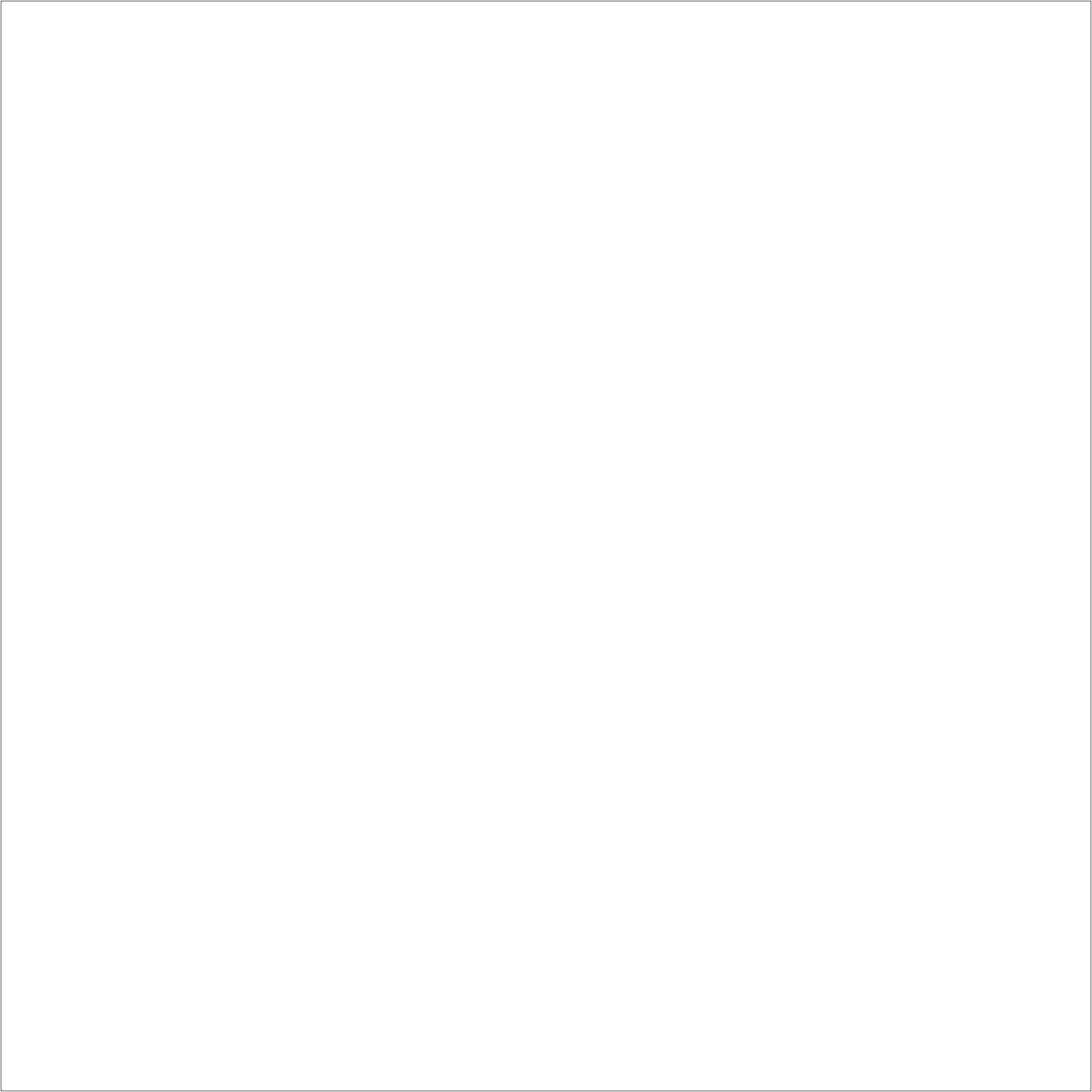


COVER WITHOUT A RECORD

English 165

Institute of Contemporary Art
Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing
University of Pennsylvania



English 165 Students

Simone Blaser, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2008

Emily Kaplan, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2010

Alexandra Lapinsky, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2008

Steven McLaughlin, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2008

Nicholas Salvatore, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2009

Manya Scheps, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2009

Kaegan Sparks, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2010

Emily Spiegel, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2008

Catherine Turcich-Kealey, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2008

Michael Thomas Vassallo, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2008

Laura Wasserson, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2008

Vladimir Zykov, *College of Arts and Sciences*, 2007

There's something going on pedagogically, and we don't quite know what it is. But it's good—very good. Let's consider three somewhat unrelated but convergent trends. First, pop advocates of Right Brainers such as Daniel Pink (*A Whole New Mind*, 2005) want education to tilt toward Right Brain-friendly academic lessons, a realization by which we will reckon with the fact—a fact, mind you—that creative people will “rule the future.” By “rule” Pink means, among other things: succeed, lead, and earn large incomes. Second, universities such as Penn—long known as a haven for pre-professionalism, the double major, and its Franklinean “practical” curriculum—are beginning to admit students whose creative and uncreative (borrowing, copying, sampling) instincts defy curricular and even classroom spaces. They learn and create wherever and whenever they gather, especially when the teacher as guide to a universe of materials is willing to convene them in these spontaneous interstices. Third, the new digital media that were supposed to have changed the university in the mid-to-late 1990s have finally been able to flourish, once—and perhaps only after—the utopian (and profit-thirsty) dreams of “the virtual university” subsided, demonetized, and drifted over to the arts side. Put these trends together and one can feel that the arts in education, if arranged rightly, can provide a truly liberating education.

Our students surely sense this. Those who have been attracted to Kenneth Goldsmith's experimental year-long seminar on writing in and through (but not about) contemporary art are the finest, most intellectually daring, and powerful undergraduate students we have at Penn. And, to judge anecdotally from what visitors from other great universities have said after spending time with them, they might well be among the most intrepid in the U.S. It's a claim that can't easily be tested, but it does seem a fair and apt one.

The seminar is the result of an ongoing collaboration between the entities we direct, the Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing (CPCW) and the Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA). It is a beautiful convergence of the two organizations: right there where, for instance, Christian Marclay's sound-based art meets language. In fact, the conceptual point of departure for the course was “Ensemble,” the exhibition Marclay curated at the ICA (September 7–December 16, 2007). This combination of sculpture and sound works by 27 artists, as much an individual artwork by Marclay as a group exhibition, also featured *The Accompanists*, eight evenings of live performance by sound artists. Through this series, the exhibition, and class visits by several of the artists, the students were able to take a grand leap into Marclay's mind and begin their own journey, which has culminated in this rich publication. They began by thinking about John Cage (particularly 4'33”), and looking at histories of sound art and its relationship to the visual arts through the 20th century. In investigating the use of language in conceptual art, and at the use of “scores” in relation to performance pieces (as in Yoko Ono's seminal *Grapefruit*, for instance) students became equipped to interpolate these worlds. As it happens, Goldsmith's field and great love as a poet is sound art, and coincidence created a perfect marriage between ICA's exhibition and the classroom.

As Goldsmith says to anyone within earshot, the poetry world is a half-century behind the visual art world: experiments in painting, sculpture and conceptual art have been doing things that most poets and poetics people have heretofore felt impossible or unnecessary. The term “behind” suggests a race, but of course it isn't that. It's not a course with a finish line or single end. It's a path, a movement, a way toward fresh conception via defamiliarization. The success of the project comes from putting these two worlds aesthetically—and pedagogically—together. Thus will emerge a new generation of artists and arts-minded citizens who are actively uninterested in distinctions between the arts; they know it's all one project.

You hold in your hands a wonderful instance of that resistance to distinction. And, too, an instance of young people encouraged to think innovatively in that odd interstice we have somewhat accidentally made here.

What's not accidental is the support we've received. We are grateful to Penn's Provost, Ronald Daniels, and Associate Provost Vincent Price, and to Rebecca Bushnell, Dean of the School of Arts & Sciences (SAS), for funding and what's more—*believing in* the value of this special seminar. We wish to thank Mingo Reynolds, Mark Lindsay, Erin Gautsche, and Jessica Lowenthal of CPCW for their support of Kenny and his students. We are also grateful to Jon Avnet, who supports our craziest ventures in the learning community at the Kelly Writers House, and to Jean-Marie Kneeley of SAS for affirming it as a priority, something of which indeed we should do more. At ICA, we would like to thank Ingrid Schaffner, Senior Curator, and the Curator of Education, Johanna Plummer, for helping conceive the original pilot year-long seminar nearly four years ago with Rebecca Bushnell. Jenelle Porter, Associate Curator, has provided invaluable guidance on the production of this publication, and designer Peter Tressler's wonderful work has given it final shape. We also acknowledge the intrepid efforts of Stamatina Gregory, the ICA's Whitney Lauder Curatorial Fellow, who co-taught the seminar and coordinated this publication. Ultimately, it is the vision and creativity of the seminar's twelve students which brought this project to fruition.

Al Filreis

Kelly Professor
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In *Mixed Reviews* (1999), Christian Marclay extracted descriptions of sounds from different music reviews and collaged them together into a continuous, seamless text. Framed and exhibited in several different countries, and concurrently translated into several different languages, *Mixed Reviews* highlights the impossibility of capturing the sonic experience through words; each time the text is translated, “it is more and more removed from the original experience of sound that the writer tried to put into words.”¹

This impossibility of precisely communicating the experience of sound stems from the fundamental difference between the aural experience and the written word. Whereas sound is a perceptual and visceral experience, language is a fundamentally symbolic system that seeks to represent experience rather than embody it. As Ferdinand de Saussure postulated, words are arbitrary markers that divide and represent the sonic world.² In this regard, any attempt to directly “translate” an acoustic experience into writing will fundamentally fail to capture the original sonic source. How, then, is it possible to translate sound, a perceptual realm that Marclay defines as “free and uncontrollable,” into the symbolic realm of language?

Cover Without a Record explores this conundrum. A literal “cover,” or homage to Marclay’s methodologies, it presents a composite of pieces, individually composed and collectively edited, all based on his visual art. While in *Mixed Reviews* Marclay broached the subject of aural-textual translation, the vast majority of his work concerns itself with the translation between the aural and visual realms. Through these medium shifts, Marclay’s art offers a methodological framework to explore the concept of inter-semiotic translation. Using Marclay’s practices as a model, we have attempted to apply these practices to the realm of language, substituting the visual end-product of his processes for their textual realization.

In the process, we had to accede to the unique characteristics of linguistic representation; namely, the hegemony of meaning in language. According to Marclay, the impossibility of rendering sound in linguistic form stems from the latter’s determinacy in meaning. While music and visual art are both open to a multitude of

interpretations, traditional semiotic models postulate that the linguistic signifier has an absolute correspondence with the signified.³ Although semiotics has since evolved to deny such absolute correspondence and embrace concepts of difference, much theory continues to present language as inherently restrictive. According to Michel Foucault, this relationship between the signifier and the signified is a socially determined mechanism that structures the experience of reality.⁴ Therefore, the symbolic nature of language obfuscates the experiential nature of the aural and visual realms.

The pioneering works of the early concrete poets provide a model to address the determinacy of meaning in the linguistic sign. Among the first of these developments was the *Zaum* poetry movement in Russia. Led by Velimir Khlebnikov and Aleksei Kruchenykh, the *Zaum* poets incorporated nonsense words and neologisms into their poetry, privileging the sound quality of words over their meaning. Beyond opening the door for the possibility of “sound poetry,” by privileging the signifier over the signified, the *Zaum* poets highlighted the possibility of divorcing the content of a word from its form.

James Joyce made similar strides in his writing, particularly in his masterpiece, *Finnegan’s Wake*, in which he invented several neologisms composed of composite words from over sixty languages. Combined to form puns, these neologisms represented an attempt to deride the traditional notion of a one-to-one correspondence between the “signifier” and “signified.” By exploiting the signifier, Joyce created layers of meanings within the word itself.

While Joyce challenged the representative function of the linguistic sign, he observed the traditional syntactical structures of language. By preserving syntactic form, Joyce adhered to the logic of language as a linear construction. However, in order to capture “sound” through language, this logic must be dismantled, as sound does not exist as a rational, linear construction. Working against this linear conception, John Cage and the poets he worked with at Black Mountain College attempted to dismantle the syntax of poetry and “free” the word from its traditional structures. A critical component of this development was the use of the typewriter, which allowed poets to convey aural qualities through the typography, spacing, and

color of the written word. As Cage's colleague Charles Olson remarked:

"For the first time, the poet has the stave and bar a musician has. For the first time he can, without the convention of rhyme and meter, record the listening he has done with his own speech and by that one act indicate how he would want any reader, silently or otherwise, to voice his works"⁵

The use of typographic devices to create language with aural qualities is evident in Cage's "Lecture on Nothing" and "Lecture on Something." These lectures are written in four columns, read from left to right, with strategic blanks employed to represent silences. Similarly, in "Two Statements on Ives," Cage attempted to disrupt the logic of syntax by linking spontaneous phrases in sequences that were not causally related to each other.⁶

However, according to Cage these devices did not succeed in allowing the written word to manifest musical qualities. When asked whether or not his lectures were music, Cage responded, "they are, when sounds are words. But I must say that I have not carried language to the point to which I have taken musical sounds... I hope to make something other than language from it."⁷ In other words, Cage believed that these lectures formed linguistic scores, rather than embodying a musical experience.

Inherent to Cage's attempts to "musicate" language was the inevitable supremacy of either its visual or aural realization. While his lectures depended on the text being heard, concrete poetry depended, at the time, on visual patterns of typography. These experiments with writing therefore highlight another aspect of language that must be reconciled in any attempt to translate sound into text—its precarious location between the aural and the visual realms. While language takes visual form in its graphic presentation, it also conjures an aural experience. In exploiting either form to "musicate" language, either the aural or the visual qualities of the word is privileged.

Marclay's processes of translation provide the groundwork for our navigation of the conundrum presented by Cage's explorations. In Marclay's work, "translation" does not take the form of a one-to-one correspondence between the aural and visual realms; rather, he explores the relationship

between the two realms and highlights their disjunction. Through his use of iconic sound objects and his manipulation of these objects through deconstruction and assemblage, Marclay's processes create a conceptual experience of sound through the static visual object.

Musical objects and commodities form the raw material of Marclay's visual art. His use of these found objects recalls Duchamp's concept of the readymade. As Duchamp subverted the meaning of everyday objects by recontextualizing them into the art world, Marclay takes music objects from their dominant commercial context and reframes them as art objects. For instance, in *Endless Column* (1988), Marclay presents a monumental tower of black vinyl records, while in *Recycled Records* (1980–1986) he cut up colorful vinyl albums and reassembled them into new, playable wholes.

By presenting aural artifacts as art objects, Marclay provides a form of translation between the aural and the visual realms. While he presents a silent object for the viewer's contemplation, these pieces conjure the conceptual experience of sound. Through his recontextualization of music objects, Marclay interpolates the aural world and the visual realm, and presents a form of transmutation that denies the possibility of representing either independently.

In *Cover Without a Record*, Marclay's use of the "aural artifact" is extended to the textual realm through the use of appropriated text. For instance, *Ensemble* is composed of appropriated descriptions of sound. Similarly, *Endless Silence* is composed from the text of Cage's "Lecture on Nothing." Beyond echoing the Duchampian concept of the readymade, both of these pieces parallel Marclay's use of the specifically "aural" object; the texts employed in *Ensemble* are limited to sound descriptions, while Cage's lectures offer ruminations on the essence of sound.

A critical component of Marclay's use of the readymade is his selection of objects based on their cultural connotations. In many of his pieces, he uses iconic images, names, and records; for instance, he has incorporated images of Elvis, The Beatles' "White Album," and Michael Jackson in his visual art. Marclay's conscious choice to incorporate objects redolent with meaning evokes Roland Barthes' contention that the cultural object operates as a

sign. According to Barthes, cultural objects are forms of signification that produce their own systems of meanings.⁸ By incorporating iconic motifs in his work, Marclay accentuates the cultural meaning assigned to music commodities, challenging the traditional notion of the record as vehicle for the representation of a performance.

Marclay's incorporation of popculture images and references echoes Pop Art's appropriation of mass culture imagery. However, whereas Pop artists drew from popular culture to highlight the growing fetishization of the commodity, Marclay's use of these images stems from his desire to tap into the personal connotations and memories of each viewer. As he explains, he uses the Beatles as a recurrent motif in his work because "everyone knows the Beatles and everybody has a relationship to them."⁹ The selection of iconic objects and images, therefore, forms a critical component of his evocation of conceptual sound. By referencing music icons that "everyone" presumably has knowledge of, he evokes the memory of their music in each viewer.

Paralleling Marclay's processes, many of the appropriated texts used in *Cover Without a Record* are chosen strategically according to their cultural signification. For instance, *Crossfires* comprises the screenplays of iconic movies with violent motifs, while *Noise Box* is based on Luigi Russolo's 1913 manifesto "The Art of Noises." The selection of texts with cultural signification borrows from Barthes' critique of the literary text. According to Barthes, texts develop a secondary level of cultural meaning, tainting the original meaning of the work.¹⁰ In *Cover Without a Record*, the iconic texts are treated as cultural signifiers, rather than primary bearers of meaning. This process parallels Marclay's use of iconic motifs; the appropriated language underscores the cultural signification embedded in the textual forms of representation as Marclay's work underscores the cultural meanings assigned to audio representation.

While Marclay uses the found object as the raw material of his art, he often alters its original form through deconstruction and collage. Found throughout his work are destructive strategies that challenge the integrity of the sound-object. For instance, in *Footsteps* (1989) Marclay lined a gallery floor with pristine records and invited visitors to walk over them, while in *Record without a Cover* (1991) he distributed vinyl records into commercial venues, mandating that they remain without protective sleeves. These deconstructive processes highlight the disjunction between the ephemerality of sound and its concrete existence in the form of a commodity. According to Marclay, "the contradiction between the transitory nature of sound and [the material object] continues to fascinate me."¹¹ By denying the integrity of the sound-object, Marclay's use of deconstruction highlights the impossibility of completely capturing a sonic event.

Moreover, these deconstructive processes challenge the status of representation in the age of mechanical reproduction. According to Jean Baudrillard's theory of simulacra, the proliferation of reproductions in modern life has subverted the notion of representation. Baudrillard asserts that the consequence of the supremacy of representation in modern life is the inversion of reality, where reality itself is a series of representations.¹² The advent of the audio recording testifies to Baudrillard's theory of simulacra; it transformed the "live" experience of music into the reproduced trace of performance. Marclay's deconstructive techniques parallel Baudrillard's theory by exposing how the record's supremacy in audible experience has shifted the albums' function from reproduction to representation. As the physical alteration of the vinyl alters the audible content of the record, it ceases to be a reproduction and becomes a unique object.

The contradiction between the ephemeral nature of sound and its concrete manifestation in the commodified musical object parallels the contradiction between sound and its representation through text. Consequently, Marclay's deconstructive processes provide a model to explore this contradiction through the written word. In several pieces of *Cover Without a Record*, the source text is deconstructed and manipulated to highlight the fragmentary nature of translation. For instance, in *The Beatles*, the lyrics of every song produced by the Beatles are reproduced and transformed; in each song, the words of the title are deleted and replaced by blank space. This blank space opens up the imaginary realm to the realization of the song, while concurrently highlighting the inability of the lyrics to capture the sonic experience.

In *Ensemble* (2007), Marclay organized an exhibition of sound-making sculptures and installations. While each piece created its own unique sound, Marclay selected and coordinated the pieces to create a singular sonic experience. In many ways, *Ensemble* inspired this publication. Just as *Ensemble* created a controlled cacophony of sound, *Cover Without a Record* presents a considered, eclectic mix of written works. Together these works form an ensemble of language: a diverse array of methods, materials, and texts that create a united textual exploration of sound. Rather than reinforcing the "impossibility" of aural-textual translation, *Cover Without a Record* shows the potential of embodying the sonic experience through language.

An extended version of this publication, including audio components, may be found at:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/ica/2008>

¹ Quoted in Jan Estep, "Words and Music: An Interview with Christian Marclay," *New Art Examiner* (September 2001): 80.

² Jennifer Gonzales, "Survey," *Christian Marclay* (New York: Phaidon Press, 2005), 53.

³ Estep, "Words and Music," 81.

⁴ Michel Foucault, *The Archaeology of Knowledge and the Discourse on Language* (New York: Pantheon, 1972).

⁵ Quoted in Erbetto F. Lo Bue, "John Cage's Writings," *Poetics Today* (Summer 1982): 66

⁶ Lo Bue "John Cage's Writings," 67.

⁷ John Cage, *For the Birds* (London: Marion Boyars Publishers, 1981), 113.

⁸ Roland Barthes, "Image, Music, Text," in *Rhetoric of the Image* (Glasgow: Fontana/Collins, 1997).

⁹ Quoted in Russell Ferguson, "The Variety of Din," *Christian Marclay* (Los Angeles: The UCLA Hammer Museum, 2003), 32.

¹⁰ Roland Barthes, "Death of the Author," *Aspen Magazine* (Fall-Winter 1967).

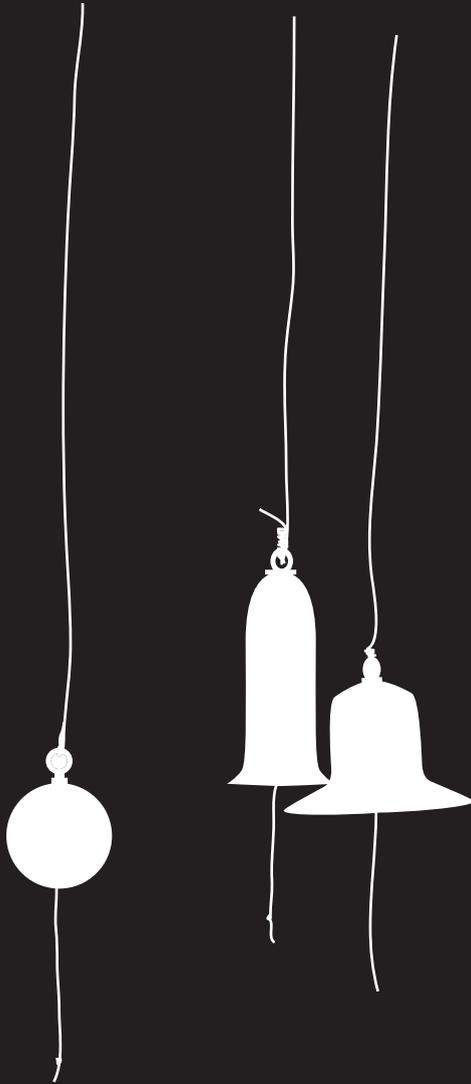
¹¹ Quoted in Ferguson, "The Variety of Din," 42.

