a composer who was in addition political, rather politics were inscribed into his music making. For Cardew, at this stage in compositional trajectory, the formal was the political: the relations between composer, score, performer and listener were micro political formations and a score like *Treatise*, despite its playful objecthood, was a deadly serious proposition: the aesthetic is a political model and a political position that embodies a very specific set of relations\*

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\* In Jaques Attali's book *Noise: The Political Economy of Music*, he theorises not so much about music as through it. It is sounds and their arrangement that fashion socie-

*“Notation is a way of making people move, if you lack others like aggression or persuasion. The notation should do it”<sup>8</sup>*

### **A Necessary Music (2008)**

A collaboration with composer Alexander Waterman, *A Necessary Music*, transposes the ideas and methodologies embedded in modernist composition to the medium of film, adopting the logic and procedures of scores like *Treatise*, in the process of its own construction. I met Alex in 2007 whilst attending the Whitney Program as a studio artist. Alex had just curated a show at the Kitchen entitled *Between Thought and Sound* - essentially a retrospective of graphic music from the 1950's to the present- while I had just completed a performance work based on Cardew's *The Great Learning*, involving 9 trainee cabbies and a string quartet.<sup>9</sup> After several meetings, I invited Alex to work on a film about Roosevelt Island with me. The film was to take as its formal conceit the potential relation musical modes of production and film.

*A Necessary Music* is a film as concerned with the sociality of its process as with the production of its final image. To initiate the project, a letter was placed in the local paper and a talk given in the local gallery, inviting the islanders to participate. The letter

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ties. In noise Attali claims, can be read the codes of life and the relations among men. “All music, any organization of sounds is then a tool for the consolidation and creation of community, of a totality. It is what links a power centre to its subjects and thus more generally is an attribute of power in all its forms” For Attali then, music is fundamentally related to society and questions of power and order. It is not so much or not only that Wagner represents Nazi ideology in aural form but rather that musical organization contains and mirrors society. Both Cardew and Attali invest in music so seriously as to give it a profoundly ideological ground. They look to music for a system that can produce new social models. Attali finds it in the model of free jazz improvisation while Cardew appropriates the orchestra as a developmental site for radical new models of social and political organization. Both in other words, see the production of community as process of composition. Attali's notion of composition is fascinating. “If we compose music“ he says, “we are also composed by history”. Compose here works in a double gesture then, as a mechanism which both produces us and through which we ourselves produce

and the talk described a film that wanted to explore the Island and its music. It invited the islanders to be part of this process, to be its authors and its actors, by helping the filmmakers to listen to and to restage the voices that made up the island and its music. A series of interviews and a questionnaire followed, printed alongside the letter, on an insert that would come out with the bi-weekly edition of the island newspaper, *The Wire*. Its questions ranged from the banal to the borders of the absurd. Questions such as ‘What’s your first memory of the island? Do you think the Island has secrets worth listening to? Do you think particular landscapes produce particular people or particular ideas? What does the island sound like to you?’ And so on. Alex and I devised these questions with a view to enticing the islanders, as it were. The intention behind their more poetic construction, was a call to their imaginations, an alibi if you like, for making them move. They proved rather a hit. The questionnaire could also be filled in online and then sent to us directly via electronic post. This turned out to be the preferred method of most of the islanders that we heard from. Devising a script comprised of these voices, we then cast (different) residents to enact the texts produced and to collectively represent the voices that had articulated themselves in response. Accompanying these voices is a fictional narration, taken from another island tale, a science fiction novella penned in 1942: *The Invention of Morel*, by Bioy Cassares.<sup>10</sup>

At the heart of *A Necessary Music* is the idea of the script. In line with Cardew’s approach, the script is perceived not so much as the result of a single’s person labour, or a singularly imagined fiction, but rather as a collective compositional structure that presents an open field of possibilities. Just as Cardew’s scores were an invitation to make music, the script for *A Necessary Music* throws itself open to the people it was attempting to represent, inviting them to be the authors and the actors of their own words. *A Necessary Music* perceives the script then, again, not simply as the result of isolated private labour, but as a much wider thing, as a methodology in and of itself, that has to do with a social process and with the instigation of that process, that has to do, in other words, with making people move. At the heart of this idea of movement

is the notion of listening, of collective listening and consequently of giving voice. Over and above the more conventionally cinematic approach of looking, it's the act of listening that really pervades the film as mode of attention, manifest in its attempt to approach a place or a subject primarily through voice, and to set up dialogical or conversation-based structures that will allow for a subsequent scoring of voice<sup>\*\*</sup> In *A Necessary Music* the film's participants become, within a predetermined framework, the authors of their own words. As with *Treatise*, authorship is not entirely abandoned as much as it haunts and troubles the proceedings. *A Necessary Music* proposes authored but open-ended models of conversation or exchange with the results of those encounters in turn recorded, re-assigned and re-staged. The score is deployed as a model for action; less as an attempt to shift or elevate the actors position to co-author, rather than a strategy to open up a different form of dialogue within a film's production apparatus. At this early stage of its production, *A Necessary Music*, proposes a model of production in which the 'other' is invited to write her own script rather than being compelled to speak in somebody else's version of the truth. Later in the production process, this issue is complicated, and the very idea of the document questioned, as art, beauty, the aesthetic and the authored intervene, with fictional and imagined components wrapped around these more documentary voices by a pronounced and

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<sup>\*\*</sup> Hovering beside the spectre of Cardew and *Treatise* another ghost that propels *A Necessary Music* is American composer Robert Ashley and his television opera *Perfect Lives*. Ashley's practice is concerned with the construction of operatic structures from the vernacular stories and fictions encountered by him in the American landscape. In his operas, 'singing' as story telling, is expanded to include the musicality of everyday speech. In *Perfect Lives*, speech attains the status of song and it becomes gradually apparent in listening to his work that speech has been scripted, composed and rehearsed; an inherent musicality emerges, speech appears as if theatricalised and language as if punctuated by time. Ashley's elevation of everyday speech into 'heightened utterance' or 'speech-song' is composed through working collectively with performers during the production process. Orchestration is often added afterwards. In addition and forming quite an interesting point of departure for our own island study, within Ashley's operas, landscape, place or setting itself is often also embodied, manifest as a character and given voice.

singular editorial voice.

If the script or production process of *A Necessary Music* is in conversation with Cardew's radical egalitarianism, it's also at this point that I or my productions processes depart from him, taking up a position (specifically in relationship to authorship) very different to the one that he was to eventually inhabit. (The nature and implications of which shall be dealt in further detail as the text progresses.) In many ways, as the culmination of Cardew's life and work as an avant garde composer, *Treatise* also marks the end of Cardew's involvement with notation. Increasingly disillusioned and discouraged by his experiences of its playing, Cardew was eventually to turn away from notation. His disillusionment resided in the fact that the very existence of *Treatise*, was testament to an authority that could not be abandoned or denied. In playing *Treatise* the performer is always subject to a 'third force', hovering above the work. It is Cardew himself who is the ghost that haunts *Treatise*, the authorial voice etched into its graphic abandon, impinging on its music making. To play *Treatise* is to remain in dialogue with this Cardew as a guiding spectre. For Cardew, this was an intolerable politics, one that he was eventually to distance himself from it as much as he could.

## CHAPTER 2

### Movement as Interpretation

In this second section of the text I explore issues around interpretation and notation, dealing with movement, at the level of the film's reception. The score is examined as a model for representation, in relation to the perceptual activations it effects of a reader or specator. I explore these activations in relation specifically to the score as printed matter and as such make a connection with similar kind of activating devices found within the pages of modernist literature. Here experimental writer, B.S Johnson is brought to bear on the conversation, as are other literary tropes, in particular the delusional narrator. I then describe how the films *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* and *Agatha* attempt to deploy such representational strategies formally in an embodiment of this moving, activating logic.

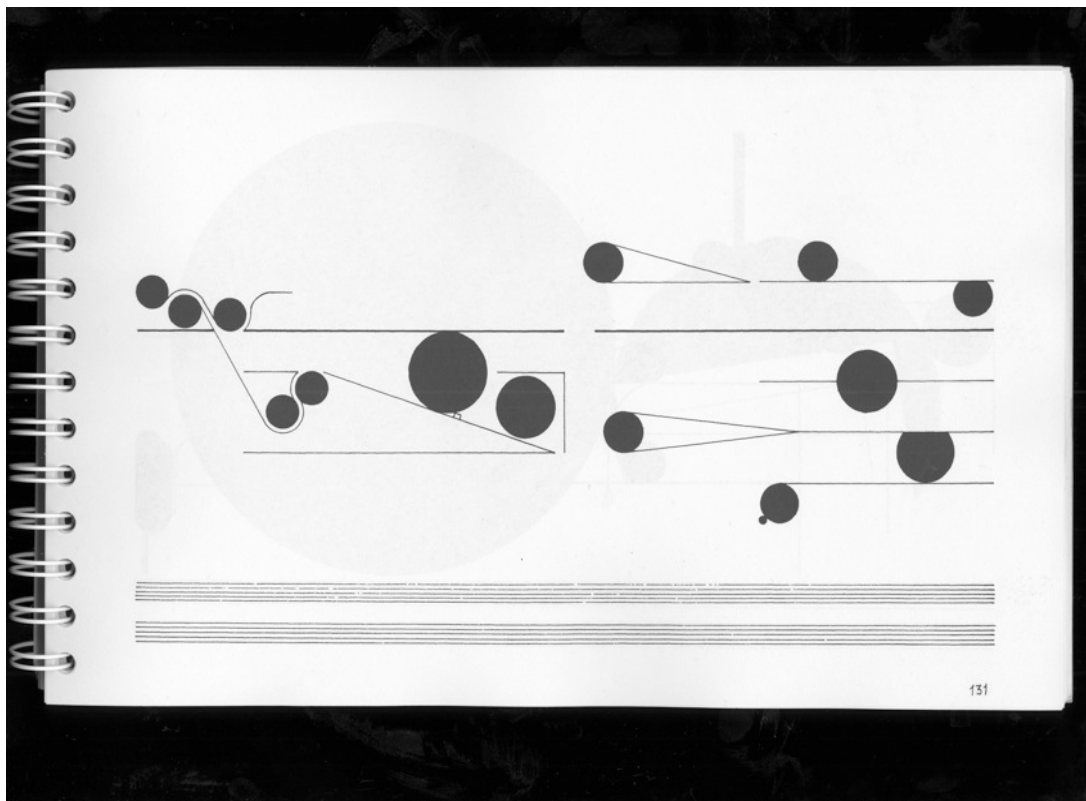


Figure 2.

*I have always been preoccupied with huge abstractions. I was 23 when I first came across Wittgenstein's Tractatus, right from the first sentence, hand-written by Sladen (David Sladen) as a foretaste before he gave me the book, 'The world is everything that is the case.' It made a deep impression on me. The name Treatise (from Tractatus) - a thorough investigation. Of what? Of everything, Of nothing, like the whole world of philosophy'.<sup>11</sup>*

Notation's encounter with the printed page not only served to cement, through its distribution, the romantic model of author as genius and subsequently the market logic of composer as author, it also functioned to immortalize the musical object itself as something fixed in time and space. In conventional notation, there is an exact aural correspondence for every sign: specific symbols represent specific notes to be played at specific times. Fundamentally, notation is a representational system: which is to say it is an exact picture of the sound it purports to represent. Like language it is a system of representational signs that point to things in the world. A rock is a rock. Similarly and perhaps even more rigidly than with language - a rock can also mean a candy after all - in traditional musical notation, there is little or no room for abstraction, notes are orders to be carried out; they mean what they say.

Borrowing signs and symbols from geometry, concrete poetry and graphic design, the circles, lines, and ellipses that make up *Treatise* belie Cardew's deep concern with the limitations and constraints that a representational system imposes on musical thought. Its 'Wiggles and Wobbles' offer up radical new possibilities for the musical text to the point where, in fact, it contains almost no claim to even be a piece of music, save the five line stave running consistently across the bottom of its pages. The presence of the stave, and indeed of the clefs and trebles that punctuate its pages, would suggest that Cardew was initially interested in only a deconstruction of musical notation as opposed to its total rejection.<sup>12</sup> In this light, *Treatise* can be understood as an attempt to talk to a thing in its own language, rather than to propose an entirely new way of speaking.

In many ways however *Treatise* does take the problem of a musical language to its limit, breaking the fetters of a representational system that to Cardew had become

oppressive and obsolete. Its connection to and indeed Cardew's own obsession with Wittgenstein is completely fascinating in this respect. Both Cardew and Wittgenstein were concerned with the nature and limitations of language and the relationship between language and the world. In musical terms this is about the correlation between the way music is notated and the nature of the actions and the sounds it generates. In both cases a rigid representational framework is removed; it ceases to present an absolute picture that corresponds to the sounds produced. Ultimately, Wittgenstein was concerned with drawing us away from words and sentences to consider instead how we use language, the context that gives it its particular meaning; conversely experimental notation presents a paradigm in which interpretation is key; because meaning is not fixed, the performer's reading of it is given an interpretative autonomy. Ultimately as Cardew puts it, experimental notation embodies the difference between "creating a language in order to say something, and evolving a language in which you can say anything."<sup>13</sup> What *Treatise* proposes, is a seemingly unrestricted language, one that creates and opens up a space for a collective reading, imagining, translating and performing.

A graphic score is not complete until its read by a reader; contrary to conventional notation perhaps, it is not an image of sound that exists already but rather has to be translated into musical activity. More than being read, the score is modified in the act of being read; it has to be interpreted, translated, made to sound. Experimental notation as a language thus implies a radically different form of participation or labour; one has to do with a reading backwards perhaps, or a kind of labour in reverse. What *Treatise* proposes is a radical new model of reading, in which the participant is transformed from a passive receiver of signs to an active agent in their construction.\*\*\*

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\*\*\* *In spite of the work that has uncovered an autonomy of the practice of reading underneath scriptural imperialism, a de facto situation has been created by more than three centuries of history. The social and technical functioning of contemporary culture hierarchises these two activities. To write is to produce the text; to read is to receive it from someone else*



The linguistic obscurities of *Treatise* are ‘intended’ to blow apart musical habit, to rouse and to wake the player: their lack of clear directives are an invitation to move, to act and to imagine.

*“Suddenly a particular element catches our eye; we follow it, it seems to offer a temporary stability, an orientation. Or it incites us to extravagancies; the pulse quickens, and we are driven, page after page toward climatic expression. And it disappears, leaving us marooned in unfamiliar territory. And yet by following it, using it, by our commitment, we have validated it. Through it we have been moved to make music”*<sup>14</sup>

Cardew’s contention that notation is a way of making people move can thus be read as a concern with notation as a system for generating action. What Cardew was attempting with *Treatise*, through this embrace of linguistic abstraction, was a model for action that was not determinate, in which ‘this’ does not necessarily mean ‘that’, but rather ‘this’ simply provides a jumping off point for a performer, compelling him to

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*without putting one’s own mark on it, without remaking it. In that regard, the reading of the catechism or of the Scriptures that the clergy used to recommend to girls and mothers, by forbidding these Vestals of an untouchable sacred text to write continues today in the “reading” of the television programs offered to “consumers” who cannot trace their own writing on the screen where the production of the Other—of “culture”—appears. “The link existing between reading and the Church” is reproduced in the relation between reading and the church of the media. In this mode, the construction of the social text by professional intellectuals (clerks) still seems to correspond to its “reception” by the faithful who are supposed to be satisfied to reproduce the models elaborated by the manipulators of language.*

*‘What has to be put in question is unfortunately not this division of labour (it is only too real), but the assimilation of reading to passivity. In fact, to read is to wander through an imposed system (that of the text, analogous to the constructed order of a city or of a supermarket). Recent analyses show that “every reading modifies its object,” that (as Borges already pointed out) “one literature differs from another less by its text than by the way in which it is read,” and that a system of verbal or iconic signs is a reservoir of forms to which the reader must give a meaning. If then “the book is a result (a construction) produced by the reader, one must consider the operation of the latter as a sort of lectio, the production proper to the “reader” (“lecteur”). The reader takes neither the position of the author nor an author’s position. He invents in texts something different from what they “intended.” He detaches them from their (lost or accessory) origin. He combines their fragments and creates something unknown in the space organized by their capacity for allowing an indefinite plurality of meanings’*

Michel De Certeau, Reading as Poaching, *The Practice of Everyday Life*.

make a music of his own.

### **The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us (2010)**

*The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* explores the notion of the elderly as chorus, ensemble or group, dramatising the varying group psychologies and dynamics by scripting and performing them for film. The film was a commission from the Serpentine Gallery in 2009. The subject and starting point for the piece was an old people's home with the idea being that a film would emerge out of a series of interactions with its residents. In same year I met writer and critic George Clark. George and I both shared an interest in the experimental TV play, a genre, popularized during the 60's and 70's by the BBC's pioneering and revolutionary series' *Wednesday Play*, *Play for Today* and its science fiction sub series *Play for Tomorrow*. Orientated around the use of television as a mass vehicle for social critique and propelled by Britain's most radical writers and directors of the time, such as Alan Bennett, Caryl Churchill, Clive Exton, Mike Leigh, Alan Clarke, and Peter Waktins, TV plays were often extremely experimental in form. Blending social realism with radical theatre aesthetics and combining professional and non-professional actors, with scripted narrative and documentary footage, the TV play coupled the social commitment of realist documentary with the more narrative and theatrical tropes of the novel and the stage. George and I were both interested in somehow referencing the TV play in its blend of aesthetic artifice and social reality and in the idea of exploring experimental literary tropes as a critical representational tool within the context of both socially engaged subject matter and moving image production.

Loosely departing from this interest, the script for *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, explores the connection between modernist literature and modernist composition - as somehow involved through the medium of printed matter in the production of a common ground - through its formal reference to and deployment of experimental writer B.S. Johnson's work. The idea of movement as a poetics of

activation, as having to do with reading as active production and with a rupture of passivity, had led me to connect Cardew to Johnson, whose work I had discovered some years before. Johnson was an experimental poet and writer who in the early 1950's, was, like Cardew, at the forefront of a small group of avant-garde writers attempting to engage with modernist experiments in form, specifically in relation to the novel and the printed page.<sup>15</sup> Johnson was a master at it, his literary experimentation varying from extreme and deliberate shifts between different narrative modes, to the deployment of typographic devices scattering language across the page, to the final distribution of books with chapters unbound, in box form, such that the reader was invited to choose which fragment of the work s/he wished to read first. Johnson's concern with formal experimentation had much to do with the pursuit of new forms of writing and reading relevant to his age. For Johnson, the 19th century model of the 'what-happens-next' was an anachronistic 'clapped out' vulgarity. His concern was with the 'technological fact of the book' and with the development of self reflexive techniques that sought to go beyond 19th century realism with its central tenants of narrative and the suspension of disbelief. For Johnson, in addition, self reflexivity was somehow deeply connected with truth, with the exposure of the mechanics of representation, and it was truth telling, as opposed to story telling, that preoccupied him. In Johnson's novels, the reader is made constantly aware that he is reading a novel; Johnson himself (as authorial voice) is always somehow 'butting in':

*"Oh fuck all this lying..."*

*What I'm really trying to write about is writing, not all this stuff about architecture trying to say something about writing, about my writing. I'm my hero though what a useless appellation my first character then I'm trying to say something about me through him, Albert an architect when what's the point in covering up covering up covering over pretending. I can say anything through him, that is anything that I would be interested in saying. So an almighty apotheosis. I'm trying to say something, not tell a story, telling stories is telling lies and I want to tell the truth about me, about my experience about my truth about my truth to reality, about sitting here writing, looking out across Claremont Square trying to say something about the writing and nothing being an answer to loneliness, to the lack of loving. Look then I'm, again for what is writing if not truth, my truth telling, truth to experience, my experience and if I start falsifying, then I move away from the truth of my truth which*

*is not good. Oh certainly not good by any manner of...So its nothing, Look I'm trying to tell you something of what I feel about being a poet in a world where only poets care anything about poetry through the objective correlative of an architecture who has to learn his living as a teacher, this device you cannot have failed to see creaking, ill fitting in many places for architects manqué can earn livings very nearly connected with their art and no poet have ever lived by his poetry and architecture has a functional aspect quite lacking in poetry and simply, architecture is just not poetry<sup>16</sup>*

Though extremely different from Cardew politically, in that Johnson's quest was not so much an emancipated reader, in the political sense, as a strange and possibly misguided obsession with truth, honesty and the laying bare of bones, (that now in particular, seems so very dated) my own contention, side-stepping authorial intention, is that formal devices, like those deployed by Johnson, operate in a similar manner to experimental notation, working to induce a kind of movement effected through the printed page. Interrupting the logic of the what happens next, they tear the reader away from his or her own passivity, jolting her out of a habitual, complicit, somnambulistic slumber, in which the novel, is supposed to simply unfold, requiring nothing from its reader except at most a kind of armchair attention. Producing what one might conceive of as a move from text to action, in the sense of implying an active form of reading or participation or labour, they blow apart a consensual type of reading in which we the reader understand, or are complicit with our role in terms of a narrative of cause and effect. This process might be referred to as something like the production of imagination.

Exploring the relationship between the activations of Johnson's literary devices and the activations of the experimental score, the script for the *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* like *A Necessary Music*, gathered its original material through a collective compositional process while structuring the results formally using Johnson's *House Mother Normal*. A geriatric comedy set in an old people's home, *House Mother Normal* is a series of nine monologues by nine characters that disintegrate in terms of coherence, in accordance with the character's level of dementia. Formally as the book progresses, its typography starts to mimic the inability to recollect a life, so that by the

time the reader arrives at monologue four or five, gaping silences and blank spaces occupy and punctuate its pages. Structurally, the book is built around several communal activities that are experienced through multiple and often incoherent perspectives, at times coalescing but largely experienced as fragmented and cacophonous. The script for *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* translates the book's poly-vocal structure into real time, which is to say, where polyvocality is experienced in the book in linear fashion, with one monologue following another, the script presents its material simultaneously and is made up of twenty one pages of A3 consisting of eight vertical columns placed horizontally along the page.

In researching and developing this idea George and I organized a reading of the book as part of Volatile Disperal, an art writing festival curated by Maria Fusco and Bookworks, for the Whitechapel Gallery. The event, entitled *A Vertical Reading of House Mother Normal* saw nine friends as the nine characters reading the entire book simultaneously for its duration. The reading lasted approximately 40 minutes, and was essentially used by us as a means to test the formal ideas behind our developing script. *A Vertical Reading* attempted to make audible the polyvocality of the novel and to bring to attention its latent choreography. Exploring the translation from text to spoken word, the reading was essentially set up to see if this choreography would stand. Luckily, we felt it did and based on the reading's success set to work devising a notation system for the nine voices in the form of a script.<sup>17</sup>

We had three rehearsals before shooting *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*. I presented each of the actors with the script stressing its intention as a guideline for action, a guideline for when one might come in and at what point.<sup>18</sup> With 9 voices coinciding it would of course be impossible to hear anything like a cue, and that wasn't really the logic of the thing either. I explained my interest in the score, how essentially I was interested in the quotation of voice and in the musicality of speech; that it didn't matter to me when exactly someone came in or at what point, but rather that it mattered more that a kind of vocal music took hold, that its delivery veered between being

semantically comprehensive and between being something more like music, that it veered, in other words, between speech and noise. I had imagined the actors would find the structure of the script liberating, that it would foreground their own personal participation, allow them a degree of freedom. In reality there was much resistance, initially at least. They had to unlearn 60 years of doing something a particular way. At any rate the repeated attempts made us all laugh. Morton Feldman once said, “I never understood what rules I was supposed to learn, and what rules I was supposed to break”.<sup>19</sup> Maybe their laughter came from the vertigo of that incomprehension.

The attempts at activation implicit within the production process of *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, manifest not only through its script, in relation to its participants and later its actors, but in addition, on screen, in relation to its viewers. Offering an alternative reading of a marginalised group largely perceived as inactive, in formal terms the film attempts to propose a different kind of agency, in relation to both its subjects AND its viewers by inviting the audience to listen, or to ‘tune into’ and actively choose between a series of competing monologues within the film’s overall cacophony. Extending this logic and following Johnson’s lead, the film is structured into scenes that announce themselves to the viewer in the form of a series typeset title cards. The intertitles are a kind of cousin of the unreliable or delusional narrator. The delusional narrator is a fascinating literary trope; a figure whose credibility has been seriously compromised, and who as the story progresses becomes increasingly untrustworthy, essentially supplying the reader with inaccurate and misleading information. In Nabokov’s novel *Invitation to a Beheading*, for example, a man obsessed with another man whom he perceives to be his doppleganger, increasingly lets slip sentences or sentiments that jar with what the reader has just read or what he himself has uttered. From self questioning statements such as ‘Did I mean that?’ to self correcting statements such as ‘In the summer the fields were laid with snow...I can’t have meant snow’ it becomes slowly apparent that the narrator is insane, and that in fact, his dopplganger is nothing like him, their resemblance merely a figment of his

deluded mind. Behind the trope of the delusional narrator however lurks another more fundamental decept, the decept of the audience. And this deception has also to do with movement, or with a kind poetics of activation effected through the narrator's voice, in that, it is the narrator who sets up the conditions for understanding and interpretation. In other words, in the face of delusion, it is left to the audience to construct the novel's plot. The intertitles of *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, in line with this delusional logic, announce micro narratives within the scene that, either, do not really exist or that are, in some cases, undetectable. At the beginning of scene 2, for example the intertitles states, 'Voices E & H form an alliance.' Intended as a guide to hold the viewer's attention and navigate the audience through the film's intense cacophony, such intertitles work to provoke the viewers imagination, causing them, in the absence of clarity - no such alliance is really detectable - to actively seek out their own narratives. Intended as a device to carry over listening as a mode of attention from production to reception, or from participant to spectator, the intertitles are an attempt too render the experience of viewing the film as something closer to production than to consumption.

### **Agatha (2011)**

In 2011, whilst working on the publication *The Tiger's Mind*, (addressed in the next chapter) John Tilbury introduced me to the story of Agatha. Agatha is a very strange and very compelling little tale about a narrator, ambiguous in gender who journey's to a planet without speech and meets two aliens, Gladys and Agatha (also ambiguous in gender.) Whilst there he develops a kind of rapport with Gladys and Agatha, intuiting that they are somehow of his tribe and discovering the presence of other languages or other modes of communication between them that exist in the absence of speech. Walking, colour changing, sharing liquids and making music all appear to be a form of communication. The story of Agatha is essentially a metaphor for improvization as a utopian form of communication that goes beyond language, 'digging

into the depths that words cannot reach.’<sup>20</sup>

Agatha’s wordless simplicity appealed to me on some sort of subliminal level and I couldn’t get the story out of my mind. Some months later I decided to make Agatha or rather to use it to make a film orientated around friends as a community of subject. Subsequently, I invited 7 close friends to come to Wales for a week’s stay, during which we would make the film. In many ways the film is a fictionalised portrait of that week, documenting a group of friends as they simply walk, cook, drink and eat together in a remote and barren landscape. I wanted to challenge my own or my previous methodologies, and mirroring Cardew perhaps, to get beyond the wordiness of my own, normal way of working. In addition in the spirit of the (economic) times, I wanted to make a smaller, less precious piece, with less money, less crew and with friends built into its construction. I was interested in using Agatha as an excuse to produce a temporary community, one that might mirror in a sense the utopian encounters that the story depicts; one based on shared sensibility and simple exchange.

Agatha’s production structure mirrors its fictional reference and frame in that it was a largely improvised piece. Unlike *The Future’s Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, and *A Necessary Music*, there was no shooting script, but rather a treatment, consisting of ideas for a series of scenes, or actions outlined advance; walking together, building a fire together, eating together, dancing together. The specifics and details of these scenes were to be worked out live, collectively, with the participants all making suggestions as to how the scene or the action might unfold. In this way and fittingly the nuts and bolts of the film’s production echoes its fictional conceit, the multiple voices of its participants collectively construct its final shape.

In the final edit of *Agatha* there is however only one audible voice, the voice of the narrator, again somehow a delusional figure. In the film, shot in the mountains of Snowdonia, a female voice, ambiguous in gender and function weaves us slowly through a mental and physical landscape, observing and chronicling a space beyond words. The film’s narration however overlays the image in such a way that at times, it is not certain whether the characters alluded to are elements of the landscape, or the



people placed within it: in one shot, an image of two rocky mounds, indicates Gladys and Agatha, in another a gathering of sheep, the planets inhabitants. Similarly the male narrator is spoken by a female voice, at times appearing to attach to a particular body on screen and at others, to another. In such a way, and mirroring Cardew's story, *Agatha* attempts to presents a model of language, of communication, that is not fixed, in which 'this' is not simply 'that', in which a landscape might stand in for character and a character for a landscape. As such it attempts to embody a model of activation in which the viewer becomes responsible for, or rather co-creator in, the piece's meaning rather than passive recipient of its plot.

That the story of *Agatha* is a declared a 'sexual reminiscence' by Cardew reveals a lot about his relationship to language. His pursuit was for an erotics of communication, a linguistic promiscuity, wherein things do not commit to one meaning, but flirt with several, in which nothing is fixed and in which an erotics of possibility pervade forms of (musical) exchange. \*\*\*\* Cardew wrote *Agatha* in 1967,

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\*\*\*\* *In its advocacy of artistic structures that demand a particular involvement of the part of the audience, contemporary poetics merely reflects our cultures attraction for the indeterminate, for all those process which instead of relying on a univocal necessary sequence of events, prefer to disclose a field of possibilities, to create ambiguous situations open to all sorts of operative choices and inerpretations. To describe this singular aesthetic situation and properly define the kind of openness to which so much contemporary poetics subscribes we are now going to detour into science and more precisely into information theory [...] There are two main reasons for this detour. In the first place I believe that the poetics in certain cases reflects, its own way, the same cultural situation that has prompted numerous investigaiton into the field of information theory. Second I believe that some of the methodological tools employed in these investigations, duly tranposed might also be profitably used in the field of aesthetics.*

*Information theory tries to calculate the quantity of information contained in a particular message.[...] To protect the message against [disorder, or communication] consumption so that no matter how much noise interferes with its reception the gist of its meaning (of its order) it is necessary to wrap it in a number of conventional reiterations that will increase the probability of its survival . This surplus of is what we call redundancy. Let's say I want to transmit the message "Mets won" to another fan who lives on the other side of the Hudson. Either I shout it at him with the help of a loudspeaker, or I have it wired to him by a possibly inexperienced telex operator, or I phone it to him over a static filled line, or I put a note in the classic bottle and abandon it the whims of the current. One way or another the message will have to overcome a certain number of obstacles before its reaches its destination; in information theory all these obstacles come under the rubric noise.*

in the same year as he finished *Treatise*, two years after he joined the free improv group AMM. AMM were and still are a radically important free improvisation group, comprised in their early and initial days of Eddie Prevost, Lou Gare, Keith Rowe and Cornelius Cardew and later joined by John Tilbury. AMM began as experimental workshop session only much later actually billing performances and adopting the mysterious acronym AMM under which they would subsequently (and still today) play. Performances in AMM were never rehearsed and rarely discussed, sessions would last several hours. Ultimately, it was through Cardew's continued and committed playing with AMM, that he was finally able to transcend the tyranny of baton and barline sidestepping the problem of notation altogether, by engaging in a mode of music making entirely free of notational prescription. In many ways for those involved in AMM, and others involved in free improv ensembles at the time, such collective endeavours represented a kind of heterotopic enclave, a utopian moment in the

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*This phenomenon, the direct relationship between disorder and information, is of course the norm in art [...] What I want to examine here is the possibility of conveying a piece of information that is not a common 'meaning' by using conventional linguistic structures to violate the laws of probability that govern the language from within. This sort of information would, of course be connected not to a state of order but a state of disorder, or at least, to some unusual and unpredictable non-order. [...] Although the poetics of openness seeks to make use of a dis-ordered source of possible messages, it tries to do this without renouncing the transmission of an organised message. The result is a continuous oscillation between the institutionalized system of probability and sheer disorder: in other words, an original organisation of disorder. [...]*

*This tendency towards disorder, characteristic of the poetics of openness, must be understood as a tendency toward controlled disorder, toward circumscribed potential, toward a freedom that is constantly curtailed by the germ of formativity present in any form that wants to remain open to the free choice of the addressee. [...] the author of a message with aesthetic aspirations will intentionally structure it in as ambiguous a fashion as possible precisely in order to violate that system of laws and determinations which makes up the code. We then confront a message that deliberately violates or, at least, questions the very system, the very order - order as system of probability - to which it refers. [...] Consequently the receiver of such a message, unlike its mechanical counterpart that has been programmed to transform the sequence of signals into messages, can no longer be considered the final stage of a process of communication. Rather, he should be seen as the first step of a new chain of communication, since the message he has received is in itself another source of possible information.*

Umberto Eco, *Openness, Information, Communication*, The Open Work

here and the now, a musical space in which ordinary relations and hierarchies hung suspended. Understood as a fictinal reflection on this period in his compositional trajectory it is interesting, in this respect, that the story of *Agatha* has the structure of a dream, or exhibits a dreamlike quality. In Ernst Bloch's discussion of dreams he divides dream into those had at night (and analysed by Freud as fuelled by repression) and those had during the day, daydreams, dreams that are dramatisations of wishes based on thoughts that are 'not-quite-yet' conscious. This 'not-quite-yet' points, according to Bloch, to a kind of anticipatory logic, such as is to be found in the arts. In the story of *Agatha*, this anticipatory logic manifests in the proposal of a new way of communicating that seems to go beyond the linguistic; it is as if a third language, a language beyond words, is suggested. Cardew's 'planet without speech' echoes his own transition from words to sounds, from notation to improvisation and points starkly, if subliminally, to his increasingly need to go beyond talking to a thing in its own language toward seeking out a new language entirely.

If *Agatha's* utopian wordless realm of egalitarian exchange, is to be read as the beginning of Cardew's final abandonment of notation, hierarchy and subsequently avant garde composition in its entirety, my own compositional trajectory spirals explicitly in the opposite direction. Put another way is it perhaps at this point that the complexity of my conversation with Cardew begins to become truly apparent. *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of us*, *Agatha* and indeed *A Necessary Music*, before them, all present in the end highly authored composition that are fundamentally at odds with Cardew's eventual rejection of form and aesthetics as elitist tools serving the interests of the bourgeoisie. Underlying the three films is a firm belief in authorship and composition, in the necessity of authored composition, and indeed, they are all, in fact, peopled by singular voices, narrators standing for their author, who are in some ways lamenting the failure of their own endeavour or the impossibility of the project from which they departed. *Agatha* and *Gladys* do not reply the narrator in *Agatha*, when he returns to earth and attempts to contact them: communication - his or her utopian experience of it - in fact, breaks down. In *A Necessary Music*, the island and its people turn out

to be merely fictions, images in the mind's eye of the films creator. The last chapter of this introductory text, to which we now turn, will explore the notion of movement as fiction further, ironically perhaps using Cardew's last avant garde gesture and in some ways his most utopian score, *The Tigers Mind*, to propose a political position very much at odds with his own, when he so tragically died at tender age of 45.

## **CHAPTER 3**

### **Movement as fiction <sup>21</sup>**

In this last chapter, the frame of the literary continues, as I explore the idea of movement as fiction. Notation's relationship to fiction is unpacked with the score examined as a representational model shot through with the always already fictional. Fiction is proposed as a powerful aesthetic and political representational tool that allows for radical perceptual shifts in how we might see and perceive the world. These ideas are subsequently examined in relation to moving image production, film and documentary as I unpack how the films *A Necessary Music*, and *The Future's Getting Old like The Rest Of Us* deploy such representational strategies in their own construction, with a view to effecting such shifts. Finally, Treatise is left behind and Cardew's only narrative and character based score *The Tiger's Mind* introduced. Using *The Tiger's Mind* as a model, I subsequently tease out a new conception of the self reflexive, - running counter to a Brechtian or B.S Johnson type one - that concerns itself with creation of fiction as opposed to its dismantling. This idea is then explored in relation to the formal methodologies deployed by the publication and screenplay *The Tiger's Mind* .

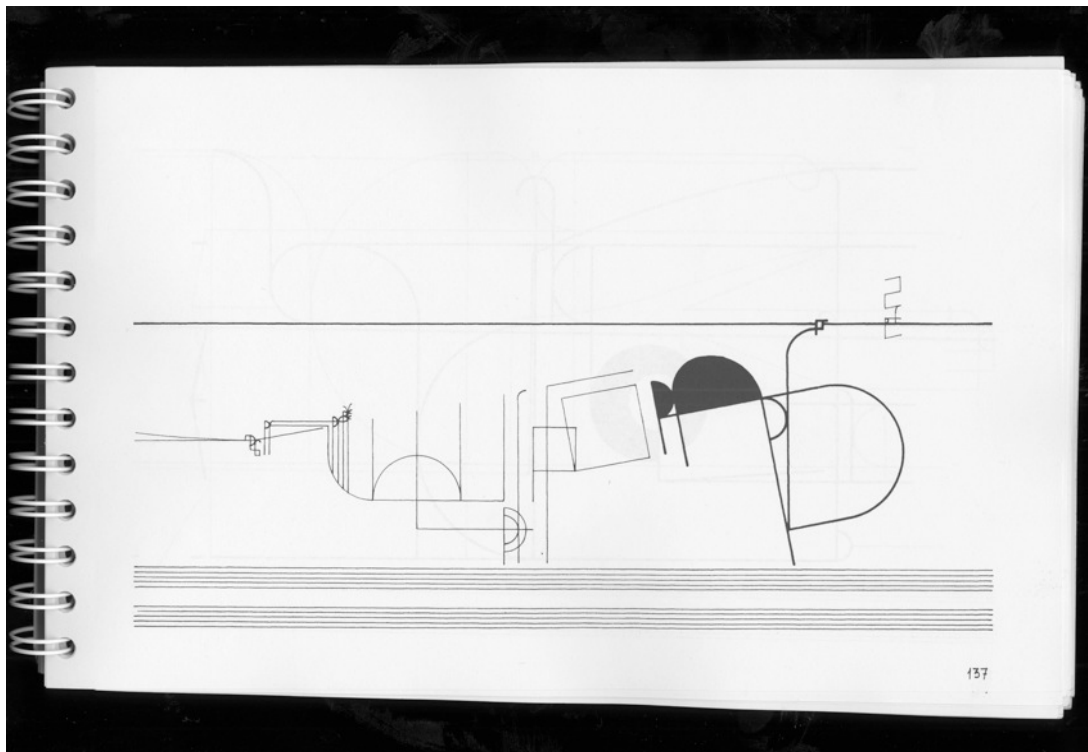


Figure 3.

Experimental notation calls into question how one might interpret an imagined language. When this language is translated however its not definitive, it doesn't cancel out the possibility of other translations. As my friend composer Alex Waterman says,

‘an experimental score is a map of an imaginary territory.’<sup>22</sup> In other words it deploys imagination as a social principle, and goes beyond being an exact representation of a said or a seen thing to being a diagram of a possible world. The sound world that *Treatise* depicts doesn’t exist, which is to say, it is not a representational picture of an existing sound reality, but rather it is an invitation to imagine, an attempt to move a performer to bring about a music of his own making.

In experimental notation the indeterminacies and abstractions of a score like *Treatise* appear to shift the interpretative act away from imitation, mimesis - the copying of something existing - towards the more productive act of translation. As Waterman notes in his wonderful text *Res facta*, the English word ‘copy’ actually comes from the middle English conception of the act of transcribing. To ‘transcribe’ means in fact to ‘write across’. The word is linked to the Latin word ‘copia’, meaning ‘plenty’ or ‘abundance’. The act of copying then is in fact ‘loaded with implications of both transcription and quantity’.<sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup>

To relay it from memory, as seems fitting given its subject, Waterman’s text tells the story of Anna Magdalena Bach, Johan Sebastian Bach’s wife and copyist, (noted for her ill phrasing and sloppy hand) resuscitating its female lead through recourse to Don Quixote via the author Jorge Luis Borges. Borges story, *Pierre Menard, The Author of*

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<sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup> ‘No translation would be possible if in its ultimate sense it strove for likeness to the original. For in its afterlife, which could not be called that if it were not a transformation and a renewal of something living, the original undergoes a change’

Walter Benjamin, *The Task of The Translator*.

In Benjamin’s extraordinary text translation also seems to tear itself away from imitation or copy, with its attendant notions of fidelity and reproduction. Translation seems to become in fact more of act of destruction, in which the dual operations of repetition and alterity sit alongside one another. The text of translation is thus marked by an inevitable failure, - its own impossibility. The Translator performs the act of translation not through pure imitation of an original work but rather through a deformation and destruction of that original. To translate for Benjamin is an act of violence, a labour and a performance that is at once to with memory but also loss. Both an expropriation and an appropriation the work of translation is marked by the idea of the echo. A repetition that is not in fact the original object, but rather the lingering effect of a an earlier event.

*Don Quixote*, describes the concerted efforts of the 20th century Frenchman, Menard, to go beyond mere “translation” of Don Quixote, by means of immersing himself so thoroughly in biographical fact as to be able to actually “re-create” it, line for line. As Borges points out, the result is not merely a copy of Quixote but instead a far truer version, derived from having lived aspects of its subject so intensely that production as opposed reproduction is made possible. It is a new original.

In *A Necessary Music*, what begins as a musicological exercise in listening to a landscape, a documentary or ethnographic endeavour, becomes itself a kind of imaginary act. The simple gesture of recording speech, transcribing it, listening to it, re-writing it and re-performing it produces something different from the original island. Rather, in writing across the island, a kind of doubling occurs. Representation turns production and we produce in fact another world.<sup>23</sup> Similarly in *The Future’s Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, the experience of transcribing conversation, of listening to it, recording it, capturing it and writing it down points in a similar direction. Words removed from bodies, parsed through technological machines, become something other, something different, simply in the sense that a copy is not the same as an original.