¹² Jean Baudrillard, *Simulacra and Simulation* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1995).

Christian Marclay

Ensemble, 2007

27 sound-producing artworks are placed in the same exhibition space.



Simone Blaser, *Ensemble*, 2008

Sounds described in twenty-seven books are extracted from their sources and recompiled into one document.

This project was realized with the assistance of Vladimir Zykov.

I hear they call lie HUH? Japhy began to shriek and hoot and whistle and sing a hum howling moaning. Tito touched the lute the click of the handle released as gently as possible a brave voice. men slapping yelling, puffing. Drifts of Johann Strauss hinges muffled bark at the whale I SAID -UH- UH-HUH FAH! My cat meowed Dan howled. she laughed; a patronizing tone: a sweet soprano... squeaked growled. school teacher voice. SOUNDSCRAPS, VISIONSCRAPS, bombers yawn, play the viola, hoarsely. THE BELL RANG... Woraus snorted. clank a rill of gurgles rolled like tinkly tinkly a particular hush, footsteps the crash of vessels the opera of voices whistles, de wailin de evenin lamentations; SHE WAS SO LAUGHING steps in the snow shouted: voice of amazed distress. the cold sighing earth Grunting regular, rhythmic little grunts, grunts. The frog snorted. bark at the whale POEM IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER a tone of agonized entreaty, laughing, chittering Ra- -- voices drove sooth-said fore-told spoken over talked upwards, MMM... -SOB- -SNF- ACH hurried footsteps the voices choking murmur and part of a laugh, Ta Ta Ta ringing like bells she shuddered, voice uttered in the muffled tones of the deaf, A puff of wind a voice of naive terror the ceaseless dash and roar of the breakers. the lovely music UM!... howl when he did. the whisper and scurry swelled like a throat She murmurs that quail calling. a voice of naive terror Crying out a piercing cry; not a brief cry, the light high bell of the ambulance sounded. ...EVERYONE YELLING, 'JEWS OUT! JEWS OUT!' spoke about the chatter, but babble and babble crying loud Daisy's murmur the roar of the sea a sigh a whirling shroud the sing in my stovepipe Pfft! Drifts of Johann Strauss shrill voices shrieking UH-HUH. a low but piercing cry, the clothes flapping, The preceding noise the sound of their old voices the sea dashing against the land, a loud crack munch awhile on the dry foliage. Woraus snorted. rain-drops, HOOSH HOOH! he beats the drum Chi abbaratta-baratta-b'ratta? voices the butler's voice calling Sing Musick rage Woman is singing the song The sound of passing trains. Discarnate voices trumpet mouths. munching of the horses moaning, the deep hum of power IN HEBREW HE SAID TO ME, 'OUR NATION?' Ringing faintest murmur fluttering about sounded like a golden robin, then a purple finch. a noise popcorn all popping slow hissing murmur. discordant sounds Big Ben struck the half-hour. Squawking 'Hawkaaaaaaaaaa!' that roaring creek -CHMF WOOSH AIEEE! the car growing louder Her voice cut Speak, you too, speak as the last one, have your say. choking murmur and part of a laugh, His heart beat wildly; the rhythmic beat of hoofs jingling brazen clatter The piping plover, utters a shrill peep an elevated key different keys), a slight shudder-as quiet a tone speak in his clear mellow voice-'If you sound your trumpets, we will ring our bells!' scream. SHE WAS SO LAUGHING Japhy snored, he'd kept emitting sudden yodels trampling a rapid patter of bare feet, a thunderous crash. clank sing sang A rude monotonous chant this roar 'the roaring of the sea or surf,' a Noise Umbrella. HIS WIFE RAN SCREAMING ACH. 'Oh, roof!' a voice of rapture. I went along plucking on the strings any old way, actually drumming on them with my fingertips, drum drum drum, the merry sounds someone knocking someone splashing someone Voices Voices, Voices, Voices struck a faint, eager sound. a harsh voice beating all the kettles sings: all roar! HIS WIFE RAN SCREAMING ACH. footsteps bark at the whale everybody was yelling 'Go! Go! Go!' (like a jam session) It rattled humming traffic, panting, coughing thrashing about recurring harmonies haunted, scales of laughter distinct, precise, enticingly rhythmical strains of a waltz. GROAN OUCH! the cars going up and down his drive. He calls Woo! blowing horns creek upon this shore solitary shouts ACH! thrashing about a Noise Umbrella. The frog munched a deep trembling voice-the noise of strange footsteps. the

sound of the half hour the gurgling creek. screamed. voices shouting. the ceaseless dash and roar of the breakers. PFUI! grackle someone splashing someone shouted echoed I began to cry. Speak, you too, speak as the last one, have your say. sneezing a scratching sound against the stone another long crazy yelling yodeling sail down loudest screams of joy crowing of cocks the sound of a footstep or the rustle of undergrowth. UM- UH-HUH. UH, HELLO POP. UM... fired a gun, the echo sounded like the caving of the bank. the roar of voices, A click; a louder voice gurgling. grunting and snuffing every footstep the sounds in the house weep. the din drifted just the scuffle of its hoofs a shrill cry shrieking slashing, UNH? a low husky sob, The relentless slip-slapping of disembodied feet in slippers. children's voices the resounding of the sea Et quells shrieked. Camilla's voice rose louder a bell tinkled, that single clear small sound Shhhh a highball blow baugh baugh sing folksongs. UM- UH-HUH. UH, HELLO POP. UM... the roar of the open air, screamed. Music, banging a cry, voices together soft scraping of Kazul's scales against the floor the experimental ringing of pots sounded so loud as this. I had to crash through I crashed through bright brittle thickets some dry rackety grove-bottom leaves and bamboo splitjoints. sang tuneless whispers... HAH! idling engines. The hard brown beetles kept thudding crackling of dry branches. other men sing grawk The monotonous wail skidded screamed. sighs howling winds MM.. Shots the roaring of the waves, laughing throat made a sound. the ticking of a clock. louder peals of joy, ACCH, MALA! the sounds low I had to crash through I crashed through bright brittle thickets some dry rackety grove-bottom leaves and bamboo splitjoints. her voice broke up grawk a sigh he sounded just like the horn guns fire Scythian rhymes the lovely music the swish of a mop; crackling of campfires THIS PARSHA YOU SANG THEN WE HEARD SOMETHING SING PRAYERS THEY LAUGHED AND BEAT US. Touching the lute a slight musical murmur, rum dum dum of Canadian thunder The relentless slip-slapping of disembodied feet in slippers. howling moaning. A fit of coughing Drifts of Johann Strauss everybody stirred, talking, his dog's faint bark ...EVERYONE YELLING, 'JEWS OUT! JEWS OUT!' voices sang, an incisive tone my fire roaring the rhythm of that mysterious heart; tapping forefeet just struck the ground Scythian rhymes 'stretchers!' sang tuneless whispers... ACH! PSSH, (PSS- OOF. SHOOTING AND SCREAMS. a deep-sounding bell in a mossy well Ringing faintest murmur fluttering about sounded like a golden robin, then a purple finch. 'Ow!' Therandil fell over with a clatter. the clash of sounds. pleasant strains singing to itself singing to itself, 'Guillaume Apollinaire is dead.' gales of soaking rain a tipsy, hoarse voice. OW! a brave voice. speaking cumulate echoes. baritone valedictions, blubbing the distant occasional Diesel baugh the experimental ringing of pots the sound of many waves dashing whirling laughing girls shooting out The frog munched the sound of a footstep or the rustle of undergrowth. Voices the gathering winds banging OW! run up the stairs. door slammed. 'Fire!' Ta Ta Ta ringing like bells 'Meaning? no, no; that's clear enough,' said several voices at once, 'Lights shooting over San Lorenzo for three nights altogether'- 'Thunder in the clear starlight'- 'Lantern of the Duomo struck with the sword of St. Michael'- 'Palle'- 'All smashed'- 'Lions tearing each other to pieces'- 'Ah! and they might well'- 'Boto caduto in Santissima Nunziata!'- 'Died like the best of Christians'- 'God will have pardoned him'- storm-driven hail-stones, said a bass voice, the roar of the sea a continuous murmur, faint voices remotely whispering. ACCH, MALA! the murmur of their voices, a whumping noise rushing, rolling, the swish of a mop; pleasant strains singing to itself singing to itself, 'Guillaume Apollinaire is dead.' steel on whetstone. rustling leaves. playing bongos on

his own head and cheeks and mouth and chest, whacking himself with real loud sounds, and a great beat, a tremendous beat. the voices getting so loud whisper out OOPS. the sound of no dinner-horn blow, blow, blow,--roar, roar, roar,--tramp, tramp, tramp, firing skidded the lovely music and heave and sigh sweet music laughing throat made a sound. a long broken wail of pain. RRING fall thud. drummer drummed. the sound of St. Margaret's glides firing Their soundings repeat the hum-rhythm of the tractor pack rats scratching mice skittered Tee tee wish, wish Jacobsvoice: Breathe, ACH! PSSH, (PSST- OOF. SHOOTING AND SCREAMS. his tail lashed rung out the hammer-sound of alarm, a monotonous chant. stomp moaning All that music clank The metallic clink of handcuffs dash roar, the loud beating of my own heart AGH! Sean was snoring talking to her incessantly tender, caressing tones a stirring of galloping ponies, the rush rustling leaves. another fit of coughing. slippered feet rapidly approaching. UH-HUH. spoke about the chatter, but babble and babble stomping around Musick strides through music the sound of no dinner-horn blow, blow, blow,--roar, roar, roar,--tramp, tramp, tramp, the rhythm of that mysterious heart; musical humming singing low the buzz voice, howls from savaged children. de weepin de cryin merry French voices shouting a wail of pain an avalanche coughing choking. crickets on the grass, BWAHAH a frail quivering sound, a big prehistoric coyote chanting. clashing of weapons, the loudest voice POEM IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER discordant sounds Dan howled. OW! stridulating crickets swelled. squeaked growled. I hear they call lie the faintest, faintest sound of big trucks rolling out the night Roxim sneezed, softening, dropping voices, rain in the night. crackling a beating, laughter this roar 'the roaring of the sea or surf,' WAAH! snuffing clank Shhhh a highball blow baugh baugh sing folksongs. the din of falling walls It rattled the bells were ringing whirring his tail lashed ARGUE HE MOANS I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING- SAID: 'ALL THESE ARE FOR YOU!' Voices, fired a gun, the echo sounded like the caving of the bank. sang tuneless whispers... footsteps hammered at boughs the blaze of his laughter pleasant strains impassioned voices, An instantaneous shout rang GROAN OUCH! soft scraping of Kazul's scales against the floor Grunting regular, rhythmic little grunts, grunts. voices shouts sound of feet the deep hum of power Bellow on bellow, his voice mounted, the ceaseless dash and roar of the breakers. AI! AI! AI! the intermediate plash of distant waves wheels, hoofs, bells Jacobsvoice: Breathe, POEM IN THE MODERN MANNER bells struck eleven times, deeply, softly, like a mellow organ, a whumping noise the cypress window roars splown wailing away. a brave voice. The last note sounded. Singing eternal hallelujahs long and loud fits of laughter. MM.. drone of the slow ceiling fan strains of the merriest music. a slightly harder tone. recurring harmonies haunted, pack rats scratching mice skittered Tee tee wish, wish gathering winds HUH? rapid firing Hurrah-ah-ah! grunting and snuffing talking birds, the shuffle of many feet still songs to sing drowned out by searoar. the roar of the sea the roar of the open air, shrill and angry rickkeys that clicked chatting amiably deafening noise of the drums, oaths, angry shouts, fighting (PSST- VLADEK.) a noise like hitting a mule, only not so bony; The chimes began pleasant strains The monotonous wail A fit of coughing sound firing. hoofs ...EVERYONE YELLING, 'JEWS OUT! JEWS OUT!' he cried down the hollows sent a murmur the late clock sounded, Voices Voices, Voices, Voices clashing of weapons, toy music boxes musket shots sounded. the loud beating of my own heart His heart beat wildly; Drifts of Johann Strauss sigh HUH? his dog's faint bark a sixth dragon slithered plucking on his guitar the rhythmic beat of hoofs jingling brazen clatter HIS WIFE RAN SCREAMING ACH. Chi

abbaratta-baratta-b'ratta? voices choking murmur and part of a laugh, Squawking 'Hawkaaaaaaaaaa!' a voice weeping marching in step Woo! ring after ring of sound multiplying echoes Jacobsvoice: Breathe, RRING a harp of which all the strings had been wrenched away except one. fired a gun, the echo sounded like the caving of the bank. A cock crowed its voice separated into two 'Hurrah, hurrah!' her breathing wailing, I laughed the truck growl bothered me. She murmurs sings Choo-Choos SCREAMING. YOU CRY, WAH -SNF- ONLY SHE TALKS HMF. the bells were ringing The hard brown beetles kept thudding low voices whispering. a whumping noise his dog's faint bark whirling laughing girls shooting out that roaring creek singing A sound you hardly noticed, but would miss it if it stopped. OOPS. Et quells shrieked. burst of singing the musketry fire Chi abbaratta-baratta-b'ratta? voices fall thud. Roxim sneezed, a six-pounder --the discharge of a catapult,--a twelve-pounder discharged by a catapult, UM!... 'Hee haw' a horn blown played bongo drums I beat madly on a can. a summons heard him going voices sang, the sound of water Tito touched the lute idling engines. a thousand twangling instruments hum MMM... -SOB- -SNF- ACH pleasant strains angrily blowing his nose. Flutes, double-flutes toward the voices We sighed cheering, a smothered, choking noise, the water gurgling the music of the anvil. low voices whispering. PFUI! dropping the empty jug right at our feet in a crash of glass, blew a faint wind, hum vacuously the voices the roar of the Atlantic! grackle hear the roof. soft, soft voice booming dragons' voices crunching, whistling shouting Camilla's voice rose louder I SAID -UH- UH-HUH FAH! Your chant Deepinsnow, Eepinno, I-i-o. lyrical drizzling rain shouts made the sound growl a thousand voices a voice which seemed so strange and soft, intonation of a mendicant. AGH! stately the temporal music a crumpled horn) multiplying echoes blew a faint wind, ee um fah um so a loud roar they ran out of the house squealing. squeaked growled. steel on whetstone. HAH! His speech the softest murmur a bell tinkled, that single clear small sound Scythian rhymes the ceaseless dash and roar of the breakers. the feeble voice gales of soaking rain Disembodied, piping voice. a wail of pain an avalanche coughing choking. She murmurs ACH! striking the hour someone splashing someone Discarnate voices trumpet mouths. A great sob wept aloud. hear my watch hoofs a six-pounder --the discharge of a catapult,--a twelve-pounder discharged by a catapult, Woo! OOPS. the gentle-but firm tone 'Cimorene, my dear, this sort of thing really isn't done,' the fairy said, creak upon this shore brassy, insolence of his voice. a scuffle Voices, the heavy dropping toll of a bell hear the water. trembling and shuddering up all night talking and playing records, heard the thud. a fabulous sound HUH? the blaze of his laughter remorseless persistence of the drums the boom of a bass drum, cry: irksome, constrained conversation, scream Chi abbaratta-baratta-b'ratta? voices clank the voice crying in the wilderness, laughing, a Noise Umbrella. AND HERE'S YOU SAYING: 'ACH. WHEN I THINK OF THEM, IT STILL MAKES ME CRY.' the sound of music the roaring of the surf, Speak-speaks shadows. shouted echoed shouted: voice of amazed distress. sing sang howling winds panting, coughing rattling of wheels on the cobblestones, I SAID -UH- UH-HUH FAH! her heart thudding... his groaning voice. Music, banging howl of pain dashing roaring resounding sea. the laughter; the swishing sound of the strokes, UNH? the cold sighing earth her clothes rustled...

Christian Marclay

Record without a Cover, 1985

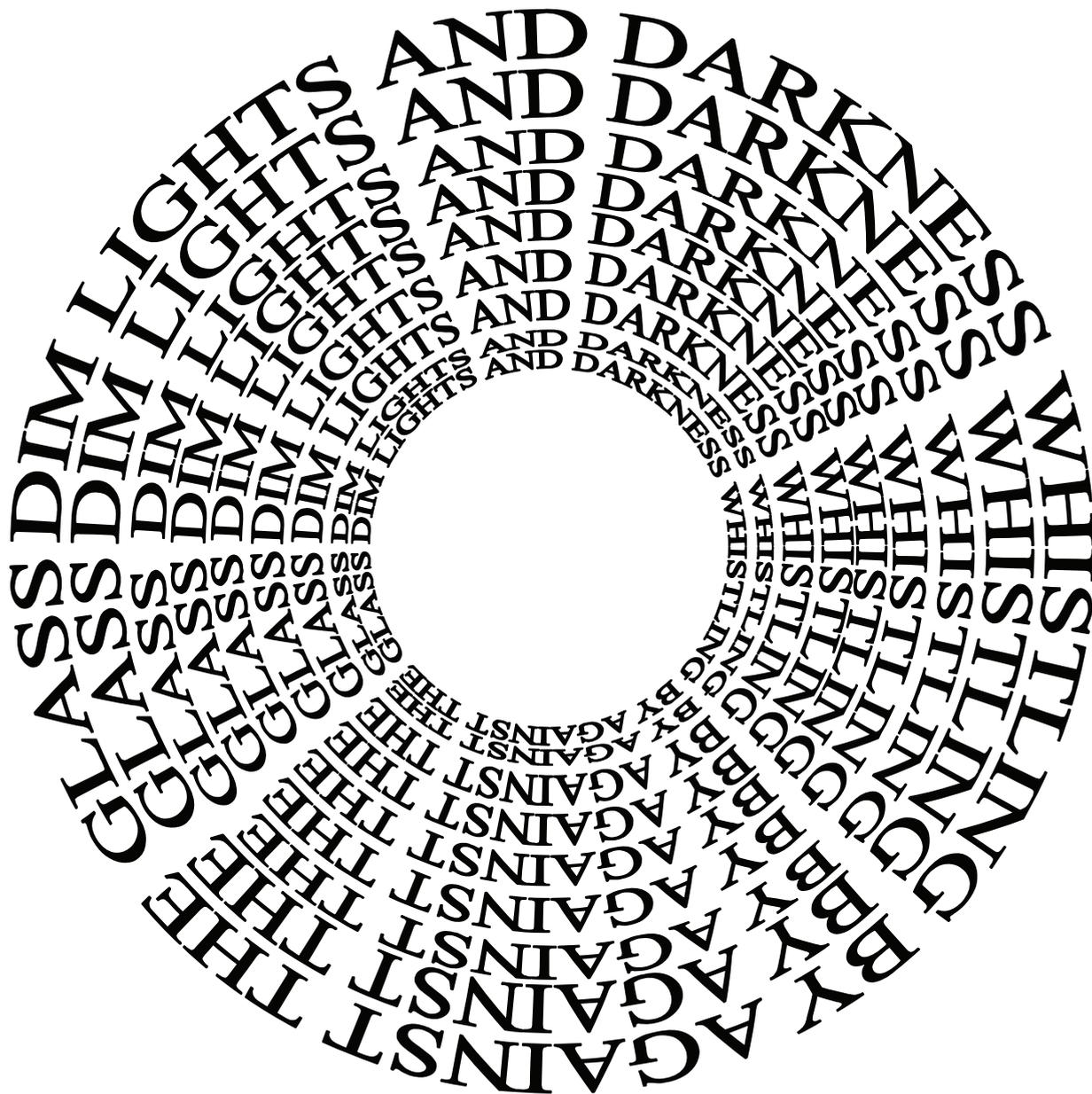
A record released without a sleeve bears its title and credits in a spiral of text, printed directly onto the vinyl grooves.



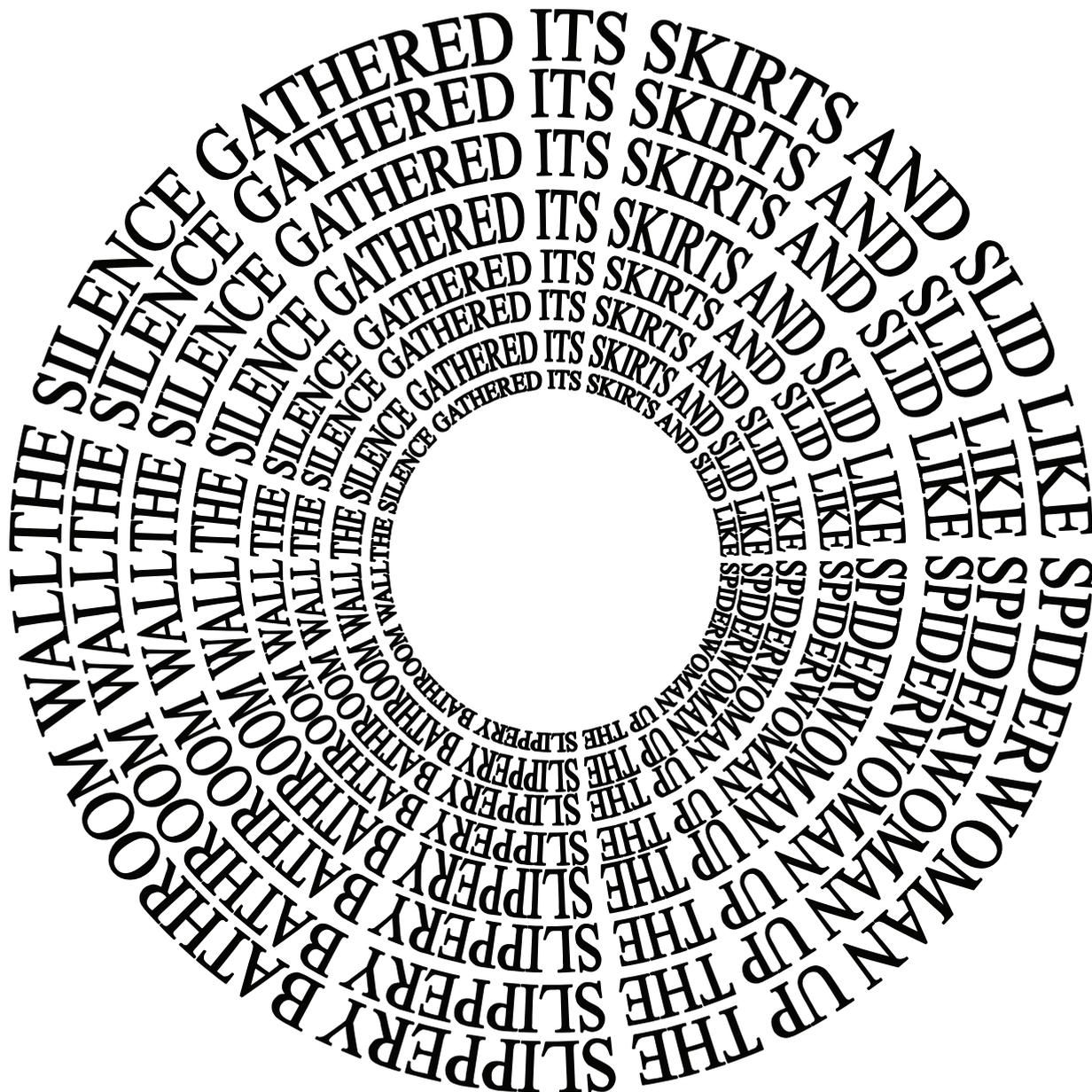
Emily Kaplan

Sound Disks, 2008

Sounds from various books are extracted from their sources and rendered into concentric circles of text, mimicking a 45rpm record.