In both *A Necessary Music* and *The Future’s Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, the intuitive awareness of representation as, always already a fiction, becomes an explicit formal device parsed through the mechanism of the films themselves; the notion of the document and the position of its author is questioned and complicated, with the films presenting themselves self consciously as fictions. In *A Necessary Music*, this is effected through the film’s narration. The idea that film or image-making is always already a copy or a fictional echo of something that precedes its own moment, a representation of a thing and not the thing itself, is articulated through the film’s narrator (played by Robert Ashley), who perceives a place that he slowly realises to be fiction. The narrator’s crumbling perception mirrors our, the filmmakers, central problematic and transition, as we move from realism to the realm of the imagination, in the realisation that we can never really represent a place that isn’t our own. The film’s sense of artificiality

is also brought to the fore by its staging of language. In *A Necessary Music* voices are projected and speech appears borrowed; residents do not give psychologically expressive interpretation of the text, but rather recite language. Their intonation is wooded; performance is reduced to verbal projection and audible quotations marks punctuate the delivery of texts; they seem to speak to themselves, not addressing each other or the viewer, but an imagined listener.

In *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, language is also somehow staged and performed. The film presents a a-synchronous assembly of voices, with the viewer invited to tune-in to its poly vocal landscape. At times, monologues are uttered irrespective of any listeners, while at others, the film's chatter of voices rises to a kind of crescendo of speaking and listening. Within the cacophony, the choral gives way to the soliloquy and fragments of actual exchange, revealing points of intersection where a speaker finds a receiver/listener. As indicated in the previous chapter the film's focus on the choral is an attempt to present an alternative model of agency in relation to both its subjects and its viewers. The film's confrontation with fiction is also effected through a direct audience address, manifests as interstitial black and white scenes, in which the actors look to camera and describe the vocal qualities of their respective characters in forensic and occasionally self-deprecating manners. Both *A Necessary Music* and *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* adopt a fictional approach to words and voices. Language is orchestrated and speech appears oddly disjunctive, simply one amongst multiple acoustic events within the space of the films. Voices are choreographed and composed, re-ordered and redistributed through a scripting of language and staging of speech.

*'Art is a criminal action'*

John Cage

In whose name do we speak we wonder echoing Godard? What does it mean to perform speech in such a manner? To notate it, translate it, desiccate it. 'How



can we speak for the worker and not unwittingly against him' asks Godard in a 1972 interview, referring to the problem of worker representation. Godard's *Tout Va Bien* is a remarkable investigation of the same. Rather than giving over the microphone and the camera, the means of the production, to the worker, in order that s/he might speak, Godard creates a factory in a warehouse, (an architectural section) hires two international superstars and stages a strike on a film set. It is a brilliant unravelling and performing of the complexity of political articulation and the technological modes through which it is invariably parsed. A worker speaking for her/himself through the media becomes the object of a voyeuristic gaze. Stifled by his or her own classification the workers role is predetermined. He may articulate himself but the apparatus that enables him to do so in fact renders him mute; 'the so called simple recordings are already part of the problem.'<sup>24</sup>

Thinking the problem through Jaques Ranciere one could articulate it as such; the means of production through which the worker, (subject) is enabled to speak are in fact part of an aesthetic regime that necessarily enable certain visibilities or articulations while disabling others. \*\*\*\*\* Seen through this lens, the subject is simply silenced, microphone in hand or not. The main issue then becomes not only what the worker have to say but also *how* s/he is facilitated to say it. The power of *Tout Va Bien* consequently, its political efficacy, is not simply located in its content or subject matter but in how it presents that subject matter, in the way in which it re-organizes writing

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\*\*\*\*\* For Ranciere the political operates within the terrain of the sensible, a kind of perceptual field that is 'distributed'. The sensible realm is composed of the a priori laws which condition what is possible to see and hear, to say and think, to do and make. The distribution of the sensible is literally the conditions of possibility for perception, thought, and activity, i.e what it is possible to apprehend by the senses. The sensible is partitioned into various regimes and therefore delimits forms of inclusion and exclusion in a community. The sensible is both the field in which politics takes place and the field it ultimately defines. For Rancière politics based on the assertion of the universal political axiom: "we are all equal" happens in the attempts to reconfigure the sensible in order that certain claims may be heard and understood. It is a question of representation, operating on multiplicity of levels, especially, perhaps, at the level of language itself.

and re-orders common speech. It is located in other words in the re-arrangement of the sensible enacted by the film, in the manner through which its fictions render seeable and render sayable, that which has previously been mute. For Ranciere and for Godard reproducing the standards, truth procedures and formal vocabularies of the documentary medium simply confound the problem. For Godard and Ranciere the political is located instead in the production of fictions that fracture the sensible and disincorporate speech.

Both *A Necessary Music*, and *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* echo this logic, inhabiting the same political position in relationship to representation. In *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* the decision to use actors and not the residents themselves nods explicitly toward this idea. In the several meetings I had with Camden Council, co-funders of the film and the borough to which the old age homes belonged, I had to spend long hours convincing them that it didn't seem radical enough to me to simply film the residents as they were; that in order to produce a work that challenged existing conceptions and stereotypes of the elderly, and that raised exactly this question of speaking for oneself, it seemed crucial to me to present the material at a remove, shot through with the fictional, precisely so that it was possible that an audience might be enabled to see them differently, to hear them differently, to experience the real in a heightened or oddly detached way...

A third even more expanded idea of movement then, pertains to this idea of fiction. It seems clear that today that we understand fiction in a much more nuanced sense than in Johnson's day for example; we quite clearly witness and perceive fiction working formally if you like, as cultural product or as a labour. We understand it not simply as the construction of imaginary stories, or the telling of lies, but rather experience it as an active projection that has to do with a re-description, a re-framing or a re-staging of the world. In other words, we understand how it operates actively in the world, how it has a projective capacity and how it can open up other worlds. \*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\* In 'Is History a Form of Fiction' Ranciere explains how the aesthetic age

Experimental notation could be said to participate in and embody this work of fiction, in as much it offers a model for interpretive dissensus, introducing within it the potential for a multiplicity of possible worlds. As Ranciere formulates, the power of fiction, its politics, are that it can be said to effect a kind of dissensus, not in the sense of two people having an argument but in the sense of its introduction of different models of reality into a given landscape, different descriptions of reality, that challenge and contrast with singular or consensual views of that reality. In relation to the document or applied to the documentary, experimental notation has radical implications, blowing apart its claims to singular truth and challenging its more hegemonic representational codes. In this sense the fictions of experimental notation propose a kind of dissensus, a representational poly-vocality, in which multiple ways of perceiving and articulating the world jostle alongside each other, moving and in movement. A third sense of movement might pertain to how fiction enables and

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blurred the previous distinction between the logic of facts and the logic of fiction. Where Aristotle and the representative age had defined fiction as an autonomous arrangement of actions, superior to historical writing in its ability to say what could happen rather than simply what had happened, the aesthetic age redefined fiction as an arrangement of signs. This new way of telling stories, this new fictionality was defined as a way of assigning meaning to the empirical world and as such re-arranged the rules of the game, blurring the borders between the logic of fiction and the logic of fact. Suddenly the modes of intelligibility specific to the construction of telling stories and the modes of intelligibility used for understanding historical phenomena kind of got into bed with one another. This conception of fiction what is more was taken up by historians and analysts of social reality and used by them. Consequently art was no longer isolated from the jurisdiction of statements and images and the writing of stories and the writing of history suddenly came under the same regime of truth. A related dividing line called into question by this re-arrangement was that between empirical succession (what happened) and constructed necessity (what could happen). The real it was understood could be fictionalized in order to be thought. This notion of fiction is crucial to Ranciere's thinking and is the logic through which politics and aesthetics come to be connected in his work, or seen to share the same operations. 'Both politics and art' he says 'like forms of knowledge, construct 'fictions' that is to say material arrangements of signs and images, relationships between what is seen and what is said, what had been done and what can be done. This new understanding of fiction consequently also explains the fact that poetic and literary locutions actually take shape in the world and have real effects. The power of fiction, lies in its ability to reconfigure the world: to fracture lines, recast maps and shatter trajectories and all of this is intimately connected to language, literature and speech.

allows us to redescribe or reframe the world, in a way that allows us to see it afresh.  
Movement in this sense is about a shift in meaning, a shift in how we see and perceive  
the world.

SATURDAY AUGUST 7TH, 2010. SERPENTINE GALLERY, LONDON

## THE TIGER'S MIND

Sextet

CORNELIUS CARDEW

### DAYPIECE

The tiger fights the mind that loves the circle that traps the tiger.  
The circle is perfect and outside time.  
The wind blows dust in tigers' eyes.  
Amy reflects, relaxes with her mind, which puts out buds.  
(emulates the tree).  
Amy jumps through the circle and comforts the tiger.  
The tiger sleeps in the tree.  
High wind. Amy climbs the tree,  
which groans in the wind and succumbs.  
The tiger burns.

### NIGHTPIECE

The tiger burns and sniffs the wind for news.  
He storms at the circle; if inside to get out, if outside to get in.  
Amy sleeps while the tiger hunts.  
She dreams of the wind, which then comes and wakes her.  
The tree trips Amy in the dark  
and in her fall she recognizes her mind.  
The mind, rocked by the wind tittering in the leaves of the tree,  
and strangled by the circle, goes on the nod.  
The circle is trying to teach its secrets to the tree.  
The tree laughs at the mind and at the tiger fighting it.

First published in *The Musical Times*, June 1967. Later published by Hinrichsen/Peters Edition

Figure 4.

*To imagine a language is to imagine a form of life'*  
*'The limits of my language are the limits of my world'*

Ludwig Wittgenstein

*'Notation is a bigger idea because it has to work in two ways. It means not only the possibility of the transcription of writing, in whatever form or system, but equally the possibility of something being re-created from the writing.'*

Robert Ashley

The idea of movement as fiction, of fiction as imbued with a projective capacity, with a potential for a re-imagining, or more specifically perhaps, of fiction as representation turned production, reaches its apex perhaps in Cardew's only narrative and character based score *The Tiger's Mind*. If *Treatise* is an attempt to lay bare the property relations inherent to the conventional score, *The Tiger's Mind* is an attempt to imagine a different set of relations altogether, the relations between people. Written in 1967 as a response to his continued playing with AMM, *The Tiger's Mind* is in many ways a kind of provocation; as improvised music is not scored, the score can be read as a fictional portrait or a literary metaphor for AMM, or more specifically of the relations between the musicians as they played.

Recalling Pirandello's earlier meta-theatrical excursions, *Six Characters In Search of an Author*, *The Tiger's Mind* features six characters: the Tiger, the Mind, the Wind, the Circle, the Tree and a girl called Amy, all of whom must interact with each other according to the relationships outlined in the score. Like *Agatha* - and indeed, the two texts are closely related, both chronologically within Cardew's compositional oeuvre and thematically, in their re-imagining of different ways of being together - *The Tiger's Mind* exhibits a kind of dreamlike quality. The title of the piece, suggests in fact that the entire affair takes place in the mind of the Tiger; a kind of reverie, again a day dream, an expression of a 'not-quite-yet' world to come, or a moment of self realisation perhaps, on the part of the Tiger.

Written in the wake of *Treatise*, and with thoughts of its failure looming in

his mind's eye, *The Tiger's Mind* very explicitly explores the democratising effect of the linguistic over the graphic, journeying into words and story telling as way to radically break itself open. This opening up of the score through 'talk' includes both the score's potential performers - anyone can read the score - at the same time its own means of representation, with the form of *The Tiger's Mind*, its foray into narrative, appearing to leave behind the language of conventional musical notation altogether.<sup>25</sup> Unlike *Treatise*, no staves line the bottom of its pages, no clefs or trebles punctuate its chapters and only a set of character notes, in the manner of a script or a play, accompanied its distribution. Unable to describe the suspension of the usual musical social and political hierarchies that playing in AMM represented for him with the tools of conventional musical notation, with *The Tiger's Mind* Cardew appears to abandon notation altogether, turning to fiction as a means to depict a more egalitarian and communal set of principles.

With Cardew's character's playfully knocking up against each other: dreaming, caressing, perplexing, tripping and trapping one another, *The Tiger's Mind* achieves a form of musical writing that appears to almost leave behind sound as a musical object, suggesting, in its place, the feelings and relationships that encircle it. A heterotopic daydream, in the manner of Bloch's 'not-quite-yet', *The Tiger's Mind* presents a second paradox: its use of words to describe a means of communicating that goes beyond them.

Like *Agatha* before it, *The Tiger's Mind* tumbles headfirst into a world of feeling and sense, attempting to notate the things that exist in conversation that cannot be heard, the expressions or sounds without meaning, the smile that accompanies a particular word or the look that comes with a phrase. Fundamentally *The Tiger's Mind* is a notation of the feelings between people.

A fictional metaphor for a really existing set of relationships, *The Tiger's Mind* takes the idea of the document to its outer limits, moving beyond representation towards something like production. Whilst being essentially a portrait of AMM, it functions at the same time as a score, as a music producing text. A document of its

own process, a picture of the nature of musical exchange in entirely fictional form, its particular brand of self reflexivity is fascinating. Rather than concerning itself with the revelation of artifice, the laying bare of bones or the exposure of its own mechanics in the Brechtian sense, it has instead, to do with its creation. In other words rather than dismantling fiction *The Tiger's Mind* plunges headfirst into its construction.

Self reflexivity, as manifest in the exposure of the mechanics of a situation, or the underscoring of the illusion of performance, is very much in vogue at the moment in artist's film. At a certain point, and with my own practice equally in mind, I began to wonder about this, about whether self reflexivity as language hadn't just become a matter of form for forms sake, a meaningless stylistic tic or an imperative that had lost its punch. At the same time I remained and remain heavily invested in the notion of the self reflexive, and have a niggling sense that it remains important, relevant, pressing, despite its current ubiquity. As Johnson said, forms become 'clapped out' 'anachronistic,' and cease to be relevant for their time. Perhaps the collapse of the fourth wall is 'clapped out', but its principle: the breaking apart or the questioning of normative or hegemonic forms of representation is pertinent to every age. Cardew's exploration of musical representation, his breaking out the fetters of what he perceived to be a restrictive language in order to imagine and produce another one entirely, to my mind, seems absolutely relevant. *The Tiger's Mind* proposes fiction as a means to re-imagine the world. Proposing a formal reshaping of events, its use of form has little to do with form for forms sake. Rather it has to do with the crucial role that fiction plays in shaping our landscapes, our experiences and ourselves. And this shaping is intimately tied to language, and the idea that it is language that fundamentally produces us and our experience of the world.

The self reflexivity proposed by *The Tiger's Mind* is internal rather than external. No author declares themselves in *The Tiger's Mind*, no actor breaks out of character, no fourth wall tumbles, and yet it resolutely deals with itself. A portrait of its own structure, it presents a self reflexivity that somehow stays within the logic of a narrative. Again, no fourth wall is broken down, no interruptions or authorial announcements are



proclaimed, instead, as a fiction it stands, keeping us contained with its construction while at same being about itself. Marguerite Duras once said that one had to see film as a representation of knowledge; and as such for her cinema had to disappear.<sup>26</sup> In 2012, reading *The Tiger's Mind* through the lens of my own practice, and as a paradigm for a potentially new kind of self reflexivity, I would say the opposite, that cinema has to re-appear and that knowledge should be contained within its characters.

In 2010, using the *The Tiger's Mind* as our departure point, Will Holder and I initiated a collective publishing project, orientated around and exploring the implications of deploying a fixed group of people as a language-producing machine, Employing the score as an editorial device and as score for voices, and working with a fixed group of artists: Alex Waterman as the Tree, Jesse Ash, as the Wind, John Tilbury as the Mind, Celine Condorelli as the Tiger, Will Holder as Amy and Myself as the Circle, we staged a series of collective dialogues structured by its improvisational and character driven framework. Will and I felt it was important that the participants remained fixed so that in the manner of a band, engaged in rehearsal and practice over time, we would be able speak fluently and with ease. Out of this two year rehearsal period came two distinct objects; a publication, transcribing these dialogues in the medium of printed matter and a (fictional) screenplay for a future film.

The publication *The Tigers' Mind*, is set up as a self reflexive tool, as a means to reflect on a practice. Both a book about a certain set of themes and an embodiment of those themes at same time, it is essentially a publication about notation (movement) and collective production that is itself notated (moving) and collectively produced. Exploring collective production as a paradigm *The Tiger's Mind* investigates collective ways of speaking, proposing poly-vocality as a different model of agency, one that might work to counter more normative or dominant linguistic structures.<sup>27</sup> It does this by investigating collectivity at the the level of its production, through a collective production structure, but in addition at the level of reception, through its typesetting and design. Individual names are absent from its transcripts, instead when reading it one experiences a multiplicity of anonymous voices as if in a crowd. Indeed, in

addition and in general, in keeping with the films that proceed it, *The Tiger's Mind* presents a highly fictionalised version of events: its transcripts are heavily edited, formally re-arranged and re-shaped for the reader and the page, examining on a formal level the poetics of activation that is its subject matter, through recourse to numerous formal typographic and editorial devices.

As a piece of research in the form of artist's publication, its concern with form goes beyond being a matter of form for form's sake. Rather it orientates around a belief in fiction as a political tool, as a means of re-ordering or reshaping speech, and a belief in the genuinely productive power of that re-shaping. In addition its formal experimentation engages with a different kind of knowledge production, one that seeks to ask questions traditional academia perhaps cannot, in a more formal, and experimental manner. Merleau Ponty once said 'when we analyse an object we only find what we have put into it'.<sup>28</sup> The formal experimentation of *The Tiger's Mind* tries to sidestep this problematic and follows the lead of Roland Barthes who in a ruminatory essay on the nature of research, in *The Rustle of Language*, states:

*'The important thing is that at one level or another, the researcher decides not to be imposed upon by the Law of scientific discourse (the discourse of science is not necessarily science: by contesting the scholar's discourse, writing in no way does away with the rules of scientific work.) The success of a piece of research - especially textual research - does not abide in its result, a fallacious notion, but in the reflexive nature of its speech act; at every moment of its trajectory a piece of research can turn language back upon itself and thereby overturn the scholars bad faith: in a word, displace author and reader at length'*<sup>29</sup>

The accompanying screenplay to the publication - in many ways its last chapter manifest in a different medium - explores the often difficult relations between the six participants as they unfolded during the process, essentially, offering an annotated, fictional version of events written from the perspective of the Circle, whom I play. The notion of playing a character to produce a work is dealt with substantially in the publication so I shall not go too much into it here save to say that my experience of it was largely as a methodological and indeed psychological tool that functioned to challenge and expand my conventional ways of working and thinking. This is apposite really given the nature of improvisation. In the preface to our book, John says:

*'It's very interesting when he talks about the characters themselves. The way he describes the mind and the circle, it's something that borders on the psycho-philosophical. It's a mixture of psychology and philosophy, which is what happens when you play: you get into cognitive thought. You say, shall I do that again, shall I actually play that motif again or shall I not do it? Shall I move on and do something else? There is, if you like, a pressure on you to be very alert. You have to be intensely aware of everything that's happening outside and inside, and inside yourself, outside in the audience, outside in the environment, inside in the music and so forth. You have to be aware of that and it's how you deal with a situation which makes it, dare I say it, which makes it good or bad music. So you get all kinds of tensions and that's exactly what Cornelius managed to depict in that wonderful text. And when you read on, it's very interesting when he talks about the characters themselves. The way he describes the mind and the circle, it's something that borders on the psycho-philosophical. It's mixture of psychology and philosophy, which is what happens when you play: you get into cognitive thought'*<sup>30</sup>

As a method for the production of sound, the types of improvisatory practice that AMM engaged with could in fact be equated with a kind of musical Gestalt. A kind of investigative ethic orientated around the position of the self within the collective is what propels the logic of AMM's improvisations. As Cardew writes in *Towards an Ethic of improvisation*:

*'Informal sound has a power over our emotional responses that formal music does not, in that it acts subliminally rather than on a cultural level. This is a probable definition of the area in which AMM is experimental. We are searching for sounds and for the responses that attach to them rather than thinking them up, preparing them, and producing them. The search is conducted in the medium of sound and the musician himself is at the heart of the experiment.'*<sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup>

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\*\*\*\*\* The connection between the ethos of AMM and the larger cultural and political trends of the era, orientating around the concept of the self would be an interesting study, too large perhaps to undertake here but I am thinking here of documentary maker Adam Curtis' argument and its possible connection to groups like AMM and the kind of practices there were involved in. Curtis' central conceit is that during the 60's, in the face of increasing state violence and oppression, the left started to turn to the new radical idea - predicated on the thinking of Marcuse and Freud - that if you could change yourself you could change society. At the heart of this was the idea of freedom, the freedom to explore one's potential, the freedom to create one's Self, the freedom of personal expression, the freedom from rigidly defined roles and the freedom from hierarchy. Out of this were born mass movements in California and beyond such as the human potential movement and psychotherapies such as Laura Perls and Fritz Perls' Gestalt, the popularity of which grew with almost alarming velocity. Gestalt took techniques from psychoanalysis of Willheim Reich, experimental theatre, Gestalt psychology, and cybernetics and essentially developed a theory of group therapy that

At a certain point, within the decidedly Gestaltian process of collectively playing *The Tiger's Mind*, tired of talking - there was lot of it - and frustrated at the kind of speech being produced, (rather too academic and insular for my purposes) I proposed that we move away from talk towards production, and (following *Agatha's* insight) shift from speech to object as our instrumentation. Subsequently (and as luck would have it, in the face of a new film commission from The Showroom, London) I proposed the score as a framework for a film's production, inviting the participants to develop its varying production components: soundtrack, (John) foley, (Alex) narration, (Will) props (Celine) and special effects (Jesse) The resultant screenplay, authored by the Circle documents the film's (rather antagonistic) construction as it unfolds. A portrait of the process if its own making, parsed through varying cinematic and literary genres - the psycho-drama and the detective thriller - the screenplay incorporates the participant's contributions *as* its characters. An abstract crime thriller set against the backdrop of a Brutalist villa, the six characters essentially battle one another for control of the film as it unfolds on screen. Narrative and character are extended to the production process itself, dramatised and re-staged for film with Tiger's sets, Mind's music, Wind's effects, Tree's sounds, Amy's narration and Circle's direction all knocking up against each other in a battle for primacy. Following the score's lead and attempting to go beyond documentation, toward something more like production, the screenplay for *The Tiger's Mind* is thus both a document of a real process and a fictional projection

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involved a kind of playing out of the self. Gestalt is built upon two central ideas: that the most helpful focus of psychotherapy is the experiential present moment, and that everyone is caught in webs of relationships - *The Tiger's Mind* is fundamentally about this - thus, it is only possible to know our- selves against the background of our relationship to the other. An Experiential form of psychotherapy it emphasizes personal responsibility, and focuses upon the individual's experience in the present moment. Fritz Perl had studied with Reich in Vienna in the 20's importing from him in particular his ideas around character analysis. In Gestalt character structure is dynamic rather than fixed in nature, in other words it has the potential for change and for movement, This is what makes Gestalt a experiential technique or approach because as such it orientates toward action, away from mere talk therapy. Fittingly enough Laura Perls' had not only a degree in Gestalt psychology but also a background in dance and movement therapy.

of another world.

The screenplay's formal nod towards the genre of the detective thriller, takes its lead from two main ideas. The antagonism and difficulties inherent in the process of collectively making the film (the other world projected by the screenplay is rather less utopian perhaps than the original score) coupled with the investigative ethic of AMM or improvisation, and its links with the writing of Gertrude Stein. Interestingly both AMM and Stein share something of Gestalt's emphasis on the present, AMM through their focus on the present moment of play (again orientated around the individual in relation to the collective) and Stein through her fascination with and relentless investigation of what she came to term the continuous present within her writing. In Stein's plays, the focus is not on telling stories but rather on the perceptual experience of the play or the landscape itself; the creation of an present experience is more important than the representation of a past event. Stein's plays are fundamentally an experience of the mind, they are founded on sense perception, on looking and on listening. At a certain point within her compositional oeuvre Stein began to define this dramaturgy as a kind of landscape. In her essay *Plays* she writes:

*'In four saints I made the Saints the landscape. All the saints that I made and I made a number of them because after all a great many pieces of things are in a landscape all these saints together made my land-scape. A landscape does not move, nothing really moves in a landscape but things are there and I put into my landscape the things that were there'<sup>31</sup>*

For Stein a landscape is comprised of things and people to be viewed in relation to each other. And this pictorial relationship between characters and objects, the animate and inanimate, the inside and the out, replaces dramatic action emphasising above all the frame. Stein replaces drama (dramatic action) with image. Stein's landscape plays, are an enquiry into mind and into perception. Such concerns can also be seen at the heart of *The Tiger's Mind* and the improvisatory word that it depicts. In similar fashion *The Tiger's Mind* depicts an investigative, enquiring, logic orientated around the individual's experience of the present with a collective framework, within a web of musical and social relationships. A relational landscape, with the relationships

between its characters at its heart *The Tiger's Mind* is also part perceptual enquiry in to the mind, with the character of the Tiger (superficially perhaps or rather as a stand in for us, the viewer or the listener) at its center. The title of the piece indeed implying, - as suggested as the beginning of this chapter - that perhaps the entire affair takes place in the Tiger's mind; a psycho-philosophical breakthrough, as John might describe it.

Heavily implied within or implicated by, both Stein's conceptual universe and that of the *The Tiger's Mind*, is the spectator, or the viewer. Within the logic of the present moment, the spectator becomes a central force, or more precisely at the centre of the present tense experience and an active part of it, for it is of course, us, the viewer, the spectator, the listener, who must complete the scene, deciding within a landscape of simultaneous content what to see, what to hear or what to perceive. In the case of the screenplay *The Tiger's Mind* then, the detective genre becomes both a serious nod to the perceptual explorations of Stein and AMM as well as a (humorous) strategy, a device intended to reflect, through fictional means, the extreme difficulties and antagonisms inherent to the collective process of making of the film as whole. Most crucially perhaps the detective story or rather the figure of the investigator also comes to serve as an evocative metaphor for a poetics of activation - an active discovery process on the part of both player and audience.

Following Cardew's original score, the screenplay for *The Tiger's Mind*, more perhaps than any of the films or the publication that proceeds it, whole heartedly embraces, as Cardew did in his original, a world predicated on the real that projects itself into the imaginary. For Cardew, his departure into the mind of the Tiger however represented a turn inward toward a utopian projection, one that he felt he could ultimately only live up to through a total rejection of his work within the realm of avant garde composition, an abandonment of notation, and an embrace, as he saw it, of the real work of communal politics on the ground. My own foray into the Tiger's mind, 60 years later, places me at the other end of the spectrum. Contrary to Cardew, the individual, the author of the fictions proposed, I the artist, unapologetically asserts myself as their productions progress and this assertion is made most violently or

articulated most explicitly perhaps, through the ultimately murderous battle depicted between the characters in the screenplay for *The Tiger's Mind*

## **End remarks: Movement as Political**

At a certain point, having spent the better part of a decade playing with AMM, the question of viewer or rather of audience, of music for whom, began to eat away at Cardew. The avant garde, of which he had been so much at the forefront, had started to represent for him an elitist self serving agenda that had nothing to do with the social he cared so deeply about. In the early 70's Cardew joined the Communist Party of England (Marxist-Leninist) and turned to Maoism, turning his back, not only on his own work within music and aesthetics but that of his contemporaries. Ventures like AMM and the Scratch became objectionable bourgeois follies, unworthy of his, or indeed anybody's attention. Music was understood as serving one purpose: it was a means to awaken the proletariat to the necessity of revolution. Cardew took to composing folk songs with overt political content, playing in village halls and actively attending political meetings across the country. The very idea of form as politics became ridiculous to him and he articulated as much in his astonishing apostasy *Stockhausen Serves Imperialism*, a book in which the work of his former mentor, that of John Cage and indeed the greater part of his own compositional oeuvre is torn to shreds by the heavy influence of Marxist ideology on his thinking: In a series of related lectures given by Cardew as he becomes more and more hardcore, he states:

*Someone has said to me you Marxists are very black and white so here we should go into shades of grey. There is only one road for the composer to play a progressive role in the class struggle, to break out of the bourgeois cultural establishment and go amongst the working people. And there is only one way of going amongst the working people, and that is to participate in organizing for the overthrow of the oppressive system. This IS very black and white, - on matters of principle there are no shades of grey.....Before throwing the debate open, just a word on the concept of 'Art that serves the people'. Is Art what the people need. And can art be given to the people?*

*I am no liberal who will leave these provocative questions unanswered! One of the great issues that Socialism has to resolve is the division between mental and manual labour. Art is a synthesis: in a physical and concrete way it expresses the spiritual ideals of a society. It is the revolutionary people who will create the art of the revolution. Out of their revolutionary activity will come revolutionary art. In my experience trained artists, too often impose their conceptions of art - of what art is, and by what standards to apply it - on the people. The point is to serve the people as a person - to apply ourselves to solving whatever problems may be facing them - rather than as an artist.*

*The idea that artists can make a purely cultural contribution to the revolution is a bourgeois idea; it rests on the conception of the artist as a special individual with a special*



*way of looking at the world....It is very often the artist who stand in the way revolutionary art and oppose it; and the revolutionary fighters have to brush aside their cultural comrades in order to produce the revoltionary art.*

*I'll end with a song sung by an Irish comrade, an amateur singer.<sup>32</sup>*

My own position in relation to this issue, as I hope the research work in this PhD project makes abundantly clear, could not be more different. Cardew's rather tragic rejection of the formal, the aesthetic and the artist as categories and indeed subjectivities through which the political can be concretely and productively addressed run counter to the formal directions, in particular the embrace of fiction and form, taken up by the works in this PhD. If we cannot re-imagine the world, after all, how are we to change it? *A Necessary Music*, *The Future's Getting Od Like the Rest of Us*, *Agatha*, the publication *The Tiger's Mind* and its associated screenplay all, in their own way, (the later works perhaps even aggressively than the earlier) propose form and more explicitly fiction, as a language that in its very ability to re-imagine, is absolutely political. They argue for form as a political tool, as exactly a place beyond words, that in its very wordlessness can effect radical perceptual and therefore political shifts in human thought and understanding. The work presented here does not deal with political movements per se but instead with movement as political.

*The Tiger's Mind*, *A Necessary Music*, *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest of Us*, *Agatha* and *The Tiger's Mind* all represent an attempt to employ models of agency in both their production and reception, through which authors and spectators might be transformed into active interpreters, into storytellers rendering their own translations of the world. In other words, they rest upon the idea that the form of a work is its content, or rather the idea that the form of a work is its politics; in that the models they propose relate directly to particular visions of society. As Eco writes in *Form as Social Commitment*, different aesthetic models, are underlain by different visions of the world, the real content of a work being 'its vision of the world expressed in its way of forming.'<sup>33</sup> Or as Godard puts it, 'its not a question of making political films but of making film politically'<sup>34</sup>

This introductory text has unpacked three senses of the term movement;

in the first section, movement as the literal moving or choreographing of a social body, the gathering together of a social body in the act of production. In the second, movement as the activation of a reader viewer or listener through the deployment of more abstract (linguistic and representational) systems, that consequently allow for multiple interpretations of things in the world. In the third, and taking this idea to its limit, movement as fiction, where in fiction is proposed not as evil manipulator to be dismantled, but rather as the opposite, as something to be actively and democratically constructed, by active agents who might become the authors of their own worlds.

This notion of authors actively composing their own worlds, - underpinned by the idea of fiction as intimately related to language, as a formal reshaping of language, and as the means through which we not only are ourselves composed but equally through which we compose - is a complex one in relation to the works put forward. It is, in fact, exactly the prickly question of authorship that is fundamentally raised by work of the PhD. On the one hand, the multi layered authorships within the works presented, propose a utopian polyvocality that is in line with Cardew's earlier thinking. On the other hand, as these very same multiplicities reach a point of stasis within production process, a tension between the author and the group, the individual and the collective, or is thrown up, and it is this tension that propels the works. Avant garde film maker Maya Deren in her essay 'Cinematography: The Creative Use of Reality' proposed the notion of the controlled accident, a concept that I think illuminates the aforementioned tension very well.<sup>36</sup> Deren used the idea of the controlled accident to refer to what is staged and what is natural in relation to the camera or the lens but it might well be deployed or expanded here to refer in addition, to the play between openness and closure the works presented. In *A Necessary Music, The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us, Agatha* and *The Tiger's Mind*, it is this idea of author versus open system that seems to pose the central battle or contradiction. If there is revolutionary moment within my own practice, is it perhaps one that runs contrary to Cardew's revolution, manifest in the point at which I revolt against my own set of references, against Cardew, by claiming authorship of the work and shutting down or moving

on from the more open compositional structures initially proposed, in favour of rather violent editorial control. This imposition of control, this reclaiming of accident, seems to occur or manifest in two intimately related ways in the work: through the embrace of fiction, where fiction is applied at an editorial level, becoming the formal device that leads the audience through the work, and, as manifest or reflected in the high production values of the work. The films present themselves as highly composed fictions. Here Deren's original meaning of the term controlled accident, (as something related to cinematography, to the realism versus the artifice of what the camera captures or what unfolds before the lens) comes back into play. Rather than a low budget handheld aesthetic, the films belie rather lofty cinematographic aspirations, embracing the idea of the beautiful, the seductive even, the authored and the staged. These production values or the aspiration toward them has much to do with a political embrace, like Deren, of narrative cinema, or rather of fiction and the imagination as powerful perceptual and therefore political tools, in their ability to propose alternative realities to the ones to which we already bear witness.<sup>37</sup>

This turn to, or embrace of fiction in the films, is perhaps most explicit in screenplay for *The Tiger's Mind*, the last of the pieces presented here, and the one which could be seen as the most self reflexive of all works presented (While *A Necessary Music*, and *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* embody the same fictional turn, *Agatha* and more explicitly *The Tigers Mind* - both publication and screenplay- take their own production as subject) Indeed the reflexivity of the piece resides precisely in it becoming a reflection on its own failure, with the battle between its characters, a lament on the ultimate impossibility of its original collective endeavour, rendered fictional.

Both *Agatha* and the *The Tiger's Mind*, in particular plunge headfirst into the fictional; leaving behind words as Cardew did, to venture into worlds more to do with feeling and sense. There is thus perhaps a fourth and final sense in which I mean the word movement but perhaps have not yet managed to articulate it : the simple act of being moved, to be moved by something. In their particular way, and perhaps

unfashionably so, the works included in this PhD use fiction to propose emotion as an equally valid form of knowledge.<sup>38</sup> As Robert Ashley once said 'A feeling is a fact'.<sup>39</sup>

Indeed if there is a more projective direction in which this thesis might point for my practice (in its formulation of practice as terrain for research and concurrently of form as political) it would orientate exactly around emotion. In Yvonne Rainer's wonderfully titled 1981 essay, 'Looking myself in the Mouth', first published in October and later in her collection, *A Woman Who*, in the similarly, aptly titled chapter '*First Person Political*', she explores her relationship, often strained and turbulent, to the categories of narrative and character. She says, 'the thing that pushed me toward narrative and ultimately into cinema was emotional life'<sup>38</sup> by which I understand her to mean, that because cinema (here in the sense of narrativity) *is* language, that is, because its means of presentation is language, with characters who speak and articulate language at the same time as being constructed in it, it is the relationship between the spoken and the speaker that ultimately lies at its heart. In other words, following this logic, cinema can be read as fundamentally a matter of both form (how something is said) and content, (what it is said) and this relationship, between form and content, as precisely an emotional one.

In a talk given at the ICA in 1967, recorded for the institution's archive and recently played to me by the artist Luke Fowler, Cardew can be heard incredulously muttering, as if from the grave "*Everywhere we go we hear the phrase, Form is Content, well what does mean, it completely absurd, its like to saying, God is love or man is woman or something equally stupid.*"<sup>40</sup> In response, in character and looking at Cardew in the mouth, I might reply that for me, at the present time, the battle is a absolutely a linguistic one.

## ENDNOTES

1. Tilbury, John. *Cornelius Cardew*. COPULA, 2008. pg 99
2. The phrase a 'poetics of activation' will be defined in greater detail later in the text.
3. Much theoretical writing about Cardew exists - indeed he has enjoyed a relative re-naissance of late - and it has never been my intention in undertaking a practice based PhD to add to the more conventional textual or academic material already available. John Tilbury's epic and extraordinary biography of Cardew being a prime example.
4. I use the term project to include both this introductory preface and practice based submissions that accompany it.
5. Tilbury, John. *Cornelius Cardew*. COPULA, 2008. pg 125
6. Cardew, Cornelius. *Wiggly Lines and Wobbly Music, Breaking the Sound Barrier: a Critical Anthology of the New Music*. New York. 1981 pg 249
7. Indeed its possible to claim that such developments in music in the 50's and 60's precipitated such notions such as Barthes death of the Author, with Umberto Eco's the open work, departing directly from the music in his attempt to argue for a text as an internally dynamic field of meaning.
8. Tilbury, John. *Cornelius Cardew*. COPULA, 2008. pg 99
9. The subject of my upgrade
10. In Cassares book, a fugitive takes refuge on an abandoned desert island associated with the stigma of a mysterious disease. Within a week of reaching this island, a group of people miraculously appears, causing him to flee, once again, into hiding as he observes them. Dressed in outfits that seem to belong to decades recently past, the group listens and dances endlessly to tea for two and Valencia as it take up residence in the crumbling ruins of a museum. One of the group, a woman, goes down to the rocks to watch the sunset every evening at the same time. Our narrator of course, falls in love. Summoning the courage to speak with her he makes repeated attempts to attract her attention, each of which is met with strange, detached indifference. Speculating as to why this might be the case, the fugitive thinks at first he is hallucinating and then perhaps that he is dead. Eventually he discovers the presence amongst this group, of a notorious inventor called Morel. Morel, it seems, has invented a diabolical machine, that records people and projects them. Its diabolical aspect is that in recording its subjects it kills them. Thus, what our fugitive is witnessing is in fact a week of these people's lives repeated again and again. They are a projection, and the woman he loves, an image.
11. Tilbury, John. *Cornelius Cardew*. COPULA, 2008 pg. 302
12. *ibid.* pg 229
13. *ibid.* pg 247
14. *ibid.*pg 247
15. Much maligned by the 'salt of earth' British publishing industry, for whom french writers such as Robbe Grillet were essentially pretentious intellectuals, the groups formal experiments found little support and their history is still now a tragically under-recognized one.
16. In his penultimate novel, Alberto Angelo, Johnson charts the life of an aspiring but failing architect working as a supply teacher in north London (Johnson felt a deep affiliation with architecture, with modernist architecture to precise, in that he felt its gesture of form following function was an honest move) up until his grizzly demise. The novel is written in five parts, Prologue, Exposition, Development, Disintegration, and Coda, fittingly enough corresponding to the architecture and composition of the

sonatas in music, except of course Disintegration, which replaces capitulation, (normally an altered repeat of the exposition) Disintegration brings with it the astonishing and violent interruption of the authors voice printed above.

17. A series of weekly discussion groups were set up in the home. These discussions were very tightly composed or scored with each session prompted by a series of questions determined in advance, so as to produce quite a specific or directed form of speech. Alongside questions such as: What will London be like in a 100 years? Will the current economic crisis change the future? Are your memories images or sounds or words? we showed images and sounds and clips again as compositional prompts. The results of these sessions were then edited into a script and in reference to the TV play, and structured formally by B.S Johnson's *House Mother Normal*.

18. *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*, features actors Roger Booth, Corinne Skinner Carter, Janet Henfrey, Ram John Holder, Annie Firbank, John Tilbury, William Hoyland and Jane Wood. Aside from John Tilbury, all the actors were recommended to me by William Hoyland. They are all professional friends and therefore formed another temporary community, produced by a kind of conceptual domino effect. William Hoyland was a personal friend of B.S Johnson and starred in his two films produced by the BFI, *Paradigm* and *You're Human Like The Rest Of Them*. I approached him on that basis and was thrilled when he agreed to work on the film. Folding my film's references back into them in this manner - William Hoyland in *The Future's Getting Old*, Bob Ashley as *A Necessary Music's* narrator, and more recently AMM providing the sound track to *The Tiger's Mind*, has to be something I greatly enjoy doing and that I believe gives the work an extra dimension.

19. Morton Feldman, *Morton Feldman Says*, ed. Chris Villars, Hyphen Press, 2006

20. Tilbury, John. *Cornelius Cardew*. COPULA, 2008. pg 286

21. I use the word fiction because its friendlier, more accessible somehow, than than form or composition. It does however set up an unnecessary binary between fiction and fact that I think is misleading.

22. Bailey, Stuart. (ed) *Dot Dot Dot. Res Facta*. by Alex Waterman. Issue 12, 2008.

23. In the case of *A Necessary Music* the sense of fiction I think is amplified by the very nature of the Island as site for utopia's imaginings. Everything we encountered on Roosevelt Island seemed infected with the fictional, from the origins of its civic infrastructure to the musing of the residents. As one resident so beautifully and insightfully put it and as it is reiterated in the last moment of the film, 'The island itself is quiet, it listens through its dreams and digests its own sounds. The constant sounds of the city and its traffic are as if projected on a screen placed about the island and seem strangely artificial - a recording simulating a setting, an environment or a place, none of which it can accurately reproduce'

24. Steyerl, Hito. *Can Witnesses Speak* [online] <http://eipcp.net/transversal/0408/steyerl/en> (accessed August 2012) 2008

25. Its potential role within a 'poetics of activation' is emphasised by Cardew in a note he wrote reflecting on *Treatise*. In his note Cardew states "almost all musicians are visually illiterate and find it extremely difficult to transpose graphical notation into music; rather it is mathematicians and graphic artists who will find it easier to produce music using this score." He continues, "depressing considerations of this kind led me to my next experiment in the direction of guided improvisation. This was *The Tiger's Mind* ... I wrote the piece with AMM musicians in mind ... The ability to talk is

almost universal, and the faculties of reading and writing are much more widespread than draughtsmanship or musicianship”

26. Roberts, Jimmy. *Consensus Rouge Noir*. [Motion Picture] produced by Picture This, Bristol 2012

27. Ponty, Merleau *The Phenomenology of Perception*. Routledge, 1995

28. While the previous films also explore collective production in relation to script and speech *The Tiger's Mind* is the first film to attempt the investigation within my own community - a community of artists. Needless to say the results played out and play our very differently within different contexts. Again, unfortunately, it is too early in the process of *The Tiger's Mind* for me to be more specific about the results of that investigation. Barthes, Roland. *The Rustle of Language*. University of California Press, 1989 pg. 71

29. Gibson, Beatrice. *The Tigers Mind* Preface. Sternberg, 2013

30. Its still rather too early for me to theoretically reflect on these difficulties here as, as I write, they are still underway and the necessary distance for a more objective outlook perhaps, has not yet been created.

31. Stein, Gertrude. *PLAYS, Lectures in America*, in *Stein, Writings 1932–1946*, NY Library of America New York, 1998 pg.244

32. Cardew, Cornelius. *The Role Of the Composer in the Class Struggle*, in Prevost, Edwin. *Cornelius Cardew, A Reader*. Copula, an Imprint of Matchless Recordings, 2006, P.269 - 271

33. Eco, Umberto. *The Open Work Form as Social Commitment*. Harvard University Press, 1989 pg 123

34. Hoberman, J. *Tout va bien*. [booklet accompanying DVD] Criterion, 2005

35. This unfashionability is intentional. The use of unpopular ‘problematic’ everyday terms, simple friendly words like emotion and fiction, is intentional. An attempt to re-invigorate words everybody can use, with a certain criticality.

36. Deren, Maya. *Cinematography: The Creative Use of Reality*, in *The Avant-Garde Film: A Reader of Theory and Criticism*, ed. P. Adams Sitney (New York: Anthology Film Archives, 1978), pp. 60-73.

37. The final nod toward singularly authored composition, perhaps also goes some way to answering the question of why multi screen exhibition format is forgone in favour of a single screen approach. The polyvocal or the multiplicity of authorships are in the end contained by a singular editorial hand.

38. Ashley, Robert *The Future of Music* [online] [http://www.rogerreynolds.com/future\\_of\\_music/texts/ashley/ashley.html](http://www.rogerreynolds.com/future_of_music/texts/ashley/ashley.html) (accessed June 2012) 2000

39. Rainer, Yvonne. *A Woman Who*. John Hopkins University Press, 1999 pg 93

40. Fowler, Luke. *Notes within Vibrations (Spatial Response to the ICA Archive)* quoting Cornelius Cardew. ICA, London, 2012

## IMAGES

Fig. 1. Cardew, Cornelius. *Treatise*. Editions Peters, 1970. pg 134

Fig. 2. Cardew, Cornelius. *Treatise*. Editions Peters, 1970. pg 131

Fig. 3. Cardew, Cornelius. *Treatise*. Editions Peters, 1970. pg 137

Fig. 4. Cardew, Cornelius. *The Musical Times* June 1967. pg 6



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## WORK

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A Necessary Music

By

Beatrice Gibson and Alexander Waterman  
Narrated By Robert Ashley

From texts by the residents of Roosevelt Island,  
and Adolfo Bioy Casares' The Invention of Morel



ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF ISLAND  
Tracking Shot of Queensborough Bridge. Sounds of FDR traffic and  
river sounds.

NARRATOR ONE

I may have the famous disease  
associated with the island. It may  
have caused me to imagine the  
people, the music.

The grassy hillside has become  
crowded with people who dance  
stroll up and down and swim in the  
pool as if this were a summer  
resort like Los Teques or Marienbad

Camera swings to a stop. Wide shot of Main Street.

When we first encountered the  
island, it appeared to us as  
silent. Our lack of knowledge and  
the limits of our imagination  
prevented us from hearing the  
music. Later, when our letter to  
the island received so many  
responses, a cacophony of voices  
and sounds started to populate our  
pages and fill our recording  
devices. Out of the abundance of  
sound that emerged from our  
listening, we started to  
re-inscribe and to write across the  
island and its voices.

If we account for all the mistakes  
that we have necessarily made, in  
the inherent difference between our  
listening and our copying and the  
original island, are we not in fact  
notating it? And can that notation  
only ever really be a haunting of  
one place by another. A ghost copy.  
An island simply in the likeness of  
Roosevelt Island.

ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF THE TOWER BLOCK LOBBY (INT)

Piano Music. Three child residents in the lobby of the tower block  
against a backdrop of orange tiled walls. They speak more to them-

selves than to each  
other.

RESIDENT EIGHT (SAPHIR)  
In the beginning there were no cars  
on the island. We had electric  
buses to take us from location to  
location.

RESIDENT NINE (YARDANE)  
We were studied by planners from  
all over the world.

RESIDENT EIGHT (SAPHIR)  
There was a fireman training ground  
on the island.

RESIDENT TEN (LITTLE ANTHONY)  
We had a steam plant here.

RESIDENT NINE (YARDANE)  
The master plan called for the  
street to continue, to keep  
meandering. It was more like a  
European city.

RESIDENT EIGHT (SAPHIR)  
We are defined by outsiders by the  
Separateness.

RESIDENT TEN (LITTLE ANTHONY)  
I remember eating pizza the first  
day we came to the Island, at the  
old pizzeria. I pulled each of the  
tomato skins off of the slice

RESIDENT NINE (YARDANE)  
The development was not thought  
out. Many things were not studied  
to make it work.

RESIDENT TEN (LITTLE ANTHONY)  
Coming here in a car, getting off  
the bridge, the buildings are so  
close together it feels like coming  
down a canyon.

RESIDENT EIGHT (SAPHIR)  
The bar went under first. Then the  
pizza place. The bakery was already  
gone. And then the fish market fell

RESIDENT NINE (YARDANE)

The designs could have been more  
fine tuned, more refined in terms  
of architecture.

RESIDENT EIGHT (SAPHIR)  
Perhaps they will each build their  
own small societies.

Shots of the East River. Gershwin heard on the piano.

NARRATOR ONE  
The Island has four grassy ravines.  
There are large boulders in the  
ravines on the western side. The  
museum, the chapel and the swimming  
pool are up on the hill. The  
buildings are modern angular  
unadorned, built of unpolished  
stone, which is somewhat  
incongruous with the architectural  
style.

So many narratives, metaphors and  
metonymy populate the Island's  
unconscious. The colony, the cruise  
ship, the cast away, the camp. A  
place of paradise, a place of  
torture, a place for things found,  
lost and forgotten.

The essence of the island is  
imaginary. Three times now this  
island has been occupied erased and  
re-written. A laboratory for the  
city's varied imaginings, a  
container for fictions not its own.

When we first came to island we had  
the sensation that it was another  
abandoned future. It seemed to be  
the imagination of a moment in  
time. A time close to our time but  
somehow no longer considered part  
of our time.

THE SENIOR CENTER  
Three seniors sit in the senior center, beneath a landscape  
painting, next to a potted plant.

RESIDENT THIRTEEN (DOLORES)  
I haven't heard a gunshot since I  
moved here.

RESIDENT FOURTEEN (HELEN)  
The southernmost tip. That's where I  
go to breathe.

RESIDENT SIX (MATTHEW)  
I once saw a seal sunning himself  
off the south tip of the island.

RESIDENT THIRTEEN (DOLORES)  
The island is like a beautiful  
woman. There she is in the middle of the river  
shaped like a vagina giving all she  
has to give.

RESIDENT SIX (MATTHEW)  
It was good here, but now its  
changing.

RESIDENT FOURTEEN (HELEN)  
It's like we're on a cruise ship in  
the middle of the river, instead of  
a tropical isle where you can dip  
your feet in the sand and the  
beautiful blue waters

RESIDENT THIRTEEN (DOLORES)  
All the horns from river traffic,  
the clunking of buses and trucks on  
our z-brick streets, as well as the  
compressor noise from the freezers  
at Gristede's.

RESIDENT FOURTEEN (HELEN)  
The shoreline feels amorphous to me.

RESIDENT SIX (MATTHEW)  
I heard that when they had those  
laboratories here, they used to  
pick up people from the streets of  
New York, and bring them over here.  
It was the first place in the US  
that they started studying how  
radio activity affects the body.

Close up shots of each of the three residents.

NARRATOR ONE  
To be on an island inhabited by

artificial ghosts was the most unbearable of nightmares. To be in love with one of those images was worse than being in love with a ghost (perhaps we always want the person we love to have the existence of a ghost

RESIDENT FOURTEEN (HELEN)

Low to medium toned wind. I also "hear" guitar (some classical) whose strings are plucked. The incidence of the individual note is particular to the island because it has space to resonate. I don't imagine the island like an orchestra with many instruments simultaneously. The music is very distinct.

Guitar starts playing. Mac hine sounds accompany it.

NARRATOR ONE

The walls, the ceiling the floor were of brown tile. The air had the deep azure transparency of a waterfalls foam. Suddenly the green machines lurched into motion. I compared them with the water pump and the motors that produced the light. I looked at them, listened to them. I knew at once that I was unable to understand the machines.

THE SWIMMING POOL

Three different residents scattered by the pool. Formally composed. The monologues continue.

RESIDENT ELEVEN (ANTHONY)

I always wanted to live on an island. I heard about this place. I came and I thought it was lovely. But you have to live, live... in here.. again

RESIDENT TWELVE (EKUA)

My parents were taking a tour of an apartment. My little sister and I were each bought a Jamaican beef patty and an ice cream sandwich at

the deli and left to wander around the park area near the current playground by river road. I remember being extremely confused as to where exactly we were. We were told again and again that this was New York. But this seemed nowhere. We played, pretending we were space explorers, which seems only too appropriate in retrospect

Camera cuts to the machine room.

NARRATOR ONE

I walked through the room with the aquarium floor and hid in the green room behind the screen on mirrors.

Morel was speaking.

"My abuse consists of having photographed you without your permission. Of course is not an ordinary photograph; this is my latest invention. This is the first part of the machine. The second part makes recordings .The third part is a projector. We shall live in this image forever. Imagine a stage on which our life is acted out completely in every detail. We are the actors. All our actions have been recorded."

RESIDENT ELEVEN (ANTHONY)

I have always wanted to live near water and I always forget.

RESIDENT TWELVE (EKUA)

Then, of course there are the sounds of people practicing or playing their instruments heard through open windows in warm weather or at open air performances.

RESIDENT ELEVEN (ANTHONY)

Silence in music is essential, the non-notes and spaces between the island.

CAR PARK EXTERIOR

Wide shot of the car park roof.

RESIDENT SIX (MATTHEW)

My wife and I are new comers. We  
have only been here 17 years.

RESIDENT FOUR (RICARDO)

The earliest people came in 75.

RESIDENT SEVEN (CAROLINE)

The hospital was a research  
hospital.

CAR PARK INTERIOR

Three residents line the edges car park atrium.

RESIDENT SIX (MATTHEW)

In the 1960's I remember taking a  
bus from queens. The whole island  
was abandoned. You could see all  
the medical equipment out on the  
streets: beds, wheelchairs. All the  
buildings had been abandoned. There  
was nothing.

RESIDENT SEVEN (CAROLINE)

Underground there are tunnels.  
Though I haven't gone down there.  
Apparently you can get underneath  
the island. But I've only heard. I  
have not seen.

Close up shots of the east River.

NARRATOR ONE

Three factors recommended the island.  
the tides, the reefs. the light.  
The regularity of the lunar tides  
and the frequency of the meteorological tides  
assure an almost constant supply  
of power to the machines.  
The light is clear but not dazzling  
and makes it possible to preserve the images  
with little or no waste.

RESIDENT FOUR (RICARDO)

I went to see my brother Bobby just  
about every single day. We commuted  
from Williamsburg Brooklyn and it  
seemed like it took forever. I  
remember taking a train and then a

bus. My brother who had been thrown off a seven story building on South 4th street in Brooklyn back in 1972 actually survived the fall. He was paralyzed for two years and then he finally died on August 6, 1974. At the hospital, he was on the ground level and I remember always running over to the window to see him before we went into the hospital. The day he died, I had this nightmare that these white dogs were attacking me and I was trying to climb up a wall to get away from the white dogs. I woke up my whole family with my screams at about six that morning; that was the actual time he died. My mom and I rushed to the hospital and I knew deep inside that my brother had gone. I ran over to the window and my brother wasn't there. I then walked over to the railings by the water and thought, my poor mother, this will be the the worst news of her life. I was 12 twelve years old.

ESTABLISHING SHOST OF THE HOSPITAL (INT)  
Wheelchairs amble through the long corridor.

NARRATOR TWO

Eventually the feeling arose that I was playing a dual role, that of actor and spectator. I was obsessed by the idea that we were in a play awaiting asphyxiation at the bottom of the ocean.

THE HOSPITAL

A wide shot reveals two hospital residents in the greenhouse amongst a back-drop of tropical plants.

RESIDENT SIXTEEN (JOEL)

A soft hum, everything slows down, anyone can survive here: the young, the old, the handicapped, the poor, the rich, the sick, the healthy, the artist.



RESIDENT FIFTEEN (LISA)  
The edge is a boundary both certain  
and potent.

RESIDENT SIXTEEN (JOEL)  
Chimes, bells, storytelling, birds,  
water lapping, whispers, laughter,  
water drops, balls bouncing,  
children in the streets at play,  
humming.

RESIDENT FIFTEEN (LISA)  
If we had more access to the water,  
and say fished it, those abilities  
would better define us

PRESIDENT SIXTEEN (JOEL)  
The background drone of a bagpipe.

RESIDENT FIFTEEN (LISA)  
The Island is too protected. This  
fence and wall all around. Where is  
where is the openness? We are  
enfenced. There is no uncertainty,  
but you wish you could get closer  
to the water, feel the water on  
your toes.

Prior shots begin to repeat.

NARRATOR ONE  
Now that I've grown accustomed to  
seeing a life that is repeated I  
find my own irreparably haphazard. I  
have no next time, each moment is  
unique. Our life may be thought of  
as a week of these images - one  
that may be repeated in adjoining  
worlds

We shall live in this image  
forever. Imagine a stage on which  
our life is acted out completely  
in every detail. We are the actors.  
All our actions have been recorded

THE AMPHITHEATER EXT.  
All the residents from previous scenes gathered in the  
amphitheater, positioned formally around the seating area.

RESIDENT FOURTEEN (HELEN)

We shall live in this image  
forever. Imagine a stage on which  
our life is acted out completely in  
every detail. We are the actors.  
All our actions have been recorded.

Images continue to repeat.

CHORUS (REPEATED)

We shall live in this image  
forever. Imagine a stage on which  
our life is acted out completely in  
every detail. We are the actors.  
All our actions have been recorded.

Machine comes to a stop. Wide shot of turbines.

NARRATOR ONE

Seven days have been recorded. I  
performed well. A casual observer  
would not suspect that I am not  
part of the original scene. I often  
insert an appropriate sentence, so  
she appears to be answering me. I  
do not always follow her, I know  
her movements so well that I  
usually walk ahead. I hope that,  
generally we have the impression of  
being inseparable, of understanding  
each other so well that we have no  
need of speaking.

Green machine retracts from viewer, coming to a halt.

RESIDENT FOURTEEN (HELEN)

The island itself is quiet, it  
listens through its dreams and  
digests its own sounds. The  
constant sounds of the city and its  
traffic are as if projected on a  
screen placed about the island and  
seem strangely artificial- a  
recording simulating a setting, an  
environment or a place, none of  
which it can accurately reproduce.

Black Screen.  
Cut to credits.

PAGE 1  
A Necessary Music

PAGE 2  
derived from texts by residents of Roosevelt Island New York and  
Adolfo Bioy Casares.

PAGE 3  
A project conceived by Beatrice Gibson with Alex Waterman.

PAGE 4  
narrated by Robert Ashley

PAGE 5  
residents

Ricardo Alvarado  
Veleriu Boborelu  
Roy Eaton  
Saphir Elbaz  
Yardane Elbaz  
Lisa Enem  
Karina Freudenthal  
Dolores Green  
Arline Jacoby  
Matthew Katz  
Caroline Kessler  
Anthony Kveder  
Isabelle Kveder  
Joel Malament  
Anthony Moran  
Ekua Musumba  
Helen Roth

PAGE 4  
Produced and directed by  
Beatrice Gibson

PAGE 5  
Original music and sound design by  
Alex Waterman

PAGE 6  
Cinematography by  
Nick Gordon

PAGE 7  
Produced and edited by  
Matthew Achterberg

PAGE 8  
sound engineering and mix by  
Chris Tabron

PAGE 9  
Casting by Arline Jacoby

PAGE 10  
4k workflow  
Emery Wells

RED Colorist  
Dan Devine

PAGE 11  
1ST Assistant Camera  
David Jacobson  
2nd Assistant Camera  
Trevor Tweeten  
Additional Camera  
Corey Eisenstein  
Gaffer  
Andrew Roddewig  
Key Grip  
Dave Ganczeioski

PAGE 12  
Production Manager  
Julia Pasternak  
Key Set PA  
Trey Kirchoff  
Set PA  
Thomas Graves  
Set PA  
Andrew Beguin

PAGE 12  
The film makers would like to thanks  
The Whitney Independent Study Program,  
Storefront for Art and Architecture,  
Lovely Music,  
Oliver Chanarin,  
Eva De Jaeger,  
Hannah Klemn,  
Angelique Campens,  
Elisa Santiago,  
Eileen Quinlan,

PAGE 13  
Cheyney Thompson,  
Prof. Suzanne Cusick,  
Prof. Martin Daughtry,  
Prof. Jason Stanyek,  
Celine Condorelli,

Alexie Sommer,  
Chris Wiley  
Adam Broomberg  
Alex and Judy Waterman

PAGE 14

Judith Birdy and The Roosevelt Island Historical Society,  
Margie Smith, and the Rivercross Tennants Corporation,  
The Roosevelt Island Operating Corporation,  
Tadeusz Sudol and The Roosevelt Island Visual Arts Association,  
Armando Cordova and the Roosevelt Island Tram,  
Lilian Moreira and the Eastwood Building,  
Dolores Green and the Senior Center,  
Dick Lutz and the WIRE  
Ronald Becker and the Goldwater Hospital

PAGE 16

and all the residents of Roosevelt Island who were so welcoming.

PAGE 17

Chopin, Prelude Op. 28 #7 in A Major  
&  
Gershwin, Prelude in Ab Major (Melody #17)  
Performed by Roy Eaton, piano  
from The Complete Preludes of Chopin, Gershwin, Still  
[Summit Records, DCD 318]

"Tea for Two"  
performed by Django Reinhardt.

"Valencia" performed by Jascha Heifetz  
from Heifetz reDiscovered  
[RCA Records]

Isaac Albeniz's Asturias performed by Asher Elbaz  
Additional guitar by Matthew Katz

PAGE 17

Ghost Robot  
Kabatic Digital

PAGE 18

Shot in 4k RED digital Cinema

PAGE 19

This film was shot entirely on location in Roosevelt Island, NY and  
funded in part by the Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the  
Fine Arts and Arts Council England.



The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us

by

Beatrice Gibson and George Clark

with words from the residents of Wellesley Road, Ingestre Road, St Margarets and Branch Hill  
and structure from B.S. Johnson

Voice I  
(Added post shoot)

Voice H

Voice G

Voice F

Voice E

Voice D

Voice C

Voice B

Voice A

Voice Characteristics:  
(Narration)

Voice Characteristics:  
Staccato, choppy. Uses ends of words. Fast. Colloquial, clumsy, drifty. Consistent volume and tone irrespective of content. Unaffected. Unbothered. Hollow.  
(Bouts of affection / annoyance with Voice E)

Voice Characteristics:  
Deep, deliberate, polite, careful not to interrupt. Pensive, dreamy, attentive to other voices. Stoic.

Voice Characteristics:  
Slow, staccato, stammering. Shifting volumes. Repetition of beginnings. Delicate, timed, committed, humble. Sensitive. At times unguarded.

Voice Characteristics:  
Monotone, dull, trite. Conscious of its own femininity. Coquettish. Unfounded positivity. Unconscious repetition. Impatience with other voice's incomprehensibility (their accent and delivery). Superficial.  
(Attachment to voice H)

Voice Characteristics:  
Slow, spaced, light, echo like. Quiet, comfortable. Distracted, drifts, sparse.  
(This voice repeats and echoes fragments and words belonging to the other voices. These repetitions are to be decided by the actor.)

Voice Characteristics:  
Fast paced, as if compensating for gaps in memory. Stuttering, spluttering, magnified in relation to inability to recollect detail. Struggles with articulation and volume. Speech caught at the intersection of throat and mouth. Erratic when words are not forthcoming. Actively addresses the other voices.

Voice Characteristics:  
Shifting tones, from shrill to base. Consistent pace and tone in monologue sections. Hearing impaired. At times isolated, articulated as if a solo, independent, at times oblivious to other voices. Anxiety expressed matter of factly.

Voice Characteristics:  
Low, Shifting volumes, from loud to mumbling. Fast but tumbling. Bursts of certainty, becoming mechanical, distracted, fragmented. Fluctuating coherence while articulating a point. Thick delivery obscures intelligibility. Starts arguments that lose direction. Impassioned yet machinic.

Physical Characteristics:  
Smoker

Physical Characteristics:  
Smoker

Physical Characteristics:  
Walking stick

Physical Characteristics:  
Hearing impaired. Effective hearing aid.

Physical Characteristics:  
Frame

Physical Characteristics:  
Walking stick

Physical Characteristics:  
Very impaired hearing

Physical Characteristics:  
Frame

Physical Characteristics:  
Walking stick

Names:  
Voice H = Charlie  
Wife = Ivy

Names:  
Voice H = Charlie  
Wife = Ivy

Names:  
Voice H = Charlie  
Wife = Ivy

Names:  
Voice H = Charlie  
Wife = Ivy

Names:  
Voice H = Charlie  
Wife = Ivy

Names:  
Voice H = Charlie  
Wife = Ivy

Names:  
Voice H = Charlie  
Wife = Ivy

Names:  
Voice H = Charlie  
Wife = Ivy

Actor:  
John Tilbury

Actor:  
John Tilbury

Actor:  
John Tilbury

Actor:  
John Tilbury

Actor:  
John Tilbury

Actor:  
John Tilbury

Actor:  
John Tilbury

Actor:  
John Tilbury

Actor:  
John Tilbury



'INT, Wellesley Road Care home, Camden. Voice A

'INT, Wellesley Road Care home, Camden. Voice B

'INT, Wellesley Road Care home, Camden. Voice C

'INT, Wellesley Road Care home, Camden. Voice D

'INT, Wellesley Road Care home, Camden. Voice E

'INT, Wellesley Road Care home, Camden. Voice F

'INT, Wellesley Road Care home, Camden. Voice G

'INT, Wellesley Road Care home, Camden. Voice H

Scene One, Space (Footage of moon landing)

Scene One, Space (Footage of moon landing)

Scene One, Space (Footage of moon landing)

Scene One, Space (Footage of moon landing)

Scene One, Space (Footage of moon landing)

Scene One, Space (Footage of moon landing)

Scene One, Space (Footage of moon landing)

Scene One, Space (Footage of moon landing)

It takes . . . . courage,

The man who was walking on the moon, 1969.

Yes Yes

I'll try anything once.

I can't hear. . . . . I can't hear. . . . . I don't know what their talking about. There's somebody talking. I'm deaf.

That's amazing. I remember that.

I never found out what happened but there was a man who went and walked on it wasn't there?

The best thing to come out of that was the frying pan. The non-sticky frying pan. You put your eggs in. You put your, your, er hard whatever it may be and it never stuck to the pan. It never stuck to the pan. They invented that from the moon. They got it from the stones of the moon.

The thing is . . . .  
I was in Germany, dancing

Germany

Germany. He didn't go to Germany.

Unrealistic it seemed. It was almost like a vision in a dream. I felt, that I couldn't quite make it reality, it took me some time to do so, when it was talked on the radio and on television, when they enlarged on it, then I was able to grasp, step by step what went on because the landing itself and . . . people like myself didn't know what to make of it and how they got there.

May I saw something. I can't say it's been a life changing event. I just recall seeing it. . . . I saw it in black and white. After that there were so many B-movies made. Made with directors and so on. I became totally bored. Bored. I put it out my mind.

It's amazing that we actually were able to get up there.

They never went again because there was that much going on down here. Murder every ten seconds of the day or drugs and all the rest of it.

Yes . . .

I would have liked to have gone up there. It must be fascinating. We should be able to get up there. We seem to fly around. We're so advanced now compared to

There were all the plastic balloons. And they were floating up and down in space as it were, weren't

Hhhhhmmmmmm

It must be fascinating  
The advance of technology  
and all the things that go  
with actually landing

Well there's an old saying.  
Its one step at a time. Its got  
to be on step at a time ...  
There's no other  
time. One step at a time. A  
psychological truth...

*Tat? No no I . . . . . don't.*

If I went . . . I would  
want to make sure that the  
atmosphere was similar to  
ours.

I don't want to go  
somewhere I can't take a  
breath.

You're not meant to do, no  
you're not meant to, human  
beings are meant to be on  
the ground, on the ground.

Its not as simple as it looks  
is it. Its not as simple as  
it looks. We're meant to  
be here. We were born on  
earth. We were born here.  
Not in space. We weren't  
born on space we were born  
on earth, but I must say,  
some good things come  
off of it and that was the  
main thing, the frying pan.  
It was, it was non-sticky.  
You could fry things on  
there and they wouldn't  
stick. They got it out of  
the rocks, they discovered  
that they were non-sticky,  
when you used it, it wasn't  
sticky. The old pan became  
... oh... obsolete. Different  
wayways of... different way  
of working.

We were meant to be on  
this earth, we were born on  
earth.

I can't quite understand  
that.

Isn't that rather far off.  
I'd like to keep it in my  
imagination as long as  
possible. If I was to be sent I

Mustn't it.  
They talked about  
it a lot after. Oh . . . . . yes.

*Tat?*

I would like to have seen  
that. . . . . It must be  
fascinating to see it.

Its Progress. Its something  
that we should be interested  
in really. While we're still  
alive. The way its going on  
we wont be around when  
it time to go up and have a  
holiday on the moon.

Its an interesting subject  
really. Its fascinating really  
to think that its possible  
that people will be going on  
holiday on the moon. The  
way transport is today.

Actually when you think  
you go on holiday now and  
you sit on the train and  
you're on it for hours anyway,  
trying to get to Scotland  
or somewhere for a holiday,  
it would be just the same as  
going to the moon

We own the moon.

*Two cigars please.*

What I do love and it must  
come back I think. On the  
slow train. John Bejeman.  
Must have been around that  
time. It was set to music.  
And... They closed down.  
What was it. Forty odd  
stations. And now they are  
bringing them back again.  
Well that's their intention.  
Thats the salvation of the  
nation.

The moon? . . . . I wouldn't  
mind.

Me

The . . . . . TV doesnt  
work.

Tennis. 14 days of total  
boredom. We all have our  
tastes. I suppose. . . . I'd do  
anything to get away from  
it.

I can't remember the de-  
tails of the landing. I just  
remember that someone  
did land, they're still talk-  
ing about it now, so that's  
going too, everything  
bloody boring. The soviets  
and the Americans were in  
competition, they are always  
in competition those two. I  
used to discuss it with my  
colleague at work, he was  
more pro-American than  
me. I was more pro-Russian,  
so we could never agree, he  
was more pro-Russian so  
I was more pro-Russian so  
we used to argue the whole  
time, it wouldn't have mat-  
ter who landed first anyway,  
I'm more interested in what  
Obamas doing than landing  
on the moon.

I don't mind the tube.

There was a woman who  
died. A Russian astronaut.

Oh well anyway. I saw one. Of Orsen Welles. Not his Citizen Kane. . . . I saw that in the 40's, that was wonderful and so was the one I saw the other night, or the other..... anyway, oh well..... there was a chauffeur or something and Rita Hayworth was in it. . . . There's weird characters and many of the cast have come from Citizen Kane, um and I just can't. . . I miss the title of the film.

There were some magnificent characters there, yes, and I think. Anything Welles produced. I know, he made the cycle of the medieval, or the Tudor films. Made in Spain weren't they. And there was a whole lot of big fat bellied, yes yes, medieval times. And there was no technology then was there. Chimes at Midnight. The misunderstandings that go on. It was so sad that he died young.... I never thought that... Rita Hayworth. . . she was known as a dancer. Made musicals. She was wonderful. Oh and just to wind up. And I'll try to close it down. The other night, 42 or 74 hours ago, I saw colombo. I'd love to get it. Oh ourselves alone. Talk about art reprodu... um under, um beginning to understand things. Columbo. There was the Irish predicament and the er.... there was someone in Los Angeles shipping over guns and bangers and things and er of course Colombo was onto them. The cast was superb. I mean in a sense it was tragic. In a way that. In a way that. . . I've never seen that.

I don't know if they ever found life on the moon.

Some sort of life. We all arrived here years and years ago. There was life years ago.

We cant live together, we never have and we never will. We need wars, we need to kill people, that's human nature.

Time .

Time . *It's got to be time. We rely on time.*

That's the time and the future, we are going to build more and more. The future, it's getting old, like the rest of us

The future lies here, because he says, he says . . . study the sparrows.

Why, why why do we have to go so far away?

But isn't it nice to think that people are trying to progress. That that's up there. We've got to be up there. That's progress. We've lived years on this earth.

Progress?

Violence, oh no.

It's based on violence, if you think of the progress that has been made, its started with violence.

We weren't the only ones. Those who colonized were much of a muchness really. And then they started blaming one another.

*Haven't we already been on the moon?*

(Image of Neil Armstrong on moon)

(Image of Neil Armstrong on moon)

(Image of Neil Armstrong on moon)

(Image of Neil Armstrong on moon)

(Image of Neil Armstrong on moon)

(Image of Neil Armstrong on moon)

(Image of Neil Armstrong on moon)

(Image of Neil Armstrong on moon)

Hehahahah . . . . . Neil Armstrong.

*Can I see that.*

*It looks like a monster*

*It doesn't look human,*

Man walks on the

I'm not . . . so . . . interested  
in satellites really.

So errr, . . . I'm  
born in the west Indies.

It's dangerous. . . Going up  
. . . I don't like it.

I don't really have an opinion. I came to jazz when it had been going for years. Louis Armstrong was quite an elderly man when I came to him. I was born in 1930. He was born in 1900. I got involved with people like the Beatles, the rolling stones. It wasn't art but it was interesting. Pop music was Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. The Beatles, the stones they were quite new.

*Don't ask me.*

It was so fascinating landing on the moon..

It must have been fascinating, with those cameras.

*They've done it haven't they. We'll have to move there.*

I don't think it will sound any different. Many years ago we were empty too.

There was nobody here, except a couple of people ... Its such a fascinating thing. To think that one of these days we'll be on the moon.

We have to be wise.

Well err, there's the H G Wells, the Shape of Things, the Shape of Things to Come.

War of the Worlds.



I'm afraid. I'm afraid. Our Gallic friends. They take themselves a bit. Well there was of a whiff of last year at Marienbad . . . and err . . . that was an expensive production. This was a thirty minute. By unknowns. And I'm afraid. They, I, I, I, I'd much rather have. . . The American. . . Chequered out. They weren't facts or anything. It's too much speculation

....When I left home there was a meeting at Newbury. The flat racing. If I had any sense. . . Of the past. . . or of the future. That's what I'd do.

### Finished?

I suppose whatever your past is. . . whether its good or bad . . . you still go back into that particular past

### Is it finished?

#### It is is it?

The point is, its what you call science as a common thing, that includes your food and your hygiene. My father was very clever on that, my dad, you know, you always say in the medical term, food and hygiene, otherwise if we don't, we're under hallucination, so we're beamed up to that.

*Sometimes your find yourself your sitting there and your thinking about your past, aren't you and you wonder why you did, why do you do this.*

*Its true ..... I don't know. I wish that my father and mother had lived longer than they did...*

We lucky we've had pasts, some people never did have a past.

Today, I always want. The bones. Pope Benedict said they could possibly be the bones of Saint Paul. I think he's a Christian . . . how we go from our . . . It's well known that I can't be so. So, The real I. But ultimately we would be we would be absorbed. . . into the divine. . . keep our own selves be distinctive selves. That we should be in some sense, part of the God head. . . God head. . . through the trinity. Our

In the past, we must have been . . . the thing I miss most is the passengers. I said to my wife wouldn't it be nice, because I done it on purpose, wound the clock up, and the alarm went off, four in the morning, waking me up for nothing, I said yeah all right, that day you know . . . with me . . . it . . . was working with them . . . the passengers, you can get your own back on the grumpy ones . . . but er mates . . . brilliant in the garage, everybody was everybody's friend, once down I was gone . . . didn't know where I was, because I hadn't got my mates to back me up . . . years I was at chalk farm . . . we had lots and lots of . . . you could reply, say you had a date were, later, you couldn't get a change over, they used to say alright you owe me one, used to be down, be his tigger his money, so that you could pay him for it and nobody would know what you done, except when the in . . . inspector says when I want a favour from you I'll ask, I've seen nothing. We always used to go in the garage in the morning and if we see him, say I've seen nothing.

It becomes, it becomes, it becomes. . . unorthodox. Where does Christianity come in now, the scriptures, alpha meaning. . . omega meaning. . . There is no other God but me and you will worship no other God but me. So where do we go from there. We disregard that and we disregard God. You can't do that. If you cry, you cry alone. You can't do that, burn it all down, we can't disregard God, this is the thing. Where are you going to go from there, nobody else will help you, God will punish you severely. So I believe, you want to ask yourself, do I believe in God or not.

It comes under it, it comes upon it. You're shown hallucinatory things. I agree with that, your beamed up to all that. You can't take God's name in vain, if you do that you're severely punished and this is the reason he brought thunder and lightning. To prove that, that I am the master. What other person could use lightning like this. That's a meaning, a meaning, a . . . meaning beyond, beyond. I can tell you stories, a story, where I came to know God myself. When I became, when I came, to know him. It was a miracle that day in 1997.

*Where's Hannah?*

Hannah?

That miracle. I was shown where I went wrong. The funny thing, that miracle was doing... *Would you like to hear? Well, an extraordinary thing happened that time. 1997. I was walking up to that police station, not far from here, to do, to ... What do you call it, up by er...*

*I can't remember that name of the place, its been that long...*

*There was a Scientology church on the left, as I remember and on the side you had two, two, er something.. What happened was when I tried to get into the woman's house I was so frightened. They put the fear of death in to me you know. What happened was, when I had to cross, I was lifted up by the birds*

I was lifted up by these birds, like sparrows, birds, I felt them on my cheek and as I came up, through time I will remember where I was, through time, I went up there, and they lifted me, I knew consciously I went there, I walked this road many a time for years and nothing happened. Why should it happen this particular time, this is what happened, the birds came down, a pyramid of birds, all I could see was my feet, and my arms were pinned to the back of me, I was a prisoner, and I was lifted from here to there.

*A pyramid?*

I knew, I knew but I didn't know, when I was over the other side, I was meant to go to my right, but they only wanted me to go one way, God's way. All of a sudden a big light came on, a stone on the ground, *you've heard of it? Well anyway it was God's wish, they wanted me to go up there, so I travelled there, I was transported from there, up to there, up to there. I've waited that road for years and I was so scared, so, frightened. I heard people walking about and there was a motor and what happened was, I was*

I can't understand

I can't hear, it's no good.

*Scared...*

*Scared of the birds?*

God didn't allow that, he wanted me to see what was going on, he wanted me to see what was going on. If I could have got them away they would have been away but God didn't want it that way. I was about 3 feet from the premises when the birds came down, right from the top to the bottom.

I used to walk across the road and knew I was crossing it and then I didn't know. God showed me where I was going wrong, in life, in life, he was helping me, in his way, I had my arms pinned and I showed no fear, and when, when I got the fear was when I was lifted from one end of the road, one path to the other. This was where I got frightened. I, I, I was, you understand what I mean? You understand? If we don't believe in God we believe in nothing. What other thing could you believe in, you have to ask yourself, you'd believe in nothing. God says, he that believeth in me hath everlasting life. And he that believeth not in me, shall not see life, imagine that, shall not see life.

But...

But the wrath of God...  
On the right of the road...

They predicted man walking on the moon, they did, they did. H.G. Wells was another great author, he predicted ... what he predicted came true. Nuclear submarines, men walking about on the sea bottom.

*Jekyll and Hyde*

Jekyll and Hyde

*You seem to me ... it's very strong. But you must agree it makes no sense. I mean it's entirely dependent. It's a personal experience. You were transported like Paul, St. Paul was transported ... but it's its a personal experience ... I mean, I hear, I mean, I could be very cruel and say you were, you were, you know ... divisive. ... and you've had some*

Well anyway, I went on some antibiotics the other day and they were horrible. Talk about Dante's inferno. It was an image... and um ... I'll tell you what... Mr. Scott, Scott, Scott Stevenson, Jekyll and Hyde. You know the story. And his evil psyche. ... Well we know the story. How is it resolved in the end? He died, I can't remember. He is a split....

I don't think it's any good for me to be in this film.



{René Magritte, double image is passed around}

*I don't want no tea*

I don't remember visiting myself when I was younger, if I did, I would say oh you did look alright there.

*Tea tea, I've been making tea for the last 70 years, im bored of tea.*

I was too busy planning the future in the communist party, we had two meetings a week. We were very active.

We would discuss what was going on in America, and what was going on in the Soviet Union and we would fight for what we thought was right. There was lots of discussion, politically.

*I think it's got worse.*

*How it could be worse?*

You pension. You get in. Your pension is 400 and something pound. And you get 10 pound. And Margaret Thatcher is still there. You're all talking and you don't know what you are saying. You're getting 400 pound.... Labour government .... I went in Camden high street and the man say, he say .... you'll be getting 350 pounds and we put 10 pounds on it.

How much you getting... not 400 pounds you all never see that. I came in this country... when I came in this country and they talking about the... the car strike and nothing like that... Look what they trying to do. They saying they want man make baby. And they having kids today. 16 years... They having babies and they can't look out for them... What you want men to have baby for. They mad. They can't look after them young kids. 15, 16 years... having babies

{René Magritte, double image is passed around}

*Is this the one who's in space?*

*Tea?*  
*Has this experience of the birds... was it... was it just the one... Did it shape your life. Did it change your outlook. Because I mean... Have you ever seen this film, the birds Alfred Hitchcock. Has it shaped your life, well, mind you. Do you believe in the Christian God?*

*If you don't believe in God what do you believe in?*

Society has improved

{René Magritte, double image is passed around}

A double.

{René Magritte, double image is passed around}

*A split personality....*

*... the medical condition, I worked, used... the sisters we used to volunteer in Edinburgh at the hospital.*

Society?

*is worse*

{René Magritte, double image is passed around}

*I'll have a cup of tea*

What chokes me, and I've been on strikes and everything else, we brought it on our selves

{René Magritte, double image is passed around}

You still, I still remember the old things and the new things, I can remember the first bus I

*I can't understand a word he is saying*

Society...

Well, anyway, this... morning I... was listening to radio 3... and British British scientists. They've made a breakthrough. Cervical, cervical... something... but anyway they can manufacture semen in the lab. And as a result they will become redundant....

I was the first to end it I was the first to say this is finished. My husband laid down his communist party hat. We were young and innocent and we didn't know.

I thought I was going to fight nature, but they said I said when we want rain we'll have rain and when we want sunshine, we'll have sunshine. We were going to get the world right, well we weren't very successful were we...

My grandson he lives in this country, he is 32 years, I give him . . . car . . . two weeks ago he came . . . told me granddad he bought a new car. £6300 . . . old people, old people today they suffering. . . I said they are suffering, because all this foodishness . . . men to have, saying they want men to have babies . . . what are you married with a girl you have 3, 4 children. . . what men having baby for. They mad. . .

Girls, 14 years, 15 years, they are baby. . . you can't maintain them properly. People are saying. . . why? Men in this country, they go school, girls, 14 years, 15 years and some of them have babies. 18 years they have 3. Why you want men to have baby for? Leave them carry on . . . My time is not so long. When I came in this country. See this queen. Euston station. The queen. It was I on the number 6 platform. I drove the train into Euston station. . . 43 years. After when I retire, my foot started to swell. I take two operations. They took out my gall bladder. I retired. . . When the time come God will come and take me.

Listen let me tell you. . . Margaret Thatcher had given us 10 pounds for Xmas and its still there. . . When Tony Blair was there . . . I . . . my pension came up to 350 pounds. And this year it come to 400 pounds. And the 10 pounds from Maggie Thatcher is still there. Who is making all this kind of stupidness. They mad. What they know about pension. . . Tony Blair, Tony Blair. . . He take over from Margaret Thatcher. He was much better and is 100 times too, but that he did when he go and night take out the goodness . . . he had no right to go and kill those people. . . He make a fool of himself, he spend millions to go and fight that war and now . . . they are saying men want

### Men can have babies?

'you're still the same person, you can't change your habits or anything. I mean I could walk into a bus now and probably drive to Southend if it . . . when I got to Southend would I eat as many jellied eels as I could when I was there, no? abhhh you don't know what you're missing, the parsley sauce, you do not know what you have missed.

Do you know the. . . well the best place, to buy jellied eels, I was out with my wife shopping, which is a very unusual thing, I hated shopping, so err were in selfridges in the food hall and there was this little girl and her mother was at the counter, so she said mummy, mummy, mummy they got some jellied eels, so . . . she gets up, so I said they no 99pence, so I said I'll have 4 of them, you know its different stages, oh they were delicious, but I felt sorry for my poor wife because they er, all my mates wanted em. Do you know I've seen her come home with 18 cartons of eels, and all my mates reckoned they were good, the prices went sky high, and that was it, because they were selling, I went down about four weeks later just to see and it had jellied eels, the price was from 99pence, they put em up to 4pounds. You know.

Reclusive.

Marriage now is practically finished. . . You know. Marriage. Between a man and a woman. You know, and the white dresses. And I remember. . . at the outbreak of war . . . quite a wedding. With Margaret Lockward and Derek and dear octopus.