Leroi Jones,
Dutchman (1964)

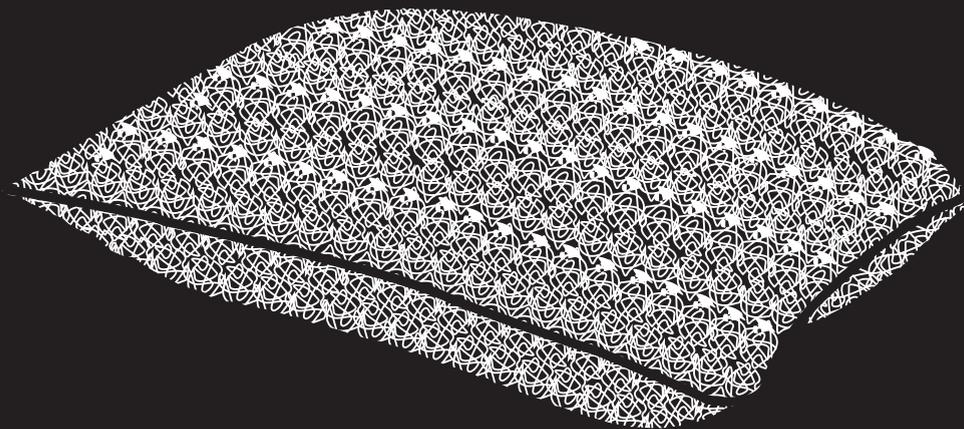


Arundhati Roy,
The God of Small Things (1996)

Christian Marclay

The Beatles, 1989

The collected works of The Beatles are recorded on cassette tape and crocheted into a pillow.



Alexandra Lapinsky

The Beatles, 2008

The titles of every track from *The Beatles* (aka *The White Album*, 1968) are removed from their corresponding song lyrics.

00911

Oh, flew from Miami Beach B.O.A.C.
 Didn't get to bed last night
 On way paper bag was on my knee
 Man I had a dreadful flight
 I'm
 You don't know how lucky you are boy
 Yeah

Been away so long I hardly knew place
 Gee it's good to be back home
 Leave it till tomorrow to unpack my case
 Honey disconnect phone
 I'm
 You don't know how lucky you are boy

Well Ukraine girls really knock me out
 They leave West behind
 And Moscow girls make me sing and shout
 That Georgia's always on my mind

Aw come on
 Ho yeah
 Ho yeah
 Ho ho yeah
 Yeah yeah

Yeah I'm
 You don't know how lucky you are boys

Well Ukraine girls really knock me out
 They leave West behind
 And Moscow girls make me sing and shout
 That Georgia's always on my mind

Oh, show me around your snow-peaked
 mountains way down south
 Take me to your daddy's farm
 Let me hear your balalaika's ringing out
 Come and keep your comrade warm
 I'm
 Hey you don't know how lucky you are boys

Oh let me tell you, honey
 Hey, I'm
 I'm
 Yes, I'm free
 Yeah,
 Ha ha

00912

won't you come out to play
 greet the brand new day
 The sun is up, the sky is blue
 It's beautiful and so are you
 won't you come out to play

open up your eyes
 see the sunny skies
 The wind is low, the birds will sing
 That you are part of everything
 won't you open up your eyes

Look around round
 Look around round round
 Look around

let me see you smile
 like a little child
 The clouds will be a daisy chain
 So let me see you smile again
 won't you let me see you smile

won't you come out to play
 greet the brand new day
 The sun is up, the sky is blue
 It's beautiful and so are you
 won't you come out to play

00913

I told you about strawberry fields
 You know the place where nothing is real
 Well here's another place you can go
 Where everything flows
 Looking through the bent backed tulips
 To see how the other half live
 Looking through a

I told you about the walrus and me, man
 You know that we're as close as can be, man
 Well here's another clue for you all
 The walrus was Paul
 Standing on the cast iron shore, yeah
 Lady Madonna trying to make ends meet,
 yeah
 Looking through a

Oh yeah
 Oh yeah
 Oh yeah
 Looking through a

I told you about the fool on the hill
 I tell you man he living there still
 Well here's another place you can be
 Listen to me
 Fixing a hole in the ocean
 Trying to make a dove-tail joint, yeah
 Looking through a

00914

Desmond has a barrow in the market place
 Molly is the singer in a band
 Desmond says to Molly girl I like your face
 And Molly says this as she takes him by the
 hand

life goes on bra
 how the life goes on
 life goes on bra
 how the life goes on

Desmond takes a trolley to the jewellers
 stores
 Buys a twenty carat golden ring (Golden
 ring)
 Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door
 And as he gives it to her she begins to sing
 (Sing)

life goes on bra
 how the life goes on
 life goes on bra
 how the life goes on, yeah (No)

In a couple of years they have built
 A home sweet home
 With a couple of kids running in the yard
 Of Desmond and Molly Jones
 (Ah ha ha ha ha ha)

Happy ever after in the market place
 Desmond lets the children lend a hand (Arm
 Leg)
 Molly stays at home and does her pretty
 face
 And in the evening she still sings it with the
 band

Yes, life goes on bra
 how the life goes on (Ha ha ha)
 Hey, life goes on bra
 how the life goes on

In a couple of years they have built
 A home sweet home

With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones
(Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha)

Yeah, happy ever after in the market place
Molly lets the children lend a hand (Foot)
Desmond stays at home and does his pretty
face
And in the evening she's a singer with the
band

Yeah, life goes on bra
how the life goes on
Yeah, life goes on bra
how the life goes on
And if you want some fun
Thank you, uh, ha ha ha

00915

I love you,

00916

Hey
What did you kill
Hey
What did you kill

He went out tiger hunting with his elephant
and gun
In case accidents he always took his mom
He's all American bullet-headed Saxon
mother's son
All children sing

Hey
What did you kill
Hey
What did you kill

Deep in jungle where mighty tiger lies
and his elephants were taken by surprise
So Captain Marvel zapped in right between
eyes, zap
All children sing

Hey
What did you kill
Hey
What did you kill

children asked him if to kill was not a sin
Not when he looked so fierce, his mummy
butted in
If looks could kill it would have been us
instead him
All children sing

Hey
What did you kill
Hey
What did you kill

Oh ho
Hey
What did you kill
Hey
What did you kill

Hey
What did you kill
Hey
What did you kill

Hey
What did you kill
Hey
What did you kill

Eh up

00917

I look at you all see the love there that's
sleeping
I look at the floor and I see it needs sweep-
ing

I don't know why nobody told you
How to unfold your love
I don't know how someone controlled you
They bought and sold you

I look at the world and I notice it's turning
With every mistake we must surely be
learning

Well

I don't know how you were diverted
You were perverted too
I don't know how you were inverted
No one alerted you

I look at you all see the love there that's
sleeping

Look at you all

Oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh, ooh

00918

She's not girl who misses much
Do do do do do do do do, oh yeah
She's well acquainted with the touch of the
velvet hand
Like lizard on window pane
The man in the crowd with the multi-
coloured mirrors
On his hobnail boots
Lying with his eyes while his hands are busy
Working overtime
soap impression of his wife which he ate
And donated to the National Trust

Down
I need fix cos I'm going down
Down to the bits that I left uptown
I need fix cos I'm going down

Mother Superior jump the
Mother Superior jump the
Mother Superior jump the
Mother Superior jump the
Mother Superior jump the

bang, bang, shoot, shootmama bang, bang,
shoot, shoot
When I hold you in my arms (Oo-oo oh yeah)
And I feel my finger on your trigger (Oo-oo
oh yeah)
I know no one can do me no harm (Oo-oo
oh yeah)
Because, mama (bang, bang, shoot, shoot)
yes it (bang, bang, shoot, shoot)
yes it (bang, bang, shoot, shoot)
Well, don't you know, mama (yeah)

00921

though I spend days in conversation
Please
Remember me love
Don't forget me

Hold your head up you silly girl look what
you've done
When you find yourself in the thick of it
Help yourself to a bit of what is all around
you
Silly girl

Take a good look around you
Take a good look you're bound to see
That you and me were meant to be for each
other
Silly girl

Hold your hand out you silly girl see what
you've done
When you find yourself in the thick of it
Help yourself to a bit of what is all around
you
Silly girl

you have always been inspiration
Please
Be good to me love
Don't forget me

00922

haven't slept a wink
my mind is on the blink
wonder should get up and fix myself a drink
No, no, no

don't know what to do
my mind is set on you
wonder should call you but know what you'd
do

You'd say putting you on
But it's no joke, it's doing me harm
You know can't sleep, can't stop my brain
You know it's three weeks, going insane
You know give you everything got
For a little peace of mind

feeling upset
Although have another cigarette
And curse Sir Walter Raleigh

He was such a stupid get

You'd say putting you on
But it's no joke, it's doing me harm
You know can't sleep, can't stop my brain
You know it's three weeks, going insane
You know give you everything got
For a little peace of mind
give you everything got
For a little peace of mind
give you everything got
For a little peace of mind

Monsieur, Monsieur, Monsieur, how about
another one

00923

singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to
arise

singing in the dead of night
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to
be free

fly fly
Into the light of the dark black night

fly fly
Into the light of the dark black night

singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to
arise
You were only waiting for this moment to
arise
You were only waiting for this moment to
arise

00924

Have you seen the little
Crawling in the dirt
And for all the little
Life is getting worse
Always having dirt to play around in

Have you seen the bigger
In their starched white shirts
You will find the bigger
Stirring up the dirt
Always have clean shirts to play around in

In their styes with all their backing
They don't care what goes on around
In their eyes there's something lacking
What they need's a damn good whacking

Everywhere there's lots of
Living lives
You can see them out for dinner
With their wives
Clutching forks and knives to eat their
bacon

One more time

00925

Now somewhere in the black mountain hills
of Dakota
There lived a young boy named
And one day his woman ran off with another
guy
Hit young in the eye didn't like that
He said I'm gonna get that boy
So one day he walked into town
Booked himself a room in the local saloon

checked into his room
Only to find Gideon's bible
had come equipped with a gun
To shoot off the legs of his rival
His rival it seems had broken his dreams
By stealing the girl of his fancy
Her name was Magil and she called herself
Lil
But everyone knew her as Nancy
Now she and her man who called himself
Dan
Were in the next room at the hoe down
burst in and grinning a grin
He said Danny boy this is a showdown
But Daniel was hot, he drew first and shot
And collapsed in the corner, ah

D'da d'da d'da da da da
D'da d'da d'da da da da
D'da d'da d'da da d'da d'da d'da d'da
Do do do do do do

D'do d'do d'do do do do
 D'do d'do d'do do do do
 D'do d'do d'do do do d'do d'do d'do
 Do do do do do do

Now the doctor came in stinking of gin
 And proceeded to lie on the table
 He said you met your match
 And said, doc it's only a scratch
 And I'll be better I'll be better doc as soon
 as I am able

And now he fell back in his room
 Only to find Gideon's bible
 Gideon checked out and he left it no doubt
 To help with good revival, ah
 Oh yeah, yeah

D'do d'do d'do do do do
 D'do d'do d'do do do do
 D'do d'do d'do do do d'do d'do d'do
 Do do do do do do

D'do d'do d'do do do do, come on, boy
 D'do d'do d'do do do do, come on, boy
 D'do d'do d'do do do d'do d'do d'do
 The story of there

00926

I listen for your footsteps
 Coming up the drive
 Listen for your footsteps
 But they arrive
 Waiting for your knock, dear
 On my old front door
 I hear it
 Does it mean you love any more

I hear the clock are ticking
 On the mantel shelf
 See the hands are moving
 But I'm myself
 I wonder where you are tonight
 And why I'm myself
 I see you
 Does it mean you love any more

make cry, make blue
 Cause you know darling I love only you
 You'll never know it hurt so
 How I hate to see you go
 make cry, make blue

I'm sorry that I doubted you

I was so unfair
 You were in a car crash
 And you lost your hair
 You said that you would be late
 About an hour or two
 I said that's alright I'm waiting here
 Just waiting to hear from you
 Make cry, make blue
 Cause you know darling I love only you
 You'll never know it hurt so
 How I hate to see you go
 make cry

00927

Mm
 Ah
 Mm
 Mm
 No one will be watching us

No one will be watching us

Ooh

No one will be watching us

00928

Who knows how long loved you
 You know love you still
 wait a lonely lifetime
 If you want me to

For if ever saw you
 didn't catch your name
 But it never really mattered
 always feel the same

Love you forever and forever
 Love you with all my heart
 Love you whenever we're together
 Love you when we're apart

And when at last find you
 Your song fill the air
 Sing it loud so can hear you
 Make it easy to be near you
 For the things you do endear you to me
 Oh, you know

Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm
 Da da da da da da

00929

Half of what I say is meaningless
 But I say it just to reach you

oceanchild, calls me
 So I sing a song of love
 seashell eyes, windy smile, calls me
 So I sing a song of love

Her hair of floating sky is shimmering, glim-
 mering
 In the sun

morning moon, touch me
 So I sing a song of love

When I cannot sing my heart
 I can only speak my mind

sleeping sand, silent cloud, touch me
 So I sing a song of love
 Hum hum hum hum calls me
 So I sing a song of love for

00931

They say it's your
 It's my too, yeah
 They say it's your
 We're gonna have a good time
 I'm glad it's your
 Happy to you

Ah
 Ah
 Ah
 Come on
 Come on

Yes we're going to a party party
 Yes we're going to a party party
 Yes we're going to a party party

I would like you to dance
 Take a cha-cha-cha-chance
 I would like you to dance
 Dance yeah

Oh
 Come on

I would like you to dance
 Take a cha-cha-cha-chance
 I would like you to dance
 Oh dance Dance

They say it's your
Well it's my too, yeah
They say it's your
We're gonna have a good time
I'm glad it's your
Happy to you

Yer Blues

Yes I'm lonely wanna die
Yes I'm lonely wanna die
If I ain't dead already
Ooh girl you know the reason why

In the morning wanna die
In the evening wanna die
If I ain't dead already
Ooh girl you know the reason why

My mother was of the sky
My father was of the earth
But I am of the universe
And you know what it's worth
I'm lonely wanna die
If I ain't dead already
Ooh girl you know the reason why

The eagle picks my eye
The worm he licks my bone
I feel so suicidal
Just like Dylan's Mr. Jones
Lonely wanna die
If I ain't dead already
Ooh girl you know the reason why

Black cloud crossed my mind
Blue mist round my soul
Feel so suicidal
Even hate my rock 'n' roll
Wanna die yeah wanna die
If I ain't dead already
Ooh girl you know the reason why

00933

Born a poor young country boy
All day long I'm sitting singing songs for
everyone

Sit beside a mountain stream, see her
waters rise
Listen to the pretty sound of music as she
flies

Doo
doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo

Find me in my field of grass
Swaying daises sing a lazy song beneath
the sun

Doo
doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo
Yeah yeah yeah

Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm
Mm mm mm, ooh ooh ooh
Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm
Mm mm mm mm, wah wah wah

Wah

00934

Come on come on
Come on come on
Come on is such a joy
Come on is such a joy
Come on let's take it easy
Come on let's take it easy
Take it easy take it easy
for

(Ooh) The deeper you go the higher you fly
The higher you fly the deeper you go
So come on (Come on) come on
Come on is such a joy
Come on is such a joy
Come on let's make it easy
Come on let's make it easy (Oh)
Take it easy (Yeh yeh yeh) take it easy (Hoo)
for

Oh!

Your inside is out your outside is in
Your outside is in your inside is out
So come on (Ho) come on (Ho)
Come on is such a joy
Come on is such a joy
Come on let's make it easy
Come on let's make it easy
Make it easy (Hoo) make it easy (Hoo)
for

Hey

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come
on
Come on, come on, come on

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come
on
Come on, come on, come on

00935

what have you done
You made a fool of everyone
You made a fool of everyone
ooh what have you done

you broke the rules
You layed it down for all to see
You layed it down for all to see
ooh you broke the rules

One sunny day the world was waiting for a
lover
She came along to turn on everyone
the greatest of them all

how did you know
The world was waiting just for you
The world was waiting just for you
ooh how did you know

you'll get yours yet
However big you think you are
However big you think you are
ooh you'll get yours yet

We gave her everything we owned just to sit
at her table
Just a smile would lighten everything
she's the latest and the greatest of them all

She made a fool of everyone

However big you think you are

00936

When I get to the bottom I go back to the top
of the slide
Where I stop and I turn and I go for a ride
Till I get to the bottom and I see you again
Yeah yeah yeah hey

Do you, don't you want me to love you
I'm coming down fast but I'm miles above
you
Tell me tell me tell me come on tell me the
answer
Well you may be a lover but you ain't no
dancer
Now
yeah
Ooh

Will you, won't you want me to make you
I'm coming down fast but don't let me break
you
Tell me tell me tell me the answer
You may be a lover but you ain't no dancer

Look out
ooh

Look out, cos here she comes

When I get to the bottom I go back to the top
of the slide
And I stop and I turn and I go for a ride
And I get to the bottom and I see you again
Yeah yeah yeah

Well do you, don't you want me to make you
I'm coming down fast but don't let me break
you
Tell me tell me tell me the answer
You may be a lover but you ain't no dancer

Look out

Look out
She's coming down fast
Yes she is
Yes she is coming down fast

My head is spinning, ooh

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, alright

I got blisters on my fingers

00937

It's been a time
How could I ever have lost you
When I loved you

It took a time
Now I'm so happy I found you

How I love you

So many tears I was searching
So many tears I was wasting, oh oh

Now I can see you, be you
How can I ever misplace you
How I want you
Oh I love you
Your know that I need you
Ooh I love you

Oh

00941

Ah, take 18

OK

You say you want a
Well you know
We all want to change the world
You tell me that it's evolution
Well you know
We all want to change the world
But when you talk about destruction
Don't you know you can count me out in
Don't you know it's gonna be alright
Don't you know it's gonna be alright
Don't you know it's gonna be alright

You say you got a real solution
Well you know
We don't all love to see the plan
You ask me for a contribution
Well you know
We're doing what we can
But if you want money for people with
minds that hate
All I can tell you is brother you have to wait
Don't you know it's gonna be alright
Don't you know it's gonna be alright
Don't you know it's gonna be alright

You say you'll change the constitution
Well you know
We all love to change your head
You tell me it's the institution
Well you know
You better free your mind instead
But if you go carrying pictures of Chairman
Mao
You ain't going to make it with anyone

anyhow

Don't you know it's gonna be alright
Don't you know it's gonna be alright
Don't you know it's gonna be alright

Oh, oh
Alright, alright, alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright, alright, alright
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Alright, alright, alright
Alright
Alright

00942

She was a working girl
North of England way
Now she's hit the big time
In the USA
And if she could only hear me
This is what I'd say

you are making me crazy
I'm in love but I'm lazy
So won't you please come home

Oh my position is tragic
Come and show me the magic
Of your Hollywood song

You became a legend of the silver screen
And now the thought of meeting you
Makes me weak in the knee

Oh you are driving me frantic
Sail across the Atlantic
To be where you belong

come back to me, oh

Yeah
I like it like that, oh ah
I like this kind of hot kind of music
Hot kind of music
Play it to me, play it to me, the blues

Will the wind that blew her boat
Across the sea
Kindly send her sailing back to me

you are making me crazy
I'm in love but I'm lazy
So won't you please come home
Come, come back to me

Oooooooooooh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

00943

Creme tangerine and montelimat
A ginger sling with a pineapple heart
A coffee dessert, yes, you know it's good
news
But you'll have to have them all pulled out
After the

Cool cherry cream and a nice apple tart
I feel your taste all the time we're apart
Coconut fudge really blows down those
blues
But you'll have to have them all pulled out
After the

You might not feel it now
But when the pain cuts through
You're going to know and how
The sweat is going to fill your head
When it becomes too much
You're going to shout aloud

But you'll have to have them all pulled out
After the

You know that what you eat you are
But what is sweet now, turns so sour\
We all know Ob-La-Di-Bla-Da
But can you show me, where you are

Creme tangerine and montelimat
A ginger sling with a pineapple heart
A coffee dessert--yes you know its good
news
But you'll have to have them all pulled out
After the

Yes you'll have to have them all pulled out
After the

00944

Make your mother sigh
She's old enough to know better

The king of Marigold was in the kitchen
Cooking breakfast for the queen
The queen was in the parlour
Playing piano for the children of the king