. . . which is a thing for the family . . . and these things have gone by the ball. What you have now. You have partners for good or ill. *No but it wasn't because it was just because. . .* I think it probably. . . maybe I can't. . . I know a. . . This chappie, he's having difficulty. He was in the Scots soldiers and he's, he's . . . had some business . . . and he's very distressed and I was hoping Hoping he might come here. Because. To open out you know and . . . we've got another one . . . some queer types . . . poor little him. He comes out of his room about twice a year at Christmas and then he goes back in . . . reclusive. . . I want to be alone. For some reason. . . Yes, yes. This man, he puts on a . . . he talks about his father being 6ft 3. . . he's not quite so bombastic but when he first joined me. . . he joined him the Scots guards. He was knocking them all over. . . sergeant majors. Anything.

It was an education for me, my time in the communist party, I learnt more being there than I would have in any university.

We've learnt something from it. We've learnt. . . I used to fight for the soviet union because . . . I felt that America was far too advanced and was just out for capitalism.

Scene Three. Memory

There is a lot of things that I could remember ... memory. . . . memory to talk about it and sometimes it slips, you understand. Because it . . . happens to you. Well according . . . I don't have no special favourite memory anything like that but if I see something I memorize it. . . . yes yes yes if I go somewhere. . . . there is plenty places. . . . I could go and I went back there again and I could tell you directly I went there before because. . . . when I first came in the country I used to drive a train . . .

..When Margaret Thatcher come and ... sign this ... Easton, Euston ... station ... It is I who went in Watford, drop her in Watford, took a train, it's not Watford . . . she was supposed to be . . . but I took her 1960 something 66 something like that. . . . Yeah

Scene Three. Memory

My husband, he was a communist, historian of economics. But we've been through that. . .

I was in the communist party he was in the young communist league. That's where we used to meet, how he met me. I never met him. He met me. He used to come to my office and put his feet on my desk, with his post office little cap on and then use to, there was a woman that was there and she liked me and she got very jealous of him coming along and taking me over, so she didn't like him very much wanted to get rid of him poor old Ron, mind you he did come in and lord himself about, have you met him?

I never fell in love with my husband ever. I don't even now what falling in love means. I never really fell in love. I wouldn't really know if I have, is abstract, people say to me, do you remember your first sex with so and so. I might remember that just vaguely, you know, how can I talk about, mates. They all a bit boring. Not individually but I think that you except too much from them and you don't get it and you think what was all that about. Poor old Ronald. He was never a really had someone exciting to compare him with really. So I don't have anywhere to start if I can't compare him

Scene Three. Memory

I came back to London. Silly boy. And the blitz began. I worked in all sorts of factories. In those days there was sort of um. . . cheap, er . . . most of the err. Skilled workers in London. Most of the older people have gone into the services. I was a boy. . . a tea boy. . . . or did some. . . . I used to go out and err. . . . and I must have been in half a dozen different jobs. . . . In the west end, little tiny jobs. I just remember the one name and it made some electrical goods and it went for war production. . . and I. . . . no I never . . .

. . . I do remember. . . most of these small places were private enterprise and they would come round . . . I. . . the old manager would come round. It was general practice. They would give you your money. Out in a tin. It was in a tin. I forget the amount. I think it made up a pound. And there it was. And you would sign it. And then later on, unfortunately because it was a stupid life I was leading. After the war finished, and err I . . . became. . . I went into. . . I discovered. . . I took evening classes at the working men's college in Crowndale Road.

Scene Three. Memory

. . . . . oohh the arthritis . . . . I can't clap my hands . . .

*I think, I always think, when you're looking for, you put something somewhere and I'm sure I've put that there, you know, money I'm talking about, and you can't find it and then suddenly one day you might come across it, that's where it was all the time and there's not a happier feeling when you think it's turned up for you after all that.*

*Have you ever lost something for some time and you've thought to yourself I can't understand where that's gone and then you give up, one day you suddenly come across it and I think that's the best feeling you can have, you think oh that's where it was all the time*

*It's a wonderful feeling you've lost something you really treasure and you find it*

*Sometimes I put something where, I don't know where, and then I'll come back the next day and I've thought well I've put it somewhere and I've thought well, and the next day I've picked the thing up. . . .*

*I get mostly confused when I put something down and I can't remember where I put it. The next day you probably find it when you*

. . . the mind is so funny

Scene Three. Memory

Memory? Memory remembers . . . stuck in your memory.

The day war broke up, the kids, with their gas masks, I went away about that time, I remember crying. I went to a home and I remember the woman was called Charlotte, I went to Corby near North Hampton.

It's all very distant . . . incoherent now, but at the time it was real enough, and I, I remember, just one, one thing, a Mars bar, I think it was a Mars bar, we had pennies and pence in those days, at night . . . I had a friend, we would smoke. It's all very, when was it, when the war broke out, I've learnt since it was the first of December with the double invasion of Poland, two polish ladies came to the home.

*Yeah yeah you know you go and you say, this ain't new to me, I've been here before and you you, all day long where you've been, but you've haven't been there it's in the memory, and you still don't, probably you seen something of this place on the television and forgot all about it. . . I've been there.*

My wife is in the Royal Free, no, no, now she's at St. Margaret, the nursing home, she had um, what do they call it? De. de., dementia and sometimes I can walk in there and you'd wouldn't think with her, she's talking like, just like and then all of a sudden, they say the next day oh she's run away again. . . . The reason why she runs away is because she done see, see why she will . . . she should, locked up for not doing anything, not commit a

Scene Three. Memory

Yes

hmmmm  
babababa  
hmmmm



Why some people they call..... they have sex and having 7 and 8 and ten and 12 kids. You not supposed to have all these children... you see the trouble is you have to think about... if you die.... if you sick people going to take care of the children but not how you will take care of the children ... even you die, .. so not supposed to have all these children and all this .....

When you have so much children you think about those kids and then urt you go somewhere and..... you been able to have.... enjoy yourself, protect yourself and why 7, 8, 10, 12 children... I don't have 12 I haven't got 12 even if I had 12 children I... I have 5 kids ...-afterwards I say no I cant carry on with this... I tell you with woman its very very.... with woman when they have one kid, they have 2. They want to have 3. They want to have 4. They want to have 5. You have 7, 8, 9,

I see 20, 7, 27 ... that's right listen let me tell you something. You can have it on your own but if the woman insists you should protect yourself, protect yourself, buy things and protect yourself... you want to blame the woman but it's not really the woman you supposed to buy things and use and protect yourself and kind of ... yes yes protect the woman because I don't know woman having 7. She has 7, 8, 9, 12, 14 that's too big.... you could be ... bed... you yourself but its not all there is plenty things beside making ... too much children too much children

I have 5... not 5, 4 children ...2 boys... they are police Neville and Norman, you know... they are police...

Sex is the overriding theme, especially from puberty. Or round that age ... I know, I, I was quite young when I was introduced to sex to sexual... and it still haunts me ... and it comes back and I suffer guilt and I... I... read that the Gospel... Purify the thoughts, the spirit, purify my spirit, oh lord... ..you know drive the impure spirit out ... but you know ... the reality... the brute ... I don't... when people come to puberty and middle age um ... its um .. you ... and it becomes ... I went on a binge you know over several years ...

My frame ...  
... frame ...  
... poor old soul ...

I can see my mum and dad, they were very very in love with each other, my mother, she had seven children but unfortunately she died giving birth to the last child and I was 9 years old when she died, from then on life seemed completely terrible, ... your father is at a loss, the children are at loss.

They really loved each other, I can remember all my uncles and aunts on a Sunday would arrive up on their motorbikes and side cars and my mother would have laid a lovely big table for us to all to sit round.

I can see my mum and dad

She was rather a sleepy dreamy sort of woman wasn't she

I mean there are ... all sorts of schools of psychology aren't there... Freudians and so on...

Are you saying that sometimes you surprise yourself, you wake up and you're in a situation and you fall back and er..... who I am... it keeps rising up... You surprise yourself.

Scene Four, Film	Scene Four, Film	Scene Four, Film	Scene Four, Film	Scene Four, Film	Scene Four, Film
(Twilight Zone starts, episode 'Five Characters In Search of an Exit')	<i>Are we going outside?</i>	<i>The twilight zone?</i> We're all au fait with it. Pinnadello, yes.	<i>A ballerina</i>	<i>Five characters in search of an exit? An exit? Oh yes right about five characters. Oh right I see, a bagpipe player, I see ... Yeah ... And they're all trying to make their escape? Their escape? The zone, the twilight zone? Oh yes, the second one...</i>	<i>Do they all have different exits, and characters? ... I see</i>
(Twilight Zone starts, episode 'Five Characters In Search of an Exit')	<i>I need the toilet.</i>	When the captain... err the general... says have you... tried banging on the wall... have you looked up here... have you stamped your feet... and all these various... have you done everything to establish where we are? I take it they have done everything... we have exhausted every philosophical approach... have we had... et... what is man... have we exhausted the possibilities... I mean philosophers have been coming from the sun, in groups, as far as we know... they've been going... so there may be a... I don't know... have we exhausted... there may be other thinkers, coming along in the future, er, something some sort of scientific... There is like... Dawkins and so on who claim that the, er the universe... everything is explained through the scientific method... I'm not quite sure but everything according to common sense more or less, way back in the middle ages it was Thomas Aquinas, who proposed it, who cast it in question terms... of course I think... I don't know...	(Twilight Zone starts, episode 'Five Characters In Search of an Exit')	(Twilight Zone starts, episode 'Five Characters In Search of an Exit')	(Twilight Zone starts, episode 'Five Characters In Search of an Exit')
Hnhhmmmm			<i>Their in space are they, something similar to space, there going to take them into space are they?</i>	I wish I could explain it. I would need to be a philosopher to explain, but a few words are always better than none, you've heard that, so I can only give my interpretation of it... I could be wrong, wrong I could be corrected, is it, err... the thing is in there, you know what I mean, like, from a biblical point of view, there better can't just say we're going into space and we're going into fresh air, there must be something radically... something behind it all, I could be wrong by saying that, this is only what I'm saying, you know? I could be wrong, I could be right, I could be wrong... Well, the main point is, it's very good, I enjoyed it, don't misunderstand me, it's a good thing, whether you're right or wrong to have a discussion, well I can only think along these lines... surely there must be something you can't just throw anybody into space, and everything like that, without something being there, truly there must be a God above...	
	Toilet, I need the toilet.		They need to get out of there. (cough cough)		
		What would be the difference between... I know a person... a Baron Münchhausen person... he's not restricted by... a film as a matter of fact... I sort... I know... somewhere with Margaret, with Susan... I		... you don't believe in God? I'll leave it, maybe I've gone too far, I've been too extreme, nevertheless it's interesting, and I agree with you, you know, I wouldn't be here otherwise... .. hahahahaha	

<p>... oh Casablanca. They're showing Casablanca. And err it was a popular war time picture of... just after the war... yes that's right... and the famous song. A kiss. . . . There's a chap in our unit, not only the Baron Münchhausen, he's 95 . . . and he is telling them... that he shouldered... he was called up... And he went to Mogadishu. There's a big island. Somewhere in the Indian ocean. Madagascar. John was saying today they shot....It was a Vichy French apparently, a Vichy French, he was shot by the British. Lined up and shot.</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>We'll I have...I went to ... Something called. It was. I must have been... 14 or so... I saw John Wayne... and in er ...Stagecoach and the music. And the mountain and the background. And in the stage coach... oh yes, in the stage coach. There were half a dozen people. A banker. And various characters. And John Wayne. It was dark. A desert storm blew up. And eventually the Indians came. From that great mountain. And Wayne and Claire Trevor. . . I never heard of her . . before . . she only made one or two. But John Wayne... they were... and it was very dark and . . . They were very quiet and you could see. The cigarette would be smoking and Wayne evidently was trying to make contact with Trevor. . . . It was all very mysterious . . . because apparently they were outsiders . . . and at the end Wayne comes to life, as it were . . . and he goes over to the man . . . in charge of the coach.... I fat man.... a fat man.... I remember the man... change the coach. With a beard. He was driving the coach. He was over. Or something. . . and Wayne takes over.... and the horses brings them to a stand</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>Why do you want to discuss about a cinema.... I'm 85, ...you think... my grandson is bigger than him you know, two boys, Neville and Norman... I'm talking about my grand's son...we used to go there... the cinema on holidays and Sundays.</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>I used to go to the cinema with my mother and sister, used to go every week, see all the old films, all the old film stars, and then, I used to love it, I didn't go much else apart from down in Kentish Town, there used to be...</p>
<p>Brothers and sisters never got on, they were always arguing with each other, there was no peace in it, so there a truth in what you're saying.</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>Leicester square, cinema . . . . yes</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>I read in the paper, computer operator, needed for the BBC. And I'd not long been tested and I'd gone and learnt how to do this and I thought, I'm going to apply for that and I feel now, computers, coming into this country now and of course its got bigger and bigger, this is arithmetic, not letters</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>The film, Stagecoach, it was the making of John Wayne as a cowboy and it there, one of the best standing character actors was Andy Devine... thanks to Andy Devine my wife can name every jump entry horse that John Wayne was over. . . . he was brilliant, in this film he was going to show three brothers what killed his</p>
<p>The different characters there's an element of unity and they are bonding together, there's a unity.</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>What's this?</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>... I was in Terry's Juveniles, a dancing troupe. . . . In between the pictures, I had a lovely time. Terry's Juveniles, we used to perform in the interval, I've got some photographs.</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>... I was in Terry's Juveniles</p>
<p>... Cinema yes I remember</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>Cinema yes I remember</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>... I was in Terry's Juveniles, a dancing troupe. . . . In between the pictures, I had a lovely time. Terry's Juveniles, we used to perform in the interval, I've got some photographs.</p>	<p>(Image of a cinema passed around)</p>	<p>... I was in Terry's Juveniles</p>

The one down in the square and it was quite cheap in the afternoon, all the kids used to go . . .

hhmmmm long time ago,

. . . oo . . . that was . . . . .  
that was . . . . .

*What about John Ford's other one . . . before that . . . The Informer? His mother. And he is. What's that called. . . .* Preston Forster was the IRA leader. . . . I don't know quite what caused it. And Charlie McGregor. He was Australian. And he played the part of the informer. He was the bully boy. His poor mother. An old woman then. . . . I mean it was. . . the informer. . . . and a feminine voice. . . . He also starred. He started in. . . what was it . . . The chief. Hungary. I was surprised. He had a uniform. A very stiff uniform. . . . Marlene Dietrich was in it . . .

My husband used to go more than me generally, but I did go once a week, once a week with my mum and sister, and see all the old . . . Marlene Dietrich. . . my husband, my father was a film actor, we were in Sanders of The River with Paul Robeson, and I was in Men of Two Worlds with my father, I was on a set stripped down to the waist with jewellery all round me tits, I used to hate it, I use to hate having to strip down to the waist and have all this jewellery around me tits, I was about 18, so 60, 70 years ago . . . well Men of Two Worlds, Sanders of The River, and Plant in The Theatre, down Crowndale Road. . . it got bombed, or there was fire there . . . it got ruined anyway.

*Great actor that, that Andy Divine, he seemed. . . . more than George. . .*

Yes  
Godard. Visconti. Bicycle Thieves, I saw them years ago. . . in Charring Cross, Charring Cross Road. . . I know. . . there is a Greek theatre. . . . I used to go to evening classes at Crowndale road. . . within Greek theatre . . . Around spitting distance was a Greek theatre . . . Around there anyway. Kings Cross. . . around Euston round. . . er there was a place . . . The Regent. Cinema where I saw lots of films. . .

*John Wayne is yesterday. Why John Wayne is yesterday. Why you talking if I want to play somebody. . . John Wayne is yesterday. . . I don't recognise the person that I want to play.*

The only Marx Brothers I can remember . . . . . and while I'm about it. . . . I couldn't think of the regal lady. Her name was Marguerite Dumont. She had the, she had the pince-nez. She was . . . er, Groucho. He was always in hot pursuit of her.

My father's, my father, he used to drink rum, that was his drink, his drink was rum, rum and women. . . . One woman was getting her. . . and the husband came over to protect her and they shot him and he said I've been shot. . . and he died there, I was 30.

*Pisachio please.*

Olsen Welles, he was so. . . . I never. . . Olsen Welles. The films made in Spain. Chimes of Midnight s. . . s. s. s. s. s. . . The Tudors and um. Mary Tudor. She was the daughter of Catherine of Aragon . . .

*Strauberry please,*

*Ice cream? Chocolate*

I was a nun for seventeen years. I was on television, they needed a nun. I was 21. It was the ceremony, the church was in Scotland, the convent was there, it was a beautiful island, and the bishop he was thirty and he picked the flowers out of his vase and the water was yellow, but he drank it. Love is my falling down. They were very liberal at that time, I became engaged to a doctor, and they allowed me to write to him and he said, you can choose, he said choose me though or I'll be sad every day of my life.

*Rum and raisin, please*

*It's not an easy decision is it, you're talking about John Wayne, you're talking about Andy Divine. . . when you're speaking about Andy Divine your talking about an advanced man, he became more supreme than John Wayne.*

I think something that came across too, with the characters, they were all very very different but they appeared to have the same stress and the same needs. . . . the clown the whole lot.

Now you come up here, you don't know nothing, don't know nothing. . . you ever seen grapefruit? When you cut it and you take of the heart and you peel and you cook that grapefruit with fish. . . oh limmmmmmm.



Scene Five, Old Age

Oh, it's a long long while  
from May to December,  
And the days grow short  
when you reach September.

When the autumn weather  
turns the leaves to flame,  
And you haven't got time  
for the waiting game.

And the days turn to gold as  
they grow few,  
September, November.

And these few golden days  
I'll spend with you,  
Those golden days I'll spend  
with you.

Scene Five, Old Age

For it's a long long time from  
A to Z, or September,  
And the leaves grow short  
when you reach September,  
And the Autumn weather  
turns the leaves gold,  
And he says...  
And somehow I hadn't got  
time for the waiting game.

It was a man...  
called.... Walter Huston.  
He sang that, believe me,  
the American, you know  
the great. . . the great  
Huston family. You were  
talking about John Huston,  
er.... no... John Ford.... but  
actually it became. In the  
German. In... Bertolt, Ber-  
tolt, Bertolt Brecht, one of  
Bertolt, Bertolt Brecht's um  
German um thing. And I  
thought it was beautiful. . .

She's she's... I'm 83, I was  
born on the 4th of July.  
Yanky doodle dandy. I  
think that's were a lot of  
American films. . . came  
from. I'm 83. In July. Last  
July and um... I used to  
go to the er... I used to  
come down to the Heath,  
there, the Everyman, they  
would bring round tea in  
the interval. . . ladies, a tea  
and a chat.

And I go to... well  
low and behold, um um, I'm  
finished now. finished I'll  
make another contribution  
later on.

Scene Five, Old Age

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Those golden days I'll spend  
with you.

The only thing  
that changed me, (cough)  
was I had a near accident.  
Not my fault, I know  
everybody says that but this  
is true and er... I was ...  
going on for 70 ... then ...  
and I... sss ... when I got into  
the garage I parked the bus  
up, tore me licence up and  
said that's it because I knew  
myself that I wasn't as good  
as I thought I was and I... I...

You see you get films that  
agree with that and then  
further down the line, you  
get, oh you're too old now,  
and sort of kick you out.  
You're too old, leave you  
with a blanket bit of grub  
and leave ya. You know

You wonder what  
it's all for, you know what I  
mean... what was I going to  
say...

Yes it was St. Margarets and  
it was a large mansion, very  
lavish, wonderful views,  
somewhere up in Hamp-  
stead somewhere, and you  
see the country, I found it  
to be ... I... I... I wasn't happy  
there, before... before...

My husband is there, I'd  
cook him a cup of tea or  
whatever he wanted, but  
here, you loose your inde-  
pendence, which I think is a  
little bit sad.

I can agree with  
that because I used to cycle  
everyday to work and when I  
finished, retired from work,  
I put my bicycle in the garage  
and thought don't worry I'll  
be back and I was and I still  
like to cycle.

It's absolutely won-  
derful here...  
but the only thing  
I don't like is the feeling  
that they don't trust you to  
go out and come back. At  
home I always do what I  
wanted to do, go shopping,  
ride back home...

You'll never change  
people I mean as I said,  
my father, he had 21 in his  
family. You can't imagine,  
21 kids, and when that time  
came for him to retire, he  
wouldn't retire because he  
told my mother .....

You're just left...  
You take it this way with  
me, my case. I know there's  
hundreds like it, but my  
wife suffers from dementia  
and she's taken and put  
into St. Margarets and I was  
put into Wellesley Road  
and I said, why me, I've got  
all day now to look after  
her, the only time we got  
er, chain her down, or get  
somebody in to look after  
her is nighttime, they said

(LOUD SNORING)

Without being  
disrespectful to old people I  
prefer to be with young people  
myself. I think older people  
have a lot to offer, but  
in the main to younger people  
and I'm happier when I'm  
in the company of people half  
my age.

I don't sleep at night, I have  
too many catnaps during  
the day, so that anytime I  
nod off you should wake me  
up. I need to be alive in the  
situation, otherwise I nod off  
during the day and then I  
can't sleep at night

(Snoring)

(Snoring)

... I... I... I had  
a cousin she used to work  
here, her light skin... tall  
and stout... She came and  
see me when I was in the  
hospital... is she here?

... I'm not going to nod off  
am I, I've got stay awake

I can't hear . . .

*A Frenchman want there,  
actually he was an extreme...  
well what I would term an  
extremist... in the period  
you're talking about... Gros-  
venor Square... what  
did... did Fletcher go? oh yes,  
68, Paris... in Paris...*

Yes it started with the Paris  
group. Later on the were  
also people like Berrie  
Russell... I mean he was,  
he was an old timer then  
wasn't he, and this chap  
whose... Ben... there's some-  
thing about it even again  
tonight, the older people...  
lord Ben, pillars of the es-  
tablishment... and in those  
days even Bennie with his  
pipe, *Tony Benn*, thank you  
yes... I think... something,  
... I think something...  
somebody must have  
given... cockles... must be  
given those, when she was  
on a demo march, there  
was that young...

I belonged to the book club  
first, where we used to have  
the books Bookmarx. The  
Communist book club and  
then the communist party  
and then generally just from  
being active within the fam-  
ily, I used to have meetings  
in my own home, we had  
meetings in our flat twice  
a week. Well I always took  
part in anything that was  
going on, I mean even now,  
I don't miss out on any-  
thing. Usually if anything  
is going on in the home,  
they come to me and say  
do you want to go and I'm  
there, I want to be there, I  
don't want to miss out on  
anything, that's going on.

*What is it you saying about  
Margaret Thatcher?*

What, Margaret Thatcher  
change? What Thatcher  
change? Things worse for  
you all, we all in this coun-  
try... Ahh that is what you  
say, because, I'm telling you  
if Margaret Thatcher did  
not abolish hanging in this  
country... all these people  
they kill in America they  
would never do it because  
they know they could get  
killed... How a man 200  
hundred and something  
people... and you, you,  
you, you, you, let off the  
man, say he can go to his  
own country because he  
have never. When you kill  
you kill, you kill somebody,  
you kill 6, you know you  
have to... all these people  
they would not do all this  
killing...

36 years, he was in the  
coal mines as 12 year old  
and I was down at 14, you  
had no choice, otherwise  
the company would have  
become obsolete, that's the  
name, yes yes, a tough job,  
there's nothing easy about  
it, you've a lot to contend  
with, put it that way, you're  
blacked out, gas, white gas,  
all the gas under the sun,  
until the inventor one day  
invented the Glen lamp,  
it was lamp that shone,  
you know the light inside,  
we used to have birds, you  
know, canaries, sparrows,  
canaries, down the coal  
mine, to let them know  
when the gas was coming,  
but this glen lamp saved all  
that, it saved the birds.

I know this much I was  
very pleased to have met  
somebody like Charlie here,  
because when I came here I  
felt very frightened... what  
have I... what is it going to  
be like that sort of thing.  
When you're in a place like  
this you don't talk very  
much, I'm not saying, it's  
not... I think they're won-  
derful, they're wonderful to  
us old people.

*We're not interested in poli-  
tics at our age, why?*

I don't think old people are  
interested in politics.

It weren't an easy world at  
that time... you can't change  
people... only God can do  
that himself, so you know  
what I mean, people when  
they can't stand each other  
it will be a better world to  
live in it... it's a problem...  
it's always a problem.

*It's a bit dull isn't it, it's  
dark, it's not very bright,  
You go out looking for the  
bright bit.*

What's better than help-  
ing the one you've spent  
your life with, my wife and  
I have been married 55  
years, they separated us...  
just to say you can't do it  
sort of thing, alright I've  
far as I could and they give  
me that to help me breeze  
along, take your time, but  
it's not vital for me to walk,  
first thing in the morning it  
helps with me balance but  
after that I'm alright.

When you become an  
older person yourself and  
you want all the attention  
that you don't get then you  
sort of think, Why aren't I  
getting it, done better than  
this?

For my wife, it's a joke,  
because she gets out and  
their away looking for her  
and she says I want a taxi  
this time, not a police car  
and they treat her like, the  
coppers are very good with  
her very good, come on Ivy  
come on, they're not open  
yet, come one you know,  
they're really real...

*Oh yes they are.*

I can remember the strikes,  
the worst one was the last  
paper strikes because it  
affected me, my friendship  
with a friend, I'm trans-  
porting general workers, he  
was national union of this  
or something, and he said  
you're mob never elped  
us when we were out on  
strike and I said no, because  
Margaret Thatcher was  
clever she changed all the  
laws regarding picketing  
before she even started on  
the miners.

Well, it's not so important  
to me now as it's used to  
be, but I'm still interested  
in what's going on, I read  
all the local papers and na-  
tional papers and I get most  
of my news from papers and  
from the television.

You can't make  
things better can you...  
we've explained it all at  
that time there was a great  
communist chap called the  
Callagher, you know, in the  
mines, you know what had  
Trudagar square. Where do  
we go from there, but you've  
got to believe in something,  
you can't leave Gods earth,  
you're just a lump of fresh  
air, you're just a Human  
being.

Young people, they going to school with knife and they kill this, they kill that, and they have to pay people to feed them in the prison, pay people to cook food for them.... say that when you kill somebody they kill you.... when you go in prison, you walk in, people see directly....you done something for what you done, they would not have... Worse thing is, here in England... even though... I don't go in America. I don't never go in America..... You have children 9, 10, 9, 8 years, they have..... they sending them to school and they are beating the teacher, wait let me finish, late at night and a girl come to school and the teacher tell her about something and she pick up something and she hit the teacher and one thrash in the head and blood . . . ambulance have to come . . . why this kind of thing have to happen.

My father was in this play and he gets malaria, he dies in it. *Whose that young actor, what's that young one? I can't get his name, you need to remind me.*

My husband . . .

Whatever happened to her, a chu... or the e.r.e.e.; existential leader.....um oh he's the err... he ahh blimney, *Satre, thank you darling, yes, Jean Paul Satre. Let's face it before I ... before I ... he ughg...*

Where is my frame. . . I need my frame, if I had my frame I could go to the toilet.

. . . I've got a pad on, I can hold it I suppose. . .

*I can't understand a word he's saying.*

I could be wrong, you can correct me if I am wrong, correct me if I'm wrong.

Those politicians, people who held a bit of power, they were so fed up after that long drag, we all know what I'm talking about, 1939-45 ... that they wanted ... and they did, they created the NHS and who ruined it? we did ourselves, the working class, you can get 6 pair of glasses down the road for nothing, teeth for nothing, they were down the doctors queuing up, I cut my finger, I just suck it, you know, it was all to fast, it all come in too quick.

*Esperanto, Esperanto, it would have to come back in again. . . Esperanto, it would have to, it's Spanish . . . it wants to come back again. It would take us back, it's, well, stabilized. There's an old saying where there's life there's hope....*  
..... *hahahahahaha*

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

What is that. I can't see. A play. Are they criticizing him because of something? I can't see... An older gentleman?... That's not him. Is that him? I can't hear what he's saying, that's why we need telecast underneath.

He seems very docile to me.

I can't hear what he's saying

He's grumbling? We can all do that can't we, and we do I suppose, on and off.

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

I've heard of the tape yes and the better known one is Waiting for Godot. Quite so. Yes thank you darling

He seems very docile to me.

I can't hear what he's saying

He's grumbling? We can all do that can't we, and we do I suppose, on and off.

(Clip ends)

No, a bit like us is he? Well actually, what should happen really then, is you should film us, when we're not even really aware that you're doing it, so take us from life and then put us on the screen and say this is what you were doing and then we can look at it and... and and say my God I never did that did I, you know. There you are... you see I should be a film director. You see if we didn't know it was happening, you're taking it all the time aren't you? It would be more natural wouldn't it? Or you think that we should know we are being filmed, and therefore put on our best behaviour? So actors you'd have actors and actresses doing it instead of real people? Well that's not much help is it. Because if you know that they are going and actresses we're not going to take them seriously are we? We would take them seriously if we thought they weren't people like us. You could take any little bit at any time.

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

I'm a bit worried about your birthday, when is it? Oh, don't be like that. I want to, I'm sitting here worrying about it now.

... is it Saturday?

You're teasing me now, he he he he

So it is Saturday. Heh, ehehe

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

What are you talking about birthdays for, its around now, I... ain't going to tell you because I don't want you spending your money.

Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

What are you talking about birthdays for, its around now, I... ain't going to tell you because I don't want you spending your money.

Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

That man looks like me, sounds like me...

... No, no.

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

What are you talking about birthdays for, its around now, I... ain't going to tell you because I don't want you spending your money.

Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

What are you talking about birthdays for, its around now, I... ain't going to tell you because I don't want you spending your money.

Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

What are you talking about birthdays for, its around now, I... ain't going to tell you because I don't want you spending your money.

Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

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Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

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(Clip ends)

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Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

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Don't worry about it

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Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

What are you talking about birthdays for, its around now, I... ain't going to tell you because I don't want you spending your money.

Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

What are you talking about birthdays for, its around now, I... ain't going to tell you because I don't want you spending your money.

Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

{Clip of Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape' plays}

Can you see?

What are you talking about birthdays for, its around now, I... ain't going to tell you because I don't want you spending your money.

Of course I am.

Is not Saturday heheheheh

Don't worry about it

(Clip ends)

*You've got that sound recorder on the table, so you can put that up and we can say I never did that surely. You know.*

And what have you. And various renaissance... There's something... no matter how much... You can be too scholarly... The masterpieces that have been shown here... or rather the excerpts. It's the usual practice isn't it... Verrigo and yes, and um... the Gielgud business, hahaha I...

... *Oh yes, drama yes*  
... I, Gielgud and the other British actor, I was very judgemental and said that both of them... were homosexual, and um... I I I I don't know that Sir John... classic roles and all that sort of thing... And Bogarde, very yes... Scarlet Pimpernel and things like that... Could I just, I'll try and make it... a final word... The title of the film was A Man For All Seasons, and it was in colour of course... The cast was Robert Shaw and um... Moore himself was played by um... um er... ..

I like kitchen sink dramas, they're the films I used to like seeing.

*Yes, I think it's a good idea*

*An actress play me? I don't want somebody playing me, there wouldn't be as good as me, I'm unique you see... nobody could play me and get away with it, I don't need somebody being me, I'm already an actress myself.*

I've don't that haven't I... on holiday if I went to my house in France for instance and I've been with people that I know, um and I forget what the question was, but, but anyway, I don't think that I will ever loose my... I don't think that I will ever loose my independence. I don't intend to... I get a lot of independence in my home, but do have, I have made it happen. I'm the one whose in power in my home.

I don't know why, I don't know why, I met him opening my door... I met him when I stand up, stand up, he says, I say, ing. I say, what you turning out the light for, why you turning out, no clothes on him... you know, just little white underpants, no shoes, no vest nothing. Did you saw him? Did you saw him

*Drama, yes, I prefer drama*

Well, as I can see, I watched good actors, I watched good actors, nobody playing himself or playing a role that they have made their own, he's this he's that, it's a good film... Everybody knows what he is, what difference does it make, he's doing, what we want to do make a film that we can watch. Yo... you know Dirk Bogarde made the doctor films which were brilliant he also made that one where he's executed er... in France, the revolution.

*It must be very interesting to make a film. What is the film actually about again?*

*It's good... yeah... it's good because... it's this time, you're doing time, you're doing it now. It'll be informative.*

Dancing, dancing from different parts and places.

You want to get your film on television, so people can turn it on when they want to.

I was thinking about... Audrey Hepburn, Dame Bogart, well, it varied, Wallace Beery, a famous... he played the piano...

*hahahahababababab*

*hahahahababababab*

*hahahahababababab*

*The words, the words, it's a good idea...*

*Might be might be, but... I was in a film before... I don't know what the film was all about. You didn't see me but I was... I went down there about 5 or 6 times...*

I forget what is was called, but that was another good film he made, he made so many and er... h h i i h i s... his sex life had nothing to do with the film and he had nothing to do with sex on the film, I just, he was a good character actor...

(General laughter)

(General laughter)

(General laughter)

*A revolutionary on  
the guillotine, was it Leslie  
Howard?*

I'm deaf, I'm deaf...  
I don't know where my  
frames gone.

*The Scarlet Pimpernel*

One last shout across the  
bowls, Today it's secular.  
They're all secular types.  
And it sort of waters  
things down . . . I'm com-  
mitted . . . I'm a roman  
cath, catholic... thats good  
enough... and I think ...  
we're being distracted by  
the humanists and so on.

*It's not me who fell, it's the  
chair. I need the toilet*

(General laughter)

(General laughter)

(General laughter)

*In the film?*

It must be very interesting  
to make a film.

... a film...

(General laughter)

(General laughter)

*No no it was Bogarde played  
in the film and it was Leslie  
Howard who played the  
scarlet ...*

*The Scarlet Pimpernel*



**THE  
TIGER'S  
MIND**

**BEATRICE GIBSON**



# “ALWAYS PLAY THE MUSIC WHEN YOU GET STUCK”\*

A text generated through a conversation  
between Beatrice Gibson, Will Holder and John Tilbury

\* John Tilbury, in contrast to Robert Ashley, who insists that “Talk and music don’t mix. Different parts of the brain or something.” (*The Future of Music*, 2000)

‘Lately I’ve been trying to think about making films as an exercise in making people move. I’ve been trying to think this idea of making people move through the medium of film; and more specifically through the medium of the script. So the way I think of the script – just to be clear – is not as the result of a single person’s labour but as a much wider thing, a sort of methodology in and of itself, that has something to do with, or that participates in and instigates a kind of “poetics of activation”.

‘Essentially, my work draws on, and references, many of the ideas in experimental music practices of the 60s and 70s, *and* specifically, ideas *around* collective authorship and this “poetics of activation”.

‘To be more specific: within experimental music there is a focus on, a kind of rethinking of the hierarchy between performer and composer or rather composer and performer, and an essential part of *that* was the proposal of more democratic and egalitarian models of production. So I’ve been thinking about those things – and about the score in particular – as a kind of paradigm for my own production.

‘So I just want to read this quote that Cornelius Cardew writes:

In transposing these texts into a form more suitable for reading, literary conventions have been used with respect to articulation (colons, semi-colons, brackets and dashes, and the use of quotation marks when statements in dialogue are broken up into paragraphs). These insertions – as well as the indication of titles – are italicised in order to indicate the minimal addition to what was said. Besides this – to avoid repetition – any questions asked are incorporated into the given answer.

“Treatise: working notes”, from *Treatise Handbook*, first published by Edition Peters, Hinrichsen Edition Ltd, 1971, reprinted in *Cornelius Cardew, a reader* ed. Edwin Prevost, published by Copula – an imprint of Matchless Recordings and Publishing, 2006

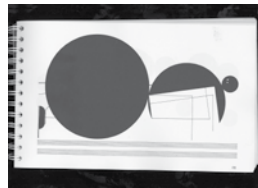
Notation is a way of making people move. If you lack others, like aggression or persuasion. The notation *should* do it. This is the most rewarding aspect of work on notation. Trouble is: just as you find your sounds are too alien, intended ‘for a different culture’, you make the same discovery about your beautiful notation: no one is willing to understand it. No one moves.

‘So, it’s in relation to this idea of movement that I’ve invited John and Will to have a conversation, and what we thought we’d try and do was a close reading of a score by Cornelius Cardew called *The Tiger’s Mind*.’  
‘*The Tiger’s Mind* was written in 1967, a time when Cardew was involved with improvisation. This was the only piece – or score – he produced in 1967. Going back a bit further: what had happened (certainly in Europe in contemporary music in the fifties and early sixties) was that the scores had become very prescriptive. In other words: the performers were carrying out orders, carrying out a sequence of commands. He – or she – was told precisely what to do and when to do it. So the performer had basically become a technocrat with no (or very little) artistic input. So it was like playing in a straightjacket – and this was no fun for any of us.

‘There was a reaction to that by the composers themselves – in particular Cardew – who wanted to put the performer back at the centre, the hub of music making, where the performer was actually invited to make a creative input into the music. The performer would have a say even so far as determining the form of the piece of music. So it became much more collaborative, as it had been in previous centuries when the performer was encouraged to improvise and was given a good deal more freedom.

‘This, of course, started way back in the nineteenth century. The scores of Mahler, for example, were extremely prescriptive and then it went on until you got to the really extreme cases of the music of Stockhausen and Boulez, in particular. So this was really a reaction against that. Many of us performers should be and are eternally grateful for this turn of events.

‘We talked about the poetics of motivation, something similar to the poetics of activation, and that’s where we come to notation: How do you get people to move, how do you get people to assume responsibility? Freedom comes or should come with extra responsibilities and that of course is what you have here with *Treatise*, the performer is not told what to do.



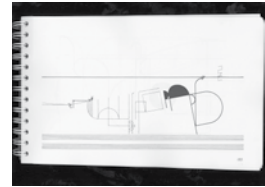
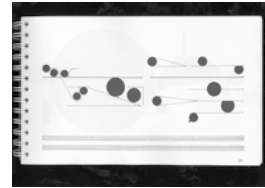
'*Treatise* is a score of 192 pages of an astonishing variety of symbols, and was originally printed without any instructions at all. It was just delivered – you read the 192 pages. What you can see – from a pretty cursory look at it – is that certain symbols feature during certain sections of the score. So for example, the very obvious one here (on page 131 and the preceding six or seven pages and following): you've got a section in which circles feature. Then you would have another section where squares feature; or freehand diagrams of some description; or even the five-line stave features; or numbers feature. What the performer has to do is to assign sounds to these symbols. So the performer has to decide what kind of sounds are suggested or prescribed by say the symbol of the circle.

'For example, if I'm playing the piano I might decide – in the section which features circles – that I will use the prepared piano. (The prepared piano is a piano into which various objects – bolts rubber plastic – are inserted between the strings, creating a complete change in the sound of the piano.) So that could be the feature of the circles that are instantly recognisable.

'And of course you have to do this for every single symbol, of which they are probably about 80, so the mind is really taxed and – even more than the mind – the imagination is taxed as to what you do. It's already quite a challenge.

'The next question is of course the question of consistency. So if on page nine a circle makes an appearance, then you must do something which links it with the circles of the following pages. Then of course the question arises of the difference between circles: how to actually mark that, how do you show that? How do you perform that? What's the difference between a large black and a small black circle? Or a large white circle and a small white circle? Or come to that: what about circles which are not circles which are half circles or quarter circles? So it becomes a real can of worms.'

'*The Tiger's Mind* is not a graphic score, it is a verbal score and I think that this is one of the key distinctions that we want to unpack.'



Cornelius Cardew, *Treatise*, 1963–67.  
pps. 135–7

## THE TIGER'S MIND

Sextet

CORNELIUS CARDEW

### DAYPIECE

The tiger fights the mind that loves the circle that traps the tiger.  
The circle is perfect and outside time.  
The wind blows dust in tigers' eyes.  
Amy reflects, relaxes with her mind, which puts out buds.  
(emulates the tree).  
Amy jumps through the circle and comforts the tiger.  
The tiger sleeps in the tree.  
High wind. Amy climbs the tree,  
which groans in the wind and succumbs.  
The tiger burns.

### NIGHTPIECE

The tiger burns and sniffs the wind for news.  
He storms at the circle; if inside to get out, if outside to get in.  
Amy sleeps while the tiger hunts.  
She dreams of the wind, which then comes and wakes her.  
The tree trips Amy in the dark  
and in her fall she recognizes her mind.  
The mind, rocked by the wind tittering in the leaves of the tree,  
and strangled by the circle, goes on the nod.  
The circle is trying to teach its secrets to the tree.  
The tree laughs at the mind and at the tiger fighting it.

First published in *The Musical Times*, June 1967. Later published by Hinrichsen/Peters Edition

## NOTES

INTERPRETATION of the piece is to be viewed hopefully as a continuous process.

Initially the two texts given above should be regarded as limiting (i.e. play the given actions in the given order), the Daypiece and Nightpiece being used for performance on alternate occasions. All musicians should memorize the text to be used. Subsequently new actions and situations may be allowed to arise spontaneously, concurrent or interleaved with the given ones; also the succession of events may be altered, more or less at random (e.g. a performance of the Daypiece might open with the tiger asleep in the tree, or the mind loving the circle, or Amy's mind putting out buds, etc.). After additional experience it may be desirable to devise new texts involving the same six characters—the new texts should then be memorized as before. Finally it may be possible to play without a text, simply improvising actions and situations involving the six characters.

Initially the six characters may be played by six musicians, each one knowing which roles are allocated to the other players. Later, each musician may select his own role and allocate the other five roles without telling the other players (so that player A may select tree for himself and regard B as tiger, while B has selected tree also and regards A as circle—in this case we already have two aspects of tree present at once). Alternatively, each player may select his own role and allocate the other five in the course of play, as required by the performance of his own role. Logically, after this stage it is no longer so important that there be six players. When there are more than six players the characters may be duplicated or multiplied as often as necessary. However, Amy should never be duplicated (obviously it might happen that two players both regard themselves as Amy, but this is allowable as long as each

one regards himself as the only Amy). When there are 12 or more players the roles should be allocated by a performance director and made common knowledge amongst the musicians (e.g. performers 1–6 are trees, 7 is Amy, 8 and 9 make up a circle, 10 is the wind and the rest are tigers). When there are less than six players, people or objects or sound sources outside the group may be used as dummies—without necessarily informing them of their role (for instance, if there are four players it might be convenient to take a sleeping onlooker—or an object in a sleeping position or a tape-recording of snoring—and place a tree-object in a position such that he becomes the tiger sleeping in the tree. He may sleep on for the duration of the performance. If he wakes he may still be regarded as the tiger, but the players should be prepared that he act not in accordance with the text. Alternatively a mechanical tiger may be devised—although it might seem more appropriate to devise mechanical minds, winds or circles). If there is only one player he should play the tiger.

The duration of the piece is not limited and it should preferably be performed on its own.

\* \* \*

THE FOLLOWING NOTES on the six characters are not limiting or definitive. They are intended primarily to encourage and assist prospective performers in the assumption of their roles. However, they do contain phrases that may be used in performance as additional material (e.g. Amy holding the tiger by the tail, the circle spinning, etc.). Individual performers may modify the given details and add new ones if they so desire (e.g. a zoologist performer may object to the view that the tiger's growling is instinctual, and might wish to add the structure of his paws enables him to travel soundlessly over a particular kind

of terrain. However, if our zoologist cannot accept tigers sleeping in trees he should choose a different role—at least until such time as the given texts have been discarded).

AMY is a person. She worships the tiger. She tags along holding him by the tail. Her mind is occupied with things close by. She comes to no harm in the wind, although it brings her intimations of things far away. However, in high winds she should avoid climbing trees.

THE TIGER is a beast; he likes to hunt. His face when he sights his prey is a silent explosion. In lean seasons he must conserve his strength and be on guard against manliness. Movement is his language. His growling etc., are merely his instinctual noises.

His telecommunications system is based on the wind which brings him scents and sounds from far away. His hearing and sense of smell are very acute.

THE TREE is supposedly insensate. But it does respond to the stimuli of wind and sun, and is also subject to sickness. It can sustain severe damage and still repair itself. It is a haven for all kinds of life (animals, insects, plants) some of which are dependent on it parasitically. It keeps within itself a record of its age (seen as concentric circles). It is hard yet pliant. Dead trees may remain standing for centuries after their death. In life it expresses the circle of seasons in its flowering, its falling leaves, their changing colour, the rising sap, etc. Ironically, its seed is borne away on the wind which is a potentially dangerous enemy. Being unaware of the effect of its being, a tree may be beneficial, inimical or neutral in relation to others of its kind (e.g. it may be protecting a neighbouring tree from high winds at the same time as depriving it of vital sunlight. Having no mind of its own, the tree is a constant stimulus to the mind.

WIND is insubstantial: visible and audible only through the objects in its path. Wind is a persuasive image of freedom—blowing when and where it wants, now hot now cold, now hard now soft, now sweet now sour, frequently screaming, wailing, whimpering, groaning, but never suffering, always intact—but crack this image and behind it we find that wind is totally determined throughout its insubstantial being—on the one side by the atmospheric and geographical conditions that generate it and on the other by the form, size and substance of the obstacles in its path. Sometimes wind seems to vanish completely for days on end, but this is an illusion—he is ever-present.

THE CIRCLE is an abstraction; the characteristic of myriads of things, the substance of none. It is a special case in the class of ellipses (the straight line is another), as the square is a special case in the class of rectangles (again the other extreme is the straight line). The faster it spins the less it appears to; when its spin reaches infinite velocity, the circle rests. It is a creation of the mind and at the same time a threat to it. In some inconceivably special situation the wind might cause the circle to acquire direction, enter time, become a wave.

THE MIND itself is never in danger, only its user. When the mind absorbs the threat of the circle, for instance, the owner may experience headache. If the owner relinquishes his mind in order to escape such effects, he is exposing himself to unknown hazards (from which the mind had previously protected him). If the mind is relinquished it lies dormant waiting for a new user. The mind is a nonentity—hard to recognise.

*On the repertoire of musical memories and the disadvantages of a musical education.*

The great merit of a traditional musical notation, like the traditional speech notation i.e. writing, is that it enables people to say things that are beyond their own understanding. A 12-year-old can read Kant aloud; a gifted child can play late Beethoven. Obviously one can understand a notation without understanding everything that the notation is able to notate. To abandon notation is therefore a sacrifice; it deprives one of any system of formal guidelines leading you on into uncharted regions. On the other hand, the disadvantage of a traditional notation lies in its formality. Current experiments in mixed-media notations are an attempt to evade this empty formality. Over the past 15 years many special-purpose notation-systems have been devised with blurred areas in them that demand an improvised interpretation.

An extreme example of this tendency is my own *Treatise* which consists of 193 pages of graphic score with no systematic instructions as to the interpretation and only the barest hints (such as an empty pair of 5line systems below every page) to indicate that the interpretation is to be musical.

The danger in this kind of work is that many readers of the score will simply relate the musical memories they have already acquired to the notation in front of them, and the result will be merely a goulash made up of the various musical backgrounds of the people involved. For such players there will be no intelligible incentive to music or extend themselves beyond the limitations of their education and experience.

Ideally such music should be played by a collection of musical innocents; but in a culture where musical education is so widespread (at least

‘I want to read a piece that Cardew wrote later about the relationship between, or about the transition from *Treatise* to *The Tiger’s Mind*. He was in Buffalo finishing *Treatise*, in 1967 (where he wrote *The Tiger’s Mind*) and he speaks of the difficulty of getting musicians – and especially for his preference, non-musicians – to be able to play a score like *Treatise*, as clearly it becomes quite a complex affair. He talks about people’s literacy, and about the fact that (he says) ninety percent of musicians are visually illiterate and find it extremely difficult to transpose this score into music. And he says it’s usually mathematicians and graphic artists that find it a lot easier to produce music using this score.

‘He says “depressing considerations of this kind led me to my next experiment in the direction of guided improvisation. This was *The Tiger’s Mind*... I wrote the piece with AMM\* musicians in mind. [*The score*] consists solely of words. The ability to talk is almost universal, and the faculties of reading and writing are much more widespread than draughtsmanship or musicianship. The merit of *The Tiger’s Mind* is that it demands no musical education and no visual education; all it requires is a willingness to understand English and a desire to play (in the widest sense of the word).”

‘So when John introduced *The Tiger’s Mind* to this conversation ... at least that’s the way I see it: that this conversation is another of a series of conversations that we are having. And we are looking at how the conversations are going to be transposed into a book form. So how they are going to be transposed, or represented, or stimulated by way of the printed page.

So by way of printed matter, words on the page or symbols on the page – or let’s just say ink on paper... When John brought this text to the table, as it were, I was extremely provoked. Or extremely happy, because I knew of this work, but I hadn’t really looked at it closely; and what Cardew writes there about this idea of, let’s say: the democratising effect of the English language on these relations; or let’s say: the relations he has, whereby he chooses the English language because [*the players*] all speak English; but let’s say language as a motivating force; or: the language – as *we* have now said – that incorporates in itself this “poetics of activation”.

‘*What is* this difference between the graphic score and the language-driven score?’

We've been looking at the score of *The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*: it's just text, it's flat, the text is not articulated in any graphic way (in the way that making *certain words* bold or italic might do). Why *was* that decision made, or could we imagine parts of the texts or an accompaniment to the text as being more of a graphic or visual notation in relation to what Cardew calls "the natural context". How, let's say, that recorder is picking up what we're saying and we'll be able to transcribe that into words but in relation to everything else that happens in a conversation and how that could be either motivated, stimulated, directed, scored or notated in relation to the printed page. That's the question.'

'What *The Tiger's Mind* does very effectively, unlike *Treatise*, is to be more a notation of feeling between people, based on the relationships amongst AMM, and I find that intriguing. When John put this score on the table I was enticed by it because I'm not as familiar with verbal scores as I am with graphic scores. What's amazing for me about this score is that it's both a document [*of the relations*] and a set of instructions. It's a paradox: a score for improvisation. I think – from a layperson or from an artist's perspective – I understand what kind of social model the graphic score is proposing in terms of the performer's freedom of interpretation. But this, *The Tiger's Mind*, I just find mind-blowingly open and exciting; and I also find it quite confronting in relation to my own film-making, because I think it's a very different thing to put this in front of a bunch of extremely experienced musicians and to require them to move, than it is to work with, say, the residents of an old people's home\*.

So when I do work with, let's say: laypersons' communities, I do in fact end up constructing open situations of which they are able to author parts. But they are highly composed and structured and my role as author is very explicit in some ways, so they are a contradiction. They are both open situations but extremely authored open situations and I find this score both enticing and terrifying in terms of the different level of freedom that it proposes.

'(Concerning the idea of text versus graphic or visual *instruction*.)

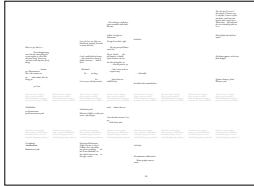
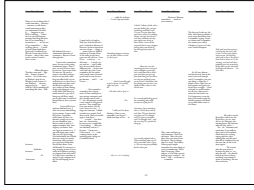
When George Clark and I were editing the script (or the score) for the film [*The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us*], we had this day when we put the entire score on the wall and instinctively responded to it visually.

among musicians) and getting more and more so, such innocents are extremely hard to find. Treatise attempts to locate such musical innocents wherever they survive, by posing a notation that does not specifically demand an ability to read music. On the other hand, the score suffers from the fact that it does demand a certain facility in reading graphics, ie a visual education. Now 90% of musicians are visual innocents and ignoramuses, and ironically this exacerbates the situation, since their expression or interpretation of the score is to be audible rather than visible. Mathematicians and graphic artists find the score easier to read than musicians; they get more from it. But of course mathematicians and graphic artists do not generally have sufficient control of sound-media to produce "sublime" musical performances. My most rewarding experiences with Treatise have come through people who by some fluke have (a) acquired a visual education, (b) escaped a musical education and (c) have nevertheless become musicians, ie play music to the full capacity of their beings. Occasionally in jazz one finds a musician who meets all these stringent requirements; but even there it is extremely rare.

Depressing considerations of this kind led me to my next experiment in the direction of guided improvisation. This was *The Tiger's Mind*, composed in 1967 while working in Buffalo. I wrote the piece with AMM musicians in mind. It consists solely of words. The ability to talk is almost universal, and the faculties of reading and writing are much more widespread than draughtsmanship or musicianship. The merit of 'The Tiger's Mind' is that it demands no musical education and no visual education; all it requires is a willingness to understand English and a desire to play (in the widest sense of the word, including the most childish).

from "Towards an Ethic of Improvisation", in *Treatise Handbook*, Cornelius Cardew, 1971

\**The Future's Getting Old Like The Rest Of Us* is a film conceived in the format of a TV Play, set in an older people's home. Part documentary, part fiction, its script (by Beatrice Gibson and writer George Clark) was constructed from transcripts of a discussion group held over a period of five months with residents of four Care Homes. Taking B.S. Johnson's *House Mother Normal* (1971) as its formal departure point and employing the logic of a musical score, the script is edited into a vertical structure, featuring eight simultaneous monologues.



Beatrice Gibson & George Clark, script for  
*The Future's Getting Old Like the Rest of Us*,  
2010, pps. 13–14

‘We stood back and said “Well, page two looks really black so we should shift a bit over there” and it wasn’t really about content, it was more about moving graphic shapes. So that was one way in which the page – or the graphic – started to play a really important role in relation to text.’

‘The different models of authorship that these two things propose; or the way that authorship is distributed differently within the graphic and within the visual are radically different. With *Treatise*, you have symbols that ultimately have to represent something – not necessarily a sound but an action of some kind. Dancers have actually performed this, using it as the basis for choreography. Nevertheless it’s representational: these symbols have to be dealt with in some way. With *The Tiger’s Mind*, there are no such symbols. What you have are two elements: abstract thought processes and relationships between the characters, which are absolutely key. If you read it through you find that the characters are interacting with each other, and of course that comes from the music. The music was improvised. Apart from Cardew himself, AMM weren’t readers, they couldn’t and wouldn’t read music. They weren’t interested in reading music, they just made music. In fact if you put a score in front of them, even *Treatise*, even *The Tiger’s Mind*, if you put a score in front of a bunch of improvisers, it’s like *showing* a red rag to a bull: they wanted to rip it, tear it up and devour it or throw it away. So you don’t talk about scores.

‘Christian Wolff once said that notation – in relation to how AMM plays – and what it produces is unimaginable, or words to that effect. It would be impossible to notate it, to find any way of notating it. But Cornelius – being the person he is – actually comes up with a notation, a kind of verbal notation of what happens.’

‘He was *once* commissioned to write a piece for a choir, and again – being Cornelius – he didn’t write any choral material at all, he just gave them two stones and asked them to bang them together.’ ‘He got them to improvise with whistles.’

‘But this is a more serious philosophical attempt to try and describe what actually happens during improvisation (which is totally free). But there are these relationships between the players that are psychologically very complex. For example, let’s take a very crude example which occurs: supposing somebody is doing something that you find utterly distasteful, what do you do? Do you go up to the person and say



“Excuse me, I can’t stand what you’re playing” (I’m talking about the players amongst themselves, not the audience) Or do you try – metaphorically as it were – to guide them by the hand somewhere else?

‘You try and change a situation by playing.

‘And another less dramatic one: suppose you’re into a certain kind of texture let’s say, a certain mood even. How long does that mood go on for? How long do you continue that texture? When does it seem the right time to change it? And, of course, people will decide that at different moments. Somebody might say “this is the time to change”, and begin to shift, whereas the other four want to stay where they are.

‘So you get all kinds of tensions and that’s exactly what Cornelius managed to depict in that wonderful text. And when you read on, it’s very interesting when he talks about the characters themselves. The way he describes the mind and the circle, it’s something that borders on the psychophilosophical. It’s a mixture of psychology and philosophy, which is what happens when you play: you get into cognitive thought. You say, shall I do that again, shall I actually play that motif again or shall I not do it? Shall I move on and do something else? There is, if you like, a pressure on you to be very alert. You have to be intensely aware of everything that’s happening outside and inside, and inside yourself, outside in the audience, outside in the environment, inside in the music and so forth. You have to be aware of that and it’s how you deal with a situation which makes it, dare I say it, which makes it good or bad music. Which – as my daughter would say – makes it worthwhile to get out of bed for. “Dad, is it worth my while getting out of bed to come and hear you play?”

“Of course it is, but it’s not always worth your while getting out of bed for other people.”

‘Such is my arrogance, but if you can’t be arrogant at seventy-four, when can you be arrogant?’

‘One more thing: I mentioned the stream of abstract thoughts in this text. What I like about it is when it kind of slips into kind of naturalistic images, like for example,

The tiger is fighting  
Amy jumps through the circle  
The tiger sleeps  
She comforts the tiger

These are all ordinary things that are quite naturalistic,

The tree burns  
The tiger groans  
The tiger sniffs  
The tiger hunting  
She dreams

And there is also a very strong connection with English nursery rhymes. It's so much embedded in real life, even going back to the nursery. So you get the juxtaposition of the abstract with the very simple and the naturalistic. You know, *The House That Jack Built*?

The tiger fights the mind  
that loves the circle  
that traps the tiger  
that made the house that Jack built.

I won't say anymore, you take over.'

'Well, listening to the recording, with the score in mind, you begin to understand it as a map of social relations in the way that you might not if you hadn't actually read it. Which says something about the value of the score, even though the improvisers themselves would potentially ascribe no value to it. In relation to that, Cardew always said that a recording of an improvisation was a pale echo of its original, *[though adds]* "but news has to travel somehow" which is basically how he positions the recordings.'

'Is the score, or the notation of the performance — or of those relations — about news travelling, or is it about producing an object upon which the players can reflect on their own practice? Improvisation is so much about immersion, so much about that moment of experience.'

‘That’s hit the nail on the head, *[and again]* this score in particular is both a document of something and a set of instructions, and that’s why we all said this is a can of worms and a paradox: a score for an improvisation’

‘and *[as a document,]* a recording is also a given, a different form of exchange: you receive it, you know it, you have that recording and it doesn’t really *[instruct]* you to do anything with it. We were talking about that yesterday in relation to text. It seems to me that every composer understands that a work is not complete and *[this]* ties in with the idea of literature, in terms of authorship or putting something on the page – let’s say the author recording his thoughts on the page – that the reader still has to do fifty percent of the work. Authorship is shared.’

‘If I read a book, I am reading written words and I decide, for example, the speed and which words are more important for me. If I listen to someone reading the same book, it’s different because I have to go through his interpretation.’ ‘And if I make something italic or choose a certain typeface then I’m putting weight on how that work will be read.’ (‘Which is why I would keep the recordings out of it.’) ‘Which is not the same as talking to the author. He has to find a way of transferring his thoughts for posterity or, he has to record them for the eventual reader that might come along in three hundred years’ time. It makes me think of Christian Wolff and the relationship between music and text. Wolff *[not only]* said “you can’t notate this”, “you can’t notate AMM”, *[but]* he was talking about how music existed in ancient Greece and that most people accept that it was subsidiary to storytelling. In terms of recordings and *The Future’s Getting Old...*, and in relation to how memory is created and how they impose themselves on your memory, obviously the relationship between music and tonality or inflection has an extreme relevance to that...to the reception or the storage or the memory or the recording of ideas and text. Cardew said that this production of “Informal sound acts subliminally rather than on a cultural level.” I was really interested in this idea of the subliminal, or the recording of what’s attached to information, or what makes it become a document in your mind instead of a document on a piece of paper. And the subliminal in relation to how this music is produced seems to be relevant, in terms of creating memory and finding technologies or finding means of passing on information that might be considered more human – let’s say less mechanical and less technologically driven – than how other forms of memory are created.

in Alex Waterman, “Conversation with Christian Wolff”, *AGAPE*, 2007

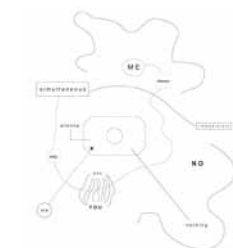
in Cornelius Cardew, “Towards an Ethic of Improvisation”, *Treatise Handbook*, 1971

Again: that ties into this relationship between sound and music. And again: Christian Wolff said that music was produced from text, music came after, or was a response to, or is almost subservient to story telling and ritual. [*The storytellers*] realised that the subliminal has an effect on memory and has an effect on storytelling. Its use becomes a functional decision, as opposed to an evolutionary process of going from sound to language or music to text. We need to bring back an understanding of the functionality, [*by*] reversing that chain of events. Again: this text [*The Tiger's Mind*] is not only a score – it's not only provoking music – not only instructing music but also Cardew's document of how this music was made. It's a portrait of four people that he worked very closely with. It's an archive of his way of expressing his practice. Every line contains a relationship between one of the characters or two of the characters,

the tiger is in the tree  
or  
Amy is asleep in the tree



Augusto de Campos, *here are the lovers*, 1955  
Trans. A. de Campos, Marcus Guimarães  
and Mary Ellen Solt. From Solt, ed.,  
*Concrete Poetry: A World View*, 1968



Ricardo Basbaum, *Diagram*, 1998



Ricardo Basbaum, *Diagram*, 2006

'I spoke earlier of Brazilian concrete poetry and the position of words on a page as representative of social structures, or productive structures, or informal structures and I'm wondering how something like *The Tiger's Mind*, which was written with quite an intimate knowledge of four people and their practices, based on the fact that they were already producing together and already understood each others language. There is already an efficiency in the language or in the knowledge or the material that is exchanged and I'm wondering how that translates outside of the group, if it's seen as a model for practice, or for relationships, and how that transposes to people who aren't as intimate as we are [*now*].'

'These – as models of social relations or proposals for more democratic configurations – come from another time, i.e., the sixties. What is the relevance for us today? How can we recuperate these things with any meaning? A lot of the implicit social and political ideas have been co-opted by capital and commodified. Corporations go on "collaborative trust" weekends, for example. These are oppositional terms that came from the 1960's, that have been recuperated and lost a bit of their political punch. So the question for me is – and I don't know if its answerable / I'm trying

to answer it through working with these things – what do these models mean today?’

‘Amplifying this: a Japanese friend told me that Japanese businesses send their employees – their businessmen – to courses on Zen because it makes them more efficient in selling their products. They meditate and do courses on Zen Buddhism because they find it helps their balance books, helps them to make profit.

‘The capitalist system is well known to be a very predatory system. It gets into claws into anything it can. We have to find a way of resisting it, in my view. I’m probably in a minority of one here.’

‘Two...’

‘...three...’

‘...four.’

‘When somebody asked me once what kind of music will we be playing in 50 years time, I said “I imagine – so far as one can predict – it will be some kind of music of resistance.” That’s what that was, and it still is. Music is quite a dangerous subject, because it has a strong tendency to promiscuity. We all know about Beethoven’s *9th* which has been used by fascists, communists and now it’s even the EU hymn. It tends to lie down with anybody, its not too fussy. That’s the problem with music isn’t it? It lends itself happily to abuse. We have to realise that, but at the same time it’s very unreliable; Cardew used the word “uncatchable”. You think you’ve got it and then it runs away. The facists think they’ve got it and then it runs away. The EU think they’ve got it and then it goes somewhere else. It’s never really pinned down. It has that wonderful elusive quality and thats what we demonstrate in music like this: it can’t be pinned down, its always going somewhere else. That is its strength and its weakness, this un-catchability.’

‘Like a conversation.’

‘Yes. Yes, like a conversation.’

## THE TIGER'S MIND

Framed by a new publication by British artist Beatrice Gibson and editor and typographer Will Holder, the exhibition *The Tiger's Mind* is the first solo presentation of Gibson's work outside of the UK.

Besides the three existing films\*, a new work—comissioned and co-produced by Künstlerhaus Stüttgart—forms the departure point for the show. Conceived as the first chapter to the new publication *The Tiger's Mind*, seven practioners (John Tilbury, Alex Waterman, Celine Condorelli, Jesse Ash, Christoph Keller, and Axel Wieder) have been invited to Künstlerhaus Stüttgart to hold a conversation in the space, scored by Cornelius Cardew's 1967 composition of the same name. Employing the composition as a score for voices, the topic of the conversation will be its own production, the form of the conversation becoming its content, and the content of the publication. In the context of the exhibition, what is left behind or generated during the week will act as a critical reflective object, an additional piece throwing the existing films into relief.

Wednesday 23 November — Sunday 28th November

Conversation open to the public.

Sunday 28th November

Public Performance 7pm .

\*on show

1. *A Necessary Music*  
2009, HD film, 30'.

2. *The Future's Getting Old  
Like The Rest Of Us*  
2010, 16mm film transferred  
to HD, 45'.

3. *'If the Route.' The Great Learning  
of London*  
2007, SD Video, Performance  
Documentation, 48'.

4. *"In order for it to really be about  
talk the objects couldn't be the sole  
representation of speech, there needs  
to be a sense of the production of  
speech and of the production of work,  
that the work process and the negotia-  
tion of things is also on display.  
Maybe this is a kind of prosopopeia-  
tization in the sense that these are  
voices that aren't normally heard,  
they are not normally for the listener."*†  
2010, Installation, chairs, table,  
music stand, score (A4 sheet), gar-  
dening tools, cello.

†Alex Waterman, in conversation with  
Beatrice Gibson and Will Holder, May 2009.



# THE TIGER'S MIND

Wednesday 23 – Sunday November 28, 2010  
Künstlerhaus Stuttgart

with

Jesse Ash	as	wind
Celine Condorelli	as	tiger
Beatrice Gibson	}	as circle
Axel Wieder		
Will Holder	as	Amy
John Tilbury	as	mind
Alex Waterman	as	tree

and

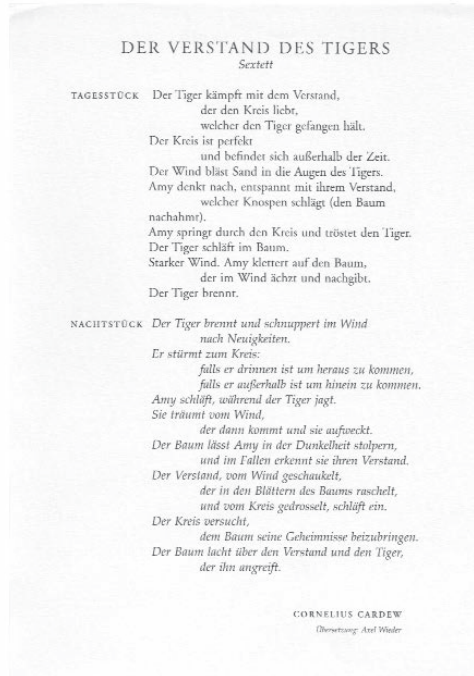
Christoph Keller	as	first member of the public
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The following is a transcript of the week-long conversation, which took place in Künstlerhaus Stuttgart, on the occasion of Beatrice Gibson's exhibition *The Tiger's Mind*. It was initially imagined that these conversations would be edited or reiterated for the public presentation at the end of the week; whereby the presentation would function as a collective editing tool (i.e., 'everything we decide to present will be reproduced in print').

It was decided that the less self-conscious conversations were more generous towards an audience / reader. The title of the fourth work in the exhibition at Künstlerhaus seems to explain the logic behind this decision best:

*"In order for it to really be about talk the objects couldn't be the sole representation of speech, there needs to be a sense of the production of speech and of the production of work, that the work process and the negotiation of things is also on display. Maybe this is a kind of prosopopeiatization in the sense that these are voices that aren't normally heard, they are not normally for the listener."*



## DAYPIECE

The tiger fights the mind that loves the circle that traps the tiger.

Die inspirierende Quelle des Textes, *The Tiger's Mind*, von C.C. ist eine sogenannte Metamusik, eine improvisierte Musik die eine quietschende Tür und eine rostige Türangel sowie eine Violine und ein Klavier einschließen kann.

Man sagt dass so eine Musik lässt sich nicht aufschreiben. Dieser Text, T.M., ist ein, vielleicht tollkühner Versuch so eine Notation zu kreieren.

Im Kern dieses Textes, und dieser Musik, wie sie sehen, und wie sie hören werden, ist der *sine qua non*, der menschlichen Existenz: Verhältnisse, zueinander, zu der Natur, und innerhalb der Natur; zum Beispiel zwischen Baum und Wind — was ganz am Anfang des Textes ausgedrückt ist: *The Tiger fights the mind that loves the circle, that traps the Tiger.*

'Kein Mensch ist ein Insel' wie der Dichter sagte. Und wie Sie auch im Text bemerken können, diese Verhältnisse können gütig sein: lieben, entspannen, trösten, träumen, u.s.w. und sie können auch böse sein: kämpfen, stürmen, stolpern lassen, drosseln, angreifen. Und es gibt unzählige Mittel, in Literatur, in Film und Musik, wie wir diese Verhältnisse künstlerisch charakterisieren können.

(transl.) The inspirational source of the text *The Tiger's Mind* written by the composer Cornelius Cardew is a so-called meta music; an improvised music which embraces the sounds of a creaking door and a rusty hinge, as well as the instrumental sounds of the violin and piano.

It is said that such a music cannot be notated. This text *The Tiger's Mind* is a perhaps foolhardy attempt to create such a notation. At the core of this text, and of this music, as you will see and hear, is the *sine qua non*\* of human existence: relationships, to one another, to nature and within nature, for example between the tree and the wind, which is expressed right at the beginning of the text: **The tiger fights the mind that loves the circle that traps the tiger.** 'No man is an island' as the poet said.

As you will also notice in the text, these relationships can be benign: loving relaxing comforting dreaming etc., and they can also be malign: fighting storming threatening strangling etc.... And there are myriad ways in words — in film and in music — how these relationships can find artistic characterization.

\* *n.* an essential condition; a thing that is absolutely necessary.

Mind's notes for the public presentation at Künstlerhaus Stuttgart, November 28.

MIND (in English):

Beatrice: it seems to me that relationships are also at the heart of your narrative.

CIRCLE speaks.

MIND (continues): This text *The Tiger's Mind* was written in 1967 as a response to an improvised meta music, which was begun in the middle 60s by the group AMM. This recording, parts of which you will hear, was made in 1966. According to the text, the performers are assigned roles: Amy tiger tree circle et cetera. In "Daypiece" I (mind) love Beatrice who plays the Circle. In contrast mind and the tiger are in a constant state of hostility.

To Beatrice:  
 It seems to me, dearest B. that relationships are also at the heart of your narratives....

Dieser Text, *The Tiger's Mind*, wurde in 1967 geschrieben, als Antwort auf eine improvisierte Metamusik die in der mittelsechziger Jahren, mit der Gruppe AMM, angefangen hat.

Diese Metamusik, die sie hören werden, wurde in 1966 aufgenommen.

In diesem Text werden den Performern Rollen zugewiesen: Amy, Tiger, der Baum, der Kreis usw.

Im Tagesstück Ich, der Verstand/Mind, liebe Beatrice (den Kreis)

Im Unterschied dazu, der Verstand und der Tiger (Celine) 'kämpfen'.

'John, when we transcribed\* the Serpentine conversation you were the easiest to put back on the page, because it seems like you don't make any distinction between now, or if there's an audience, or if it's just you and me in a pub, or you and B.

'I'm not sure where that comes from but it seems to me that you don't really have a public persona or a different form of address in relation to a public.'

'Maybe not (or: I'd like to think that).'

'Or: the discrepancy between them is extremely fine and in terms of punctuation (or: bringing your spoken words back onto the page) it was really straightforward in terms of how it maintains its meaning. I had a lot of trouble with myself and a bit of trouble with B as well – in how you have to re-edit and re-punctuate and add certain words to maintain the meaning. I think it related a lot to what we were talking about there: these improvised moments – that you can't score them (or: you can't notate them in hindsight), you can't make written documents of these improvised pieces.'

'My problem with this production is it's the first time I've done it without music (I've done it quite a few times with French people and German people, Yugoslavian people) I need my music to give me a sense of worth of doing something because the music (gestures and music)... It's a huge sacrifice and I don't know whether... I'm very nervous about it, music is my (kind of) alibi... without the music I am nothing (in a way), I've always cried when I hear music.'

'Last night it seemed that you were still hoping there'd be a piano here.'

'Well I'm glad there isn't. Obviously when you have the music thing with the students, they are music students. It's more like you are preparing for a concert or something, it's very pragmatic. In Germany I remember it got a bit obtuse because they love talking. You know "What is an intentional sound?" "What is a half-intended sound?" etc., and I had to inject some Anglo-Saxon pragmatism into it: "You know we've got a concert in three hours time? You can't discuss the meaning of life here. We've got to get cracking!"'

\* See the preface inserted into this book "Always play the music when you get stuck."

The circle is perfect and outside time.

*An author can't directly control a reader's translation of his or her text, but he or she can propose, point to and encourage such a model of action, creating what Umberto Eco would call a "work in movement." Think B.S. Johnson and how he jolts you out of passivity through speaking directly and unexpectedly to you, interrupting his own fictions with muscular and emotional outbursts. Or: how he makes you sit up and weep by printing entirely blank pages upon the death of one of his characters. (The way his self-reflexivity manifests both formally and at the same time in the service of his narrative continually amazes me.) Or: think Robbe-Grillet and how he forces you (yourself) to construct what seems absent in his relentless concern with attribute, quality, and the surface of things. In some ways you could say that Robbe-Grillet's vision is a distinctly cinematic one, not simply in the sense of its obvious concern with optical reflection but to the point of actually containing within it a kind of (stage) direction: 'On the left ... On the right.' As readers or spectators, we feel as positioned as the objects themselves, our gaze circulated endlessly amongst and in between them. You could say the same of James Joyce – that his writing belies a fundamentally cinematic set of concerns – in terms of montage, use of flashback, cross-cut. An editing, in other words, of time and space that is somehow reminiscent of a camera.*



'So here we are today. This is *The Tiger's Mind*, the third or fourth book in a series that Alex [Waterman] and I started making a few years ago. Alex used to describe *Agapē* as dealing with "collective reading processes" – and the presence of the reader or the interpreter in those processes – and it opened with this score of *Suites for Cello* which was copied by Anna Magdalena Bach, his wife – the copyist. Alex suggested this morning that (my character) Amy is Anna Magdalena the copyist, and I think it has a lot to do with me and my position, not only here but in all of my practice.

'The second book in the series is *Between Thought and Sound* and this was accompanying an exhibition on graphic notation – scores and instructions using graphic devices. This one is the Earle Brown, quite often considered to be the first or an extremely important catalyst. Earle Brown was a jazz musician... ' (It was Morton Feldman and Brown who coined the term "graphic".) 'Part of the history of graphic notation is that it became a means and ends in itself. They scores became commodified. They became the finished product for a lot of people. They didn't do what they were proposing to do':

Notation is a way of making people move. If you lack others, like aggression or persuasion. The notation *should* do it. This is the most rewarding aspect of work on a notation. Trouble is: just as you find your sounds are too alien, intended 'for a different culture', you make the same discovery about your beautiful notation: no one is willing to understand it. No one moves.

'So *The Tiger's Mind* is a reconsideration of those premises, of different kinds of notation. Yesterday I proposed what I thought Amy's instrumentation was, and that was [my representation of the work of] Alice Notley. I've found a few excerpts that I'd like to read in relation to notation / in relation to the printed page / in relation to poetry, which obviously has an inherent relationship between the reading voice and what the text / what the printed page is doing to that voice. Alice writes about her book *The Descent of Alette*, saying:

A word about the quota about them, in the begin giving themselves up to res come comfortable with th thinking precisely about they're there, mostly, to i phrases they enclose are pe left white spaces between would be rushed by the r my musical intention. The the reader slow down and slur over mentally—the p with the stresses, I intend narrative from myself, the Finally they may remind phrase is a thing said by thought, or a record of th story, told.

“One day, I awoke” “& found my:  
“I didn't know” “how I'd arrived th  
“But I knew the train” “knew riding  
“those about me” “I gradually beca  
  
as that happened” “that I'd always  
“a tyrant” “a man in charge of” “th  
“below the ground” “endlessly ridir  
“A man who” “would make you pa;  
  
“that you don't” “ever ask” “how m  
“all of you, & more” “Most of whicl  
live below” “But he would literally  
what you are” “below the ground”  
  
“this subway” “I saw” “on the subw

'If you have a look at the text you will understand that it informs how I transcribed our conversation at the Serpentine – trying to make one voice from those three voices or one voice that could be read on the page. There's the editorial involved in creating that voice, or: finding that voice in relation to what she says about authorship or what she says about these quotation marks reminding the reader that she is not the author, that Alice Notley is not Alette, [*Lou is Lou is Amy*"]\* Alette is perhaps a collection of voices and it might look something like this, that collection of voices from different sources, from different times, from different people, from different periods, from different nationalities, all brought together on this one page and read by her.'

*But all this doesn't make a book and a script equivalent of course. That Joyce's writing\* was related to cinema in both terms of technique and philosophical concern doesn't mean that the typographic devices Joyce deploys can be transposed to a script. For me these devices are specific to the novel, that is the printed page, the page that is intended to be silently read not the page that is intended to be spoken collectively and out loud.*

*\*Did you know Joyce and Sergei Eisenstein met in Paris and that Eisenstein thought that the Joycean aesthetic of interior monologue or "inner" was central to any development of cinema as a medium?*

'We are not trained to read poetry, we don't have a performance tradition to read poetry out loud. We don't understand the use of punctuation within poetry and what that does to our delivery. It's something that I know terrifies people, in terms of how you present them with poetry and it just blocks them. It's something we're trying to deal with with Robert Ashley in terms of breaking these pieces of text down into smaller units of meaning in order for them to get off the page.'

about this "the local," isn't that a little overrated? what about all those things he's supposed to be that he isn't? Oh, I said, local was a word he used to explain why Poe wrote horror stories that took place in horror-story land. Long simple exchange about the local. Like, The most local thing about a person is their body I said, for some it's their brain he said, etc. What about Lowell? he said, does everyone think Williams was just being stupid about Robert Lowell? Ask your audience in multiple choice form: a) although Williams was a great poet he was stupid b) he made a mistake that day c)... I blabbed out for a while it came back when he was saying, if women get mad at Williams they can't dismiss him, they're engaged with him & call him You man, you! Now you (meaning me) you got to read Williams from the very first face to face, that way where you're not involved with technique. That's unusual for a poet, but he really reached you. You read him for yourself. Yes, I said, I don't want to deal with the poems right now because I don't want to ruin them for me, even for a little while, by holding them up & taking them apart in public.

The rest of our conversation was about the variable foot, & that conversation mostly evaporated, so I'll invent something, this:

We still haven't caught up with what Williams meant by the variable foot, which has to do with scoring for some of voice, which is part of your music, & your breath, but maybe even more. Variable foot is maybe about the dominance of some of voice over other considerations— I do my poems this way 'cause I talk from here—haven't you ever talked to anyone? I'm not an orator or a musical instrument or a tradition or a stethoscope or a bellows or even a typewriter: I am a tone of voice, warring, shifting, pausing, changing, including, excluding, exclaiming, including, including, including, mixing & including. I break my lines where I do, as I'm being as various as

my voice should be in our intimacy. I'd like there to be something as firm as you to push my voice into its best most natural place, that would really be measure. But I like to say them out in dropped-line triplets, y's are good for me, because I can go on at length say addressing you in that way where you'll hear me out—Florence it's me with our 30 years together included in how I intone each word so you must hear me out. If you do the world does, though I'll never hear about it.

I do not come to you  
save that I confuse  
                  to being  
                  half man and half  
woman. I have seen the ivy  
                  cling  
wall so that                   to a piece of crumbled  
you cannot tell  
                  by which either  
stands: this is to say  
                  if she to whom I cling  
                  is loosened both  
of us go down.

\*\*\*

in lifting your skirts to show your silken  
                  crotch, it is this that is intended.  
You are it.

I was your nightgown,  
                  I watched!

FROM AN INTERVIEW:

"I think about him more than anybody. I mean he's the greatest poet of the century, there's no way around that & I think

Though this than this:  
is probably more likely to be read

'So I wanted to talk about this in relation to Nottley's quotation marks and these discrete units that when combined actually form a continuous text, a de-authorized text, or: a collectively authored, or collectively read text.'  
'Well, they create continuous movement, like the Cardew.'

‘And like the Johnson, for me there is a real equivalence between the activation the score is trying to propose and the activation that these different typographic devices embody.’

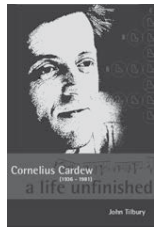
‘For me – until recently – the only reason for that activation, was because I sense that a lot of linguistic material resists the page and shouldn’t be reprinted but should be reproduced orally. That also has a lot to do with my ideas about conversation as a model for production or these exchanges as a model for production. Yes, it’s de-authorized, and that’s happening extremely erratically, you can’t prescribe it, you *can* describe it. So Beatrice and I are making *The Tiger’s Mind* as we go along. Like a conversation. I have no idea where this is going, I have no idea what I’m going to be saying once someone else starts speaking, and, in making these first sixteen pages we found this form of which I’m not sure if it’s relevant any more.’

‘I’d like it not to be.’

‘I’d like to reconsider this idea of creating one voice from a series of voices or from a collection of voices. Perhaps there is a different way of doing that, but at the time we were using this literary tradition of using quotation marks: when a voice speaks for more than one paragraph, the paragraph doesn’t close with a quote, but the next one *does* begin with a quote; this funny [English] paper-based convention that we use (or: that we understand, or: that we know how to read) and how that related to what was going on in the conversation at the time.

‘The other thing is the transcriptions: I became obsessed with punctuation, I suppose the generosity (or: the public gesture) of inserting punctuation into text – especially into spoken text – and (as I said on Tuesday) it was a pleasure to transcribe or edit John for print, because he seems to make no distinction between when he’s performing or when we are having a private conversation and John’s form of delivery – his form of address / of his way of exchanging / allowing material to *move* – is extremely generous and it’s something that’s become clear today that, as the mind (or: the conscience of our public positions), John is constantly coming back to make us aware of our audience and the public nature of these exchanges. All I had to add to John were commas, semi-colons, brackets, en-dashes, slashes – things that are also very print-based, very literary. What does a semi-colon sound like in conversation? What does a bracket look like in conversation?’





John Tilbury, *Cornelius Cardew: A Life Unfinished* (Copula, 2006).

‘Apropos of that: when I wrote Cardew’s biography, I read out every line, I had to hear the intonation and of course the nuances, and of course that sent me back to the text because sometimes you understand the same words differently when you read them, [than] when you hear them spoken. The emphasis and punctuation can be very helpful in that respect – not controlling the meaning, but helping people towards understanding. Punctuation does seem to have a dynamic effect but that *is* something to do with being a musician I think, dealing with sound,’

‘I think it has to do with every profession. I can understand that: judging how your work sits on the page by way of how it sounds to you and how that might be sounded in the mind of the reader ...’

The wind blows dust in tigers’ eyes.

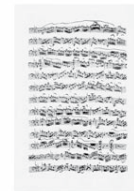
‘When I hear papers read – which is not very often – by academics, I often think to myself “If only they had listened to what they had written, it would have been much better. But they don’t, they just write; and they also speak too fast”’ ‘and in an incomprehensible and hermetic exclusive language’ ‘because really they are doing it to further their career, its intellectual capital.’ ‘When you are talking about emancipation, for instance, to speak about that in a language that the average man cannot understand is really unforgivable,’ ‘the average man won’t even read it.’

‘That has everything to do with the nature of how this book is being set up, no?’

*As Amy wrote last week, we came to a realization, after some weeks of talking, that the battle is best understood as a linguistic one. This is a huge focus to run with, of which I must say I’m very glad. We use a linguistic (narrative) score, as a framework to tackle language (and fiction) with all else somehow contained or parsed through it. . . Still despite the new alibi or the refocused lens, the picture seems frighteningly large; language, after all, is like the world, with war, poverty, desert islands, mountains, and love.*

*Language is like the world. But it isn’t the world, it’s a copy.*

*I pick up “Res Facta”, the text through which I came to know you best, the text in which Anna Magdalena Bach, by virtue of writing across, singing internally, interpreting, by virtue of moving, is rendered author of her own (infinitely richer)*





Opening images of Alex Waterman's "Res Facta", 2008, (published in *Dotdotdot* no.12)

version of the Suites for Unaccompanied Cello. The text tells me that repetition is interpretation, that the copy is in fact another world...