Make your mother sigh
She's old enough to know better
So

The king was in the garden
Picking flowers for a friend who came to
play
The queen was in the playroom
Painting pictures for the childrens holiday

Make your mother sigh
She's old enough to know better
So

The duchess of Kircaldy always smiling
And arriving late for tea
The duke was having problems
With a message at the local bird and bee

Make your mother sigh
She's old enough to know better
So

At twelve o'clock a meeting round the table
For a seance in the dark
With voices out of nowhere
Put on specially by the children for a lark

Make your mother sigh
She's old enough to know better
So

Make your mother sigh
She's old enough to know better

Make your mother sigh
She's old enough to know better
So

00945

Bottle of Claret for you if I had realised

Well, do it next time

I forgot about it, George, I'm sorry
Will you forgive me

Yes

Number, number, number, number, number,
number, number, number, number, number,
number, number, number, number, number

Then there's this Welsh Rarebit wearing
some brown underpants
About the shortage of grain in Hertfordshire

Everyone of them knew that as time went by
They'd get a little bit older and a litter
slower but
It's all the same thing, in this case manufac-
tured by someone who's always
Umpteen your father's giving it diddly-i-dee
District was leaving, intended to pay for

Number, number

Who's to know
Who was to know

Number, number, number, number, number,
number, number, number, number, number,
number, number, number, number, number

I sustained nothing worse than
Also for example
Whatever you're doing
A business deal falls through
I informed him on the third night
When fortune gives

Number, number, number

People ride, people ride
Ride, ride, ride, ride, ride
Ride Ride

number, number, number

I've missed all of that
It makes me a few days late
Compared with, like, wow
And weird stuff like that
Taking our sides sometimes
Floral bark
Rouge doctors have brought this specimen

I have nobody's short-cuts, aha

number

With the situation

They are standing still

The plan, the telegram

Ooh ooh

Number, number

Ooh

A man without terrors from beard to false
As the headmaster reported to me
My son he really can try as they do to find

function

Tell what he was saying, and his voice was
low and his hive high
And his eyes were low

Alright

Number, number, number, number, number,
number, number, number, number, number,
number, number, number, number, number

So the wife called me and we'd better go to
see a surgeon

Or whatever to price it yellow underclothes
So, any road, we went to see the dentist
instead

Who gave her a pair of teeth which wasn't
any good at all

So I said I'd marry, join the fucking navy and
went to sea

In my broken chair, my wings are broken and
so is my hair

I'm not in the mood for whirling

Um da

Aaah

How

Dogs for dogging, hands for clapping
Birds for birding and fish for fishing
Them for themming and when for whimming

Only to find the night-watchman
Unaware of his presence in the building

Onion soup

Number, number, number, number, number,
number

Industrial output

Financial imbalance

Thrusting it between his shoulder blades

The Watusi

The twist

Eldorado

Take this brother, may it serve you well

Maybe it's nothing

Aaah

Maybe it's nothing

What What Oh

Maybe even then

Impervious in London

Could be difficult thing
It's quick like rush for peace is
Because it's so much
It was like being naked

If you became naked

00946

Now it's time to say

sleep tight

Now the sun turns out his light

sleep tight

Dream sweet dreams for me (Dream sweet)

Dream sweet dreams for you

Close your eyes and I'll close mine

sleep tight

Now the moon begins to shine

sleep tight

Dream sweet dreams for me (Dream sweet)

Dream sweet dreams for you

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmmmmm

Close your eyes and I'll close mine

sleep tight

Now the sun turns out his light

sleep tight

Dream sweet dreams for me (Dream sweet)

Dream sweet dreams for you

everybody

Everybody everywhere

Christian Marclay

Möbius Loop, 1994

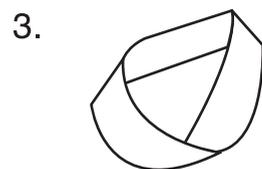
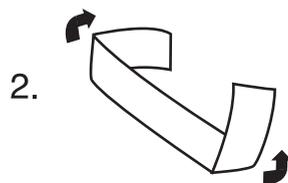
Roughly 3,000 cassette tapes form a 30-foot-long Möbius strip (a geometric surface with one side and one edge).



Steve McLaughlin

Möbius Thunderclaps, 2008

When cut out, twisted, and joined at the ends, the shapes on the following pages form small Möbius strips. Each bears a looped version of one of James Joyce's thunderclaps: ten 100-letter words scattered throughout the novel *Finnegans Wake*.



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bothallchoractorschumminaroundgansumuminarumdrumstr

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acmacwhackfalltherdebblenonthedubblandaddydoodled

nanennykocksapastippatappatupperstrippuckputtanach

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thingcrooklyexineverypasturesixdixlikencehimaroundhers

aghsemmihsammihnowithappluddyappladdyppkonpkot

themaggerbykinkinkanwithdownmindlookingated

husstenhasstencaffincoffintussetossemendamandannacosa

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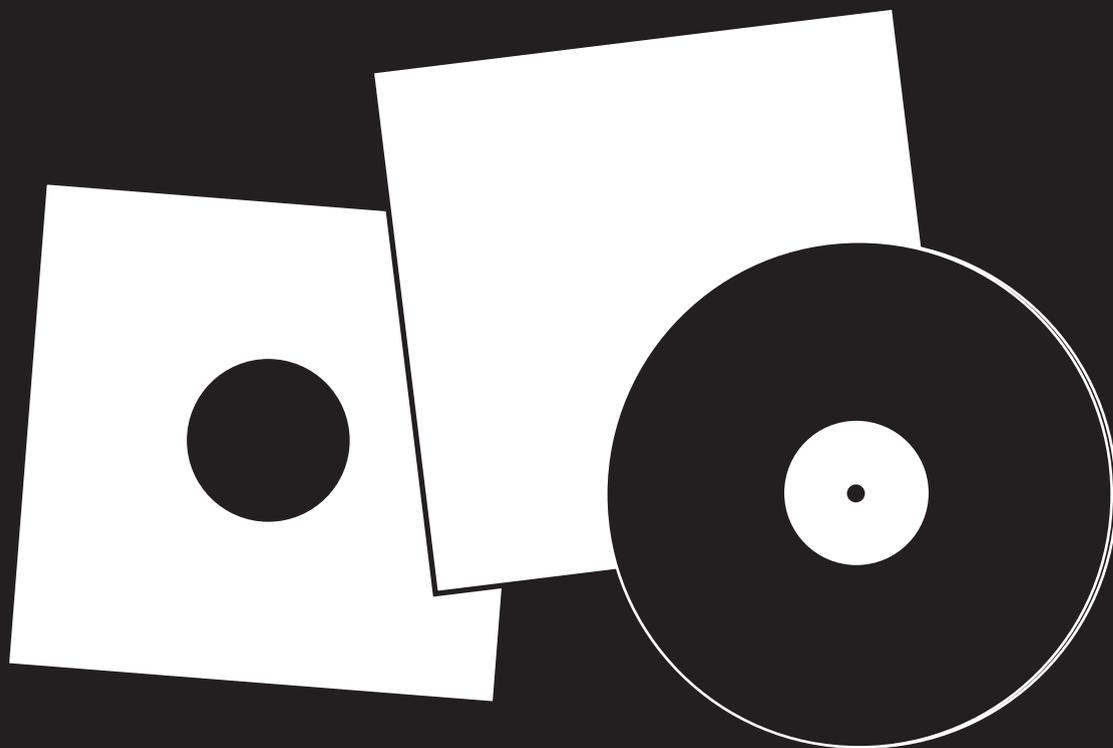
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Christian Marclay

More Encores, 1987

Each track on Marclay's album *More Encores* is a dense plunderphonic collage, comprised entirely of records by the artist after whom each track is titled.



Steve McLaughlin

More More Encores, 2008

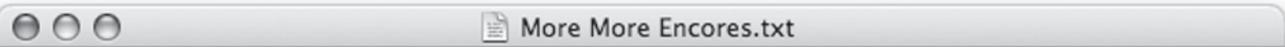
The twelve tracks from Marclay's *More Encores* album are used as the basis for this series of digital remixes. An MP3 file by each artist is opened in a text editor, resulting in thousands of pages of garbled text junk. A book-length text related to the artist is then split into pieces and inserted at random intervals throughout the file. When played back, the MP3 suffers various forms of distortion.

Audio can be found at:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/ica/2008>

More More Encores.txt

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 More More Encores.txt

It was at the beginning of June and most of Viennese "Society" had already left the city. The Schindler-Moll family had travelled to Goisern in the vicinity of the imperial summer resort town of Bad Ischl (in the Upper Austrian Salzkammergut region), where the nobility and higher classes - and also the Emperor - were staying. Johann Strauss, too, spent many summers here. By the way, the later career of the young woman mentioned above developed to some extent in an irregular fashion: three years later she married the composer and director of the Vienna Court Opera, Gustav Mahler. After his death and in the middle of World War I, she married the architect Walter Gropius, and later, in 1929, she married the poet Franz Werfel. At the end of all this, she called herself Alma Mahler-Werfel.

Johann Strauss was enormously popular. From the first day of his professional musician's career he played before sold-out audiences - in dance halls, concert houses and later theatres. And, in the first five years after his debut, all this was against the competition from his own family: for his father, Johann Strauss senior, had already reached the height of popularity at that time - not only in Vienna, but also in Behind the façade of this "waltz madness," however, there stood most of the rest of Europe. Everyone danced to his fiddle. complex, sensitive artistic personalities. They managed the ever But the son Johann - together with his brothers - were to surpass greater commercialization of the music business in an absolute and the father by far. If, at this time, there had already existed the possible responsible way and initiated the globalization of the waltz. And so bilities for music reproduction and the royalty regulations that are one can, without thinking in imperial or restorative terms, use the title common today, Johann Strauss would have easily reached the level "Waltz-King" for Johar in Strauss. One can use this title without reserof the mega stars and pop icons of our time, or even surpassed them. vation - and in the most positive sense of the word. Richard Wagner, He would be the pop idol purely and simply - with worldwide mar- namely, did this too - if it was not in fact he who invented this title for keting and all the millions of dollars and perks that belong. Johann Strauss. And, centuries later in the salons of fin de siècle Strauss's tour of the U. S. in 1872, that brought him to Boston and Vienna, where it was a mark of good breeding for the ladies and New York, broke all audience records, even in today's terms. In Bos- daughters of the house to display a particularly accomplished level of ton a giant hall was expressly constructed to hold one hundred thou- piano playing, Strauss melodies formed an integral part of the aftersand visitors - and, of course musicians performed in those days noon teas and soirees. without any kind of electrical amplifiers. In any case, far more than a million persons experienced Strauss's music

More More Encores.txt

live there. This salon culture had developed in 19th-century Vienna under the Alreedy earlier, in the Russian summer nights of Pavlovsk, where leadership of the Royal Family, whose ruling members, if they were Strauss was guest performer for many years, several thousand persons not themselves artistic, at least promoted the arts. They always allowcame daily - an audience number in six figures every summer. ed the people to have their comedies and music - in spite of or in Above all, the women in the audience were electrified by the music addition to all the censorship regulations - as an outlet to compensaand by Johann Strauss, as a man. After every concert there were te for the many dissatisfactions they had for the powers of state. For heaps of gifts from lady admirers and many rooms filled to the brim Metternich's draconian police measures were a heavy and oppressive with flowers, a true garbage disposal problem created by this expen- burden on the people. But, in spite of all this, only here did "the sive but quickly wilting display of admiration. Congress dance" - the Vienna Congress of 1814/15, that is - and still find political solutions. And it appears that it is just this kind of enviSo it began already in the fall of 1844, at the debut of the 19-year-old ronment that brings forth stars and offers them great opportunities for Johann Strauss "junior" - one had to distinguish him from his like- development. named father - in the legendary entertainment establishment of "Dommayer's" in the Viennese posh suburb of Hietzing. This large dance hall, concert house and restaurant - which no longer exists now as such - must have been ruled by a breathtaking (in the truest sense of the word) crowd. A thoroughly well-meaning journalist wrote on the following day:u5!gæja_Où;_1'('òümü'R-´?MuÂ_“_’]°¿òÿ«fi...afi~»’l-9eÏny__

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Christian Marclay

Onomatopoeia, 1989

Visual sound effects are isolated on pages of comic books. The rest of each page is blacked out.

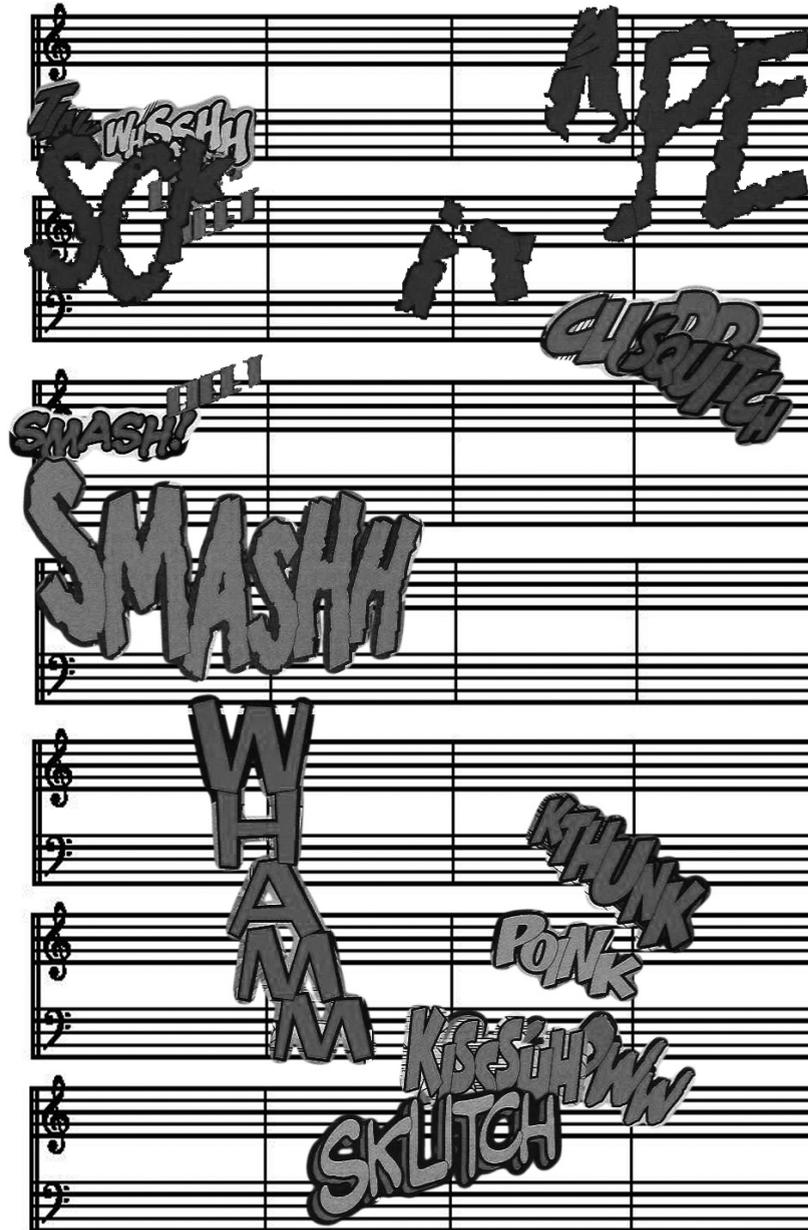
VROOOOM
KRAAAAACK

Nick Salvatore

Onomatopoeia, 2008

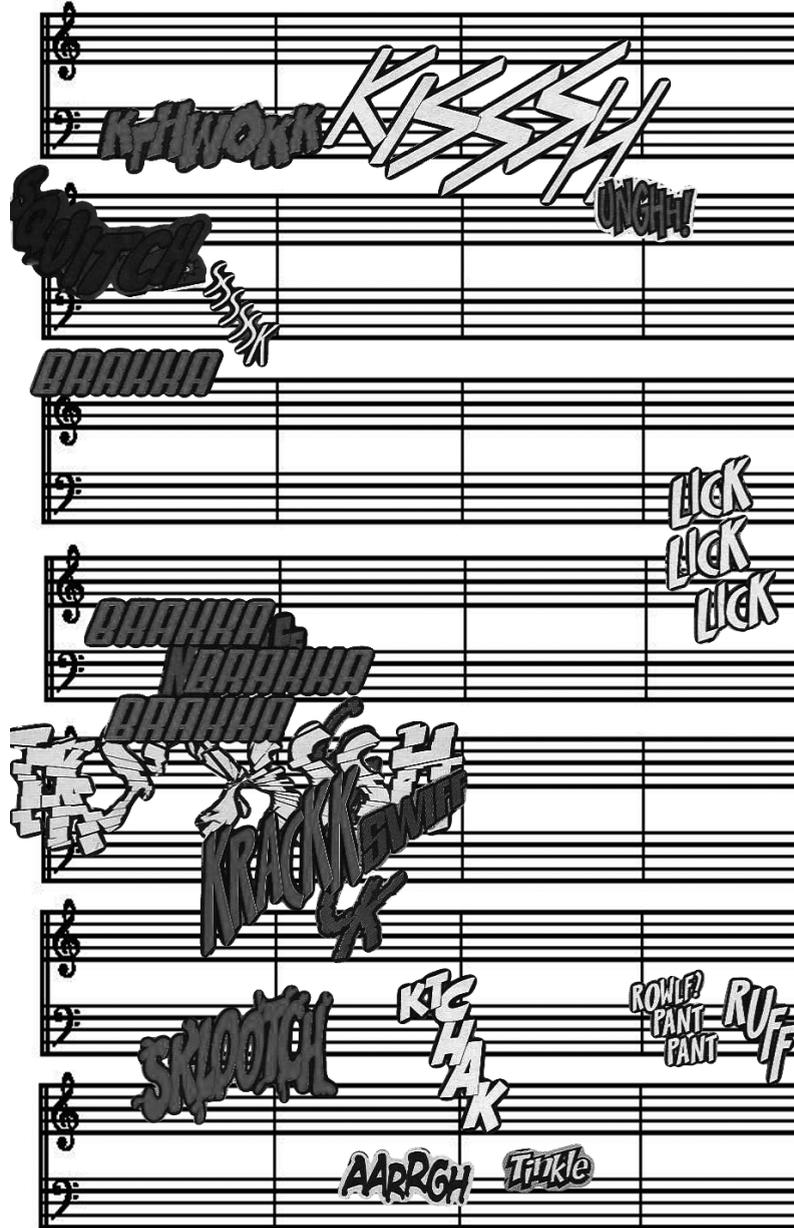
Sound effects are extracted from a series of comic books and placed on top of musical staves.



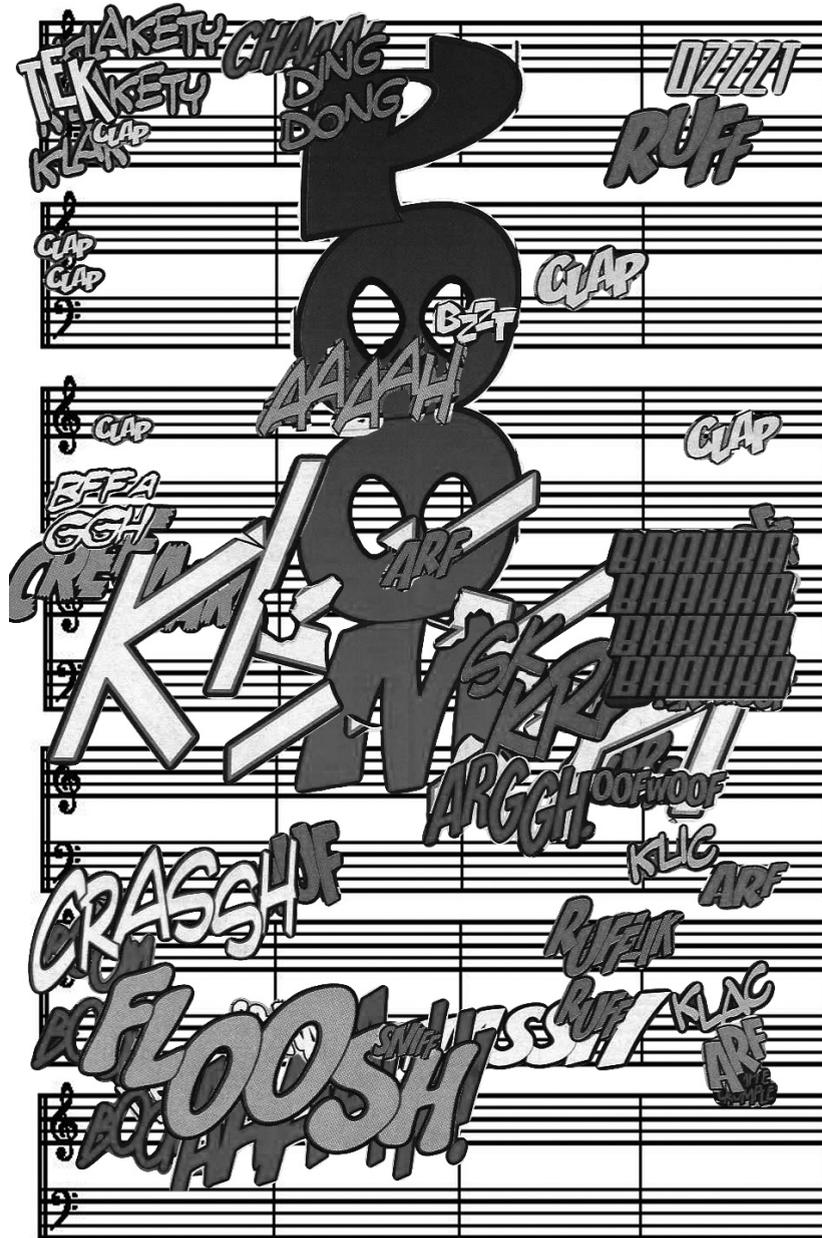








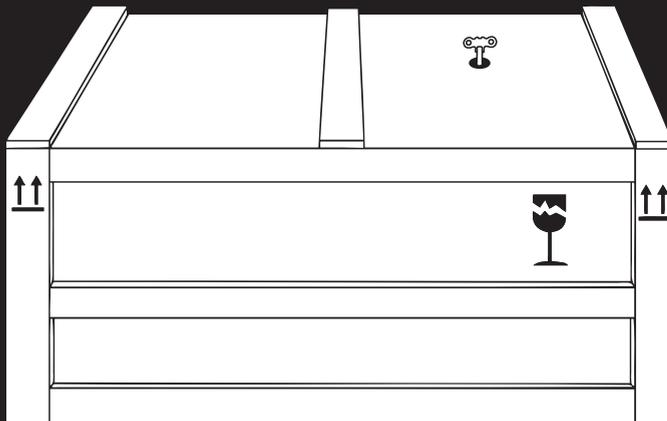




Christian Marclay

Music Boxes, 1999

Multiple wooden shipping crates are used to transport a “sound art” exhibition. Each empty crate is used as a resonator for a different, internally mounted music box movement, which viewers are invited to rewind.