And so my question, as much to myself, as to you, is this: if the mere recording/transcription / capture of something always renders it a fiction, or to rephrase it: if mere editing and typographic attention to a text renders it fictional, is the battle really actually won? Is Anna Magdalena Bach really saved from the fate of being but an auxiliary character in a male story by virtue of her copy containing within it the traces of her own life. Put another way: can a comma save the world?... Don't we need to go further than this, in the attempt to change the perception of reality, as far as say Stein, Cage and Wittgenstein? And could one way to attempt this be not simply the re-transcription of the same narratives but rather the rewriting of the plots of literature itself (Heilbrun\*)?

Isn't this in fact where self-reflexivity comes in... and not simply for its own sake... Self-reflexivity manifesting in the idea that we address the structure of language first and foremost because we are unrepresentable in the existing languages of power, i.e., shouldn't we propose entirely new scripts and develop entirely new ways of speaking, because the scripts within which we have been constructed have in fact have rendered us mute (to return to a favourite: 'how can the workers speak for themselves?')... Isn't this why form or style are of paramount importance and not simply formal tics irrelevant to the academy and unrelated to everyday life...

And so in relation to *The Tiger's Mind* and the need to develop a (fictional?) language collectively, does something like polyvocality address the issue, does it re-write the plots? Could – as Heilbrun suggests\* – a feminist way of speaking manifest in a speaking together?... Might a collective voice be the proposal of an alternative to the singular voices of power and capital?... And is it enough on its own? Does it really alter one's perception of reality?

And lastly then, isn't there a fundamental paradox at the heart of your and my academic pursuits, in that, how can we – as single authors – write from a singular perspective about collective work or polyvocality... In other words, how can we write a proposal for a different way of speaking using the same voice as we always have.

For my own part I simply cannot get over this last question. So much so I must admit – and so futile does the battle feel – that I'm not sure I can pursue it... or at least I feel I can't pursue it in the corridors of the academy. It feels like getting married in a church (I'm an atheist).

\* Carolyn G. Heilbrun, *Writing a Woman's Life* (Ballantine Books, 1989) 42–47.

Amy reflects, relaxes with her mind, which puts out buds.  
(emulates the tree).

‘So here we are today. This is *The Tiger’s Mind* [...] the character shifts from one person to another, but when it’s typeset you’re producing one text, so there’s a dissonance, a translation from what you’re saying in terms of “now I’m speaking” and then “you’re speaking,” but when that gets translated to the page it becomes dissonant, it becomes something quite different because you can’t identify who’s saying what until you’ve actually got to know them, but the reader, the public won’t.

‘But you would understand that it was different, because for instance people put biographical data into what they’re saying,’ [which] implies that John is making films and you are making music and’ ‘so the character potentially shifts from voice to voice which is what happens in music.’

‘Well I suppose it depends on what frames that group, what’s the social frame? [Roland] Barthes talks about this idea of “the rustle” when you just hear the form of language rather than the content. I’m just trying to work out this idea of speaking at the same time, which takes away meaning – but when you’re playing it only *informs* meaning because you are responding and listening all the time.’

‘Well, [one of the things I want to interject is that] with conversation there is only one person speaking at one time. That’s very different from music, where we’re all making sound together and listening together at the same time. It’s very difficult to do that at the same time.’

‘Well not in *her* films. Everyone is talking at once, it’s choral, and that’s its core.’

‘Certainly not in my films, well like now for instance: there are moments when polyvocality and cacophony emerge and then times when they dissipate into monologue.’

‘I think the whole idea of the multiplicity of voices is really interesting. As a kid I used to listen to *Peter and the Wolf* and I was thinking about the layering of instruments, always adding narrative, adding a tree or a wolf or another character, so every time there was another layer of material, the narration or the story grew. This idea about conversation and the idea that when voices grow then there is a...’

‘[But you see] I’m not sure about this idea of speaking at the same time as taking away meaning, I mean don’t you think it’s also something about

surplus meaning? The layering is not about the total erasure of meaning, but rather it's more like meaning as noise.'

'Exactly, it doesn't erase the content as such because it's like a fabric that is sitting there; and your symbolic punctuation marks – the form and the structure – are taken away. To come back to Barthes: his idea about that, is that that's then the purest language – because you are not led by what he calls a "symbolic aggressor," so you are not *taken* somewhere.'

'[Can I just read something? Because I want to say something apropos of what we were talking about just now]: "his journal entries prior to joining amm seem to have been affected in their style and content: aphoristic, economical, speculative. As if words were to give way to sounds and formal contrivances displaced by spontaneous gestures. It was as if by some sixth sense he had divined amm music"

'and then there is quote from when he is Germany: "words words an endless stream of them, I swallow them in German and spew them out in English. They come to fill even my dreams seeking out the remotest corners of my life with their monotonous drone so that I am never free of them. No wonder I don't like conversation and such futile words. They drive out the sounds, drive out the songs, take out the pleasures and infiltrate the sensation. When will I be rid of them?" 'and I go on:

'Six years later – in a letter – in 1959, he referred to Wittgenstein: "So in the end when one is doing philosophy one gets to point where one would like to just emit inarticulate sound."

"At the time it was his translation work – a debilitating chore – which intensified the extreme antipathy and resentment towards the word as transgressor; and it was in the long wordless sessions with amm that his particular need – the need to be rid of words, another unwieldy furnisher – was to be satisfied."

'Now we come to the point of the whole thing, the quote from Wittgenstein: "It would be possible to imagine people who had something not quite unlike a language, a play with sounds, without vocabulary or grammar" 'and in brackets: "speaking in tongues."

"Sixty years later such a play of sounds had become part of western contemporary music practice, the leading practitioners of amm engaged in a kind of human archaeology: digging depths which words cannot reach."

Amy jumps through the circle and comforts the tiger.

‘Why do you keep asking whether it’s language or whether we’re speaking or whether it’s text?’

‘It’s my own personal insecurity, I don’t know how to move through it, through what we imagine this thing to be, so if we’re acting, singing, making noise, if we’re moving, if we’re speaking, (for me) these are all different sets of languages and (for me) I wonder if there is an agreement about what language we use in common or not.’

‘What’s the most comfortable (for you)?’

‘Oh, I think I could do many different things. It’s just that we seem always to point towards the verbal, that’s just the prevalent mode,’ ‘because this will end up on a page.’

‘Well, I think,’ ‘I think that’s a mistake.’ ‘(Yes, yeah.)’

‘What we discussed this morning was absence. Things that are not verbal but present in other ways. [Things] that inhabit the space of the page or of the city...’

‘That’s what *The Tiger’s Mind* does, it notates not only verbal, it notates relationships and feelings between people. Part of the book is how to [precisely] incorporate the verbal alongside the non-verbal.’

‘That is a really interesting question: “How to make that happen?” “How to not allow that to disappear completely?”’

‘Well – and that’s one of those funny things about when you’re trying to *talk* about music – you have to talk visually using a visual language or you have to speak about it as if it’s a verbal language. Those are two traps. In other words there is something about the practice of making music: (in that) it’s production and listening at the same time. The production of listening – that’s quite different from the production of discourse. One of the things that really struck me about those notes\* is that AMM was making music in the dark quite a bit, and the other thing, is that the difficult thing,’ (‘He says “fearful”,’) ‘about starting to make music is the idea of making.’ ‘Exactly: there is a fearsome moment, unlike discourse which is always already there, we are continuing a moment from the past, you know, music is like the Circle, perfect and outside of time, or we are joining into something, we are not continuing a conversation, we are just like “Here it is, and we don’t know what it is until it is starting to be made.”’

\*Eddie Prévoost’s liner notes to AMM’s *AMM Music 1966* (Matchless, 1989). These were passed around and read on Nov 23, while listening to the album (recorded in 1966, in the same period as *The Tiger’s Mind*).



‘What’s the difference between that and this morning’s conversation?’

‘Well, this sits in a funny place doesn’t it? Because we are trying to do something in-between making music and making discourse, and this morning I’m nervous, and I wouldn’t normally be before a conversation but this does somehow have a formal element and I think that’s a key issue that we have to address.’

‘Writing aloud is not phonological but phonetic; its aim is not the clarity of messages, the theater of emotions; what it searches for (in a perspective of bliss) are the pulsional incidents, the language lined with flesh, a text where we can hear the grain of the throat, the patina of consonants, the voluptuousness of vowels, a whole carnal stereophony: the articulation of the body, of the tongue, not that of meaning, of language. A certain art of singing can give an idea of this vocal writing...’ Roland Barthes, *The Pleasure of the Text* (Hill and Wang, 1975) 66.

*At this point then, Amy’s question still rings out for me: why can’t conversation and music be equated, or why can’t speech aspire to musicality? And now also, why do you think that it is “discourse” that is nearer to music, if by “discourse” you mean the production of both speech and text about a subject, and by conversation you mean the exchange of thoughts or information, through speech. Barthes’ beautiful “The Grain of the Voice,” as supplement or as surplus can surely apply to talk as well. If he brings the vocal back into contact with the text exactly in order to tease out something beyond meaning (a carnal stereophony) then why can’t we imagine the same of conversation...of which the voice, the phonetic is core...*

The tiger sleeps in the tree.

‘I thought there was a beautiful thing at the end of the Straub-Huillet film, it really made me think about space and typography, the void of the white. Because at the end of the film, over the wall of the cemetery you see the city, you have a still shot, but of course there is movement. The thing that makes it not still is the sound. You finally hear all the sound that is outside. So it’s a really active, framed space that is full of sound. That made me think “Where does the sound go?”’

‘Sound and image, text and visual.’

‘You’re saying that sound in relation to film denotes movement. That doesn’t necessarily mean that sound in relation to the page denotes movement, you have to find a way of capturing the movement on the page, and,’ ‘for me this goes back to Johnson again – and movement in a much more expanded sense – in terms of activation through the use of graphic devices, an activation of the reader, which takes us back to day one.’



Straub-Huillet, *Toute révolution est un coup de dés*, 1977

*I sat down to listen to some music. The light was pouring in the windows and the camera obscura in Celine's window reflected the steeple across the street and the trees that lined the avenue. I opened the windows and the ecstatic sound of children playing at the school next door came splashing in. I plugged in my iPod to Celine's stereo and began to listen to Walter Marchetti's Natura Morta...*



‘Which is what I will start talking about now, from *Treatise* to *The Tiger's Mind* and what I've been through so far in relation to punctuation,’ but the struggle is – we just said – that the movement in the image is because of sound and the movement on the page isn't necessarily visible in that way. Obviously it's extremely burdening for us to find a way of translating that movement back onto the page or off the page, I suppose by now we are conscious of the fact that we have to stimulate that or incorporate that.’

‘There's an early book by B.S. Johnson called *Travelling People*, where the protagonist is walking down the escalators in the London tube; and the text is laid out on the page like a staircase, and it's the same advertisement repeated again and again, and it just conveys a wonderful sense of movement as you are reading. It's rather literal (I don't think we would necessarily do something like that) but it's the history of 'a word's position on the page and its conventional semantic relationship.’

*What are the conventions of the script actually, other than typographic, or narrative based? How does voice function within filmic space? Can that be translated to the printed page? There are three major spaces that cinematic voices move between: 1. The diegetic space – the virtual or fictional space of the story; 2. The visible space of the screen or frame; and 3. The space of the auditorium.*

*So most film – documentary, narrative or avant-garde – involves a play between these three spaces. Conventional fiction, for instance, tends to deny the existence of the second two spaces in order to maintain the illusion of the first – (with the possible exception of film noir and its use of voice off; or films in which dead characters narrate events). Further examples of the movement of voices in and around these spaces include: synchronous sound where voice and body are linked; interior monologue, where the voice isn't visible within the frame or is not attached to mouth or body, yet resonates in the auditorium; or documentary-style narration, where a clearly detached voice expounds in the virtual space of the story.*

*Perhaps as the circle (perfect and outside time) I should be positioned outside the frame. Documentary narration – as we know – is about distance from a subject, with that very distance – i.e., the fact of its speaker being radically outside the virtual space – being the very thing that endows it with authority (unquestioned and unidirectional interpretation). With its patriarchal history and association*

with power, can such a positioning be deployed as a provocation in its apparent censoring of the question of who is speaking and for whom? Or can the opposite be effected where the commentary – the narration – is provided by multiple, changing voices, that become perhaps choral. (Again) a little more like music.

All of this bears relevance for “the public” and hearing; or, in the case of the page: reading, with voice in film establishing the conditions for understanding and interpretation. Fictional film, for example, sets up a situation in which we the audience overhear as it were, whereas narration or interior monologue seem to speak directly to the spectator by addressing her or him. Tree was talking about sound in Straub-Huillet’s film being the thing that made the film appear to move, but I think I’m more interested in this kind of movement: movement in which the deployment of voice shifts understanding, obfuscates meaning or makes possible re-readings, in the sense of listening as active production.

‘Even though I don’t know *Treatise* very well, I know fragments and it is crucial to me to know that [Cardew] was a draughtsman and knows the language of architectural drawing – which is so specific – and that allows me a way in. He even says it in the piece that you printed, that people who have a graphic education are able to read it. You read it within a set of conventions that you are already fluent in. So in the same way that I can read a plan I have a way of reading *Treatise*, which I think comes from that, so that’s not from typography – that’s a completely different type of movement.’

‘Yes, but he acknowledges that – given the premise of the ideal situation for playing that kind of music: ‘people who play music without having a graphic education,’ ‘and I’m trying to look at the ability to speak or “the ability to talk is almost universal.”’\*

‘Later he says the ability to read the English language, the willingness to learn English. You know English is not my mother tongue, so I totally disagree with that.’

‘I think he has to qualify it because he’s English and he writes the score in English but the more utopian idea is that talking, speech, language is universal.’ ‘That’s just a twenty-first century design problem, this idea of universality and what kind of language we have to adopt.’ ‘Yes, of course, this is what we have inherited.’

... I took out my field recorder and decided to record my listening.

I didn’t restart the Marchetti, just started recording and sat back down.

In recording the listening, I recorded not only the ambient sounds of the day but also the ‘original’ performance of Walter Marchetti. The soundscape of the interior of the apartment and its acoustics were captured whilst being penetrated and ripped open by the sounds of children, traffic, and birds outdoors. In listening to this recording, a whole new chain of events transpires. The process of transcription of listening becomes transposed to other acoustics and is apprehended by other bodies, which receive the sound but also absorb, reflect and interfere with it.

(from notes by Tree). On November 24 we collectively listened to the recording of his listening.

\* Cf. Prologue, “Always play the music when you get stuck,” 9; citing Cardew’s “Towards and Ethic of Improvisation”



‘Which is why I focus on punctuation because I do feel that that’s probably more universal’ ‘and punctuation is the one moment when it looks more like music scoring.’

‘The whole thing is very circular, because the movement that we are talking about on the page is the methodology that I’m trying to create in the film’s composition and of course what *The Tiger’s Mind* embodies for me in terms of depicting that kind of movement successfully... And so we go round and round in circles.’

‘The mulberry bush.’

[...]

‘What is the mind thinking, what’s in the mind right now?’

‘You’re being used.’

‘I’m being used, maybe exploited. No, I’ll pass.’

‘You also end the piece.’

‘Do I?’

‘Yes, you burn.’

‘I burn? How do I burn?’

‘Well, we read this earlier, in relation to the wind, we read the last three lines together because the sequence starts with *High wind* and in the interpretation notes it says Amy shouldn’t climb trees in high wind; but she does, and as a result the tree groans.’

‘No, the high wind is over, and *then* she climbs the tree.’

‘I see this as setting a scene: *High wind*. \* I don’t see that as ending.’

‘Well it could be closure.’

‘Yeah,’ ‘it’s not *High wind* comma, it’s *High wind* full stop.’

‘That’s true.’

‘Amy climbs the tree which groans in the wind and succumbs’

‘and succumbs’ : tree is the one groaning and succumbing.’

‘Is this completely different with musicians, would they ever do this, in the way of trying to analyse the narrative?’

‘Well, normally the music is paramount, that’s what we are aiming towards. I mean there is discussion but it’s about relationships in musical terms, we usually get playing pretty early on.’

[...]

\*See 37

'Ever thought of the audience as one of the characters? I wonder if that would be an interesting addition, to ascribe a character to the audience.'

'I think the relationship between mind and audience is already very prevalent and I think it's making them acknowledge their role in this.'

'I think they will have a role, it's just a question of how that's articulated formally, they will have mind's very explicit concerns with them. I just wondered if it does something different to actually have them as a specific character in our mind.'

'Is the audience – who you make your films for – the circle as well?'

'With the audience, you would have to act in such a way as to make them appear the subject. For example, in one of his pieces, he writes a kind of melodic line, isolating notes that come down from high to low and he says "Play this as if it were played by a child." So you know you have to think about that in terms of "what would a child do with it?" and the child is not there but you have to assume that the child is playing it. In the same way the audience could play a part without knowing it, in the same way that the child is playing a part without knowing it's playing a part.'

'I think the circle is preoccupied with audience too, as well as the mind. From a different perspective or responsibility. I think the audience are the circle too, a feedback loop.'

The tiger [still] sleeps in the tree.

'You know I interviewed Straub a few weeks ago, specifically in relation to how to find one's position in relationship to histories of struggle. They (Straub-Huillet) have all these films about the revolution, so I was asking: how does one position oneself? You know: do you have to be within the revolutionary movement in order to understand it, or depict it? And then: how do you talk about it? And what he replied was about absence: there is no closeness in the text, the text can only be a pointer, you can only get a closeness through the landscape, so the text is just a way of travelling to the place and making the absent present. So that was really about position, using the text as the journey, a learning journey about a place.'

'Interesting that in their films nature moves more than people; the people remain static and everything around them is moving,' 'or very occasionally, you know there is that one shot in *Trop tôt, trop tard*, where he is really trying to talk about the Egyptian revolution specifically through filming the Egyptian workers going to the factory in relation



StraubHuillet, *Trot tot, trop tard.*  
1981



Lumière brothers, *Workers leaving  
the Lumiere Factory, 1895*

to the Lumière brothers' film. ('In 1895, two years before *Un Coup de Dè's.*') 'So in a place where the revolution failed or where the revolution was somehow diverted, the workers are going in to the factory. That's one of the only moving shots.'

'Weren't you also talking about going somewhere by way of the text?'

'Yes. What he was saying was that the text was just the journey toward the place of struggle, so the text is the first access, the travelling to, and then it's all about landscape and topography and usually absence, always in absence of the people.'

'So it's not the text that's travelling, it's we who travel along the text, in *metaphorai*?'\*

'Yes. So the text is how we can make that trajectory, we read the text in order to get to... but then that is always in the landscape.'

'It's strange that the text is also not a place I struggle. I don't know.'

'But how *they* use film-making – making films starting from texts that they found – would open up something about, say, Sicily or Egypt.'

'But if you break a text into units it brings you somewhere every line, if you break it down then it's taking you somewhere every step of the way, every word is a location.'

'Your definition of fighting (or: your ideas around fighting) are quite similar to wind's throwing dust in your eyes, which is perhaps an intellectual confusion, an intellectual diversion. What *is* clear is that the piece is called *The Tiger's Mind* and that mind's relationship to you sets the tone for the whole piece.'

'Or *my* relationship to it, no? The way *I* read this is that the Tiger's fight against the mind has something pathetic and pointless in it, that it is like fighting against a wall. So I don't think it's the same as having dust blown in my eyes. *I* think it's much less active, or *much* less specific. Maybe the sound, or the latent existence of the Mind, defeats me, but not directly. I don't think it's directed aggression, whereas the wind blowing dust in my eyes is very directed and maybe that's one way of reading what is possibly a typo.' [The wind blows dust in tigers' eyes.]

\*"In modern Athens, the vehicles of mass transportation are called *metaphorai*. To go to work or come home, one takes a 'metaphor' – a bus or train. Stories could take this noble name: every day, they traverse and organize places; they select and link them together; they make sentences and itineraries out of them. They are spatial trajectories."

Michel De Certeau, "Spatial Stories" in *The Practise of Everyday Life*, (University of California Press, 1984) 115–130.

High wind.\*

\*Harold Pinter's acceptance speech, on receiving the Nobel Prize in Literature, 2005, first introduced into *The Tiger's Mind* by wind, November 24, 2010.

An excerpt is republished as an insert to this book, on the occasion of Beatrice Gibson's "A Lecture by the Circle" (see p xx) at Pavilion, Leeds, May 23, 2011; and accompanied by a screening of her film *The Future's Getting Older Like The Rest Of Us*.

Amy climbs the tree,...

‘Perhaps we need to start again, perhaps John could give us a set of instructions – as if we were musicians – as to how we might perform this. I’m sure we’ll digress but I think it’d be a good exercise, even as an alibi of some sort.’

‘Well I *do* think we should perform it.’ ‘So do I, absolutely.’

‘I mean there’s movement, there’s sounds, there’s vocal sounds... actually one thing... we need to come clean to the audience... we need to tell them we’re performing.’

‘I’ve got your notes in my bag... notes on rehearsal.’

‘Ah, yes (leafing through) you see some of this refers to music, some of it’s quite obvious: knowing the other roles, knowing the text well, using the space – are we performing here, yes? Ok. That’s quite interesting: “The more the music conforms to the score, the more characteristic it becomes.” With my experience of improvisers, they can get into a particular vein of playing which they normally use and, in which, despite my advice and suggestion, some of them would come along and just improvise and more or less ignore the score and, if you actually follow the score (as it were) you are more likely to make a music that is characteristic in some ways – that’s the experience I had.’

‘Do you mean characteristic in ..?’ ‘... The most boring music paid no attention to the score at all, they just got on and played their own stuff.’

‘So characteristic is a positive thing?’

‘Yes it’s a positive thing. Yes: more detail, more differentiation, more thought, more feeling, all kind of things. “A significant action can be expressed through speed and radical use of space.” I think that we’re talking about movement, moving fast, moving slowly. Some of the lines suggest slow movement, some awkward and ungainly. For example, if Amy is following, holding the tail, different kinds of movement, elegant movement, ungainly movement, fast, slow and so forth – that’s something we can certainly use – movement – and then new actions, um, yes, yes, the notes on the characters: “The notes are not limiting or definitive, they are intended to assist and encourage performers in the assumption of their roles. A creative approach to your character and in particular to your relationships with others is encouraged.”

'Another thing I found is that it would move on from one thing too another to quickly: "In order to establish an idea one must exploit it, stay with it, make it recognisable to the audience. It may take time to establish and to project its character, don't jump from one idea to another too quickly." On the other hand there have been people who have completely dominated, just playing their own instrument. All the time – they just did what they wanted to do, I think they thought they were being free. That won't happen here, but that is something that does happen, it's quite volatile, those people can be quite difficult customers, they're not necessarily team players.'

'It's ironic really, given that that's the whole idea of improvisation.'

'Of course... I think one of them was a soloist – I like that David Tudor quote though, he's talking about the piano, he says "it's just one ugly sound after another." "Don't walk for its own sake but changing position can be good, moving near others or lying down. Everybody should consider their relation to mind – how when and if to use it. A balance between flow and continuity and short and dramatic actions." "The notations are for players. Through the score, we create a music which otherwise would not exist."

'What else? Oh that's interesting, what Cardew said, he was talking about a performance: "after a performance of daypiece, Cardew noted his impression in the journals, he wrote,

*'at the end we are left simply with the people as they are, they lose their connections with their objects, characters, Lou is Lou not Amy. Maybe this should be, not, how does Amy stand out from the natural environment that the piece sets up?, but how do I stand out from the natural environment.'*"

'But what does it mean, does it mean the characters are an alibi to be thrown away?'

'Well, yes, it seems to be saying that, it seems to be saying (make a music) do something that you otherwise wouldn't (make) do but it's still you that's (making) doing it. One *could* say that about the score as whole – through the piece you make music you wouldn't even dream of.' 'Allowing you to throw away your (musical) habit, in a sense.' 'Yes, yes, I think habit-breaking is a very important part of it.'

...which groans in the wind and succumbs.

‘That brings up a couple of things for me, issues that have always bothered me, because there’s definitely a tradition to battle and to have antagonism within the form of improvisation. It’s actually the way it works – you battle with the player. It’s virtuosity that is pitted against the other person’s virtuosity. So this is a different kind of improvisation that we’re talking about, but still, the issue of instrumentality – the relationship to instrument being the thing which is expressed, which you express yourself through – I think it’s really key, because of what instrumentality does: there is something which is between you and the other musicians and the audience or something else. There is the thing which mediates that experience, and in that relationship there can be this will to just perform at the best on your instrument. Or there is the other will, which is to use music as a way to learn. I wish that the approach to verbal notation and graphic scores was that you don’t know, and it’s so often the issue that they are treated impressionistically, almost as if looking at a picture will give you an idea of...’

‘But don’t you think this score (*The Tiger’s Mind*) underpins that and emphasizes that: impressionism?’

‘Well, no.’

‘Well it’s quite specific, it suggests atmospheres, it’s evocative.’

(‘Yes, it’s evocative, but that’s a very different thing.’)

‘Being strangled by the circle, rocked by the wind, the tree laughing at the mind, the tiger fighting it.’

‘But you have to interpret that. What I mean by impressionism is the kind of superficiality, you know if I would look at this line and just be a tiger and fight the mind, and I would embody that with the music somehow. I think that’s superficial – the kind of reliance upon what you already know.’

‘But how do you go beyond that?’

‘You do what we’re doing which is: interpret the score before you even get to the instrument, instead of just sight reading, you spend some days or weeks trying to understand it.’

‘I think that the fact the score is fundamentally about relationships, in theory, should prevent that attitude. The tiger does many things and has many adventures with the other protagonists – he can’t always act like a conventional tiger. But going back to what you were saying about the

fighting: certainly tensions exist. It's not quite fighting but in a way it is, because if you are into particular textures, let's say, and want to stay where you are and the others don't, well, then there are considerable tensions: some would try to shift it away and others would try to keep it there. So it is a kind of fighting in a way; one is fighting to go in that direction and the others aren't ready, so there is a kind of tension. It's not belligerent.'

'The score really has that built in to it.' 'Because it's a portrait.' 'It's in part a descriptive notation of a way of working, and I think it's beautiful. I was reading it this week in terms of a history of collective music-making as if it were a description of that, and it's a beautiful history of how we make things together, collectively. And unlike certain conceptions of community – which I think is a much more flawed word – collectivity has antagonism built in to it.' 'Exactly.'

'It has disagreement, fighting, and so on built into it and it works. It's a system that can work.'

'I'm interested in the idea of improvisation but I don't know how to relate to it. [As an artist I just don't relate to it, (maybe it's just me.)']

'But the way you were describing your thoughts about the work you were doing, how you take that, and then consequently decide how you are going to use it. I mean isn't that improvisation of a kind? In its piecemeal sense of production?'

'But it's not live, I mean maybe that's the issue, but actually I think the real question I want to propose is:] How does the citizen act as free form? Is the score something like society?'

'Are you making the comparison with the score? This score isn't sacrosanct. The capitalist system is sacrosanct – i.e., any sacrifice will be made to keep the system intact. That's why the protests here\* are useless, in the way that protests legitimize the system.' ('"You have been given your space."') 'But what you are not free to be is, well, you are free, but you are not free to be human. That's the difference. The word freedom is coming up all the time, isn't it, with politicians, but it's always within a certain framework. To me the most important thing is, you can only talk about the freedom to be human, not this...this [taps the score]. I think this can be broken down... So we can go somewhere else, it can be almost like Frankenstein's monster, it turns and drowns you, it can force you do to something else. So I think it can't be compared to any kind of system.'

*\* THOUSANDS PROTEST  
OVER NEW STUTTGART  
RAIL STATION*



Thousands took to the streets of Stuttgart on Friday to demonstrate against building a new train station, a one-issue protest that has become a wider outcry against German politicians in general.

Violence erupted in the southern city this week as thousands have staged daily sit-down strikes trying to stop the 4.1 billion euro project – demolishing Stuttgart's landmark railway station and building an underground station – which critics say is not needed and a waste of taxpayer money. (Reuters, August 28, 2010)



It's a provocation to act, to act in a particular way, meaning to take things, to take relationships seriously, to think deeply about relationships, but it's not sacrosanct, it's not written in stone, it can break down, and that's what it suggests. You could write another text, substitute *The Communist Manifesto* or *Mein Kampf*, whatever we want to, but then to do so would probably be not to understand it because in a way it embraces all the things that we want, that's why it's such a great piece.'

'And perhaps that's why it fits more on the side of *descriptive* rather than *prescriptive*, in the sense that it's not suggesting. I mean you could read it as a way to compose, or to organize but I think in fact it's describing situations of improvisation which already exist and it's just a question of when you're in that mode to be aware of these things happening, so it's an awareness. And I think that's the difference between citizenship and being human, that in citizenship there is a set of responsibilities or contingencies for freedom, but usually "freedom" is spoken about more when your rights are being taken away. And I think improvisation is almost a kind of guerilla tactic against the state, as it doesn't have an organizational component that can be found out, because it's not planned, so an improvised explosive device is a wondrous device against the state *because* it's improvised.'

'Well, maybe we've finally found a way of making music that cannot be subverted. I mean up to now, you know the art of music is promiscuous, it goes to bed with everyone, and you know, there are stories of the Nazis giving concerts of Beethoven's string quartets within sight of the funeral pyres of Auschwitz. You know it's a bit like Benjamin saying behind western art there is a whole load of barbarism. Tate-sugar-barbarity. So maybe we've discovered something finally which is not promiscuous, which said no, or it wouldn't be taken, or won't be taken for other means than its own.'

'But *does* improvisation happen in a void, on its own? Does improvisation depend on a system i.e., does it cancel itself out if it occurs on its own?'

'Do you mean devoid of context?'' 'You mean if a man is alone on his own in a room playing saxophone and no audience is there.'

'Yes.'

'But he would be interpreting his own history, which depends to a certain extent on other people.'

'He's responding to his own knowledge and his other relationships?'

'Well, yes, as John Donne said "No man is an island."''

The tiger burns.

‘One of the things that really struck me was the way you can connect the characters or the situations in terms of exterior and interior. What is this landscape? What are we imagining? Where is this happening? What is our collective idea of what the landscape looks like?’

‘For me that’s here, I mean for me that’s the current landscape, the landscape we’re in. It’s not just a conversation about conversation but it’s one very specifically taking place here in this particular setting in 2010.’  
‘And if we talk about landscape, then this is *my* landscape, (points to paper and pen in his hand) because this is how I imagine this (now) relating to or engaging a public that isn’t necessarily here, or necessarily in 2010.’

‘The page is your landscape?’

‘It helps me imagine, it helps me produce. It helps me make certain decisions in relation to performance – the fact that the engagement you’re talking about is out of time and out of place, is non-geographical, is not necessarily happening now,’ ‘but it can happen on different registers.’

‘I wrote all these verbs down, just to see...

‘fights

‘traps

‘loves

‘reflects

‘is

‘relaxes

‘emulates

‘jumps

‘comforts

‘sleeps

‘climbs

‘groans

‘succumbs

‘burns

‘sniffs

‘storms

‘hunts

‘dreams

‘wakes

‘wait

‘traps

‘trips

‘recognizes

‘rocks

‘titters

‘goes on the nod

‘teaches

‘laughs

‘...it’s a small text but all those actions are there.’

‘Yeah, it’s small, but each line contains a wealth of material.

‘Having been allocated the circle I wrote down all the things the circle does and the circle seems quite mean in a way – it traps, someone jumps through it, someone storms it and then it strangles and at the end it redeems itself by teaching a secret.’

‘Well, it tries, but you trap and I trip.’

‘I assume that the circle traps the tiger because the circle is abstract and therefore is trapped by concepts or abstraction, literally, but not necessarily visibly in that sense the circle is not ... I don’t know.’

‘As soon as we’ve allocated these roles, all of a sudden it becomes clear that structure and the allocation is so liberating. And at the same time only starts working in terms of: I read “the wind blows dust in tigers’ eyes” and I’m thinking “Why?” and “How are you going to blow dust?” and “What *is* your dust?”’

‘But I also feel that. You know reading it, I thought: “Why I am trapping you, why I am storming at you?” and then also felt that once again I’ve been positioned as the director in terms of a framing or even in terms of having quite an antagonistic role.’

[...]

'Somebody needs to jump-start us.'

'I think that one way of dealing with this whole thing is creating a situation of objectives – I mean let's each approach this...'

'But I thought the idea of this piece is to make you do something that you haven't done before.'

'But we have to start somewhere.'

'But there will be something that will surprise me.'

'I would propose that each one of us has an idea about what we want to do and we propose it. We must think in terms of how we interpret our parts, and what we need to do that.'

'Even as an alibi, so maybe we don't do it in the end, but it's a way to go forward.'

'I think we need to reflect on what we think we might like to do.'

[Reading liner notes]“To play and to arrive at the state when you no longer need to play,” no not that one, this one: “The reason for playing is to find out what I want to play.” Let's just play and then we'll find out why we want to play... And there's something else in here about improvisation which I think is just great. He says: “Improvisation is a fragile thing, it lives or dies by the sensibilities of the participants, they must be aware of their relations to each other and to the thing which is the group and to themselves.”

'So if the score is about the relationship of six people to each other... That's a given, one can't see it any other way, that's what he's describing, with every sentence: what people do to other people, or what people receive from other people; thinking about other people, smelling other people, that's what it's about.'

'But what if tomorrow, if he says “this is what I'm doing” and she says what she's doing, then what about when “wind blows dust in tigers' eyes”?’

'Well, that's their problem.'

'So “Amy jumps through the circle” – that's my problem?’

'Yes.'

'In other words it's like having an instrument, so without our instruments we can't play with others.'

'Sure, but Cardew is asked to make a score for a choir. He asks them to bang stones and blow whistles [not sing, as they'd expect]. Maybe we *shouldn't* be doing what we expected to be doing when we came here.'

‘But we have to start somewhere.’

‘I think it’s just a different attitude toward character, in and out of character, the idea that you can’t start from something you know, we can argue for or against that.’

‘Lou is in the end Lou. We need to start from something we know if only to throw it out afterwards.’

‘The tiger doesn’t get rid of you as a character.’

‘I’m not being antagonistic,’ [‘No, I think it’s important it’s really important.’] ‘I’m concerned about the public.’

‘It’s like when you say the same word so many times that it eventually becomes unfamiliar or if you say it 700 times a minute it starts becoming something new to you perhaps. It’s a question of a different process. So I think we can start by playing our own instruments... the only problem is: we’re not musicians.’

‘It doesn’t have to be sound.’

‘It can also just be speech.’

‘I would suggest that you have to be prepared to be doing whatever it is that you’re doing in front of an audience, you have to think of it as a public expression. I think another thing Cardew says, you often hear about self-expression, it’s not a... well, it’s boring to think about self-expression. The thing is, it should be about self-invention, that’s what’s important, that you find out new things about yourself by putting yourself in an unpredictable situation, but self-expression – as he said – “How boring is that?” Expressing myself? I want to *change* myself, become, find new things, which will change me, make me perhaps, dare I say it, a better person. I balk at the idea of self-expression.’

‘Well, it’s a very individualistic idea.’

‘I’m going to do things I’ve never done before – that’s the idea, taking risks and finding things out about yourself, the landscape and the audience that you didn’t know were there.’

‘Cage spoke about the relationship between music and dance and he said “a tree is not supported by the breezes that run through it.” But also for us, even if we have a very concrete sense of our characters – if the wind is supposed to blow dust, blind or distract, stuff up the senses or fill the mouth with grit – all of those things are ways of changing the concreteness of

what we're making. Again it's playing, we're playing... whatever I do (I'm going to use a rock for my performance) will be changed by whatever else is happening.'

'What Dickens said, you know, that he would create or develop his characters and at a certain point in the novel they would actually take over, they would actually achieve some kind of autonomy, tell him what to do. Sometimes he'd just forget characters, those that appeared on page six would never appear again because they didn't tell him what to do. Other writers said that also, I think Pinter also said it; eventually they tell you what to do. It's the same thing here, you decide how you want to make certain decisions in relation to the tree and eventually the tree will begin to talk to you. There is, in the same way as when you improvise, there comes a certain point when you seem to be tracking the sound rather than making it, you're following the sounds, the sounds have a kind of autonomy and at a certain point they decide what they're going to do – there's a marvellous sense of freedom in a way; like a hunter would track an animal and observe and watch – that's what happens in improvisation and the same thing applies to this piece.'

'I don't have a negative opinion and I'm not against certain processes. I'm just trying to find some clarity. What I expected of this week, or: what I expected would happen is: that I see conversation as an improvised form of production and I could imagine that we'd have a conversation scored by *The Tiger's Mind*, but I already knew that some people don't join a conversation, or: people have different ways of joining a conversation, or: that conversation isn't necessarily verbal, so I had no idea what then... so letting go of that idea that we'd be having a conversation, and letting go of the idea that within the conversation we find a way of editing that conversation into a public form, or edited version, and the idea that *that* would happen as we progressed. But I don't think that's the case.'

'Well I wouldn't rule that out actually.'

'It could easily take the form of conversation.'

'I certainly still see that as happening only because I don't know what else could happen or what else we could do. I mean the only way that I can relate to this is through a kind of film-making process, where you take the idea of character very seriously or literally and then it becomes, how – as the circle – do I speak?, but I still see conversation...' 'I imagine it

would be an extremely constructed or synthetic form of conversation, but I've no idea what the subject matter would be.'

'Isn't it this?'

'The question for me is how one could deal with characters' 'That's the tricky question.'

'But I've already heard that Lou was just Lou, no matter what.'

'Yeah, but he can also be Amy.' 'Yeah he has to be Amy to be able to deal with you. I mean I'm still me but now I know from the score that I have to deal with you, I have to deal with him tripping me up, I have to deal with how I dream, it's still me.'

'(Again) this is all assuming that this is a prescriptive score, because we could just make a piece and see how this relates to the score. I mean whether we use this, this could be just as much a description as the recording that you're making in the sense that this has been what we have focused on all week, whether or not we choose to actively... the tiger fighting the mind etc. I think that would be to interpret this as series of actions and I don't think we necessarily have to treat it as prescriptive.'

'Above all I don't think we should lose our nerve at this point.'

'That be terrible, it's only day one [laughter].'

'I was slightly coy about instruments but I think I might go into town and buy some.'





# THE TIGER'S MIND

Tuesday 26 – Thursday April 28, 2011  
Kunstverein Amsterdam

with

Jesse Ash	as	wind
Celine Condorelli	as	tiger ( <i>from Cairo</i> )
Beatrice Gibson	as	circle
Will Holder	as	Amy
John Tilbury	as	mind
Alex Waterman	as	tree

and

Rossella Biscotti	as	members
Reitze de Graaf		of the public
Carina Hellerup		
Filia den Hollander		
Bagua Jody		
Jacob Korczynski		
Eva-Fiore Kovacovsky		
Wilfried Lentz		
Zorro Nguyen		
Mike Sperlinger		
Michelle Williams Gamaker		

A LECTURE BY  
THE CIRCLE  
(Draft script)

*A few weeks ago I read this quote from Susan Sontag's introduction to *Ferdyduke* by Witold Gombrowicz.*

*Sontag, quoting Gombrowicz writes:*

*I had to avoid turning it, (the work) into a confession. I had to show myself in action, in my intention of imposing myself on the reader in a certain way, in my desire to create myself with everyone looking on. "This is how I would like to be for you" and not "This is how I am."*

*I should like to follow in this editorial footstep, and I'd concur with Gombrowicz that 'sincerity leads nowhere, the more artificial we are the closer we come to frankness.' (But more on that later.)*

*What I propose to do, to begin this week, is to talk about circles a little. Or rather to talk through circles, that is use the character, the form of the circle, to talk about me and about my relation to the *The Tiger's Mind* and where I am at the moment or where we are at the moment with Chapter 2 or what we are now calling "Night Piece." So, I thought I'd start with an existing circle, before taking up residence in my own as it were, just to kick-start things.*



*So this is *In Memoriam*, Esteban Gomez by Robert Ashley, written in 1963. It's a quartet for any combination of instruments, a circle, divided into four sections, themselves made up of smaller circles – with each one of those circles representing a segment of time.*

## A LECTURE BY THE CIRCLE\*

Bea, can we go back to the beginning again?

Shall we go back to the beginning when the public arrives? And you say 'So, Bea, can you go back to the beginning again?'

You want to script it?

No, it's just a good idea to go back to the beginning and it might be helpful for the public.

Let's do a rehearsal, Alex, what were you going to say?

Well, it's just, I'm still bothered by what happens to... like what the difference in terms of product is between a book and a script and that they are both coming out of a score, another type of prescriptive device, um and I'm, I'm still bothered by the notion of the taking of our voices and on the one hand representing them as text or doing fiction, and on the other hand potentially scripting all that as something to be learned by other people or ourselves, or by you? So can you talk more about that?

Because in Paris we had this conversation, and Alex said but I thought we were making a book?

Yeah, I didn't, I never realized that you were going to make a film.

Well it's not something that was preconceived; lots of logistical things fell into place, and it seemed to me to make sense for a film to potentially come out of this process, but that definitely doesn't mean, in the same sense, or using the same methodology that I have with previous films, i.e., taking verbatim transcripts and re-performing them let's say; in fact I would really like to challenge that methodology. But I mean, the idea of the script, was of course always inherent to the whole thing, because I have always been thinking about scores in relation to scripts, not really in relation to novels, or simply words in print, but specifically in relation to the script, as a form of print. But I am very very open to what that means and to a very expanded definition of that, and for me, these conversations are all about expanding those definitions, so throwing in words like film, well, it's all a very open process, that's all I'm saying. I have to say reading the... well, maybe it's something to do with turning the camera, or the process back onto myself and my own community and feeling uncomfortable or unconfident about that, but I have to say that as it stands right now,

\* A first draft of *A Lecture by The Circle* concerning Esteban Gomez, Robert Ashley, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Gertrude Stein and many more (see opposite) was read to other members of *The Tiger's Mind*, prior to its programmed reading at Pavilion, Leeds, on May 23, 2011. The ensuing conversation, edited for one voice (here), seemed more appropriate.

*So, I became interested in this idea that In Memoriam, Esteban Gomez, as a kind of "open work" or a work in movement as Eco might call it, is as a work presenting a field of interpretative possibilities, essentially forever encircling itself.*

*So this idea that every performance of it is only ever complementary to all other possible performances of it, that, in other words, each performance is but an instance of the composition, never exhausting it.*

*Esteban Gomez, circular in composition and form, is essentially forever in movement; a spiralling circular loop depicting a politics of collective interpretation.*

*Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote a text called Circles. I guess the gist of it is that one thing replaces another, that the circle is at the heart of life processes as we know them: the present replaces the past, new arts the old, and so on.*

*It's a humbling idea in many ways, in that it also pertains to truth, or what we think we know as something in movement.*

*Likewise, Esteban Gomez doesn't depict a finished product, something static or fixed.*

*Being forever in movement, what it presents in graphic form is essentially a document of its own process, in which its form, the circle, IS its content.*

*I've taken this idea of something's form being its content as key to how I've interpreted my role. And I was interested in this in relation to what the mind said in Stuttgart, when he spoke about AMM as kind of meta-music. I was interested, in other words, in this idea that experimental notation is ultimately self-reflexive in this sense, in that what it offers is a portrait of its own structure.*

I think this transcript would make a terrible film, it'd be awful. I think what we're discussing, the topics of conversation, in my mind, I mean Godard said it, all you need for a film is a girl and a gun, so I think, all this, right now, it wouldn't make a great script, it would have to go somewhere else entirely to be anything close to something filmable for me; it would have to get nearer to, well, to *The Tiger's Mind*, actually, for me.

But as the circle, are you then directing us towards that, towards what you think we should be saying or doing?

Well, no, I don't think it's as literal as that.

I think it's more this notion that I was talking about, like when I read the edit of Chapter one or what we are now calling "Daypiece," I can feel very concrete personalities and relationships emerging and those might become material for a script, not necessarily...

Okay so we are just inspiration? I'm being facetious!

But it feels like anything I say, you are going to be facetious. First there was the issue with the recording and capture of your speech, which I'm not even particularly planning, but now also if I suggest taking it somewhere more fictional and just being the circle, on my own, in my own studio, with film as *my* instrumentation, then that's also a problem?

No, it's not a problem, I am not trying to rile you, it's just I feel like, you know, there are two different activities and there is one that we are all involved in and that we are working towards, and that we are very conscious that this is becoming printed matter. But I mean, are we all supposed to be simultaneously aware that this is becoming film and how does that trouble what we are doing? And are we part of the process or is that something that we are outside of, because there is also this issue in terms of, because you know this is Beatrice Gibson and Will Holder's project right, so again are we, us and Celine *in absentia*, we are not part of the editing process of the book or the document, so what part, again, what are we in terms of the collective, do we just become characters? I mean I'm fine with all of this, I just think when you talk about character and fiction and all of these things, maybe now is the time to get a little bit more clear about what we really mean.

Totally, I agree, but I don't have the answers to that yet which is why I gave the talk that I did, to provoke that conversation in many ways, and it's something that Will and I discussed a lot during the edit of the first chapter

or “Daypiece”; what is the role of, like why isn’t this collectively edited for example?

It’s a good question, why isn’t it?

And should the next chapter be sent to someone else to edit? What’s clear is that all these things need to be voiced and to be addressed.

Well, I was very uncomfortable with “Daypiece” as document, because it starts with me and I’m setting a scene for how the following thirty-two pages are read, and I’d rather not do that, or at the moment, I feel like that does contradict the nature of this situation, but on the other hand, I know that it’s what I’m good at and what I can do and if it’s produced using a score, if it’s *descriptive* or *prescriptive* then it might be helpful, and on the other hand, I feel that we are not rehearsed and developed enough as a group of people for someone else to be able to do that, for you to edit the next sixteen pages. I have a sense that some kind of collective agreement or some kind of consensus as to how it could be done could be developed...

Sorry, I missed what you said.

I was just talking about my editorial responsibility or how uncomfortable I was with taking that, whereas at the same time it feels like the only thing that can be done, through taking responsibility, not as Amy but as Will Holder.

Yeah, well, you know, I was just thinking, I mean, this question is really at the heart of my films, it’s just that here, within the context of my own community, I think that plays out very differently somehow, and I’m really fascinated by how it’s going to resolve itself in this context, or even just rear its ugly head.

I mean I just think for me, not everything goes without saying, not everything you bring to the group or to the table is necessarily part of the final document, and I do think that we have to share the responsibility in terms of being a bit more emphatic, in terms of what you want to be there, but if that can take place here, I think it could be a better practice.

That it’s decided live?

Yeah.

Just to put a little pressure on...

Yeah, come on then, say something interesting, develop an argument.

Well, I would phrase that differently and say tell me who you are, tell me who your characters are, which is what I was trying to unearth, through

Susan Sontag, in *Against Interpretation*, says:

*'Programmatic avant gardism - which has meant, mostly, experiments with form at the expense of content, is not the only defense against the infestation of art by interpretations. At least I hope not. For this would be to commit art to being perpetually on the run. (It also perpetuates the very distinction between form and content which is, ultimately, an illusion.) Ideally it is possible to elude the interpreters in another way, by making works of art whose surface is so unified and clean, whose momentum is so rapid, whose address is so direct that the work can be... just what it is.'*

*Taking Sontag's lead I've been trying to approach my character, the circle, in a measured way.*

*I've been trying not so much to interpret who circle really is, in the manner of 'x is really saying y,' and so privileging one interpretation over another at the cost of its form, but rather I've been attempting to simply describe and embody the formal qualities of the circle as I perceive them.*

*Again, this seems an appropriate method. The circle, a kind a turning back on itself, a self-reflexive loop; in many ways a form and a process at the heart of experimental notation. An experimental score is after all an abstraction; in the manner of an abstract painting which has no additional content, it has no hidden meaning to unearth, it simply presents its own form, and ultimately its form IS its content.*

suggesting the topics for discussion that I did in the e-mail, and through raising the two notions of character, on the one hand as a fictional thing or person created by an author and on the other as a typographic inscription on a page, a symbol to represent speech. I was interested in the relationship or the entanglement between those two meanings and in the idea that the typographic inscriptions that we make on the page are producing our characters, or that our characters might actually emerge as result of these actual, physical and material inscriptions. Yeah, so the idea of a character, or a series of characters emerging through being typographically laid out. And I was thinking about that in relation to both wind, the Pinter abstract that you put on the table, and mind, the Dickens thing you said, about...

Oh yeah, the characters assuming autonomy, telling him what do to.

Exactly, so this idea that, especially in relation to the making of a script, this idea of characters in the making, or in the writing, or in the editing, of characters becoming sounds that we track, that tell *us* what to do.

Oh, hello, come in.

Hello.

Hi, I'm Jesse.

Alex, hi.

And that's John Tilbury, playing the keyboard in the kitchen.

So I'm not sure how much you know, I mean, I assume you read this.

Yup.

So we are in the middle of trying to produce a book using this score and that is a very open situation right now, and one of the things we were discussing earlier in fact was how to deal with you [with the public], which we didn't really resolve apart from we were going to go back to the beginning weren't we?

Yeah.

Yeah we were asking a question about Beatrice and the circle.

Which is her assigned character.

So there are six characters and I play the circle, we all more or less got assigned characters in Stuttgart.

So going back to the beginning which was Beatrice and the circle, what is the difference between the two or how do you identify the role in relation to authorship?

As in: What's the relationship between Beatrice and the circle?

Yeah, I suppose.

Well, I don't know, I thought so much about who the circle is I'm not sure I know who Beatrice is. I don't think there is any distinction between the circle and Beatrice. I think that the circle just becomes an excuse for me to think more formally or more rigorously about what my role is in this set-up, an alibi, another alibi basically, it just becomes a structure through which to think about what it is that I am doing already and also I mean, well, but not necessarily to do the same thing: John was talking about Cardew, always talking about, *not* self-expression, self-expression being a horrible individualistic idea, but about self-invention, so maybe trying to use the character of the circle to push me to do different things but, also at the same time, I have to start from who I am.

So are you playing a similar character to yourself, repeatedly, or are you...

What as in a celebrity playing their own...

No, but I mean I'm just thinking about actors who stay close to themselves and actors who deliberately distance themselves from the characters they play.

I don't know I've never played anyone before, I mean I did when I was eleven in a school play [I played a carrot actually], but I don't have experience of playing anyone, so perhaps if I played people repeatedly I would take an approach, but this is the first time I really play someone.

Because I think I really identify with the wind, in how the wind is described as, well, not only personally, but in the way I make work as well; it always responds to things in its way, and it's formed by the things it passes through and so what is it about circle that asserts you, Beatrice Gibson, as author, what is it about circle the character that makes you director?

Well, that's what I was talking earlier, about what I perceived to be the formal qualities of the circle, as a sort of framing device, essentially, in the way that Cardew describes the circle in the score, as something outside time and as something that people are struggling against, if outside to get in, if inside to get out.

As structure?

Because the circle that you showed...

*In Memorium*, it's a score by Bob Ashley, in the shape of a circle.

That was a structure to allow something to happen.

So:

*'The tiger fights the mind that loves the circle that traps the Tiger.'*

*As Cardew says, the circle is an abstraction, 'Perfect and outside time.'*

*The way I've come to understand the circle is as a kind of frame, as something beyond or lining the edges of the score, 'if inside to get out, if outside to get in.'*

*I have chosen to equate the circle with the author, the director, the narrator or storyteller, or, camera, the lens; the character that somehow embodies the overall shot, or the overview, the primary POV.*

*I see my role primarily as concerned with what we call the metalogue, if metalogue is understood, not as prologue or dialogue but as the conversation which stands above the facts, dealing instead with the act of conversing itself, its method and its makeup.*

*Turning back on myself then or encircling myself, I've decided to focus on the poetics of the whole affair, which is to say its formal vocabulary or its laws of composition.*

*Before we continue, however, I think I should clarify what I actually mean by character.*

*So by character I mean really the dual sense of the word; both the notion of character as a fictional person or object, created by an author and represented in a work of fiction or a novel or a film, and character as an the actual of inscription, in the sense of a written symbol used to represent speech.*

*So in relation to the editing of the "Daypiece," or specifically in relation to editing of a work in print, I became interested in the potential entanglement between these two meanings, between essentially the typographic inscriptions that were being made on the page and the character(s) that were emerging as a result.*

For me, I mean maybe I interpreted it wrongly, but for me it was also about a potential infinity of possible iterations, this idea that it's constantly looping back on itself again and again, and again, and that as such it's sort of like a self-reflexive portrait, of its own structure.

Of its own conditions.

Yeah, of its conditions.

I just thought you made it quite obvious that that was a straightforward directorial metaphor for someone who is presenting an equation, if you like, or system within which you are asking a player or actors to work, and to relate to each other.

Yeah and that particular piece — *In Memorium, Esteban Gomez* — has the further advantage that it is literally a visual representation of an astrolabe. An astrolabe is for navigation, it's in order to determine navigation whilst at sea. It's circular, but it's of course how to find the best straight line, it's giving direction; so it has vectors, it has north east south west, it's something which is giving direction to the players. In that sense it's a great metaphor for circle.

Well, the idea that it's a document of its own process was also the thing that interested me, you know that its form *is* its content, that the two are not separate; that relates to my own circle or how I've been trying to interpret the character of the circle. So I spoke earlier about approaching the circle — *not* as a kind of personality to unearth or decode, in the manner of saying 'x is really y' or 'the circle is really this person' — but rather as a set of formal qualities, with the idea that those qualities *are* its personality, let's say, and with the idea of embodying those formal qualities, as I perceive them, so its shape and its form. So yeah, in that sense I spoke about the circle as a kind of framing device, the self-reflexive element, so in other words the author, or narrator, delusional perhaps, but you know, basically, as the character who is concerned with the overall shot, the POV as you'd say in filmic terms, which of course is also always something positioned in relation to the audience.

So, I'm just wondering what, because you know you have created a context here, like you said earlier, using your peers, and as you said that's a very different social group from your previous films, and there were particular ethical positions in relation to that social group, and I'm just wondering what the issues were with the group you worked with before,



say, around voyeurism, inclusion, about fetishization and I just don't see those reverberating here so much, so, do you think there are any ethical questions in relation to this social group? And do you think they all revolve around authorship? I'm just wondering what the ethical issues are, I don't know...

Well, there is the issue of taking a piece by Cornelius Cardew and adding 'by Beatrice Gibson,' it's your piece now...

Yeah, which is strange, like I said before, there's a kind of infinite regress of authorship...

Because nobody has ever done that before, in the history of approaching experimental scores. David Tudor never said...never took authorship of Cage's variations, even though he could have, I mean nobody has ever done that before. So now you have, doesn't it...?

...but I am not a musician, I'm an artist, which I think is quite a crucial difference.

Yeah, but Merce Cunningham did *Variations* as well, I mean there are other people that have done these pieces that are not musicians so it's quite a step, what does it mean? I mean you are the first person to do it, so what does that mean?

I mean I think it's really powerful, to do exactly that but then Jesse's question really becomes an essential question because I mean it: what's the first thing on the page, the first thing you see? Your name is also the first thing throughout the entire piece, top of the page,\* from top down, and so what is...you know, I think it does something, in the same way that we're working together collectively to construct...

\*Indications of Beatrice Gibson as author have been subsequently removed.

I think it's potentially an extremely positive direction in which to take this...

I mean, yeah, there are some really stupid reasons why it hasn't been done but I think there are also some really important reasons because it relates to the form of a book and publishing, but there is, and it's not even about copyright, it's about nineteenth-century romanticism and the idea that we can't get beyond the idea of a singular author and the composer as transmitter, you know, 'he is the thing between god and us,' but you know you're coming in and sweeping that aside...

Or troubling it because Cardew is still there. I mean I've interpreted circle as an author within the score or lining its edge, as a fictional construct.

*And I started to think about this idea, the idea that a character might actually emerge through its being inscribed or typographically laid out.*

*And thought about that also in relation to what the mind said about Dickens and the thoughts that wind put on the table through the Pinter abstract:*

*What Dickens said, you know, that he would create or develop his characters and at a certain point in the novel they would actually take over, they would actually achieve some kind of autonomy, tell him what to do. Sometimes he'd just forget characters, those that appeared on page six would never appear again because they didn't tell him what to do. Other writers said that also, I think Pinter also said it; eventually they tell you what to do. It's the same thing here, you decide how you want to make certain decisions in relation to the tree and eventually the tree will begin to talk to you. There is, in the same way as when you improvise there comes a certain point when you seem to be tracking the sound rather than making it, you're following the sounds, the sounds have a kind of autonomy and at a certain point they decide what they're going to do — there's a marvellous sense of freedom in a way; like a hunter would track an animal and observe and watch — that's what's happens in improvisation and the same thing applies to this. So I started to think about that in relation to the script or as a possible methodology for the production of a script... this notion that the characters are produced in the making or in the writing or in the editing and in the end that really they start to produce themselves, becoming sounds we track.*

*So, the idea that a recorded conversation, a transcript might be walked through to generate subsequent characters and plots.*

I mean it's still Cardew who is ultimately the author. And I think that's maybe a more interesting position, remaining as author within the collective set-up, or within the fiction rather than asserting myself as an author outside of it. Maybe there's something really key in there that I haven't quite verbalized, articulated. Something to do with an author within a fiction rather than an author outside of it.

Can I just ask the question of what it is exactly that you think of as fiction?

Well, I think of the edit of "Daypiece" as fiction. Very much. I think it's an absolutely fictionalized version of, it's not, it's not a clean or honest representation of what happened point-by-point, line-by-line. In its re-ordering and in its restructuring I think it's pretty much entirely fictional. So, in relation to "Daypiece" (or the edit of "Daypiece"), I think the way I understand fiction is quite simple really: as a sort of device for editorial framing or a device for verbal arrangement, as a means of shaping speech that is attentive to its own form. I'm interested in the spatial features of fiction I suppose, in its bringing together of voices within a landscape or characters on a page, and also the way in which it rearranges or reorders a practical field, I mean the way in which it reframes reality essentially, and as such produces it.

John spoke earlier about the fact that all music is interpretation, all music is in a state of interpretation all the time, in its production. We are also acknowledging that — or at least in my mind — we are acknowledging that the collective that is implied in the production of music is one that's different, the collective production that is implied in music is different from an artistic production and I think that is why we are in this situation dealing with a musical score, um, and I also agree with Jesse that maybe interpretation is a better word than fiction, but it's not a noun, "an interpretation." Well, I guess it is, but I'm just wondering is there any fictional music, or is that simply music that hasn't been performed yet?

Yes.

Film music? [Laughter]

Well, no, *musica ficta* is a term.

Yeah?

Yes. And actually what's interesting about *musica ficta*, is again it's this issue of the copyist. *Musica ficta* is what's attended to the copy by the copyist.

The annotations you mean?

It's like annotation but it's more than that because it's really what you hear when you read it. So in other words, it's the inclusion of the accidental, ornamentation, sometimes even the changing of notes, because you know in modal music, when things ascend they have one logic, when they descend they have another, so the patterns change, but it also, it includes local performance practice, so it really localizes: *music ficta* is also what gives you a sense of geography.

Sorry, I'm a bit confused.

I don't get it.

So it's annotations on a musical score, a conventional musical score, accent tone and inflection?

They are not in the source, so the source would be the composer's original.

So, it's interpretation in fact by the copyist.

It's added in, and it's often in a different colour, so it'll be red annotation or it'll be in a different hand, so if it's typeset, it'll be written.

The literal translation of which is "musical fictions," I guess.

But this whole question of the interpretation of music is a can of worms, because you know people say, we all say, we're all kind of I suppose as judgemental. A Beethoven sonata for example, we say, we like that or we don't like it, why do we like it, and then we start talking about, well, what do we talk about, what Beethoven meant, I mean it gets very complex, take all the references for example to the French Revolution, in the ninth symphony, which have all been ironed out now. Which nobody thinks about, but that was quite important at the time, he put those in for a reason. It's quite military some of it, the final part of the symphony, so it's very difficult I think, but you can't just say that's your opinion, that's the easy way of dealing with it, but if you don't, then you are starting, well, you are backing one interpretation against another, it becomes very difficult. "I like Schnabel" / "I don't like Kempff." Well, what are you saying? are you talking about yourself? Are you talking about the piano? Are you talking about the edition? I mean there's all kinds of things. Actually Schnabel, who is one of the most famous interpreters of Beethoven, he wrote in his edition how he played it, so he would write *accelerando*, *diminuendo*, *staccato*, every detail of how he played it, a megalomaniac in a way.

*But I'm getting ahead of myself.  
So, in "Daypiece," you see that I,  
the circle, am positioned at times,  
on the outside, at the edge of frame,  
and that as the circle, I interject every  
now and then as kind of narrator  
(a delusional one, perhaps).*

*Amy described this positioning via  
Locke as a type of furniture,  
'a room of the idea':*

Edwards's hungry reading of Locke was sensitive to nuances of syntax, grammar, and logic in large part as a result of his ministerial training but equally because of his lifelong habit of closely observing natural phenomena, especially the relation of physical structures and processes to the accidents of environment. His natural historian's eye is particularly instanced by his study of spiders and light. Edwards gave words and sentences the same kind of attention Darwin would just over a century later. While Darwin would rewrite *Origin* five times, persistently attempting to escape the prison of sentences expressing the very idea of design he was trying to overturn, Edwards simultaneously theorized and performed stylistic experiments that opened up spaces in his language for the play of imagination with and around what Stevens would later describe, in drawing a distinction between "the poetry of the subject" and the "true subject" out of which the former develops, as "the irrational element," the welter of feelings out of which the framing propositions of the larger containing sentences and paragraphs emerge. In each "room of the idea," Edwards's term for such a conceptual/linguistic space, was the "furniture," in Locke's terms, that made it a pleasing habitation for the mind in its constant searching for places of rest. These "rooms," sites of rhetorical expansion, interrupt and deflect the trajectory of linear logical argument.

*A Natural History of Pragmatism*, Joan Richardson, City University of New York, 2006.

*I see this positioning similarly as  
a kind of room of my own; as a kind  
of removal of one voice from within  
a landscape of others – so to speak –  
in which I, as author, can sit back and  
ruminate on things as they unfold.*

*So I've been thinking of this idea of  
the author,  
the circle as author,  
and the position of author,  
in relation to our conversations.*

And that's *musica ficta*.

Yes, and it was very extreme.

We would call it "editing" now.

Like the Pisoni edition of Bach, same kind of thing. I mean it's weird, it's full of dynamics which don't exist, so you are adding in things that don't exist.

I think you know you have to stay cool about that because that's in the nature of it, but it's... it's a can of worms. In the end perhaps there is an element of subjectivity, where you come from, where you are coming from, that's what makes it more interesting.

But I see fiction as more a stimulation to both interpretation and subjectivity, like a pinprick to begin that process.

As long as you understand that the conditions are fictional.

For me, what I find really interesting is that you equate fiction with form, because I don't, I think of fiction in relation to content, I really think about fiction in relation to a narrative and being led, or stimulated or provoked.

I think thinking about it in terms of form comes from a specific methodology in terms of making films. The films that I have made, in that I deal with – let's say – *real* situations, which I document and then I edit and order, so I fictionalize them through framing them in a way that doesn't quite match how they actually were, so I suppose that equation for me comes through that process; but, yes, I guess it's strange. But I suppose it's also because I think about fiction in relation to language, I think of fiction as a specific way of saying, or speaking, that is maybe more poetic or attentive to poetics.

I think there is a word that we have skirted around, in fact I think we haven't mentioned it, we have been very close to mentioning it but we haven't and that is the word "imagination".

[together] HMMMMM.

And I think, above all, *The Tiger's Mind*, that is what it was written for: it's a challenge to the imagination. And I think the thing about analysis and interpretation, these kind of approaches, ultimately you come up against a brick wall. With imagination there is no brick wall and that's why I think... you know I think of Cardew, I think of Blake, imagination above reason, the beat poets, all that kind of... that's something which I think we mustn't

lose track of, that word, the idea of imagination, which is so important when we actually come to deal with it, how do we use our imagination, which we actually have to do in the interpretation of this work. I remember Cornelius, in the book, there is one point when he is very dogmatic in his Stalinist way, he says, it's nonsense, how can you turn an elephant into a pint of milk, well, actually, in the imagination you can. All the fairy stories, *Alice in Wonderland*...all the great stories are full of elephants being turned into pints of milk.

**The tiger burns and sniffs  
the wind for news**

Tuesday April 26, 2011.

Tiger, Hello.

Forgive the 'pre-emptive strike' but today we begin. and to begin to talk all together about each line or notation here is something early in the morning.

I made a drawing recently: the foreign / international section of a newspaper, scrunched into a ball and thrown onto a large white piece of paper. With a spotlight, I marked the the object's shadow with charcoal, taking care not to touch the newspaper ball.

I think this was about getting close to something - getting close to information without touching it, and making some sort of notation from this action.

I hear you have been reading the papers obsessively? News from afar about where you are now?



Tiger: 'When Nasser came to power (in 1956), he would broadcast a speech on the radio, every other Thursday, immediately after Oum Kalthoum's weekly concert. Each of her concerts would be one long improvised song, in which she sang in response to the public's calls for

things to be repeated or particular stories to be told, and in this way her song would develop organically. The voice of Oum Kalthoum would fascinate the nation, people would be in a trance listening to her and so they would be ready to listen to the disembodied voice of Nasser.

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One day, just after the concert, Nasser announced the nationalization of the Suez Canal. The nation of Egypt was articulated between these two voices, between the fascinating voice of Oum Kalthoum and its trance and the all pervasive intimate voice of Nasser. In the Suez

## NIGHTPIECE

He storms at the circle; if inside to get out, if outside to get in  
Can we go back to the beginning again?

I want to read this quote by Cardew:

8th Feb '63

Notation is a way of making people move. If you lack others, like aggression or persuasion. The notation *should* do it. This is the most rewarding aspect of work on a notation. Trouble is: just as you find your sounds are too alien, intended 'for a different culture', you make the same discovery about your beautiful notation: no one is willing to understand it. No one moves.

Tiger: Perhaps we look in fiction, and narrative, for a different kind of feedback mechanism. This is a story that hosts conversations and fragments of dialogues, some of them taking place in a not-too-distant past, others that may have happened in the page of a book or simply in our head – or not at all. We converse with so many other voices than our own when we talk together, is fiction the only device that can contain them comfortably? The voice changes through space, this is very true and proximity allows for subtler modulations. It is only with distance however, that we may begin to understand.

Rainer: She knows that the content of her thoughts consists entirely of what she's read, spoken, dreamt, and thought about what she's read, heard, spoken, dreamt. She knows that thought is not something privileged, autonomous, originative, and that the formulation *cogito ergo sum* is, to say the least, inaccurate. She knows too that her notion of "concrete experience" is an idealised, fictional site where contradictions can be resolved, "personhood" demonstrated, and desire fulfilled forever. Yet all the same the magical, seductive narrative properties of 'yes, I was talking...' draw her with an inevitability that makes her slightly dizzy. She stands trembling between fascination and skepticism. She moves obstinately between the two.<sup>1</sup>

1. Yvonne Rainer, "Looking Myself in the Mouth," *October*, vol. 17 (Summer 1981): 65.

crisis of 1967, the strike by Israel was made on a Thursday and Oum Kalthoum's voice was blamed for the fact that people didn't react quickly enough: the attack had happened while the entire nation was so mesmerized by this voice that they couldn't fight against the Israelis.'

Piano bars:

TUESDAY 26 – THURSDAY APRIL 28, 2011

[Implosive]

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. Each staff begins with a bass clef and a repeat sign. The notation includes quarter notes, eighth notes, and some accidentals (flats). The music is characterized by a repetitive, rhythmic pattern that is described as 'implosive' in the text above it.

The tree trips Amy in the dark  
and in her fall she recognizes  
her mind.

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'This is getting really annoying, is  
he sleeping, which one is he doing,  
is he tripping?'  
'He is sabotaging the score...'  
'Is he sleeping in the tree, is he  
climbing, is he groaning, is he  
tripping?'



### Three Movements for Oppositional Change

2011

Musical arrangement.  
Concerning movements between  
a larger, governing structure and a smaller,  
oppositional force.

#### 1. *Gradual Movement of Change*

The oppositional force moves towards  
the static, governing structure. The larger  
structure permits entry, then absorbs and  
integrates the oppositional movement's  
characteristics into its own structure.  
Change takes place within the framework  
of existing arrangements.

#### 2. *Insurrectional Movement of Change*

The governing structure is locked in a self-  
fulfilling circularity. Outside of this, as a  
result, the smaller oppositional force builds  
strength over time, with which it overcomes  
the governing structure. A new organiza-  
tional structure is enforced, which disman-  
tles and replaces the older.

#### 3. *Implosive Movement of Change*

The smaller force disobediently encircles  
the larger structure from the outside, trap-  
ping it in its own logic, long enough until  
it implodes.

65

"You'll pardon my extreme  
abstraction of political move-  
ments."

Amy sleeps while the tiger  
hunts.

*Buckminster Fuller: I have pondered  
a great deal on the word "creativity",  
and I'm not inclined to use it in respect  
to human beings. What is usually  
spoken of as creativity is really a  
unique and unprecedented combina-  
tion in the use of principles discovered  
by man as existing – a priori – in the  
universe.*

Hoffman: So we just take what  
already exists and use it for our  
own ends?

*I think the word creation implies ad-  
ding something to the universe. And  
I don't think man adds to the universe.  
I think man is a very extraordinary  
part of the universe for he demon-  
strates the unique capability to discov-  
er and intellectually identify abstract,  
operative principles of the universe.*

And then to use them in ways that  
no other has done before. To use  
and to be used – that is our lot. Not  
that I would complain about that.  
Upcycling is about building in,  
designing in the option of being  
reused for another purpose and  
using what is available when it is  
necessary. Giving a new function  
or purpose to an a priori principle,  
as you say. Would you say then that  
we are all just accidental "theatre-  
goers" who just happened in on  
the play of life, like it or not?

*No. I find exactly the opposite to be  
true. Humanity performs an essential  
function in universe. Man's function  
in universe is metaphysical and  
antientropic. He is essential to the  
conservation of universe, which is in  
itself an intellectual conception.<sup>2</sup>*

I was talking with circle in  
the sky about proximity, and  
how this affects comprehen-  
sion / perception - how  
sound changes through  
space. Did you hear the  
shouts of the demonstra-  
tors? I heard from the news-  
paper there was a rumour in  
the crowds that he fled the  
country?

<sup>2</sup> Adapted from R. Buckminster Fuller,  
"Design strategy" (1966), in *Utopia or  
Oblivion: The Prospects for Humanity* (1969),  
23, 354.

Fend: And it is more or less an aesthetic exercise in what to think about space...Where space in this case is a solid, is a gas, is elastic; it can be inflated, it can be contracted; it's in your body, you're inside the space. It is actually quite important that something has happened to the walls, that something happened to the space...The space has already been somehow "occupied," and what you do becomes an additional occupation practice.<sup>3</sup>

Tiger: Perhaps I can take this and turn it around, and the occupation practice becomes one of addition. To think about space cumulatively means to consider it as a register of its evolution. And again: cumulative space acts as a growing archive of its own production. Or: material and physical space (perhaps not exclusively, and this can also be said of the space of knowledge for example) is forensic evidence of how it was previously occupied, inhabited.

3. Adapted from from an email conversation between Céline Condorelli and Peter Fend, October 2008 – May 2009.  
(Excerpts from *Functional Configurations: Seven Acts in Search of a Play*,  
www.celinecondorelli.eu)

"The aim is to represent in slow motion everything that occurs during a single second of maximum spiritual excitement, stretching it out to half an hour. *Erwartung* according to Arnold Schoenberg – described as his "only lengthy work in an athenatic style," where no musical material returns once stated over the course of 426 measures.

Time: Night, Place: A forest.

A woman, in an apprehensive state, searches for her lover. In the darkness, she comes across what she first thinks is a body, but then realises is a tree trunk. She is frightened and becomes more anxious as she cannot find the man she is looking for. She then finds a dead body, and sees that it is her lover.

[...] the musical analogy is interesting. Improvisation is considered by many composers as a threat to composition. Famous composers, like Boulez and Stockhausen were quite paranoid about it, and caricatured it in order to dismiss it. Improvisation – at least about the improvisations that I am involved in – is destructive of structure and it has no agenda. Cardew said something like 'Oh for a music without structure,' six years before he joined AMM. If you look at *The Tiger's Mind*, I see no structure. I see relationships but I don't see a structure in this piece at all. It is about a fluidity of relationships so it's an ongoing process of improvisation. Lord knows what the end of it will be perhaps we need to make structure but at the moment we are succeeding in not making structures.

If we are talking quite literally about what a musical movement does in music, it's quite important to look at how musical movements functioned under the dominant system of *tonality* up until the early twentieth century – which is essentially: always working with a system of control that plays upon one's desires in terms of teleology. You are trying to *get to the end* of something, but there is something that is diverting you and that diversion is part of what enhances or makes one's experience of the movement itself feel participatory as a listener. Colonization offers the same kinds of candy to young children that tonality does, musically.

There is also a tradition in the early music of Steve Reich which was based on gradual change, coming out of a desire for timelessness. La Monte Young and Robert Ashley were also dealing with this: the drone in music that is coming from sound enables physiological changes to happen in a person and an observation of those changes taking place. Watching how one's listening changes one's body or the state of being. Somehow we are in this together, so it has a more communal sense. The "insurrectional" would be more like Schoenberg, I think, in a way, it would be taking a new system and placing it in a new form. He was still writing very traditional sonatas, in terms of the form, but there was a new system happening inside. It wasn't trying to break the mould but it was trying to change things from within. (He lost his nerve, didn't he? He had to find the system, tonal system, then he had these wonderful things with no system at all, like [his] *Erwartung* – the woman lost in the forest singing – extraordinary stuff. Somehow Schoenberg lost his nerve: 'I have got to find a structure for this I have got to get control of it.' Never wrote anything as good as that early music.)

She calls out for assistance, but there is no response. She tries to revive him, and addresses him as if he were still alive, angrily charging him with being unfaithful to her. She then asks herself what she is to do with her life, as her lover is now dead. Finally, she wanders off alone into the night. (Wikipedia)

The last category you put, 'implosion,' I would say has no movement. (I have to be careful about this but) it's the one that is the closest to improvisation and experimental notation. It does create perceptual conditions, and all kinds of ways that we construct communication and ways of reading together and being together and (no ostentation) it certainly enacts change in a very different kind of way. But does that implosion actually create movement? Is improvisation inclined towards a movement as a structure? It is inclined towards form, is it inclined towards those kinds of things and I think... on the other hand, I'm just thinking about the text that I mentioned yesterday called *The Tyranny of Structurelessness*, which tells us how structurelessness causes stasis. Movement becomes disabled because nobody takes the reins. The modern Left has the same reaction to immigration: leftist journalists write that borders are actually good, because they keep our way of life in and we need to protect it. The idea of merging boundaries or outspoken differences can actually undo the possibility to oppose them because you are facing a block rather than a structure so you don't know how to be opposed. [There have to be boundaries in order to allow for the kind of antagonisms to take place that ensure freedoms.] I'm sure this completely applies to the bafflement that people might have towards improvisation as well, in a way the musical establishment also didn't know how to argue against it because it is so formless, it's very difficult to take a strong and clear stand against something like this. Before the Cold War finished there were two very defined structures at war, and now, and now the structure is having to chase or respond to (absorb?) what has been described as asymmetrical. The resistance to it now is not symmetrical, on their terms, it's improvised, literally, with IEDs (improvised exploding devices) – the main killer of American soldiers.

I was interested in music being a way of "making people move," I will say one thing that the word "making" is not at all Cardew-esque, it wasn't in his make-up to *make* anybody do anything, so in a way it's not a good choice of word, but maybe that's a diversion. It's more a slight unease at that declaration: 'notation is a way of making people move.' Move for what? What's the purpose? Why are we moving? What is the desire to make people move? I wonder why I am moving otherwise I just feel I am being manipulated, because it means that somebody else knows what we are moving towards when

The circle, ever the directorial pragmatist, suggested we noted our relation to the project / conversation we are now part of. And so forgive the length of attachment\* - a chapter im afraid, but maybe something to dip into amidst your new home. And maybe something 'to sniff' to start with.

Yours,

The wind in Holland.

\* See Appendix 1 - *Noise of Placards / The Proximity of Protest*

She dreams of the wind,  
which then comes and  
wakes her.



During the years in which the women's liberation movement has been taking shape, a great emphasis has been placed on what are called leaderless, structureless groups as the main – if not sole – organizational form of the movement.

The source of this idea was a natural reaction against the over-structured society in which most of us found ourselves, the inevitable control this gave others over our lives, and the continual elitism of the Left and similar groups among those who were supposedly fighting this overstructuredness.

The idea of structurelessness, however, has moved from a healthy counter to those tendencies to becoming a goddess in its own right. The idea is as little examined as the term is much used, but it has become an intrinsic and unquestioned part of women's liberation ideology. For the early development of the movement this did not much matter. It early defined its main goal, and its main method, as consciousness-raising, and the 'structureless' rap group was an excellent means to this end. The looseness and informality of it encouraged participation in discussion, and its often supportive atmosphere elicited personal insight. If nothing more concrete than personal insight ever resulted from these groups, that did not much matter, because their purpose did not really extend beyond this.

The basic problems didn't appear until individual rap groups exhausted the virtues of consciousness-raising and decided they wanted to do something more specific. At this point they usually foundered because most groups were unwilling to change their structure when they changed their tasks. Women had thoroughly accepted the idea of "structurelessness" without realizing the limitations of its uses. People would try to use the "structureless" group and the informal conference for purposes for which they were unsuitable out of a blind belief that no other means could possibly be anything but oppressive.

If the movement is to grow beyond these elementary stages of development, it will have to disabuse itself of some of its prejudices about organization and structure.

There is nothing inherently bad about either of these. They can be and often are misused, but to reject them out of hand because they are misused is to deny ourselves the necessary tools to further development. We need to understand why "structurelessness" does not work.

Introduction to Jo Freeman aka Joreen's  
*The Tyranny of Structurelessness* (1972).  
(jofreeman.com/joreen/tyranny)

I don't. I don't feel comfortable talking about movement in such overtly political terms, though feel invested in this term "movement" since it's a proposition of alternative narratives, let's say – movement away from a dominant structure towards something other than that, and I'm not sure why it is that that has to be defined. Can't it just be the act of moving itself, the idea of change? I am thinking of Emerson's essay on circles and this very humble idea that one thing replaces another and *that* movement being valuable in and of itself. Without necessarily about defining what we are moving towards.

It's only valuable if we are trying to move towards a practice of freedom. That is the value / that is what we are working towards / that's what one is working towards / that's the only valid explanation of politics, what is politics for? Politics is completely uninteresting if it is not towards the practice of freedom.

The thing about improvising is – though they say you can play anything – that you actually don't play "anything" you play "something". That's where the responsibility comes in, you do not play anything, you play *something*, you have to make a decision and it may come from some kind of impulse, it may be more rational, but anyway there is a decision, maybe a split-second decision, but you have to play *something*. An audience is always implied in this decision-making, is it not? I sit and play the piano by myself sometimes, but even when there is nobody there, there is an audience somehow. I'm part of a collective. I'm aware of the fact that what I'm playing, it depends on a lot of people, that gives me all kinds of ideas, not least the piano that was built for me, Mr. Steinway, not least the tuner that just came last week, that tuned it for me. So it's part of a huge collective. That's where it gets serious, the moment you... what I am going to do? ... so this freedom must come with responsibility. Though people translate it in different ways, Marx said 'freedom is the recognition of necessity,' 'freedom as recognition of responsibility.' I think is a very strong political movement towards a practice of freedom, I mean practising music also is a practice of freedom, I think.

Do you think there can be a movement away from freedom, in the sense, that in Britain at the moment we are moving towards a decimation of public services, et cetera, privatization, so can we describe movement in exactly the same ways, from either side?

That quote from Cornelius may not necessarily be prescriptive, it may simply be a description of notation as it has been practised over

**Worstward Ho!**

2011

Piano recital.

Samuel Beckett's novella *Worstward Ho!* (1984) demonstrates a breakdown of grammar into words of mainly one or two syllables, arranged in 96 sequences of varying length. This work is analysed by the performer and structurally divided into eleven sections (A–K) each of which will tend to feature particular words, such as “bones”, “mind”, “child”, “ooze”, “place” or “stare”. Musical motifs (chords, melodies or rows) are then assigned to each word, based on the performer's subjective correspondences between the words and the music.

A recording of the performer reading Beckett's novella (at a symposium in a Dutch university), is played through two speakers affixed to the underside of a grand piano. The spoken words of the recording and the corresponding motifs are played simultaneously, ‘without lubricant,’ i.e. a disregard for transition between the motifs.

‘Any dot, comma, or apostrophe Beckett writes is of interest to me.

Beckett was a great giver, he was always giving things to people, giving money away. He was, though an atheist, an incredibly spiritual person. I always felt that religion had hijacked spirituality and it was time for the atheists to get it back. There are always things we don't know, we don't have to call it God. It was always things, there are always quests for the unknown and finding things out. So, well, I think Beckett is a wonderful example of somebody who is at the forefront of wresting that away from religion. There was a wonderful story, when he left a tip for the Virgin Mary with his cleaning lady. She was always talking about the Virgin Mary and at the same time she was very worried about Beckett because he was a non-believer. “How could such a nice man not believe in the Virgin Mary?” She was very worried about him and they used to have long conversations, and when he finally left he didn't see her, he just left some money for her and next to that he left another pile of money and a note saying *This is for that lady that you keep mentioning.*'

In each “room of the idea,” Edwards's term for such a conceptual / linguistic space, was the “furniture,” in Locke's terms, that made it a pleasing habitation for the mind in its constant searching for places of rest. These “rooms,” sites of rhetorical expansion, interrupt and deflect the trajectory of linear logical argument. (idem. Richardson)

'If we are talking about musical scores and the kind of scores that we have been dealing with – graphic scores and graphic notations – which can be seen as beautiful objects on the one hand but have to be engaged with. They are very different from visual music, which is a belief in synaesthesia, where you have this reaction to colour and that becomes manifest in sound. This is problematic, since it skips a step, it seems to somehow reside in a belief, in an immediate transferability of one thing for another, or an equivocation of sense. In other words you don't get to talk about it, you feel it, and you know that sits in a place where feeling itself is something purer than something linguistic, or that feelings are not as conditioned as language is. The surface itself still needs to be deciphered in some way. It can't be immediately transferred, it's not an equivalence, it doesn't act like currency.'

the centuries, but I think the essence of it is in terms of musical notation, in that you are being asked or told or cajoled or threatened, or paid to do something, to play this note, to play it loud, to move to another one, to wait four beats, and so you can do that well, and you may do that under duress, you may do it because you need money, you may do it because you believe in what you are being told, that it is a good thing. Maybe that was the kind of thing that Cardew was talking about, he was maybe just describing what happens, that is a fact of life, of musical notation, you are carrying out orders, you're doing what you are told to do.

There is another issue though, which is that notation is something that we read together. It makes us move because there are ideas moving, there are things that then have to be shared between people. Unlike a word or a sentence which you put on a page, music doesn't say what it says, when it's on a page. There's not enough on the page, a notation is incomplete, it can't be read on its own, it can't be read like a book. It has no meaning and only works once it gets off the page and becomes music, that is the only time it really starts to work. You can read music as musical thoughts, agreed, but that is not making music, that is just studying the score. There are some people that can make the music in their heads that way but the notation is not doing what it's supposed to do, the history of notation is not about being read privately, like a book, it never was. Reading music is a social act, it needs to be read by a group of people. It was never meant for one person to read on their own.