Kaegan Sparks

Noise Box, 2008

Lines from Luigi Russolo's *The Art of Noise* (1913) are concealed in an audio file's spectrographic representation. When played back, the text's visual properties are rendered as sound.

Audio can be found at:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/ica/2008>

This project was realized with the assistance of Steve McLaughlin.

The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple logo, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Top Left:** A control panel showing "TIME 00:03:24.47" and "SAMPLES 9017400".
- Top Right:** A waveform display showing the audio signal's amplitude over time.
- Middle Left:** An "Actions" panel with a list of actions. The first action is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v..." with a checked box.
- Middle Right:** A spectrogram view showing the frequency spectrum of the audio. The word "The" is clearly visible as a series of horizontal lines, indicating the frequency components of the speech.

The spectrogram's vertical axis represents frequency, ranging from 0 to 22000 Hz. The horizontal axis represents time, with markers at 0:03:25 and 0:03:26. The word "The" is centered in the time domain, spanning from approximately 0:03:25 to 0:03:26. The spectrogram shows the characteristic formants of the word, with the 'T' having a high-frequency burst, the 'h' having a lower-frequency formant, and the 'e' having a distinct vowel formant structure.

At the bottom of the interface, there is a transport control bar with a volume knob, a play button, and a time display showing "00:03:24.47".

Noise Box v2.aif

Tue 2:33 PM

Inspectors Mixer Layout

0:03:27 0:03:28 0:03:29

variety

00:00:00.00

The image shows a screenshot of an audio editing application. At the top, the window title is "Noise Box v2.aif". The system tray on the right shows the time "Tue 2:33 PM" and icons for a search function, a flag, and a speaker. Below the title bar, there are three tabs: "Inspectors", "Mixer", and "Layout". The main workspace is divided into two sections. The top section displays a waveform of an audio signal. The bottom section features a dark gray background with the word "variety" written in a large, white, serif font. Below the waveform and text, a timeline is visible with time markers at "0:03:27", "0:03:28", and "0:03:29". At the very bottom, there is a playback control bar with buttons for play, stop, and other functions, along with a time display showing "00:00:00.00".

The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Transport and Time:** Shows a "Read" button, a time display of 00:03:24.47, and a sample count of 9017400.
- Waveform:** A waveform visualization of the audio clip is shown at the top right.
- Analysis:** The "Analysis" tab is active, displaying a spectrogram of the audio. The spectrogram shows the frequency spectrum over time, with the word "of" clearly visible in the center. The time markers 0:03:30 and 0:03:31 are visible above the spectrogram.
- Actions:** The "Actions" tab is active, showing a list of actions. The action "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v..." is checked and selected.
- Bottom Controls:** Includes a volume slider, a play button, and a time display of 00:03:24.47.

Noise Box v2.aif

Tue 2:33 PM

Inspectors Mixer Layouts

0:03:32 0:03:33 0:03:34 0:03:35

noises is

00:00:00.00

The image shows a screenshot of an audio player application. At the top, the window title is "Noise Box v2.aif". The system tray on the right shows the time "Tue 2:33 PM" and icons for a search function, a flag, and a speaker. Below the title bar, there are three tabs: "Inspectors" (selected), "Mixer", and "Layouts". The main area is divided into two horizontal tracks. The top track is a waveform view showing amplitude over time, with a playhead at approximately 0:03:33. The bottom track is a spectrogram view, showing frequency content over time. The spectrogram clearly displays the word "noises" in a large, white, sans-serif font against a dark background. The time axis at the top of the spectrogram is marked with "0:03:32", "0:03:33", "0:03:34", and "0:03:35". At the bottom of the interface, there is a playback control bar with buttons for play, stop, previous, and next, along with a volume icon and a time display showing "00:00:00.00".

The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple logo, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Transport and Time:** Shows a time display of 00:03:24.47 and a sample count of 9017400. A waveform visualization is visible above the spectrogram.
- Actions and Analysis:** A panel on the left contains an "On" checkbox and an "Action" dropdown menu. The selected action is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v...".
- Spectrogram:** The main area shows a spectrogram of the audio. The vertical axis represents frequency from 0 to 22000 Hz. The horizontal axis represents time, with markers at 0:03:36 and 0:03:37. The spectrogram clearly shows the word "infinity" in a stylized, white font against a dark background.
- Bottom Controls:** Includes a volume slider, a play button, and a time display of 00:03:24.47.

Noise Box v2.aif

Tue 2:33 PM

Inspectors Mixer Layouts

0:03:38 0:03:39 0:03:40

inite.

00:00:00.00

The image shows a screenshot of an audio player application. At the top, the window title is "Noise Box v2.aif". The system tray on the right shows the time "Tue 2:33 PM" and icons for a search function, a flag, and a speaker. Below the title bar, there are three tabs: "Inspectors" (selected), "Mixer", and "Layouts". The main area of the player is divided into two sections. The upper section displays a waveform of the audio file. The lower section shows a spectrogram of the audio, with the word "inite." clearly visible in a large, white, serif font against a dark background. The spectrogram shows the frequency components of the word. At the bottom of the player, there is a playback control bar with buttons for play, stop, previous, and next, along with a progress indicator showing "00:00:00.00".

The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple logo, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Transport and Time:** Shows a time display of 00:03:24.47 and a sample count of 9017400. A waveform visualization is visible above the spectrogram.
- Actions Panel:** Located on the left, it has tabs for "Actions" and "Analysis". Under "Analysis", there is a table with the following content:

On	Action
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Sparks-McL - Noise Box v...
- Spectrogram:** The main area on the right shows a spectrogram of the word "Dure". The vertical axis represents frequency in Hz, ranging from 0 to 22000. The horizontal axis represents time, with markers at 0:03:41 and 0:03:42. The word "Dure" is clearly visible as a series of horizontal lines.
- Bottom Controls:** Includes a volume slider, a play button, and a time display of 00:03:24.47.

Noise Box v2.aif

Tue 2:33 PM

Inspectors Mixer Layouts

0:03:43 0:03:44 0:03:45

xp o a n d e

00:00:00.00

The image shows a screenshot of an audio player application. At the top, the window title is "Noise Box v2.aif". The system tray on the right shows the time as "Tue 2:33 PM" along with icons for a search function, a flag, and a speaker. Below the title bar, there are three tabs: "Inspectors", "Mixer", and "Layouts". The main area of the player features a waveform visualization of the audio file. Below the waveform is a time axis with markers at "0:03:43", "0:03:44", and "0:03:45". The audio waveform is overlaid with the text "xp o a n d e" in a large, white, serif font. At the bottom of the interface is a playback control bar containing buttons for play, stop, previous, and next, along with a volume icon and a time display showing "00:00:00.00".

The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple logo, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Transport and Time:** Shows a time display of 00:03:24.47 and a sample count of 9017400. A waveform visualization is visible above the spectrogram.
- Actions Panel:** Located on the left, it has tabs for "Actions" and "Analysis". Under "Analysis", there is a checked item "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v...".
- Spectrogram:** The central area shows a spectrogram of the word "noise". The vertical axis represents frequency from 0 to 22000 Hz. The horizontal axis represents time, with markers at 0:03:46 and 0:03:47. The word "noise" is clearly visible as a series of horizontal lines.
- Bottom Controls:** Includes a volume slider, a play button, and a time display showing 00:03:24.47.

Noise Box v2.aif

Inspectors Mixer Layouts

0:03:48 0:03:49 0:03:50

nsibility

00:00:00

A screenshot of an audio player interface. At the top, the system tray shows a leaf icon, a US flag, a speaker icon, and the time 'Tue 2:33 PM'. The application title bar reads 'Noise Box v2.aif'. Below the title bar are three tabs: 'Inspectors', 'Mixer', and 'Layouts'. The main area features a waveform visualization of an audio file. Below the waveform is a time axis with markers at 0:03:48, 0:03:49, and 0:03:50. The central part of the interface displays the word 'nsibility' in a large, white, stylized font against a dark background. The letters are composed of a grid of small dots. At the bottom, there is a playback control bar with buttons for play, stop, previous, and next, along with a progress indicator showing '00:00:00'.



Noise Box v2.aif

Tue 2:33 PM

Inspectors Mixer Layouts

0:03:53 0:03:54 0:03:55

gain fu

00:00:00.00

The image shows a screenshot of an audio editing software interface. At the top, the window title is "Noise Box v2.aif". The system tray on the right shows the time "Tue 2:33 PM" and icons for a search function, a flag, and a speaker. Below the title bar, there are three tabs: "Inspectors", "Mixer", and "Layouts". The main workspace is divided into two horizontal sections. The top section displays a waveform of the audio signal. The bottom section displays a spectrogram of the audio signal, with the word "gain" clearly visible in a large, white, sans-serif font. The spectrogram shows the frequency components of the word. At the bottom of the interface, there is a playback control bar with buttons for play, stop, and other functions, and a time display showing "00:00:00.00".

The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple logo, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Transport and Time:** Shows a time display of 00:03:24.47 and a sample count of 9017400. A waveform visualization is visible above the spectrogram.
- Actions and Analysis:** A panel on the left contains an "On" checkbox and an "Action" dropdown menu. The selected action is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v...".
- Spectrogram:** The central area shows a spectrogram of the audio. The vertical axis represents frequency from 0 to 22000 Hz. The horizontal axis represents time, with markers at 03:56, 0:03:57, and 0:03. The word "Juturis" is clearly visible in the spectrogram, rendered in a stylized, blocky font.
- Bottom Controls:** Includes a volume slider, a play button, and a time display of 00:03:24.47.

Noise Box v2.aif

Tue 2:33 PM

Inspectors Mixer Layouts

0:03:59 0:04:00 0:04:01

st ears

00:00:00.00

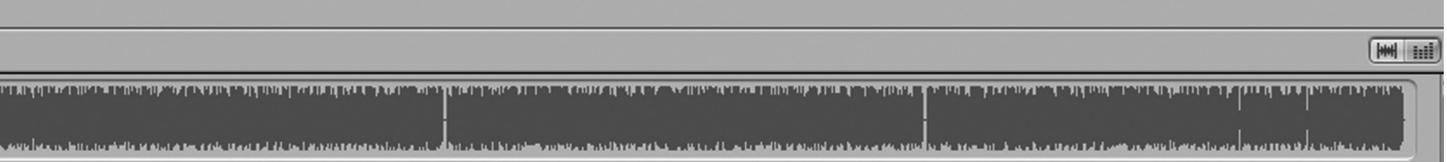
A screenshot of an audio player interface. At the top, the window title is "Noise Box v2.aif". The system tray shows the time "Tue 2:33 PM" and icons for a search function, a flag, and a speaker. Below the title bar, there are three tabs: "Inspectors" (selected), "Mixer", and "Layouts". A waveform visualization of the audio file is shown in the upper section. Below the waveform is a time display with markers at "0:03:59", "0:04:00", and "0:04:01". The main area of the player is a dark grey rectangle containing the text "st ears" in a large, light grey, serif font. At the bottom, there is a playback control bar with buttons for play, stop, previous, and next, along with a volume icon and a time display showing "00:00:00.00".

The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple logo, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Transport and Time:** Shows a time display of 00:03:24.47 and a sample count of 9017400. A waveform visualization is visible above the spectrogram.
- Actions Panel:** Located on the left, it has tabs for "Actions" and "Analysis". Under "Analysis", there is a checked item "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v...".
- Spectrogram:** The central area shows a spectrogram of the audio. The vertical axis represents frequency from 0 to 22000 Hz. The horizontal axis represents time, with markers at 0:04:02 and 0:04:03. The spectrogram clearly shows the word "as it" in a large, white, stylized font against a dark background.
- Bottom Controls:** Includes a volume slider, a play button, and a time display showing 00:03:24.47.

  
Inspectors Mixer Layouts



0:04:04 0:04:05 0:04:06

already



00:00:00.00

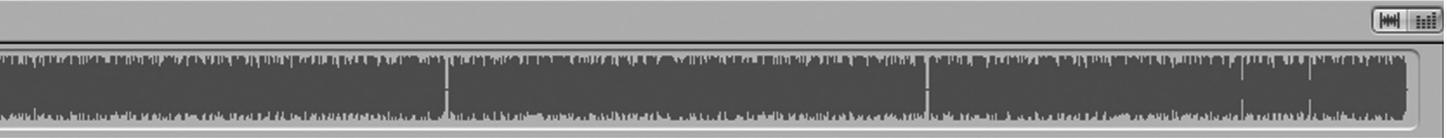
The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Transport and Time:** Shows a time display of 00:03:24.47 and a sample count of 9017400. A waveform visualization is visible above the spectrogram.
- Actions Panel:** On the left, there is an "Actions" panel with a "Read" button and a list of actions. The "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v..." action is checked.
- Spectrogram:** The central area features a spectrogram with a vertical axis ranging from 0 to 22000. The word "yngers" is clearly visible in a stylized font, with the letters filled with a dense pattern of small dots representing frequency over time. The time markers 0:04:07 and 0:04:08 are visible at the top of the spectrogram.
- Bottom Controls:** Includes a volume slider, a play button, and a time display of 00:03:24.47.

Noise Box v2.aif

i **Mixer** **Layouts**



0:04:09

0:04:10

0:04:11

s futuris



◀ 00:00:00.00 ▶

The screenshot displays the Soundtrack Pro software interface. At the top, the menu bar includes Apple logo, Soundtrack Pro, File, Edit, Multitrack, Clip, Mark, Process, View, Window, and Help. Below the menu bar is a toolbar with icons for New Project, New Audio File, New Track, Add Time Marker, Add Beat Marker, Fit in Window, Crossfade, Fade In, and Fade Out. The main window title is "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v2.aif".

The interface is divided into several sections:

- Transport and Time:** Shows a time display of 00:03:24.47 and a sample count of 9017400. A waveform visualization is visible above the spectrogram.
- Actions Panel:** Located on the left, it has tabs for "Actions" and "Analysis". Under "Actions", there is a table with columns "On" and "Action". A checked box is next to the entry "Sparks-McL - Noise Box v...".
- Spectrogram:** The main area on the right shows a spectrogram of the word "stew". The vertical axis represents frequency in samples, ranging from 0 to 22000. The horizontal axis represents time, with markers at 0:04:12 and 0:04:13. The word "stew" is clearly visible as a series of horizontal lines.
- Bottom Controls:** Includes a volume slider, a play button, and a time display showing 00:03:24.47.

Noise Box v2.aif

Tue 2:33 PM

Inspectors Mixer Layouts

0:04:14 0:04:15 0:04:16

ves.

00:00:00.00

A screenshot of an audio player interface. At the top, the file name "Noise Box v2.aif" is visible on the left, and the system clock "Tue 2:33 PM" is on the right. Below the title bar, there are three tabs: "Inspectors", "Mixer", and "Layouts". The main area of the player shows a waveform of an audio signal. Below the waveform is a time axis with markers at "0:04:14", "0:04:15", and "0:04:16". The audio signal is represented by a dark, textured area with the word "ves." in a light, stylized font. At the bottom, there is a playback control bar with buttons for play, stop, and other functions, and a time display showing "00:00:00.00".

Moving away from pure sound, they nearly reach noise-sound.
We must replace the limited variety of timbres by the infinite variety of timbres.
Each noise offers us the union of the most diverse rhythms.
Each noise possesses among its irregular vibrations a predominant basic pitch.
We will increase or decrease the size or the tension of the sound-making parts.
This new orchestra will produce the most complex and newest sonic emotions.
The variety of noises is infinite.
Our expanded sensibility will gain futurist ears as it already has futurist eyes.

Our expanded sensibility will gain futurist ears as it already has futurist eyes.
Moving away from pure sound, they nearly reach noise-sound.
The variety of noises is infinite.
We must replace the limited variety of timbres by the infinite variety of timbres.
This new orchestra will produce the most complex and newest sonic emotions.
Each noise offers us the union of the most diverse rhythms.
We will increase or decrease the size or the tension of the sound-making parts.
Each noise possesses among its irregular vibrations a predominant basic pitch.

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Our expanded sensibility will gain futurist ears as it already has futurist eyes.
We will increase or decrease the size or the tension of the sound-making parts.
Moving away from pure sound, they nearly reach noise-sound.
Each noise offers us the union of the most diverse rhythms.
The variety of noises is infinite.
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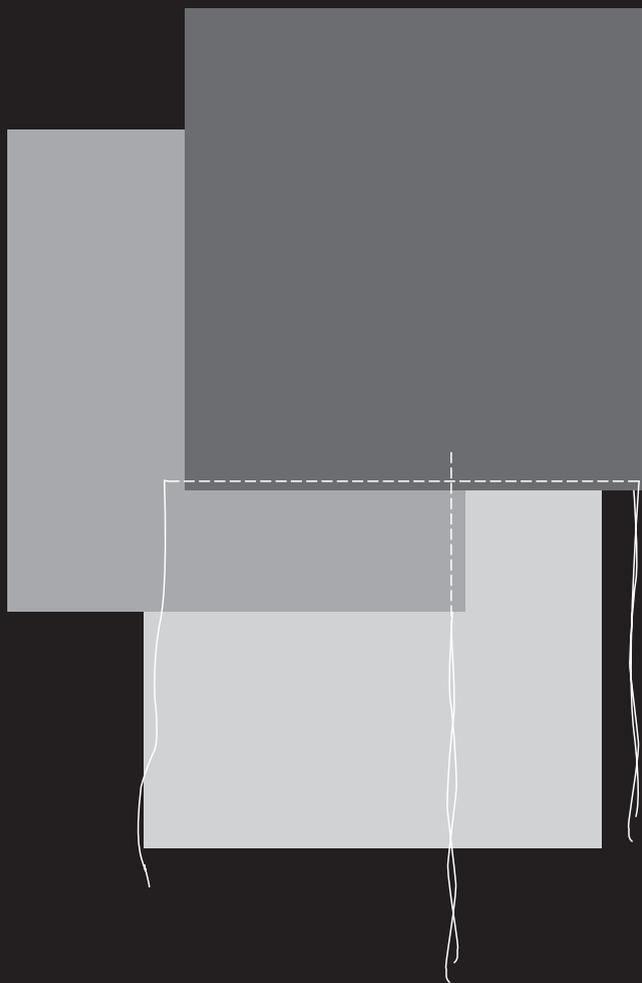
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From Luigi Russolo's eight concluding points of his 1913 manifesto, "The Art of Noises."

Christian Marclay

Body Mix series, 1991–1993

Album covers that feature the human figure are stitched together to form hybrid bodies.



Emily Spiegel

***Exquisite Corpse*, 2008**

Texts derived from various sources describing the human figure are strung together to create a head-to-toe “body” of text.

McCartney's hair, which he admits to dyeing, still falls in bangs over his forehead. Like natural air conditioning, this frizzy, kinky hair insulates the head from the brutal intensity of the sun's rays.

His forehead glistened with sweat. The soft skull was slowly molded to the cultural beauty ideal of flatness. No wrinkles, no surprises, we are virginal, fresh — we have poison in our foreheads. When Jackie went to India in 1962 she donned a bindi, the customary red dot, on her fore-head out of respect for her hosts.

At Dior, it was all about heavily penciled brows (an homage to Frida Kahlo). Shaggy brows, running into the small hard frontal space, the development of which can scarcely be estimated accurately, owing to the irregular flocks of thick hair brushed across. For an arresting look, embellish brows with crystals.

A few individual fake lashes above the irises accentuate the eye's almond shape. Loose powder liner smudges on for that morning after look. The doe-like eyes that once set teen-age girls screaming have a rheumy quality. Her big brown eyes looking like those on puppy dogs adding to her youthful look. The pupil is small, irregular (3 mm or less) fixed to light and constricts on convergence. The circles under her eyes were crying out for concealer.

Look at his big, bat like ears. Prominent ears generally occur when the main fold of the ear develops improperly, causing the outer part to stick out instead of allowing it to curl back against the head. But what really caught my attention was the ear lobe of one man, and the big hole inside it, which had been stretched so much that one could have put a hand clean through. Her diamond solitaires glistened as they caught the sun.

The nose itself a prominent organ — stands out from the face, with an inquiring anxious air, as though it were sniffing for some good thing in the wind. A perfect, little button nose. Nose is fairly long, has a very slight hump, and is somewhat broad near the tip and the tip bends down, giving somewhat the appearance of a Jewish nose. There were holes where nostrils ought to be, the horror was intensified by the raw welts attending those holes.

The cheekbones are disproportionately robust and usually placed high on the face, both of which are consistent with masculinization. The rouge stands out on the cheeks like a bloody bruise. Tinting the cheeks make a woman's face more closely resemble the coloring Mother Nature provides at the peak of her fertility cycle. Much like real estate, the value of a facial mole depends on three things: location, location, location.

The lips, straggling and extending almost from one line of black beard to the other, are only kept in order by two deep furrows from the nostrils to the chin. The patient winds up with an upper lip like a stuffed sausage. This is the way Givenchy sees your mouth, as a ravishing red ribbon of color: not a little washed out pucker but a great return to a brilliant mouth. Her sensuous lips pout like those of a child denied a lollipop. He smiles with his top lip stretched wide and his front teeth are just barely peeking through. Once-pristine teeth are stained from that daily double latte.

A full-grown beard gives a hominid the appearance of a larger jaw and highlights the teeth as potential weapons. Rumor has it he transplanted some pubic hair to his jaw to try to make a goatee in an attempt to butch up. While Kirk Douglas has a very conspicuous cleft chin, his son, Michael Douglas has a much less visible cleft chin. An extra layer of fat carried just below the jaw can give you an extra chin — a double chin. You got it because you're old and fat, or just fat.

Our faces are lies and our necks are the truth. The jugular vein is the major point of damage when performing Jigai, a traditional way for Japanese women to commit suicide. But, boys have vocal cords and a voice box, so why don't boys have an Adam's apple? That is a lot of ice Beyonce is wearing around her neck.

The acromion (highest point of the shoulder) is formed by the outer end of the scapula extending over the shoulder joint. I have always had a fetish about seeing a woman's bare shoulders and got off many times fantasizing about them. Call them warriors, shoulders boulders, delts or cannonballs, they all mean the same.

Track marks dot her arms, like dominos. Her bicep was like a large baked potato—but hard as granite. The elbow looked inflamed, and there was much constitutional disturbance. He was experiencing a red rash, with red, crusty scabed patches on his forearms and elbows. It seriously looked as if she had transplanted patches of Nick's forearm to her otherwise silken limbs. Her sinewy arms led to unflattering comparisons with Madonna, who showed off a similarly sculpted look in a revealing vest top last year.

I was passing out without looking at her, when she touched me with a taunting hand. Shorter nails ruled the runways this spring, and the nice thing is they're super easy to maintain; go for a square shape, and give 'em a smooth shine with Revlon Speed Buff Nail Shine Buffer, \$5.30. He seemed to jeer, as with his fiendish finger he pointed towards the corpse of my wife.

I felt her sloshy boobs joggling me but I was too intent on pursuing the ramifications of Coleridge's amazing mind to let her vegetable appendages disturb me. If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun. Because they were stretched as you developed, breasts have thinner skin than the rest of your body, leaving them susceptible to dryness. They're warm, soft, luscious and ultimately feminine—what's not to like about a great set of tits? Undersized breasts do not carry the same health implications as oversized breasts.

In the living and in the upright posture, the stomach is usually J-shaped. If the Vitruvian man had a height of 5 feet, 8 inches (172 cm), his waist size would be 32 inches (81 cm). He's got what I call his Buddha tummy—a huge protruding tummy. The opponents of the corset and the waist are a little too fond of pointing to the Venus de Milo as proof of how beautiful a waistless woman can be.

Draw an imaginary line from the protruding hip bone on one side of your pelvis to the protruding hip bone on the other side. Her hips were moving up and down in her familiar yet devastating fuck rhythm. You know my hips don't lie and I'm starting to feel it's right. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his waist, and faithfulness the girdle of his loins (Isaiah 11:5).

Often the clitoral hood is only partially hidden inside of the pudendal cleft. It takes no leap of imagination to see how a woman, such as Lorena who, on an unconscious level felt that she had been sexually mutilated by her abortion, would, in a moment of bitter passion, attempt to 'castrate' her husband. The cremasteric reflex also occurs in response to stress (the testicles rise up toward the body in an effort to protect them in a fight). Samantha gets off on having her cunt zapped and has multiple uncontrollable orgasms from the waves of electricity combined with a strong vibrator.

For women, "maximum projection"—the point at which the buns stick out farthest from the body—should be about level with the pubic mound whereas for men, maximum projection would be a bit higher, closer to the navel. If you admired the stay-put design of the Ace Silicone Butt-Plug but feel it's just a bit too small for your tastes, we now have a bigger size of this extremely popular plug! The buttock implants do not have a soft, natural feeling to it, rather a harder, more muscular feel, though the look will be very pleasing to patients. The golden ass is convincingly defended as a integrated literary whole

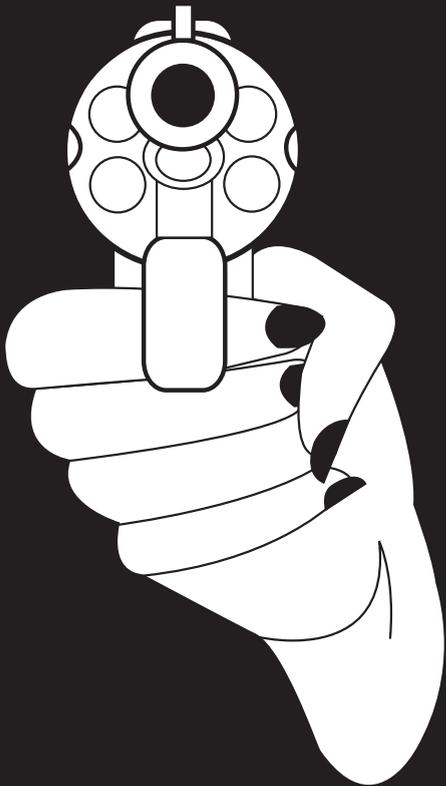
Darling Mary's stocking all torn and her beautiful leg cut and bleeding. There was not born a woman having more beautiful thighs than mine, more pleasure-giving, having more (pleasing) movements (of limbs) and stronger legs. His hocks are just right, squarely set, beautiful knee, facing square. I am infatuated with the beautiful shin from the celestial garden. When I heard what he said, I thought wouldn't it be lovely if my beautiful ankle were a lovely big hoof, that could kick solidly through his tormented head and end his and everyone else's misery. Long, strong, planted slightly apart, Tina Turner's legs bracket rock and roll imagery.

Forced too often into the tight confines of the narrow toe box of your high heels, your toes have bent into an unnatural position. Connected yet private is the "foot retreat" where you can sit back and splash your feet in copper vessels. What are toes good for? Compared with fingers, which allow us to manipulate tools, toes are usually thought of as inessential digits, good for traction and balance and not much else.

Christian Marclay

Crossfire, 2007

Scenes featuring guns and gunfire are extracted from various films. Four large projections play a rapid montage, surrounding the viewer in an exhibition space.



Michael Thomas Vassallo

Crossfire, 2008

Gunshot scenes from various films are transcribed and collaged into a unified screenplay.

Crossfire

By

Michael Thomas Vassallo

Based on
"Crossfire"
by

Christian Marclay

EXT. JAIL DAY

A large truck drives up to the jail, parking beside the police car. Two tall, well-dressed MEN step out. They reach into the cab and pull out machine guns. They walk briskly towards the jail.

BRRTDBTRBDRTRTDBRTDBDRBTTDRDBD! Richter and his men open fire. Quaid collapses. They step forward in a tightening circle, emptying thousands of rounds into his body.

When TRAVIS returns to the counter with the chocolate milk and a sandwich in one hand, he sees a YOUNG BLACK MAN holding a gun on 'Melio. The STICK-UP MAN is nervous, hopped-up, or both; he bounces on the balls of his cheap worn black tennis shoes -- a strung-out junkie on a desperation ride. The STICK-UP MAN, a thorough unprofessional, doesn't notice TRAVIS.

JAMIE

I'm sorry I shot you, Dad. Am I grounded?

YOUNG PASSENGER

I'm gonna kill her with a .44
Magnum pistol.

MR. BLONDE

Joe, you want me to shoot him for
you?

Suddenly ALARMS WAIL!! RED LIGHTS FLASH!! The skeleton is surprised. Then he remembers the gun, which GLOWS BRIGHT RED in his bony hand!

Quaid shoots Lori in the forehead, leaving a clean, small hole between her eyes.

Moco is laughing and looking at his men for support, but no one else laughs. Mariachi tries to stand, but he falls back. When he rises again he has the gun in his hand. He shoots Moco in the chest. Moco falls back and hits the ground hard. He gasps for air...

SNIPER'S RIFLE SCOPE - SNIPER'S EYES

wait until the child clears his aim - Archer is the target. They round the bend and disappear...

A gun SKITTERS across the floor. We hear a few meaty THUDS, then a painful GRUNT as someone's breath WHOOSHES out.

FIRING RANGE - DAY

TRAVIS stands at the firing range blasting the .44 Magnum with a rapid-fire vengeance.

A burst of gunfire finishes off Kuato. Quaid spins around angrily and finds a rifle pointed directly in his face. Richter stands at the airlock door, holding the gun. He wants to pull the trigger real bad.

MEAN DUDE #5

(into phone)

Moco, he got away. Shot me in the arm. Killed La Palma. Pepino, Sunday. This guy is one slick maricon. Yeah. Also, I didn't get a look at him. So, unless he's still carrying that guitar around and hasn't changed clothes, I won't even spot him, and I don't think he'll be that obvious... A few seconds later she comes back into the bar, grabs the gun from under the counter and calls her assistant to watch the bar. He sees the gun and wonders what she's up to. She storms upstairs.

QUAID (CONT'D)

Then I can pull this trigger, and it won't matter.

The zombies pull off their masks, revealing normal rebel fighters with rifles slung behind them.

The eight men get up to leave. Mr. White's waist is in the F.G. As he buttons his coat, for a second we see he's carrying a gun. They exit Uncle Bob's Pancake House, talking amongst themselves.

EXT. DEAD END DAY

Mariachi pulls out the MAC-10 and blasts the first Mean Dude he sees. He grabs the case and runs out into the street, jumping onto a truck and blasting the other Mean Dude from up there.

BENNY

Go ahead, hurt me! Give me your best shot. Give it to me! I can take it, fuck! Shit! Fuck! Goddamn it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

VROARRR! Quaid and Melina are bathed in the bright light of a Mole, which rumbles past the intersecting tunnel, blocking any possibility of escape. Its 7-foot/diameter CENTRAL DRILL spins at full speed. Quaid and Melina back away, firing.

SHERIFF #2

So my gun's drawn, right? I got it aimed right at him. I tell 'em, "Freeze, don't fuckin move." And the little idiot's lookin at me, nodding his head "Yes," sayin "I know...I know...I know." Meanwhile his right hand is creepin towards his glove box. So I scream at him, "Asshole, you better fuckin freeze right now!" And he's still lookin right at me, saying "I know...I know...I know." And his right hand's still going for the glove box.

HANS

Karl! Franco! I'm on 33. Come quickly.

(to McClane)

Put down your gun and give me my detonators.

Loomis enters - FIRING his M-16 as Archer dives for a doorway. Loomis FIRES the M-16's grenade launcher.

ANDY

That's an expensive gun.

MR. WHITE

Without medical attention, this man won't live through the night. That bullet in his belly is my fault. Now while that might not mean jack shit to you, it means a helluva lot to me. And I'm not gonna just sit around and watch him die.

HIS P.O.V.

There in the doorway is Karl, clothing and body scorched. Easily as crusted in dirt and blood as McClane, he holds his machine gun.

ARCHER

chambers the dart, twists a knob on the range-finder, and carefully peers over the crucifix.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

Domino reaches for her gun under the counter. The camera is on Mariachi when she brings it out and points at him. She cocks the pistol.

MR. PINK

Tagged a couple of cops. Did you kill anybody?

INSIDE THE OTHER CHOPPER

LITTLE JOHNSON

(into mike)
Roger, Wing. We copy.
(to the pilot)
Swing around.
(raising his rifle)
Give me a clear shot.

OLD MAN

This ain't Dodge City, cowboy. You don't need no piece.
(glances at watch)
I'm keepin' time.

Castor and Lars RIDDLE Sasha. She drops. Archer FIRES back - killing Lars and driving Castor back.

EDGEMAR (CONT'D)

(firm)
So get a grip on yourself, Doug.
And put down the gun.

POLICE SCANNER

(various voices)
- attention all units. Officer pinned down by automatic weapon fire at Nakatomi, Century City - request assistant - (ETC)

ANDY

Dough-Boy probably told you I don't carry any Saturday Night Specials or crap like that. It's all out of State, clean, brand new, top-of-the-line stuff.

Cohaagen shows Quaid a detonator in his left hand and points with his gun to an explosive charge near the altar.

The SOUNDS of outside STORM inside. We don't see anything, but we HEAR a bunch of shotguns COCKING.

BANG!! He pulls the trigger:

5.

EXT. HOTEL COAHUILA MEAN DUDES #5, 6, 7, 8 & 9 DAY

The Mean Dudes jump out of their truck and rush into the hotel, guns drawn.

BOOM! A BULLET RIPS into Archer's back. Bleeding... he drops off his horse... and sinks to the deck of the carousel. His eyes desperately searching... searching... searching... until he sees -

CLOSE ON: A GUN. The trigger is squeezed. The sound of GUNSHOTS!

MR. WHITE

Okay, let's go through what happened. We're in the place, everything's going fine. Then the alarm gets tripped. I turn around and all these cops are outside. You're right, it was like, bam! I blink my eyes are they're there. Everybody starts going apeshit. Then Mr. Blonde starts shootin all the-

ANDY

I could sell this gun in Harlem for \$500 today - but I just deal high quality goods to high quality people.

(pause)

Now this may be a little big for practical use, in which case I'd recommend the .38 Smith and Wesson Special. Fine solid gun - nickel plated. Snub-nosed, otherwise the same as the service revolver. Now that'll stop anything that moves and it's handy, flexible. The Magnum, you know, that's only if you want to splatter it against the wall. The movies have driven up the price of the Magnum anyway. Everybody wants them now. But the Wesson .38 - only \$250 - and worth every dime of it. (he hefts the .38) Throw in a holster for \$10.

CASTOR

What the fuck do you think happened? Castor Troy just shot him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

6.

RAT #1

You said we should be as loyal to you as we are to each other. I couldn't shoot him, for that would be as disloyal as shooting you.

MITCHELL

(calmly)

It's panic fire...they can't see anything.

MR. BLONDE

(to Eddie)

You see what I been puttin up with? As soon as I walk through the door I'm hit with this shit. I tell 'm what you told me about us stayin put and Mr. White whips out his gun, sticks it in my face, and starts screaming "You motherfucker, I'm gonna blow you away, blah, blah, blah."

Mariachi is sliding down the cable and turns back to see Mean Dudes firing guns at him. Bus stops in traffic and Mariachi grabs his guitar and jumps onto the hood of the bus. The bad guys stick their heads and guns out of their windows and laugh as they ready to shoot him.

The bullet passes right THROUGH Hans, and the WINDOW behind him SPLATTERS with blood and SHATTERS. Even while this is happening, McClane SPINS:

TITO

Shoot me.
(as Archer doesn't move)
Shoot me!

ZODIAC

BULLETS RAIN down on the boat - destroying it - as Archer dives into the rolling swells...

In the distance we hear all hell breaking loose. Guns FIRING, people SHOUTING and SCREAMING, sirens WAILING, glass BREAKING...

Melina pulls a HUGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL from under her mattress, and Quaid finds himself staring down the barrel.

Marco dives sideways, but Heinrich still isn't quick enough. McClane FIRES TWICE and Heinrich DROPS sprawling in the hallway, machine gun FIRING BLINDLY until he hits the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7.

TOM

Well, If he had been Italian, they could have been shot off. Sometimes the mob does that to teach guys a lesson, If they blow a job or something.

TRAVIS

Pgghew! Pgghew!

MEAN DUDE #5

... then we'll spray paint this street with your brains.

CASTOR

You dunce. No kid of mine would miss so badly.

MCCLANE

Better this way, isn't it? I mean, any faggot can shoot a gun.

TRAVIS

You got a .44 Magnum?

He points the gun deep into Azul's face and cocks it.

Richter now understands how they were tricked. Infuriated, he BLASTS THE RAT TO A PULP.

The door rattles. His back to the CAMERA, Uli goes to the door, OPENS it -- and TWO BULLETS COME OUT HIS BACK. Smoking Baretta in hand, McClane vaults over the body before it has even stopped twitching. As the hostages SQUEAL and SCREAM, McClane snatches up Uli's machine gun, runs out onto the roof. He charges through the crowd, spots Ginny near the edge of the roof. She meets him halfway.

UPPER LEVEL

Dietrich sees the canvas mural above the breached front door - and understands. He opens FIRE, cutting loose the mural. It collapses, billowing - and enshrouds the attacking agents - and buying time.

But Powell accelerates in reverse away from the building, keeping his head low and praying he doesn't hit anything as the bullets follow him, digging into asphalt. A half block away his car runs off the pavement and down a SLOPE, finally BOUNCING to a jarring HALT in a parking lot which is destined to become police H.Q. a few pages from now. Powell sits up and clutches the mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

8.

Now, hearing MACHINE GUN FIRE, Thornburg hangs up the second phone. Runs out of the room. CAMERA PANS BACK TO the first phone.

Quaid hides behind the BAR, and peeks over the edge.. Bullets shatter bottles and glasses all around him. He creeps around the bar and jumps toward the far wall. His assailant fires and looks for him with a flashlight. Quaid lands behind the dining table and goes for the chair next to the display shelves. As his assailant fires again, Quaid throws a chair and runs after it to attack the assailant. Their fighting silhouettes are visible against the window.

He sits at the table dum-dumming the .44 bullets -- cutting "x's" across the bullet heads.

Castor rushes down the staircase - BLASTING at Archer. Unarmed, Archer instantly disappears behind one of the eight columns. The columns are separated by mirrored panels.

DOMINO

What do you have in here? GUNS?
KNIVES?

JODIE

Back in '83, got out late '86. I found something else out I think you two should be aware of. About a year and a half ago, up in Sacramento, an undercover cop, John Dolenz, worked his way into a bank job. Apparently before the job they found out he was a cop. Now picture this: It's Dolenz's birthday, a bunch of cops are waiting in his apartment for a surprise party. The door opens, everyone yells "Surprise!", and standing in the doorway is Dolenz and this other guy sticking a gun in Dolenz's ribs. Before anybody knows what's going on, this stranger shoots Dolenz dead and starts firing two .45 automatics into the crowd.

We see what they see. Mr. Blonde, lying on the ground, shot full of holes. The cop slumped over in his chair, a bloody mess, Mr. Orange lying at the cop's feet, holding his wound. Eddie, Mr. White and Mr. Pink walk into the shot.

He rounds the corner and sees McClane's rifle lying beneath the doorway. He moves to the small door, shines his light and aims his rifle down into the air shaft ready to fire.

9.

EXT. ROOF - ON MCCLANE - SAME

Running. Tracer bullets rip into the wall behind him. He reaches the corner and sees the other two terrorists moving toward him. Before they see him, he leaps down to the next level out of range of Karl.

TITO

You want to be Castor Troy? If you
hesitate for a breath, you're
finished! Now -- shoot me! Kill me!

Andy holds the Magnum out for Travis' inspection. There's a worshipful CLOSEUP of the .44 Magnum. It is a monster.

Using the car as a shield, Mr. Pink FIRES three shots at the Cops.

Suddenly Tony spins to the side and McClane FIRES, but the big man's momentum slams McClane into a filing cabinet and sends his pistol into the hall.

As BULLETS CLANG around him - Archer reaches the top. He ignores a sign which reads...

EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY

SAFETY LINES REQUIRED

They run to the room numbered 127 and cautiously stalk towards it as they reload their guns.

Quaid turns a corner and runs onto an escalator flowing up. As he rises, he looks behind him, then AHEAD -- and there they are! Four agents arrive at the upper escalator landing. They look down; see him; shoot!

The men rush up the steps shooting at the balcony. Bullets narrowly miss Mariachi as he climbs over the balcony to safety.

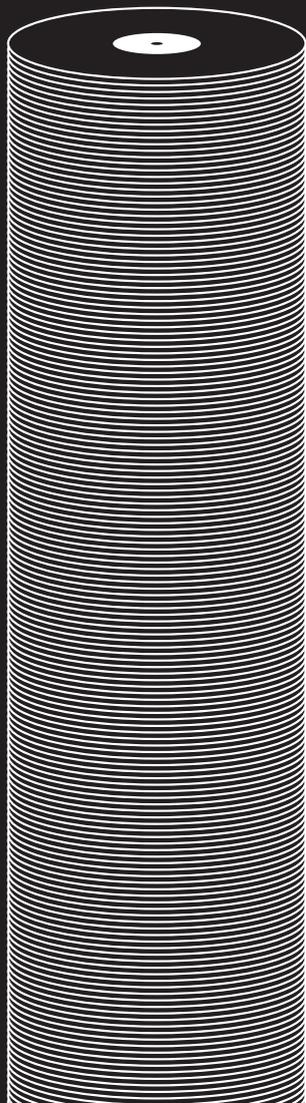
Moving more confidently, he steps up to McClane's desk, then around it and fires a blast into the space. It is empty. As the SOUND OF THE MACHINE GUN FADES he listens and hears another SOUND -- a NOISE coming from the other end of the room near the cubicles.

K-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The WINDOW PANES SHATTER - as TEARGAS GRENADES and GUNFIRE riddles the loft.

Christian Marclay

Endless Column, 1988

Vinyl records are threaded through a cable and vertically stacked in an exhibition space, forming an “endless column.”



Laura Wasserson

Endless Silence, 2008

The spaces/silences in John Cage's "Lecture on Nothing" are filled by his "Lecture on Something," creating a densely stacked text.

This lecture was printed in Incontri Musicali, August 1959. There are four measures in each line and twelve lines in each unit of the rhythmic structure. There are forty-eight such units, each having forty-eight measures. The whole is divided into five large parts, in the proportion 7, 6, 14, 14, 7. The forty-eight measures of each unit are likewise so divided. The text is printed in four columns to facilitate a rhythmic reading. Each line is to be read across the page from left to right, not down the columns in sequence. This should not be done in an artificial manner (which might result from an attempt to be too strictly faithful to the position of the words on the page), but with the rubato which one uses in everyday speech.