[...]

Tiger, are there any nice cakes in Cairo?

It's not really cake country, it's sweet country, so: dates, sweets, biscuits filled with dates, baklava, and so on.

The inadequacy of the medium [Skype] demonstrated so well, is that you can't share the cake with us.

The thing I love most about tiger is that her tone is as serious whether it's about cake or revolution.

Two very serious things.

Thank you mind.

NIGHTPIECE

The mind, rocked by the wind tittering in the leaves of the tree...

Transcription  
Richard Jones

$\text{♩} = 72$   
2:45 Gamelan

5

8

13

3:52 HARPSICHORD  
Faster  $\text{♩} = 120$

17

21

25

Electric piano. NB. This is NOT  
*Worstward Ho!*

Carrying on from where we left off: we were talking about movement, in music, in relation to compositions, and movement political in relation to resistance, resisting a particular structure or power of some sort. Why, when we think of movement, do we always think of a left wing or a radical movement? Can there be movements in relation to not necessarily right-wing, but there is a movement at the moment in Britain in terms of policy changing, getting rid of public services, et cetera? How do we define a political movement and is movement always framed in terms of a resistance? Or change? It has a positive connotation, you tend not to think of movement in a bad direction. “The Nazi movement” or “a fascist movement?” – I don’t think movement is inherently positive. Movement is only positive in relation to stasis, and we know that static-ness is a form of death or paralysis, but we need to know what we are moving towards, in order to partake in that movement. There is a movement of the ideology that we share as a group, the movement of an idea, a shared idea or goal, and then there is also a movement of the body. What it means to walk down the street while you are complicit to a conceptual movement. Or the notion of movement pertaining more to the idea of the activation of a reader or a listener, or a viewer, in terms of that viewer being faced with a field of different interpretive possibilities. That isn’t necessarily another movement, but a mental movement of a shift in how the shared idea moves or is negotiated through collective interpretation. In terms of notation, that’s definitely collective movement.

This time around we hope that the form of our conversation and the form of our production is more inclusive, working against the idea of a passive audience, receiver or reader, or viewer. Movement in terms of someone who is provoked to act. But it’s telling that the more people come in, the bigger the crowd gets, the more difficult it is to start again and start again and include them, and include. How do you get out of that loop of simply talking about the conditions of this, that you are constantly repeating this productive framework, but never get down to the actual act of production, because the more people come, the more hollowed out that framework...no it’s not hollowing out but...how do you get other people to take responsibility within that process or within that framework in order to allow the conversation to take place at two different levels and then come back together again? So that we can carry on having the conversation we

Audience: So what I was saying is that of course, at one point you go into a different mode, so when you are first amongst each other, you actually have been talking for three days, and you really have this kind of formal setting where you decided to, almost as a, a play, give yourself a role which can switch or not, but at the point when the members of the public come in it becomes a kind of justification of what you are doing, which of course become another conversation and the second person comes and then the third person comes, and it becomes reflection upon reflection, this idea of a circle...so it almost becomes, that...since I have arrived which is fifteen minutes ago...I would say that the conversation, although it’s not a circle, almost has that sort of reflexiveness in itself, without actually... maybe that’s a way of reflecting upon it, but I would also say, you know, if I would be floating above it without being a member of the public what would it have been...

B: But it’s interesting because you think the presence of the audience will take it outside itself and actually it forces it to spiral even deeper into itself, because it forces it to keep having to explain itself, so it’s sort of a weird...



NIGHTPIECE

2

29 [4:28]

33 c. 1 min

34 ♩ = 66 [6:44 Electric Piano] [7:00]

*sempre p*

43

53 [8:00]

63

71 [9:00]

[9:37]

Audience: Can I just make an observation coming in very new to this, that, you're all very cautious in caring about what we need to know, I mean you've filled me in in some ways, but at the same time, does our presence help to bring more clarity to you in explaining the project in a more succinct way? Or, because it's been a long, meandering introduction – but I've liked it because I see dynamics occurring in the circle – but I, you're also being very cautious with us and I quite like that but still, are you also getting any help from us by us just listening to you?

were having an hour ago. Maybe audience members could transmit to new audience members.

The argument of *The Tyranny of Structurelessness* is that when you have a structureless group you conceal the real structures and hierarchies because they are *informal*, and you know they can't be articulated. So what Joreen is saying is that there is nothing inherently problematic about having a structure or a hierarchy, as long as it's transparent so people can challenge it. This came up because I was part of a feminist collective based around a film archive called Cinenova, and there was project to do a series of events called *The Mary Kelly Project* (this appropriation of her name, was a signal of the intent of the project). Quite quickly everyone realized that it's very difficult to have a discussion in a group, in a way your whole educational individuation is about learning to make decisions, learning to be autonomous, learning to be independent, and – certainly in our education – there was very little about working in a group in a different kind of way that wasn't simply about achieving a short-term end. So *The Tyranny of Structurelessness* was actually really helpful in terms of thinking that sometimes you need a structural inequality even if it's a completely artificial one, in order to generate a dynamic so that somebody can propose something and other people can oppose it, and that's how conversation starts.

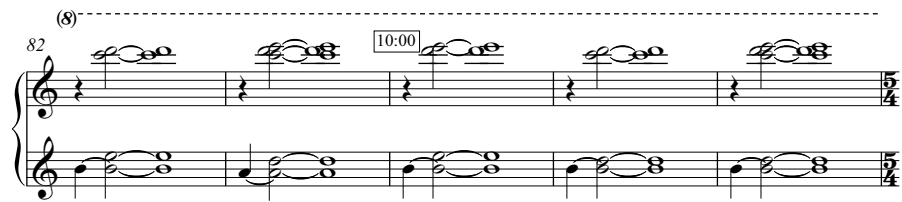
...and strangled by the circle...

78 **Faster** (♩ = 96) 8<sup>me</sup>



(8)

82 10:00



(8) **Faster** (♩ = 120)

87



(8)

92



The circle is trying to teach its secrets to the tree.

This time around we hope that the form of our conversation and the form of our production is more inclusive, working against the idea of a passive audience, receiver or reader, or viewer. Movement in terms of someone who is provoked to act, or to be “moved” by something, or *beauty* as an *alibi* for engaging people in something they otherwise might not engage in. Can you be moved in that sense? What sort of tools do you use to be touched, emotionally? What about the use of seduction in relation to beauty? Seduction can be purely erotic in the way that teaching can be erotic. Colloquially, to be seduced is to *not* be in control of your own emotion and that perhaps expressing that definition is the same as saying that movement is always against a larger structure, as a predefined, preconditioned idea that we have about movement or seduction. Seduction can just be a formalism employed by Hollywood for a seductive purpose but they are clearly using it in different ways / employing it in a different way.

Tiger seems suspicious of beauty in and of itself, as opposed to, say how it’s deployed, which I think is a key distinction: you can use beauty for progressive ends – or out of generosity to a public – and try to engage a wider audience by using quite comfortable formats. That doesn’t necessarily stop it being critical, even if it *were* a Hollywood romcom, why would that be problematic? Tiger speaks about an idea of reformation or an idea of reconstruction or breaking down existing structures, or what she was saying earlier about the black hole – consuming everything and breaking it apart. This is quite an ugly business, it’s quite a destructive, in-aesthetic business that she possibly just doesn’t rhyme with beauty. Perhaps she’d rather see something inherently political manifest itself, manifest its workings or mechanics, as something that is inherently chaotic and ugly. A reductive idea, perhaps.

What about seduction in terms of resistance or action, when you talk about movement? Action is a form of resistance, versus passivity which is not resistant. You can be seduced to act which is extremely passive, and you can also be passive in a very active way, in terms of not taking up arms or not striking against somebody when you know it’s wrong.

It comes down to implementation and instrumentalization of those terms, of course, and how they are contextualized. In which case “useful beauty” seems, conceptually, to be a problem. There’s a tension in the idea

NIGHTPIECE

4

96 (8) 1

100 11:00

slightly slower  
(♩ = 90)

104 11:27 8<sup>va</sup>

108 (8)

111 (8) 11:57 1

of useful beauty – not that it’s an irresolvable problem or uninteresting, or useful – but instrumentalized beauty is a problematic idea, if the idea is that there is an interest in beauty because it can be useful for a particular end, then I think that’s a problem. The history of beauty since the eighteenth century is to do with things that are *not* useful, and the word “alibi” complicates this because beauty becomes a thing that is like taking on a character. It’s not directly expressed, it’s indirect. So it’s the thing that allows you to have a very complex sound world and a very complex script, and on another level it’s the beauty that keeps you there in order to do that.

Beauty is a form of notation, you can use beauty as form. On the one hand you can talk about usefulness and on the other about movement, but you can actually use beauty to keep someone on a seat, literally. There is always such a form of ulterior motive behind beauty. There has to be some means to an end with beauty because it’s there to seduce or attract, or not make us avert our eyes from the ugliness that would be there instead. I think it’s quite interesting that beauty or aesthetics acts as a form of notation in relation to an audience, you are talking about the usefulness of it but I really use it a lot in my own work as a tool maybe, like, as a, it’s a very conscious decision, in relation to scrutiny, perhaps. Presenting a relationship to something material which invites a particular time, with the eyes and the thing, so there is maybe different sequences of relationships with the object say from different proximities, so you get closer and closer and things change; and how things are made; what things are constructed of if things are intimately constructed; or just these questions through making or through craft which I suppose activates a temporal period of scrutiny. What’s important conceptually, is to ignite or present those relationships that are supposed to be more critical, to have a visual criticality in relation to what you are seeing. Making you aware of your eyes, very much so, and I don’t know if beauty is the right word, but the use of very intricate processes to keep the eyes, to track them a little bit. The elements that might define this idea of perception, which one could call beauty, *or* elements of a way of working: a history of making, a history of a relationship to this thing.

There is a particular tradition of aesthetics in relation to beauty in the last 250 years that would say (there are two parts of it) that the experience of beauty is, to some extent, a contemplative and self-reflexive model, that the subject experiencing beauty is partly experiencing the play of their

NIGHTPIECE

114 *c. 2'20"*

115 *♩=60*  
14:23 LH Electric Piano

121

127 15:30 RH Vibraphone

133

137

140

146 *♩=72*  
17:02

own faculties, so it's a kind of contemplative thing, as opposed to a spur to action. The other thing is that beauty relates to an object which has a certain autonomy and that autonomy includes autonomy from the intentions of the maker. The object has its own laws, independent of viewer and producer. That idea of the autonomous art object which is – certainly in modernism – quite closely tied up with the idea of beauty, is something in tension with the idea that you are producing objects with a particular set of aims. A particular set of political aims, let's say, because the point about an autonomous beautiful object is that it generates a different set of relationships and conceptual processes between the object and the viewer than might have been the intention of the producer. The process of beauty is not a kind of means / ends process. Adorno says the whole legacy of a modern art work and the legacy of beauty – in so far as that is still possible in the art work – is a critique of means / ends rationality, a critique of that whole model of means / ends progress or political action. Tiger would, for example, be very critical of the Adornian position because to some extent it seems very conservative, it's interested in contemplative behaviour and to some extent that idea of non-instrumental rationality. So there is tension in the idea of putting beauty and use in a harness, because you have to reckon with something else, you have to reckon with another set of possibilities that are beyond control.

'...you make the same discovery about your beautiful notation, no one is willing to understand it, no ones moves,' because it's a belief, it becomes a belief, you believe that beauty can somehow do this thing, that will make people do this thing.

It's quite hard to talk about use and beauty without engaging with the thinking about beauty which has happened in the tradition from Kant to Adorno. It's an argument you see getting replayed in political art all the time. Tiger's argument with beauty is not simply that they are rubbing up against each other, her and it. It's a really difficult, intractable, political problem for art. How instrumental can art be? How much can it have an instrumental relationship to a viewer?

But you can *look* at the dialectic of use and beauty, you could also look at the use of beauty that is inherently political. One of the reasons that I'm aware of that dialectic is in the sense of the use of beauty to manipulate or seduce as a political tool.



NIGHTPIECE

17:33

6

Musical score for 'Nightpiece' starting at measure 151. The score is in 4/4 time and features a piano accompaniment with various dynamics and articulations.

Measures 151-153: Treble clef, 4/4 time. Measure 151 has a dynamic marking of *pp* and a fingering of 6. Measure 152 has a dynamic marking of *pp*. Measure 153 has a dynamic marking of *pp*. The bass clef part has a circled 8 below it.

Measures 154-155: Treble clef, 4/4 time. Measure 154 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. Measure 155 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. The bass clef part has a circled 8 below it.

Measures 156-157: Treble clef, 4/4 time. Measure 156 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. Measure 157 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. The bass clef part has a circled 8 below it.

Measures 158-159: Treble clef, 4/4 time. Measure 158 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. Measure 159 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. The bass clef part has a circled 8 below it.

Measures 160-161: Treble clef, 4/4 time. Measure 160 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. Measure 161 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. The bass clef part has a circled 8 below it.

Measures 162-163: Treble clef, 4/4 time. Measure 162 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. Measure 163 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. The bass clef part has a circled 8 below it.

Measures 164-165: Treble clef, 4/4 time. Measure 164 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. Measure 165 has a dynamic marking of *mp*. The bass clef part has a circled 8 below it.

Along the way I developed a set of aesthetics, that I use, but not necessarily to seduce an audience, because on one level the game is to throw it back to the audience so that the person who see things is totally alone and then has to choose what position to take. Though as soon as it comes to philosophers I am immediately confronted since I can't follow the terms, I am not an insider. That kind of a language is drowning out any other possible forms of speech, because I also have an inherent problem with academic language exactly in relation to a public; I think it's a very hermetic, very closed, very elitist form of speaking. My school for aesthetic and art theory was very disingenuous because it encouraged people that had done philosophy to speak in this way. And it also encouraged artists, yet they were really cruel to the artists that didn't have a philosophy background. I remember once in a seminar on Kant, an artist said 'This is very interesting but can we talk about an example? Can we talk about an artist?' The philosopher shook his head very sadly and said that Kant said examples are the crutches of the mind.

We are dealing here with characters that we take on and we are using characters that are in a landscape, and the landscape is a field of actions and possibilities, which we are constantly negotiating. Robert Ashley's definition of opera is 'characters in a landscape [telling stories musically]'. Landscape has a huge impact on language. Take, for example, the tracing of language around the Appalachian Mountains in America: whoever stayed on one side attained a certain accent, a certain way of speaking, and often attained the entire language as such, in its seventeenth or sixteenth-century form. Whoever went across the mountain, forgot and left this behind – they ended up in the Mid-west where the landscape flattens out and the accent becomes flattened out. There is no coincidence in that, in the way in which landscape shapes language and how we tell stories and how we relate to one another, and how that gets put into particularly colloquial forms of expression, sentence structures, and expressions. Language also impels you to move through the landscape, since language is rhythmic and it has a way of punctuating, and a way of pushing a body. Gertrude Stein's definition of landscape is voices in a landscape, the landscape being the thing that allows a multitude of voices to come together, whether that's a page / or a space / or stage.

'In *Four Saints* I made the Saints the landscape. All the saints that I made and I made a number of them because after all a great many pieces of things are in a landscape all these saints together made my landscape. A landscape does not move nothing really moves in a landscape but things are there and I put into my landscape the things that were there.'

Gertrude Stein, *Lectures in America* (Beacon Press, 1935).

NIGHTPIECE

7

167 (8)

Musical notation for measures 167 and 168. Measure 167 features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 12/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with various accidentals. The bass line has a dotted half note. Measure 168 continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns.

168 (8)

Musical notation for measure 168, showing the continuation of the melody and bass line from the previous system.

169 (8)

Musical notation for measure 169, featuring a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 12/8 time signature. The melody includes trills marked with 'tr' and 'trm'.

172 (tr)

Musical notation for measure 172, featuring a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 12/8 time signature. The melody includes trills marked with 'tr' and 'trm'.

18:18

(8)

174

Musical notation for measures 174 and 175. Measure 174 features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 12/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with various accidentals. The bass line has a dotted half note.

(8)

176

Musical notation for measures 176 and 177. Measure 176 features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 12/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with various accidentals. The bass line has a dotted half note.

(8)

178

Musical notation for measures 178 and 179. Measure 178 features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 12/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with various accidentals. The bass line has a dotted half note.

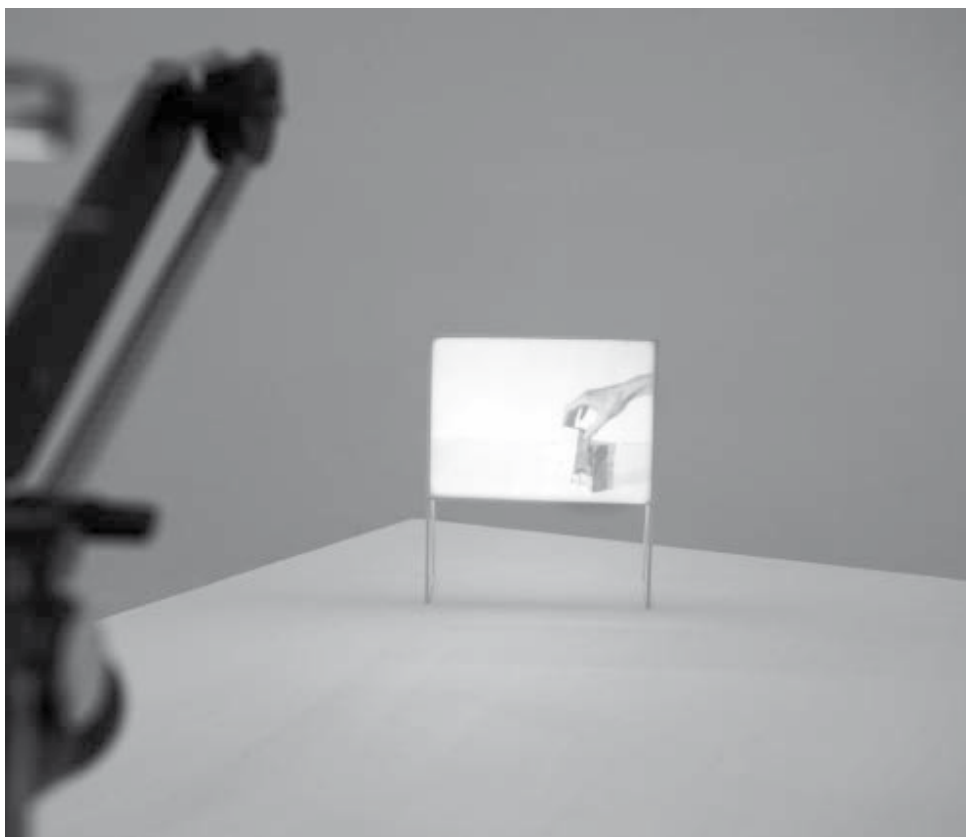
(8)

(tr)

180

Musical notation for measure 180, featuring a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 12/8 time signature. The melody includes trills marked with 'tr' and 'trm'.

TUESDAY 26 – THURSDAY APRIL 28, 2011



Jesse Ash, *Composing a Battle for Narrative*, 2011  
16mm film, projector, table

NIGHTPIECE

8 (8) -----

182 (tr)

183 (8) ----- 15"

186 [19:05 Piano]

190

194

198

201 [20:20 Vibraphone]

204 *f*

209 rit. [20:56]

212 c. 1 min

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a measure number of 8 and a circled 8 above it, followed by a dashed line. The first line of music starts at measure 182, marked with a circled 8 and a trill symbol (tr). The second line starts at measure 183, also with a circled 8, and includes a 15-second time signature. The third line starts at measure 186, with a box containing '19:05 Piano'. The fourth line starts at measure 190. The fifth line starts at measure 194. The sixth line starts at measure 198. The seventh line starts at measure 201, with a box containing '20:20 Vibraphone'. The eighth line starts at measure 204, with a dynamic marking of 'f'. The ninth line starts at measure 209, with a 'rit.' marking and a box containing '20:56'. The final line starts at measure 212, with a 'c. 1 min' marking.

...goes on the nod.

## A Battle for Narrative

2011

Exhibition, Monitor gallery, Rome

Several collages are made from multiple copies of the same newspaper photograph, whereby parts of the background are repeated to conceal the subject of the image's narrative function.



### *News from Nowhere*

A page from the international section of a London newspaper is screwed into a ball and thrown onto a sheet of paper. Without touching the ball, its shadow is traced in charcoal. Three of such drawings, unfixed, are mounted vertically in white frames, whereby charcoal dust falls across the paper. The frames are then butted together to form a single work.



### *Composing a Battle for Narrative*

A looping 16mm projector stands on a table with a small wooden screen, on which a black and white film is shown. Several paper objects (inspired by paintings of Giorgio Morandi) are seen being positioned into various still-lives, by a hand that reached into the frame and moves them. One of the objects has been hand-tinted, frame for frame, directly onto the film stock, in a variety of colours – each representing one letter of a specific text.

### *45 Minutes (A Proposal)*

A model is made as a proposal for a public sculpture made from tent materials (waterproof fabric, lightweight tent poles etc), The object's form is derived from the grammar of a specific political speech.



219

223

229

232

236

239

245

The tree laughs at the mind and at the tiger fighting it.

Today the conversation has been more specifically rooted in the different senses of movement from political movement to musical movement and about what, if anything, might be the conceptual connection between the various forms of movement, but the conversation has kind of meandered a bit now from there to a discussion about beauty and use, and maybe fiction as another way in which movement towards the page. Listening to the conversation and how disjointed it can be, and how sometimes it's boring and sometimes it's interesting, and how sometimes you're asleep and how sometimes you're awake, reminds us of Chris Marker's TV series, *The Owl's Legacy*, which is ostensibly produced under a similar set of circumstances and similar conversations. Sitting here: listening to people and to how disjointed this conversation is, in relation to how eloquent and beautiful and perfect the conversation seemed to be in *The Owl's Legacy*. The moment of these people coming together seemed to be almost mythical, though obviously understanding that the perfection has everything to do with editing that takes place *after* the fact, and the fictionalization that takes place after the fact. The films that I make have a lot to do with setting up systems that produce speech, like this, so I will record them and then go back, and make a script out of that. Often, I have the uncanny experience of being in a situation like this and recording and thinking: 'I don't know how interesting this is,' and then when I get home and listen to the recording it turns out to be beautiful. The ability to hear things differently after that fact is somehow important. The idea of printed matter and documentation also plays a role in that: that the conversation doesn't necessarily take place in time, or that the product of the conversation doesn't necessarily take place here amongst us, but by way of printed matter / or by way of reproduction (it might take place somewhere else). Back in relation to *The Owl's Legacy* and how beautifully (I already said that word) and how coherently and eloquently the delivery / the conveyance of that exchange between those people was: it's obviously done for the sake of the broadcast and for the sake of the public, and for the sake of the necessity / or the wish that it will provoke or promote conversation after the fact. We spoke about beauty and I just can't help but understand the coherence and the eloquence of that edit, and the product *of* that edit, in relation to beauty. These things are constantly at play and we are constantly aware of this, not only at the



Bilingual. Appropriately enough, given the setting, the work is centered on Marker's *Owl's Legacy*, 1989, a little-known television series (never before screened in Greece) consisting of interviews with some heavy intellectual—including Michel Serres, George Steiner, and James Kertouzos—who discuss Greek philosophy and myth, ancient conceptions of the soul, the etymology of Greek-derived words, and other subjects. Behind many of the talking heads is a subtle, sedulous screen literally at the viewer, assiduously guarding the legacy of Marker's title. But in the context of a biennial intended to underline the power of the cultural stereotypes that inform perceptions of Greece, the resonance of this and the problems of ancient Athens and comparisons to Athens, gardens of wisdom) served more to reflect the strangeness of the idea of the "cultural civilization." Indeed, *The Owl's Legacy* emerged in

Chris Marker, *L'Héritage de la chouette* (The Owl's Legacy). 13 episodes x 26 min.

'It all began on a summer night in 1987. The idea for a television series based on Greek culture had just crystallized and we were facing a spectre which haunts the realm of the cultural documentary and that Chekhov defined for eternity: to say things that clever people already know and that morons will never know.'



NIGHTPIECE

10

248

Musical notation for measures 248-250. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature changes from 3/4 to 4/4. Measure 248 contains a series of eighth notes in the upper staff and quarter notes in the lower staff. Measure 249 has a whole rest in the upper staff and eighth notes in the lower staff. Measure 250 has a whole rest in the upper staff and quarter notes in the lower staff.

251

Musical notation for measure 251. The system consists of one staff in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. The measure contains a series of eighth notes. The dynamic marking *din* is written below the staff.

253

Musical notation for measure 253. The system consists of one staff in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. The measure contains a series of eighth notes. A time signature change to 3/4 occurs at the end of the measure. A box containing the time 26:00 is located in the upper right corner of the system.

256

Musical notation for measure 256. The system consists of one staff in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. The measure contains a whole note. The text *c. 11 mins* is written above the staff.

36:40 Piano

Musical notation for measure 257. The system consists of one staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. The measure contains a series of quarter notes. A box containing the time 36:40 Piano is located above the staff.

264

Musical notation for measure 264. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. Measure 264 contains a series of quarter notes in the upper staff and quarter notes in the lower staff. A time signature change to 3/4 occurs at the end of the measure. A box containing the time 37:43 is located above the upper staff.

269

Musical notation for measure 269. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. Measure 269 contains a series of quarter notes in the upper staff and eighth notes in the lower staff. A box containing the time 37:43 is located above the upper staff.

271

Musical notation for measure 271. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. Measure 271 contains a series of quarter notes in the upper staff and eighth notes in the lower staff. A box containing the time 37:43 is located above the upper staff.

moment that we are in this conversation but also in the moment that we are transcribing it, the moment that we are adding punctuation, the moment that we are re-editing it into something that's absolutely fictional.

Yet, in the transcript of Stuttgart, in relation to what I understand as a usual product of improvisation, I missed the "implosive," the improvisational fluidity, and that as a structure, instead of – let's say – the "insurrectional": new devices inside old frames. That's a very Schoenbergian kind of edit versus an implosive edit – in relationship to the Buckminster Fuller idea of the universe: the universe as an intellectual idea. The unified quality of the Stuttgart edit as a chapter is *also* an idea, and we are moving this idea *together*. It's a movement of an idea that we are doing together and in that sense I *do* think it's representative of that, it has that particular type of movement in it. I think I am missing rhythm. What the punctuation does now is to synthesize voices, and I am missing (is, like) some of the abruptness of the voices themselves, some of the breath, some of the musicality of the voices. I miss the feeling, the notation of the things that are not language, in as much as that's [even] possible without the help of the reader. It becomes instructional text, (it's like) a theatre play, like 'That happens off the page.' The ways in which we talk, and this is playing with... and this isn't artifice, this is an artifice of something that happened, it's a representation of it. I just... I miss some of the autonomy of the voices, I miss... you know we started talking about Cardew and the piano is so loud that voices are buried and (it's like) 'Ahhh (it's like) this is amazing,' I miss a bit of implosion and a bit of that kind of rupture in the text.

The impulse towards making a film of this whole process, is related to that idea of Gertrude Stein holding back on the publishing of her plays because she really felt that they should be spoken, they should come off the page, and that *that* was the only way that you could really achieve this spatial idea of voices in a landscape.

It's quite interesting really: in the last fifteen minutes the conversation is really about product, how things are progressed and interpreted and become a product again, and being critiqued on. Interpretation of the whole project is also something: you've done a first section, based on six people in Stuttgart, but in the end there are two people editing the publication. An interpretation which, for example, he doesn't feel entirely comfortable with. How to deal with those issues of interpretation that, for example,

274

Musical notation for measures 274-276. Treble clef has a whole rest. Bass clef has a 7-measure rhythmic pattern.

277

Musical notation for measures 277-279. Treble clef has a whole rest. Bass clef has a 6-measure rhythmic pattern.

280

Musical notation for measures 280-283. Treble clef has a whole rest. Bass clef has a rhythmic pattern.

284 38:45 Gamelan

Musical notation for measures 284-286. Treble clef has a rhythmic pattern.

287

Musical notation for measures 287-289. Treble clef has a rhythmic pattern. Bass clef has a whole rest.

290

Musical notation for measures 290-291. Treble clef has a rhythmic pattern with a triplet.

292

Musical notation for measures 292-293. Treble clef has a rhythmic pattern.

you both discussed or maybe one part is you, and one part is you, and it's coming together but in the end everybody has a specific role. There are roles that are also filtered through the publication instead of being filtered through people, and in the end they will be filtered through a film. If you go back to the accession of the project, it's very much about collectiveness about trying to do something from a collective point of view. That part of the awkwardness of collectivity: you feel like you are participating in something and then all of a sudden you are not, like in the sense that, in the way that an audience comes to listen to a piece of music and feel part of it. There are all kinds of examples of participatory activity where you really feel like you are part of something. Then it's over, and it gets divided into another place and that's fine. How do we move forward from here, now if we are going to work with this particular recording of Amsterdam then how does that next thing get represented? Is there another form? You need to set-up *one* form in order to raise this question. You put the form in place and *only* then there can be friction against it. That's a given. But the other given is that we don't take your suggestions and apply them to the previous chapter, because this is a document of its own process. So maybe Chapter one ["Daypiece"] is flawed, and as such produced a [more beautiful?] Chapter two ["Nightpiece"]. What is not happening in Chapter one is the thing that produces Chapter two. What's not happening in Chapter two is what produces Chapter three [*Musica Ficta*]. So in a way it's like reality TV, but not *that* bad. [Laughter.]

NIGHTPIECE

12

293 39:59 Piano 40:10

296

Arnold Schoenberg  
Against Interpretation

<p>A Axel Wieder Amy AMM Alex Waterman Agapē <u>Communications</u> Anna Magdalena Bach Adorno Alice Notley ("A Lecture by the Circle")</p>	<p>M kind Mein Kampf Michel De Certeau musica picta</p>
<p>B Beatrice Gibson Boulez Between Thought and Sound Buckminster Fuller Beckett</p>	<p>N Natura Morta Nassar "Nightpiece" Noise of Placards News from Nowhere</p>
<p>C Celine Condorelli Circle Christoph Keller Cage Chris Marker Cornelius Cardew Composing a Beetle Carolyn G. Heithorn and Machine Car Brahmig Cas Boumans</p>	<p>O Oum Kalthoum</p>
<p>D "Daypiece" Dickens</p>	<p>P/R Robbe-Grillet <u>Pov</u> Peter and the Wolf Finer Roland Barthes Robert Ashley (Bob) Peter Feuch</p>
<p>E Earle Brown Erwartung</p>	<p>S Suite for Cello Stuttgart Stockhausen Sergei Eisenstein Susan Sontag Suits for Unaccompanied Cello Samuel Beckett Steve Reich Three Movements for Oppositional Change</p>
<p>F Feldman Functional Configurations: Feddy Duke Seven Acts in Search of Four Saints a Play</p>	<p>T The Tiger's Mind The Pleasure of the Text Tiger Tree The Descent of Alette Toure Revolution Fst in Coup "The Grain of the Voice" Treatise The Practice of Everyday Life</p>
<p>G Gertrude Stein</p>	<p>UV Umberto Eco The Tyranny of Structurelessness The Proximity of Protest The Mary Kelly Project Tom Quirk Tom Hamilton</p>
<p>H Hoffman</p>	<p>W Wild Holder Workers Leaving the Louviere Factory Wind Writing a Women's Life Wittgenstein Worstward Ho! Walter Marchetti Witold Gombrowicz Waldo Emerson X/Y/Z Yes, But is it Edible?</p>
<p>WJ Jesse Ash John Tilbury Joyce Joan LaBarbera In Memoriam, Gleban Gomez Jackie Humbert</p>	<p>The Owl's Legacy</p>
<p>K/L Künstlerhaus Stuttgart Kunstverein Living Newspaper Kent</p>	<p>YS Minutes (A Proposal)</p>

“Part of the work was working towards a first public reading in London and using the rehearsal for that to put words on the page. That score was then used to see how that produces speech and then adapted accordingly. It’s a cybernetic process of developing these scores, through ‘singing’ them, much like classical copyists – the words enter the memory in between reading, singing, and copying a record of that production to a new page.”

**Yes, But Is It Edible?**

2004-II

Publication.

23 × 29cm, 400 pages, B/w offset



A biography of American composer Robert Ashley, for four or more voices.

Three of Ashley’s operas are taken as exemplary products of a thirty year relationship between a composer and his ‘band’ (Joan LaBarbera, Sam Ashley, Jackie Humbert, Tom Buckner, Tom Hamilton and Cas Boumans). The operas’ predominant form – the musicality of American speech – has, until now been arrived at through collective oral negotiation, of which the operas are the sole record.

In order for outside parties to engage in a similar form of production, the three operas are typographically scored for collective reading from one copy of the book.

*"In order for it to really be about talk the objects couldn't be the sole representation of speech, there needs to be a sense of the production of speech and of the production of work, that the work process and the negotiation of things is also on display. Maybe this is a kind of prosopopeiatization in the sense that these are voices that aren't normally heard, they are not normally for the listener."*

TUESDAY 26 – THURSDAY APRIL 28, 2011

## THE TIGER'S MIND

Wednesday 22 – Saturday February 25, 2012  
CAC Bretigny

with

Jesse Ash	as	wind
Celine Condorelli	as	tiger
Beatrice Gibson	}	as circle
Axel Wieder		
Will Holder	as	Amy
John Tilbury	as	mind ( <i>in absentia</i> )
Alex Waterman	as	tree

and

Pierre Bal-Blanc	as	members
Linzi Stauvers		of the public





THE TIGER'S MIND  
SCREENPLAY  
BY  
BEATRICE GIBSON

INT: A DARK, DISUSED FILM STUDIO SOMEWHERE

A piercing sound track escalates. Abstract shapes fill the screen. The abstraction gives way to a visible 16mm projector ticking noisily as the rolls of film pass through its gate. A human hand arranges blocks on screen. Deleted landscapes intercut the sequence. (Pencilling a Rainbow Eye, Jesse Ash, 2010, An Additional Rising Square 2007. Big Bang, 2007, The Angel Tin, 2009) Flashing lights from the projector illuminate the corners of the room. Old monitors and studio equipment lie piled up and abandoned. The music intensifies. A ceramic tiger lies smashed on the ground. The soundtrack establishes an atmosphere of crime. It continues frantically, climaxing as we fast-cut to

TITLE CARD:

THE TIGER'S MIND

A wide of the film studio flashes before the screen

[CUT TO ROOM SOUND/'SILENCE']

TITLE CARD:

A FILM BY  
BEATRICE GIBSON

A wide of a modernist house flashes before the screen.

TITLE CARD:

PROPS  
CELINE CONDORELLI

A wide of a landscape garden flashes before the screen.

TITLE CARD:

TEXT  
WILL HOLDER

A close to mid shot of a lecturn flashes before the screen.

TITLE CARD:

MUSIC  
JOHN TILBURY

A close to mid shot of a piano stool flashes before the screen.

[Piano lid opening]

TITLE CARD:

SOUND  
ALEX WATERMAN

A close to mid shot of a speaker flashes before the screen.

TITLE CARD:

SPECIAL EFFECTS  
JESSE ASH

A close to mid shot of a curtain flashes before the screen.

ACT 1

INT: A MODERNIST INTERIOR, DAYTIME

Around the corner from a town, in a house with a living room is an out of focus curtain and a piano stool. Or an out of focus piano stool and a curtain. [A slow moving fan is blowing off camera. In front of the fan is a pile of papers, newspapers, etc. They blow off of a table onto the floor, making the sound of strewn papers landing out of order gently.] On the side is a painting (one of the deleted landscapes glimpsed earlier?), in the doorway, a ceramic Tiger. A woman, sits on a chair. The sound is gently but oddly out of synch. [Record a chair creaking but not the one she actually sits down in. It should be a chair off camera, preferably wooden. The chair she sits in should preferably NOT be wooden]. The camera tracks the room slowly, observing and documenting the space. Details of windows, walls, shadows and floorboards. [The sound of dishes breaking in the background—as if heard through wall or open window] The props sit quietly in the background. A female voice (an undercover cop?) talks us through the landscape. Soft piano notes play in the background. The woman moves in and out of frame.

NARRATOR

I am trying to learn, to understand  
To one replace one set of images with another.  
The body on the floor,  
Was it mine?

The camera settles on the piano stool: an intimate lingering shot. As the narrator continues the camera holds, a beat too long. The music repeats its refrain. Suddenly The stool disappears. We hear the sound of a woman laughing and the camera cuts to a shot of the curtain, moving gently in the wind. In the corner emitting from a record player, a poem can be heard.

(VOICE)

*The Tiger fights the mind.  
Been at it ever since the first clay tablet set & seats relations  
While he'd listen for their changing, While do- ing*

*that loves the circle's "electric vitality",  
Quite contrary since ideally, "we think so much alike."  
That traps the Tiger*

*The Circle's perfect (mind) and "Outside Time" (since)  
Her "basic dream is of something that will live for ever."  
(That traps the Tiger).*

*The Wind blows dust in tigers' eyes to hide the  
"present of abstraction, nonsense and silence" and  
"Get close to information without touching it."*

*Amy, "a small excerpt from a larger body of water,"  
reflects, relaxes, and recounts the little she knows,  
trying the patient mind*

*which "sabotaging the score." puts out buds, like  
"this is getting really annoying." "I can't stand what you're playing." or...  
"do you guide them by the hand some- where else?" (mind)*

*Putting aside things close by Amy jumps through  
the circle comforts Tiger humming as listening to her  
"elaborate preamble" to that which goes without saying*

The curtain billows in and out focus, the poem in and out of range. The camera follows its contours, its curves. The changing light adjusts the feel of the room. The piano intensifies in rhythm and tone, eventually, almost imperceptibly engulfing the scene. The curtain vanishes. Suddenly the sound of a gun shot.

## ACT 2

EXT: A LANDSCAPED GARDEN, DAYTIME.

The sound of footsteps running on gravel lead us into a garden. [play this sound on speakers in the garden and record it there.\*] Shots of flora and fauna, fill the screen. Piano chords. The voice from the record player floats into the garden. A woman, holding a painting, (Facing A Chain of Announcements, 2009) wanders around lost (The same woman?).

(VOICE)

*and there goes Tiger, on and up, Amy follows,  
the text branches: love, friendship, communal voices in the landscape  
where she sleeps sound in the tree.*

We hear the sound of a car door slam, tyres screeching and cut to a shot of speaker in a field. A human hand presses play, (the woman's?) and a track plays, for its duration, filling the screen. We cut to a shot image of a lectern integrated into the foliage. The piano begins again. The woman steps into the lectern. She reads a section of the poem, her voice eventually drowned.

WOMAN

*(and there) High Wind:*

*The author's position is an odd one. In a sense  
she is not welcomed by the characters [who] resist her, and are not*

*easy to live with [Amy says this climbing the tree—*

*Though she should- n't].*

*You certainly can't dictate to them.*

*You play a never ending game with them*

*"The tree groans in the wind"*

*cat and mouse, blind man's buff, hide and seek.*

*But finally you find that you have people of flesh  
and blood on your hands,*

*"The tree succumbs"*

*people with will and an individual sensibility,  
made out of component parts you are unable to change,  
manipulate or distort.*

(DROWNED IN AUDIBLE BIT)

*(Desire in representation:) The Tiger burns and reads  
and sniffs and skims that persuasive image of freedom: News  
from Wind (that's fit to print.)*

*The headline reads "On The same side and alone."*

*forecast: If inside get out, If outside get in.  
she storms circle.*

*She's in. her tail's out and read by Amy,  
whose nodding off screen and sleeps while Tiger hunts.*

The camera tires and the film takes an almost nature-documentary turn. Portraits of flowers, hedges, trees accompany the piano as it transports us through the landscape. [The camera glides past a wind machine in a field. It is turning. The person pulling the crank is obscured from view]. Suddenly a woman screams.

ACT 3

INT: A DARK DISUSED STUDIO.

AMY

The screen is black. In the darkness, the record player emits the voice as before. We hear the sound of a beating heart. (The 16mm projector?)

(VOICE)

*The whirring Battle of Narrative, seeps in  
as Amy dreams Wind's path through cubes, cones, and spheres,  
arranged and re-arranged verbi-voco-visual.*

Abstract shapes fill the screen.

(VOICE Cont.)

*Which – then – comes and wakes her. re- minds to mind  
her p's q's en's and em's – signs that she's been listening as... well...  
as Wind does*

The narrator's voice overlays the record player. She repeats

Narrator

I am trying to learn, to understand  
To replace one set of images with another.

(VOICE)

*(from time to time) tree puts out soiled roots historically tripping  
Amy prefers to be in The dark reading his rings and  
and keeps her eyes closed so in her fall she can't see  
doesn't see where it might take her. she reads Her mind in her hands  
as they break her fall.*

(DROWNED IN AUDIBLE BIT)

*The mind, rocked by listening to the wind,  
who seems to have a mind of his own,  
listening between the lines and leaves*

*Tittering in the leaves and sheets and notes  
(stand-in for the absent mind of the tree) while mind busy  
being / experience*

*strangled by all intersections of all their concentric circles,  
goes on the nod on "small islands of archaic conversation"  
in the kitchen.*

*the circle is trying to teach its secrets to  
the tree.  
the tree's not having it.*

*The tree laughs at the mind (and The Tiger fighting it.)  
"Her tone is as serious whether it's about cake  
or revolution."*

The music, first silent is now piercing, muting the poem entirely. We cut to the ceramic Tiger as it crashes to the floor, shattering into slow motion smithereens. Deleted landscapes intercut the fall. The music intensifies, encircling the scene. A wide of the studio. Frantic flashing lights reveal the lectern, piano stool, speakers, curtain, and Tiger, strewn in dismantled heaps across the floor. A woman's shadow falls over the scene. We cut to black. The music continues. A beat too long.