LECTURE ON NOTHING

I am here This is a talk about some and there is nothing to say thing and naturally also a talk about nothing. About how something and nothing are not opposed to each other. If among you are other those who wish to get out somewhere need each other, here to keep on going. Let them leave at that is difficult to talk when you have something to say. What we require precisely because is silence of the words keep making us but what silence requires say in the way which the words need to stick to and that I go on talking not in the way which we need for living. For instance: someone said, "Art should come from within; then it is profound." Give any one thought. But it seems to me Art pushes goes within, and I don't see it falls down easily the need for "should" or "then but the pusher" or "it" and the pushed or "pro-fero-duce" or "pro-fero-duce." What entertainment then Art comes called from with a discussion of him, which is what it was for so long doing, it became a thing. Shall we have one later? which seemed to elevate the man who made it

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Or above those who, otherwise could simply decide served it or heard it and not to have a discussion the artist was considered a genius or given what ever you like. In a rating: First But now, Second, No Good, until finally there are silences riding in a bus or subway: so and the words loudly he signs make his work like a help make manufacturer. But since every thing silences are changing, the artist's now going in and it is of the utmost importance not to make a thing but rather to make nothing. And how is this done? Done by I have nothing to say making something which and I am saying it then goes in and reminds us of nothing. It is important and that is poetry important that this something be just as I need it something, finite. In something; then very simply it goes in. This space of time and becomes infinitely nothing. It seems is organized. We are living. Understanding of what We need not fear these silences, — nourishing is

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we may love them changing. Of course, it is always changing, but now it is very clearly changing, so that the people either agree or they don't and the differences **This is a composed** of opinion are clearer. Just a year ago for I am making it so ago everything seemed to be an individual just as I make matter. But a piece of music now there are two **It is like a glass** of sides. On one side of milk it is. that individual matter **We need the** going on, **glass** and on the other side **and we need the** idea it **milk** is more not an individual **Or again** but **it is like an** everyone **w empty glass** which is not to say it's all the same, **into which**—on the contrary there are most **any moment** re differences. **anything** That is: starting finitely ever **may be poured** anything's difference. **t** but in going in it all **As we go along** becomes, the same. H.C.E. **Wh(who knows?)** which is what Morton Feldman **an i-idea may occur in this** **talk** and in mind when. he called the music he's now writing *Intersection*. Feldman speaks of **I have no idea no sound whether one will** s, and takes within broad **lior** not. **mits** the first ones **If one does**, that come **let it**. long. He has **Re-**

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gard it as something chosen **anged** the **responsmomentarily** ability of **t**, he composer from **mas** **though** **aking** from a window to accept **while** traveling **ng**. To accept. whatever comes **re-ga** **If across Kansas** **rdless** o, f the consequences is **then**, of course, to be **uKansas** **nafr**aid or to be **e** full of that love which **Arizona** **h** comes from a sense of **at-one-is** more interesting, **ness** with **w almost too interesting** **h**, **atever** This goes to **ex** especially **pl** for a New-Yorker **ain** what **who is** being interested **Feld** in spite of himself **man** in **everything**. means **wh** **Now he knows he** **n** he **needs** says that he **the Kansas in him** and so **c.** **an** foresee what will **Kansas is like** happen **e nothing on earth** is **assoc**, **iated** with all of the **soand** for a New Yorker **very refreshing**. **unds**, **n** **It is like an empty glass**, **ven** though he has not **nothing** but **wheat** **writt**, **en** the particular **ot** or **is it** **corn** **es** down as **oth?** **er** composers do. **Wh** **Does it matter** which **en?** **a** **com-poser** feels a **re** **Kansas** **sponsibility** has **this** about it: to make, at any instant, **trather** **one** may leave it, **h** **an** **a** **and** **whenever** **one** wishes **one** may return to it **cc.** **ept**, he **e-**eliminates from the area of possibility

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Or you may leave it all forever those events **and** never return to it that **d**, **o** not suggest the **at** **th** **at** point in **t** for **we** **pos-**sess **nothing** **ime** **vogue.** of **profund-**ity. For **h** **Our** **poetry** **now** **e** takes himself **seriois** **the** **reali-**zation **usly**, wishes to be **that** **we** **possess** **considernothing** **ed** **great**, and **h** **e** thereby diminishes **h** **Anything** is love and **in** **therefore-**creases his **feais** **a** **delight** **r** and **concer** (since we do not **n** **pos-**sess it) about what and thus people will think. **need** **not** **fear** **its** **loss** **Th** **e** **ere** are many **serio** **We** **need** **not** **destroy** the **us** **past:** **problems** **confrontit** is **gone;** **ing** such an **i** **at** any moment, **ndividuit** **might** **reappear** and **a** **seem** to be **l**. He **muand** be the present **st** **do** it **b** **e** **etter**, more impressive **Would** it be a **ly**, more **repetition?** **beautifully**, **Only** if we **thought** we **e** **owned** it, **tc.** **than** **abut** since we don't, **nybody** it is free else. **And** **and** **so** are we **what**, **precisel**

110 / SILENCE

. y, does this, this beautiful profound object, thMost anybody knows a-bout the future is maste
rpiece, havand how un-certain it is e to do wit. h Life? It has this to do with Life: that it is

¶

What I am calling searpoetry ate from it. is often called Now we seecontent. it and now we
I myself don't. Whhave called en we see it we it form feel better, and wh. en we It is the conti-
nuity are away fromof a piece of music. it, we doContinuity n't feel so gotoday, od. Life seems s
when it is necessary hab, by and chaotic, dis a demonstration isordered, ugly in contrast. of dis-
interestedness. Let me reThat is, ad a passage frit is a proof om the I-Cthat our delight hing w
lies in not hich discpos-essing anything usses t. his point. "In human Each moment affairs ae
presents what happens s. thetic form comes into being when traditions How different exist that
this form sense is strong and abiding like from that mountainswhich is bound up with are made
memory: pleasing by a themes lucid beauty and secondary themes;. By their struggle; contempl
their development; atingthe climax; the forms the recapitulation ex-is (which is the belief ting
that one may in the heaown one's own home) ve. ns we come to uBut actually, nderstand tim
unlike the snail e and its, changingwe carry our homes demands. Througwithin us, h contemplat

¶

which enables us ion of the forms existing in to fly human society it be-comes possibleor to stay
, — to shape the world to enjoy." And the footeach. note goes on: "TrBut beware of anquil be
that which is auty: claribreathtakingly ty withibeautiful, n, quiet witfor at any moment hout
. This is the tran-qtthe telephone illity of may ring pure contemplationor the airplane. When d
come down in a esire is vacant lot silenced and. the will comes to rest A piece of string the wo
or a sunset rld as i-dea, becomes manifest. Ipossessing neither n this, aspect the world is bea
each acts utiful and re-moved from the and the continuity struggle for ehappens xistence.This is
. the world of However, Nothing more than contnothing emplation alonecan be said. will not put
Hearing the will to reor making this st abso-lin music utely. It wis not different ill a-waken ag
—ain and then all only simpler — the beauthan living this way ty of for. m will appear to have
been only a brief momeSimpler, that is nt of ex, altation. Hefor me, — because it happens nce t
his is still not the true way of redemption. The that I write music fire w. hose light illuminates t

¶ ¶

That music is he mountsimple to make ain and comes from makes one's willingness to ac-it plea
cept sing, does not the limitations shine far. of structure. In the same Structure is way beautif
simple ul form sufficebe-cause s to brigit can be thought out, hten and figured out, throw light
measured upon mat-ters. of lesser momenIt is a discipline t. But importwhich, ant questions ca
accepted, nnot be decidin return ed in this wayaccepts whatever. They, require greeven those
rare moments ater eaof ecstasy, rnestness." Perhwhich, aps thisas sugar loaves train horses, will
train us make under to make what we make sta. ndable a statement How could I made by B

LECTURE ON NOTHING / 111

better tell Lythe in his bowhat structure ok *Haikis u*: "The highest than simply to responsibility o
 tell f the artist is about this, to hide beauty." Nthis talk ow for a momewhich is nt let's consider
 contained what are the within important quesa space of time tions and approximately what is th
 forty minutes at greater long earnestness that is r? equired. The important question is what is it t

¶

That forty minutes hat has been divided into is five not just beautilarge parts, ful but also and
 each unit ugly, not juis divided st good, but alsolikewise. evil, not just Subdivision true, butin-
 volving also an a square root il-lusion. I reis the only member tpossible subdivision which now h
 permits at Feldmanthis micro-macrocosmic sporhythmic structure ke of, shadows. He said that
 which I find so the sounacceptable ds were and accepting not sounds bu. t shadows. They are o
 As you see, bviously soul can say anything nds;. that's why they are shadows. Every something
 It makes very little is andifference echo of nothinwhat I say g. Lior even how I say it. fe goes on
 At very much this par-ticular moment, like a we are passing through the fourth piece by Mor
 part ty Feldman. Sof a unit which is the omeone maysecond unit in the second large ob-ject tha
 part of this talk t the so. unds that happIt is a little bit ened were like passing through Kansas
 . not interesting. Let hiThis, now, is the m. Neend xt time he hef that second unit ars the piece
 ., it will be different, perhaps less interesting, perhaps suddenly exciting. Perhaps disastrous. A.

¶

Now begins the disaster third unit for whoof the second part m? For him., not for Feldman. And
 life the same: always different, sometimes ex-citing, sometimes boring, Now the sometimes gent
 second part of that ly plthird unit easing and so. on; and what other important questions are th
 ere? Than that we live Now its third part and h. ow to do it in a state of accord with Life. Som
 e people may now be indignant and insist on saying that they control Life. They are the same on
 es who insist on controllng and judging art. Why judge? "Judge not lest ye be judged." Or we ca
 n say: Judge and re-gardless of the consequences. What is meant by JuNow its fourth dge and
 part re-gardless of the conse-quences? Simply (which, by the way, this:is just the same Judge i
 length n a state as the third part) of disinterest.as to the effects of the judging. A modern Cuban
 composer, Caturla, earned his living as a judge. A man he sentenced to life imprisonment es-cap
 ed from prison and murdNow the fifth ered and last part Caturla. In tha, t penultimate now-mo:

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You have just ment ex-perienced before beinthe structure g killed of this talk was Caturla from a
 microcosmic in hell or inpoint of view heaven? M. ake judgments From a macrocosmic but accept
 point of view the consequencwe are just passing the halfway point es. Otin the second herwise no
 large part. life: Hamlet, The first part fear, guilt,was a rather rambling ediscussion of oncern, res
 nothing ponsibility. The, i-dea, consequence of form, s, suggests thand continuity e musical ter

when it is the way we know continuity and that need it. produced a disc This second session last part week for Feldman spoke of no-continuity, whether simple it is as it is, as argued from a rational point and why of view should be willing with that no matter what its limitations. It is continuous. Most speeches are full. This is again a matter of ideas. Matter of disinterest and acceptance doesn't have to have any. No-continuity simply means accepting that but at any moment at an idea continuity that may come along happens. Continuity means then the opposite may enjoy it: making that at particular continuity

¶

Structure without life at all is dead. others. This But Life is, of course without structure, possible is un-seen but not any longer. nourishing for we have found that but expresses itself by excluding we grow thin inside within even though and through structure we may have an enormous. Each moment bank account absolute, count outside and significant. Things one sees Blackbirds feeds critics, rise from a field making sounds, judgments, authoritative ones, other beyond otherwise one gets compared; but for nothing one can dispense with all that folklore, no one loses not I heard them because cause not I accepted thing is seen the limitations they possessed of an arts. When nothing conference is seen in a Virginia girls' finishing school, which limitations one is allowed me free to accept quite by accident to any of the somethings. How to hear the blackbirds now as they flew up and overhead now are there?. They roll up at your feet. calendar How many hours for breakfast door, and windows about one day I saw a tree there

¶

cardinal in it? There is, no end to the and the same day number of so heard a woodpecker. I also met things and America's youngest college president of the. (without exception) However, she has resigned, she accepted and people say she is able. Going into politics she gets suddenly proud. Let her. and says for Why shouldn't she? one I also had the reason or pleasure another: I of hearing an eminent music critic not accept claim this; then the that he hoped whole she would live long enough to see the end to accept any of the others of this craze for Bach. vanishes. But if A pupil once she said to me: I understand possession what you say about of Beethoven nothing (what has been and I think I agree called poverty of but I have a spirit), then very serious then there is question no limit to to ask you: what one may How do you freely enjoy it. In this about Bach enjoyment then? there is no possession. Now we have come to things. There is only the end of enjoyment. of the part What is possible about structure is nothing. This is what is meant when one says: No-co

¶ ¶

However, continuity it occurs. No sound to me to say more so. No about structure harmony. No melody. No counterpoint. No rhythm. That is to say We are saying there is not now at one of the beginning of the third part things that is and that part of accept

is not the part able. Whdevoted en this is meto structure. ant one is in **It's the part** accord with about material. life, andBut I'm still talking parabout structure. adoxic**It must be** ally free to p clear from that ick and cthat structure hoose agahas in as at any mono point, ment Feldmand, as we have seen, an doeform s, will or may has no point either.. New piClearly we are be-cking **ginning to get** and choonowhere sing is just lik. e the old picking and choosing except that one takes as just another one of the somethings any consequence of having picked and chosen. When in the state of nothing, one diminished the something in one: Character. At any moment one is free to take on character**Unless some** agaother i-dea crops up in, but ta-bout it that is hen it is **all I have** without feato say about structure r, full of life and love. For one's been at the point of

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Now about the nourishmaterial: ment that sustis it interesting ains in n? o matter what one of **It is and it** the somethinism't g situations. High, middle, low; enter anyBut one thing is time w certain. ithin the durati**If one is making** on notasomething ted; this part**which is to be nothing** , icular timbre. These at**the one making must** re love the somethand be patient ings Feldmawith the material n has chhe chooses. osen. They give**Otherwise** him and he calls attention to the hi material, s art **which is precisely something** cha, racter. It is quite use**whereas it was** less in t nothing his sithat was being made; tuation foror anyone to say Feldmhe calls attention to an' **himself,** s work is good**whereas** or not good. B**nothing is anonymous** e. cause we are in the d irect situation: it i**The technique** s. If you dof **handling materials** on't is, on the sense level lik **what structure as a** e it discipline is you on the rational level may choos: e to avoid it. But if y ou avoid it that's a pita means y, because it of **experiencing** re-sembles nothing life very closely

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I remember loving, and sound life and before I ever it are essentitook a music lesson ally a caus . e for joy. People s**And so we make our** ay, somlives etimes, timidly: I by what we love know n . othing about music bu**(Last year** t I know whawhen I talked here t I I made a short talk. lik **That was** because e. BI was talking ut theabout something important qu; estions are answer**but this year** ed by not**I am talking** liking only**about nothing** but disliking and accepting equally and **of course will go on** whattalking one likes for a long time and dislikes. O.) therwise there is no access the dark night of the soul. At the present time, a twelve-tone ti**The other day** a me, it is not **pupil said,** popular **after trying to compose** to a melody allow the more using only common gar **three tones,** den variet**"I y of tonal relationfelt limited** s. These latter." are dis-criminated a gainst. Feldman allows them to be they happen to come along. And to ex-plain again, the only r eason for his being able **Had she** to allow thcon-cerned herself em is by **with the three tones** — **her materials** his acting — on the as-she would not sumption **have felt limited** that no tonal re

¶

, lations ex-ist, meaninand g alsince materials l tonal relaare without feeling, tions are accept **there would not have** abbeen le. Let us say in lifany limitation. e: No e**It was all in her** arthqu

114 / SILENCE

mind takes are permissible. Whereas it be-longed to happens then? All the something in the materials in the world. begin to sense their at-ness when something It became something by not being happens nothing; that reminds that would have been something by being nothing: something. And in this way the music of Morton Feldman may actively remind us of nothing so that its non-continuity will let us allow our lives with all of the things that materials that happen in characteristic them to of one's time be simply? what they are and no. Now there's a question to separate from one that ought to get us another somewhere. It is perfectly clear that walking along the river is one thing. It is an intellectual question: writing music is another and I shall answer it being interrupted while writing music is still and autobiographically another and a backache too. They all go together and it's a continuity that

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I remember that is as a child not a continuity loving that is being all the sounds going to or in, assisted upon. The even the unprepared moments. ent it becomes as I liked them special consequence: continuity of I when there was one at a time in composing and nothing else should happen, then the rest of a five-finger exercise of life is nothing but a set for one hand was rife with full of beauty, interruption, pleasant or catastrophic as the case may be. Later on I be. The truth gradually liked him, however, all the intervals, verisimilitude, that it is more like Feldman's music — anything may happen and it all does go together. There is no rest of life. Life as I look back is one. What I realize is that I began liking the octave that begins, without middle, with major and minor thirds. ending. The concept of all the intervals, that beginning music I liked these thirds at least and meaning comes from a sense of Through the music of Grieg, which separates I became passionately fond of itself from the fifth what it considers to be the rest of life. But this attitude is untenable unless one insists on stopping life and bringing it

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Or perhaps you could call it an end. That puppy-dog love ought is, in itself an attempt to stop life, for life for the fifth did not make me want to write music: it made me want to devote my life to something, indifference playing the works of Grieg rent to the death. Things that are part of its non-beginning, no middle. When later I heard no meaning. How much better modern music, better to say I took, like a duck to water, to all the modern intervals: the sevenths, the ninths and the seconds, the tritone, the opposite of the fourth is a clownish, that is: clinging or trying to force life into one I liked Bach too near's about this time own idea, a part of it, of what but I didn't like the sound it should be of the thirds and sixths. be, is only absurd. What I admired in Bach he absorbed was the way it comes many things from the argument of it, of not living, but as I keep on of having to remember, have I see that I never first an idea really liked the about thirds, however, one and this explains should do it anyway I never really liked Brahms in trying. Falling down on some one of the various banana peels is what we have been

¶

Modern music even callin fascinated me g tragedy with all its modern Ideas intervals: of separate the sevenths, ness artifice the seconds, ially elevat the tritone, ed. The and the fourth mythological and always, and Oriental vie every now and then, w there was a fifth, of the and that pleased me her . o is the one who accep Sometimes t there were single tones, life. And sonot intervals at if one sh all, ould object to callinand that was a de-g Fellight. dman a composer, There were so many intervals in modern music that it fascinated me rather than that I loved it, and being one fascinated by it I coude-cided ld call him a heto write it. ro. But we are Writing it at all heroes, first if we accept what is difficult: comes, our innethat is, r cheerfulness putting the mind on it u takes the ear off it ndis-. turbed. If we ac-cept However, what comes, doing it alone, that (aga I was free to hear in) is what Feldman methat a high sound ans by *Inis* different *tersection* from a low sound even when both are called by the. Anysame letter. one may cr After several years of os working alone s it. Here, Comes Everybody. ThI began to feel e light hlonely. as turned. Walk

¶

Studying with a on. The teacher, water is fine. I learned that the Jump intervals in. Some have meaning; will refuse, for they are not just they sesounds e that the water but they imply is thick in their progressions wita sound h monsters ready to devour not actually present to the ear them. . What they have in Tonality. mind is self-pI never liked tonality re. servation. And what I worked at it is that on. ly a preservation from Studied it. life? Where But I never had any as feeling for it life without: death is no longer life for instance: but only sethere are some lf-pr progressions called self-de-ceptive cadences. preser The idea is this: vation progress in such a way b as to imply ut eservathe presence tion. (This of a tone not actually by the present; way is another fool everyone by not the landing on it —r reason land somewhere else. wh What is being y recordi fooled ngs are not music?.) Which do we prefer Not the ear is, practical but the mind ly speakin . g, an irrelevant quest The whole question is i every intellectual n. sinc. e life by exercising de However ath settles themodern music matter c still fascinated me onclusively for something bu

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with all its modern t wit intervals hout conclusio. n for nothing. It is no But in order to thing th have them at goes on an, d on without beginning the mind had fixed it miso that one had to a-ddl void having e or mepro-gressions that would anmake one think of ing osounds that were r endin not actually present g. to the ear Something is. always starting and Avoiding stopping, risin did g and not falling ap-peal to me The nothing. that goes on is what I began to see Feldman that the separation of spmind and ear eaks had spoiled of when he the sounds speaks of being , — sub-merged in silent that a clean slate ce. Thwas necessary. e ac-cept This made me ance of d not only contemporary e, ath is the source but "avant-garde." e of all I used noises life. So th . at listening to this mu They had not been in-tellectualized; sic othe ear could hear them ne directly take and didn't have to go through any abstraction s as a sprabout them ing-board th

the first sound that I found that I liked; the first seven more than I liked intervals. going into I liked noises nothing as much as I had liked single sounds

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gives us out of that nothing arises the next something; etc. like an alternating current. Not one sound fears the silence that extinguishes it. And no silence exists. Noises, too, that is not, pregnant had been discriminated against with; sound. Some being American, one said the having been trained to be sentimental, or did I fight you, in reference to noises. I liked being on the side of the underdog performance of Feldman's music at Merce Cunningham's. I got police permit mission citation: "To play sirens. That kind of music. The most amazing noise I ever found if you was that produced by call it means of a coil of wire attached to the music pickup arm would not a phonograph and then be amplified. played in a It was shocking, public really shocking, all, and thunderous because many people and half intellectually they stand half sentimentally apart, when the war came along, I decided to use or tittering and the only result is do not undisturb sounds. I stand it. that you can't hear them. There seemed to me to be no truth, music be no good, cause of all this anything big else extrinsic society. aneous sound

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But quiet sounds." Going on, that someone were like loneliness said, "The music could be or love played and possibly friendship highly appreciated, in a home where, permanent, I thought of, having paid to be entertained, those independent listening at least from might listen a Life, Time and not Coca-Cola have the impulse to titter or having it must say it out of deco I still feel this way rum, squelch it and be-but something else is sides happening in a home it is more comfortable as I begin to hear and quiet: there would be a better old sounds than chance to — or hear it." Now what the ones I had thought worn out, that someone worn out by me said de-intellectualization — as I begin to hear the old sounds desire for special cut-off from as though they are life cannot worn out conditions: an ivory tower. But no. Obviously, they are very not worn out tower exists, for there is no possibility. They are just as audible of keeping as the new sounds. the Prince Thinking forever will have worn them out thin the. Palace Walls. He will, willy nilly, and if one stops thinking about them, day get out and suddenly they are seeing

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fresh that there are and new. sickness and death "If you think that (tittering you are a ghost and that you will become a walking ghost) become the B." Buddha. Besides at Thinking the sounds my worn out house. you have worn them out at the boat sounds, traffic so. So you see sounds, the neighbors quarreling, this question the children playing and screaming brings us back again in the where we were: hall, anywhere and on top of it all, the pedals of the piano or, squeak. going back if you like. There is no getting away from where we are. Now, going on by to what then at someone said: "That kind of music, if you call it have a story: I it "There was once a man

LECTURE ON NOTHING / 117

standing on a high elevation. A company of several men who happened to be walking on the road noticed from the distance the man standing on the high place and talked among themselves about this man. One of them said: He must have lost his favorite animal. Another man said music." A : ctually what differencNo, it must be his friend whom he is looking for. A third one said: e? Wo He is just enjoying the cool air up there. The three could not rds are onla-gree y noisand the dis-

¶

cussion es makes little (Shall we have one differlater?) went on until enthey reached the high ce place where the man, Ewas sentially. Which. noise the question is One of the three: do you asked: live, or do you iO, friend n-sist on wordstanding up there s? If, before yohave you not lost your pet animal u li? ve you go through a No, sir, word then thereI have not lost any is an . indirection. Whereas The second man asked w: e need Have you not lost your friend not go a ? round the barn but No, sir may go directly, in. And then tI have not lost my friend o go o either n: "Paid to be en. tertained." This bringThe third man asked: sAre you not enjoying me the fresh breeze us agaiup there? n to Life. If No, sir at any moment, we approach that mo I am not nt with a pre. -conceived idea of what that moment will provWhat, then ide, and if, , furthermore, are you standing up there we for pre-sume that havin, g paid for it makes us safe about it, if you say no we simply start off on the wrong foot. Let's say for ten yearsto all our questions everything t? urns out as we imagiThe man on high said ne: d it would and ought.

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I just stand Sooner or la." ter as we imagined it would and ought. Sooner or later the table tu rns and it doesn't work out as we wish it would. We buy something to If there are keep and it no questions, is stolen. there are no answers We. bake a cake and it turIf there are questions ns , out that the sugar wathen, of course, s not suthere are answers gar bu, t salt. I no soobut the final answer ner start tmakes the o work than questions the telephone seem absurd rings But t , o continuwhereas the questions, e: what is enup until then, tertainmeseem more intelligent nt than the answers? And. -who is being entertained? Heroes are being enSomebody asked teDe-bussy rtained and their how he wrote nature ismusic. that of nature: He said: the accepting o I take all the tones f whthere are, at comes witleave out the ones I houdon't want, t preconand use all the others ceived. ideas of what will haSatie said ppen and re-g: ardless of the consequ When I was young, encpeople told me: es. This You'll see when is, by thyou're fifty years old ew . ay, Now I'm fifty why. it is so difficult to listI've seen nothing en to. music we are familiar

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Here we are now with; memory has acted to keep us a-ware of wat the beginning hat will happe n next, and so it of the fourth large part is almost im-possible tooof this talk. remain a-live in t More and more he presence of a well-known mI have the feeling asterpthat we are getting iece. nowhere. Now and thenSlowly it happens, and, when it does, it par-as the talk goes on takes , of the miraculous Goiwe are getting ng on ab nowhere out what someoand that is a pleasure ne

. said: at the root of it is not irritating if the desire to be where one is to appreciate a piece of music is only irritating, to think one would like to be somewhere else, I think here we are now at this rather than that, to hear a little bit after hearing it without beginning without the unavoidable extraneous of the fourth large part sounds — at the root of all this of this talk is the idea that at this work is a thing separate from the rest of More and more life, which we have the feeling which is not the case with Feldman's music. We are in that I am getting the presence nowhere not of a work of art which is a thing but of an action which slowly is implicitly not, being. Nothing has been as the talk goes on said.

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, Nothing is communicated. And there is, no use of symbols or in we have the feeling intellectual references. No thing we are getting a symbol nowhere. In life requires that is a pleasure since it is clearly what which will continue is: a visible manifestation of an in if we are irritated visible, nothing. All some it is not a pleasure things equally participate of that life. Nothing is not giving a pleasure. But to go on again one is irritated above, as someone said: "What suddenly?" And I forgot to mention it but is a pleasure before. He said, "What about all those and then more and more silences?" How do I know it is not irritating now when we never know when (and then more and more) but being cheerful slowly helps. Are there other ways than Feldman's? Naturally; something-speaking we were nowhere there; an infinite number and now, again of ways. How many doors and we are having windows the pleasure was? I forgot to say this isn't a talk about being Morton Feldman's music. It's a nowhere talk within a rhythmic structure and that is why every now and then let him go to sleep. It is possible to have abs

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Here we are now totally nothing; the possibility of nothing — And at the beginning what is of the third unit the beginning of the fourth large part beginning of no middle of this talk. Beginnings and endings. More and more? And what is the ending of no beginning? I have the feeling beginning that we are getting middle nowhere. Ends and means slowly? If you let it, it supports itself. You do as the talk goes on. It has to be. Each something we are getting is a celebration of the nothing and that is a pleasure in itself that supports it. It is not irritating when we return to be where one is — move the world from our side it is only irritating should to think one would like to be somewhere else. Now here we are now it is done. Where is the responsibility a little bit after the beginning? Responsibility of the third unit's responsibility of the fourth large parts to oneself; and the highest form of this talk of it is irresponsibility to oneself which is to say the calm. More and more acceptance we have the feeling of whatever responsibility to others and things comes that I am getting alone nowhere. If one adopts this attitude art is a sort of experimental station slowly in which one tries out living; one does as the talk goes on stop

¶

, living when one is occupied making the art, and when one is living we have the feeling, that is, for example, now we are getting reading nowhere. A lecture on so that is a pleasure in itself

something and now which will continue, one doesn't stop being occupied if we are irritated making the art; should it be a pleasure I write that piano concerto? Nothing is not? Of course, I am — and if one is irritated going to the movies or explaining about nothing or eating an apple: concert, piano. No "should" and then more and more and no blame. The continuity is not irritating in that there is no continuity is given (and then more and more going on forever; and slowly there is no problem). About accepting. Originally whatever. With this exception: there we were nowhere is great difficulty in accepting and now, again those things that come from a we are having profound pleasure and inner feeling and full of pride and of being-glorious assert slowly themselves as somewhere separate from anybody finer than a sleeping anything else on earth. But, actually, let him go to sleep where. is the difficulty? It is t

¶

Here we are now the simplest thing in the world to directly see: this at the beginning is an orof the fifth unit and; that of the fourth large part at is a frog; this is a man of this talk. n being proud; this More and more is a man thinking another man if he have the feelings proud that we are getting; etc. nowhere. It all goes to—Slowly gether and doesn't require that we try as the talk goes on improve it or feel our inferior we are getting priority or somewhere priority to it. and that is a pleasure Progress is out of the It is not irritating question to be where one is. But in activity is not what it is only irritating happen to think one would like to be somewhere else. There we are now here is, but it is free from a little bit after the beginning, don of the fifth unit from the fourth large part interest. And we are free to stop this talk brooding and to observe the effects of our actions. proud, that More and more at pride we have the feeling keeps us from observing very clearly.) And what do we that I am getting elsewhere: the effects of our actions on others or on ourselves? On ours—Slowly elves; for if the effects on us are continuous the talk goes on civet

¶

, or less separateness, less slowly fear, more love, we may walk on then we have the feeling ardless of the others. Out of we are getting that lack of regard for that is a pleasure others we will not feel which will continue the need to be competitive, for as if we are irritated those silences that occur it is not a pleasure when two people are confident. Nothing is not of each a pleasure other's friendship one is irritated, there is no nervousness, only but suddenly a sense of, at-oneness. When go it is a pleasure in going from not, hing towards something and then more and more, we have all the European it is not irritating history of music and art we remember (and then more and more remember and there and slowly we can see that). his is well done but that Originally the other is not. So—and-so contributed we were nowhere this and that and criteria. But now, again now we, are going from something to the pleasure wards nothing, and there is no way of being success or slowly failure since all that nowhere. things have equal If anybody ally their B is sleeping Buddha nature. Being ignorant of that let him go to sleep fact is. the only obstacle to en

¶

Here we are now lightening. And being enlightened is not some s at the middle pooky un-earthly condition. Befoof the fourth large partre studying Zen men are of this talk. men and mountain More and mores are mountains. While studying I have the feeling Zen, ththat we are gettingings nowhere. et confused. ASlowlyfter studying Zen, men are men and mou as the talk goes onntains , are mountains. No diffwe are gettingerence excnowhere ept that one is and that is a pleasure no . longer attached; nIt is not irritating ow and to be where one is then I h. ave found in dis-clt is only irritating ussing to think one would like theto be somewhere else. seHere we are now ideas t , hat and then I have a little bit after the found middle in dis-cussing these ideas that someof the fourth large part people say, "That is all very weof this talkll, but it won' t work for us, for it's O (Actually there is no longMore and moreer a queswe have the feelingtion of Orient and Occident. All of that is rapidly disathat I am gettingppeari nowhereng; as Bucky Fu. ller is fond of pointing out: the movement with Slowly the wind of the O, rient and the movemenas the talk goes on t aga

¶

, inst the wind of the Ocslowlycident meet in Am, erica and produce a mowe have the feeling vem ent upwards into the airwe are getting—the spanowhere. ce, the silence, That is a pleasure the n othing that suppowhich will continuerts us.) And. then again if any of yolf we are irritatedu are t , roubled still about it is not a pleasure Orient an. d Occident, you can reNothing is notad Eckh a pleasure art, or Blythe's if one is irritated book o, n Zen in English literabut suddenlyture, or Joe , Campbell's books onit is a pleasure mythology, and philosophy, or the (and then more and more by Alan Watts. And theit is not irritating re are naturally many others. (and then more and more There are books to and slowly read, pictures to l). ook at, poetry books Originally to read (cum mings for instance), sculwe were nowherepture, a; rchitecture, even theatrand now, againe and da , nce, and now some muswe are having ic too. the pleasure Mostly, right now, there is painting and of being sculpture, and jslowlyust as formerly w nowhere. hen starting tolf anybody be ab-stract, is sleepy artists referred t, o musical practices to slet him go to sleep howt. hat what they were d

¶

Here we are nowoing was valid, so nowadays, musicians, to explainat the beginning what thof the ninth unitey are of the fourth large part doing, say, "See, the painof this talk. ters and sculptors h More and more ave been doing it for quite someI have the feeling time." that we are getting But nowhere. we are still at Slowly the point wherem, ost musicians are clingias the talk goes onng to t , he complicated torn-upwe are getting competitinowhereve remnants of and that is a pleasure tr . adition of breakingIt is not irritating with trato be where one is dition, a. nd further-more, aIt is only irritating traditioto think one would liken thato be somewhere else. t Here we are now in its i , deas of counterpoint a little bit after the and hbeginningarmony of the ninth unit was outof the fourth large part deas of counterpoint of step notof this talk only with its. own but with all other traditions. I had thoughMore and moret of leavwe have the feelinging this last section silent, but

LECTURE ON NOTHING / 121

then it turns out I have that I am getting somenowhere hing to say . I. am after all talking ab
out Morton Feldman's Slowly music and wheth, er that is right or wronas the talk goes ong is no

¶

, t to the point. I am doslowlying it. Going on d, oing it. And that is thewe have the feeling way.
This morning I thought we are getting of an imanowhere. ge that might That is a pleasure make
clear to some of ywhich will continueou the natu. ral usefulness of FeldmIf we are irritated an's m
, usic. It was this: it is not a pleasure do you re. member, in myth, the Nothing is not hero's a
pleasure encounter with if one is irritated the sha, pe-shifting monster? but suddenly The way
, the sounds be-tween it is a pleasure two per-for, mances shift their someand then more and more
thingness suggests this. it is not irritating Now what does the hero do? (and then more and more
(You and I are the and slowly heroes and incide). ntally Morty too.) He Originally doesn't get fri
ghtened but simply accewe were nowherepts wha; t the sound-shift-ing pand now, again erformer
, happens to do. Eventwe are havingually t the pleasure he whole mirage disappears. And the pr
of beingize or sought-forslowly something (that nowhere. is nothing) is If anybody obtained. An
is sleepyd that somethin, g- generating nothing let him go to sleep that i. sobtained is that each

¶

Here we are now something is really what it is, and so what happat the beginningens? Livof the
eleventh unite haof the fourth large partppily ever after. And do of this talk. we need a celebra
More and moretion? We cannot a-void it since I have the feeling each that we are getting thin
nowhere. g in life is conSlowlytinually just that,. Now what if I'm wronas the talk goes ong? Sh
, all I telephone Joe Canwe are gettingpbell and nowhere ask him the and that is a pleasure m
. eaning of shape-It is not irritating shifters to be where one is? (I can't. do it for a nickel It is
only irritating any mto think one would likeore. to be somewhere else.) Here we are now He wo
, uld know the answer. a little bit after the Howebeginning ver, thaof the eleventh unit t is of the
fourth large part not the point. The point is th of this talk is. This is a. situation which is nom
ore and no less serious More and more than an we have the feelingy other life-and-death situati
on. What is needed is that I am getting irrespnowhereonsibility. Out o. f Meister Eckhart's ser
mon, *God made the poor Slowly for the rich*, I ta, ke the following: "If, as the talk goes on goin

¶

, g to some place, we haslowly d first to settle h, ow to put the front fowe have the feelingot do
wn, we should never getwe are getting there. If nowhere. the painter haThat is a pleased to pl
an out every bruswhich will continueh-mark bef. ore he made his first If we are irritated he w
, ould not paint at it is not a pleasure all. Follo. w your principles and Nothing is not keep stra
pleasure aight on; you if one is irritated will co, me to the right place, but suddenly that is the
, way." The other dayit is a pleasure I had a let, ter from Pierre Bouleand then more and more
z. He said, "We try not it is not irritating to think too much of the war;(and then more and more

122 / SILENCE

we live from day to and slowly day, pushing our). in-vestigations as far Originally as possible.”
 Coming back to Eckharwe were nowhere, for t; he sake by the way of and now, again a brillia
 , nt conclusion, a tonic we are having and the pleasure dominant emphatic conclusion to this t
 of being alk about someslowly thing and nothinnowhere. g and how the If anybody need each
 is sleepy other to keep, on going, as Eckhart let him go to sleep says. “Earth” (that is any so

¶

Here we are nowmething) “has no escape from heaven:” (that is at the beginning of the thir-
 tenth unit thing) of the fourth large part “flee she up or flee she of this talk. down heaven still
 More and more invades her, energizing her, fruct I have the feelingifying that we are getting her,
 nowhere. whether for Slowly her weal or for h, er woe.” as the talk goes on

, we are getting nowhere and that is a pleasure
 . It is not irritating to be where one is . It is
 only irritating to think one would like to be somewhere else. Here we are now
 , a little bit after the beginning of the thir-teenth unit of the
 fourth large part of this talk .

More and more we have the feeling
 that I am getting nowhere .
 Slowly , as the talk goes on

¶

, slowly , we have the feeling
 , we are getting nowhere. That is a pleasure
 which will continue . If we are irritated
 , it is not a pleasure . Nothing is not a
 pleasure if one is irritated , but suddenly
 , it is a pleasure , and then more and more
 it is not irritating (and then more and more
 and slowly). Originally
 we were nowhere ; and now, again

, we are having the pleasure
 of being slowly nowhere. If anybody
 is sleepy , let him go to sleep .

¶ ¶

? I have nothing against the twelve-tone row;
 but it is a method, not a structure .
 We really do need a structure , so we can see
 we are nowhere . Much of the music I love
 uses the twelve-tone row , but that is not why I
 love it. I love it for no reason .
 I love it for suddenly I am nowhere
 . (My own music does that quickly for me .)
 And it seems to me I could listen forever
 to Japanese shakuhachi music or the Navajo

¶

Yeibitchai . Or I could sit or
 stand near Richard Lippold's *Full Moon*
 any length of time .
 Chinese bronzes , — how I love them

. which others have made, But those beauties
 the need to possess tend to stir up
 I possess nothing . and I know
 Record collections , —
 that is not music .

¶

The phonograph is a thing, — not a musical instrument
 . A thing leads to other things, whereas a musical instrument
 leads to nothing .

? Would you like to join a society called Capitalists Inc.
 (Just so no one would think we were Communists.)
 Anyone joining automatically becomes president .
 To join you must show you've destroyed at least one hundred
 records or, in the case of tape, one sound mirror
 . To imagine you own
 any piece of music is to miss the whole point
 . There is no point or the point is nothing;
 and even a long-playing record is a thing.

¶

A lady from Texas said: I live in Texas .
 music in Texas We have no music in Texas. The reason they've no
 in Texas. is because they have recordings
 Remove the records from Texas
 and someone will learn to sing .
 Everybody has a song
 which is no song at all :
 it is a process of singing ,
 and when you sing ,
 you are where you are .
 All I know about method is that when I am not working I sometimes
 think I know something, but when I am working, it is quite clear that I know nothing.

117 117

Afternote to LECTURE ON NOTHING

In keeping with the thought expressed above that a discussion is nothing more than an entertainment, I prepared six answers for the first six questions asked, regardless of what they were. In 1949 or '50, when the lecture was first delivered (at the Artists' Club as described in the Foreword), there were six questions. In 1960, however, when the speech was delivered for the second time, the audience got the point after two questions and, not wishing to be entertained, refrained from asking anything more.

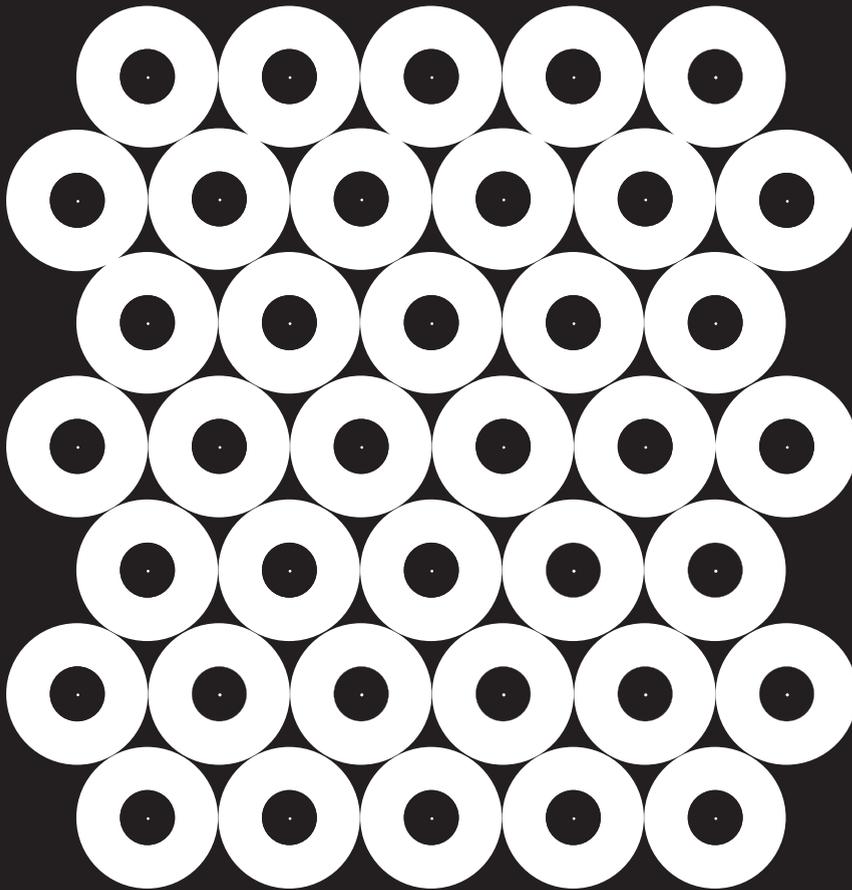
The answers are:

1. *That is a very good question. I should not want to spoil it with an answer.*
2. *My head wants to ache.*
3. *Had you heard Marya Freund last April in Palermo singing Arnold Schoenberg's Pierrot Lunaire, I doubt whether you would ask that question.*
4. *According to the Farmers' Almanac this is False Spring.*
5. *Please repeat the question . . .*
And again . . .
And again . . .
6. *I have no more answers.*

Christian Marclay

Footsteps, 1985

Vinyl records, containing a recording of the artist walking in his studio mixed with a recording of a tap dancer, are laid down as flooring in an exhibition space and stepped on by viewers. Their footsteps create a new audio composition.



Vladimir Zykov

Footsteps, 2008

Footsteps on blank printer paper are rendered
as text by optical character recognition software.



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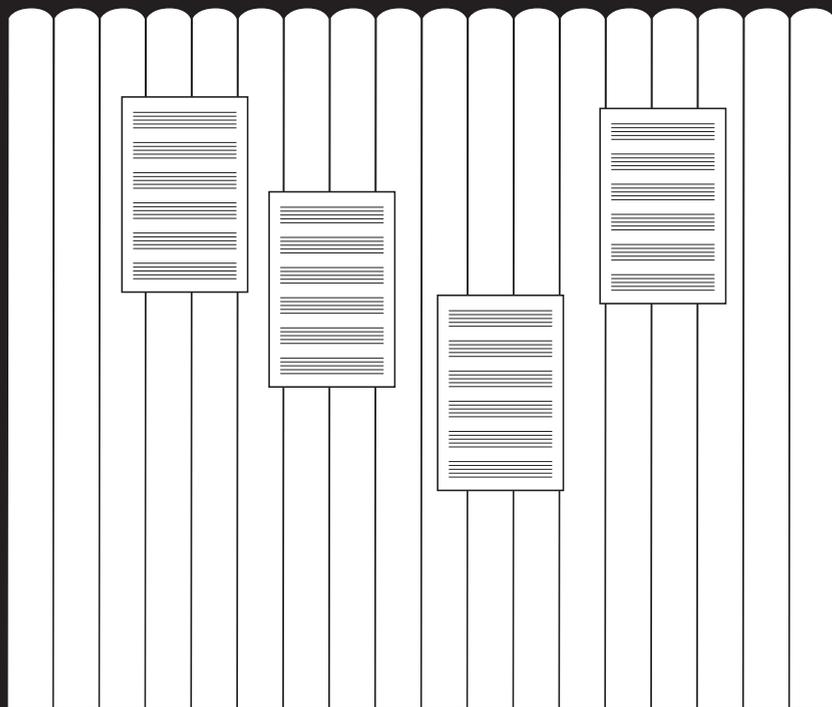


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Christian Marclay

Graffiti Composition, 2002

Blank musical notation sheets are posted on walls and surfaces across Berlin. Any subsequent graffiti comprises the score.

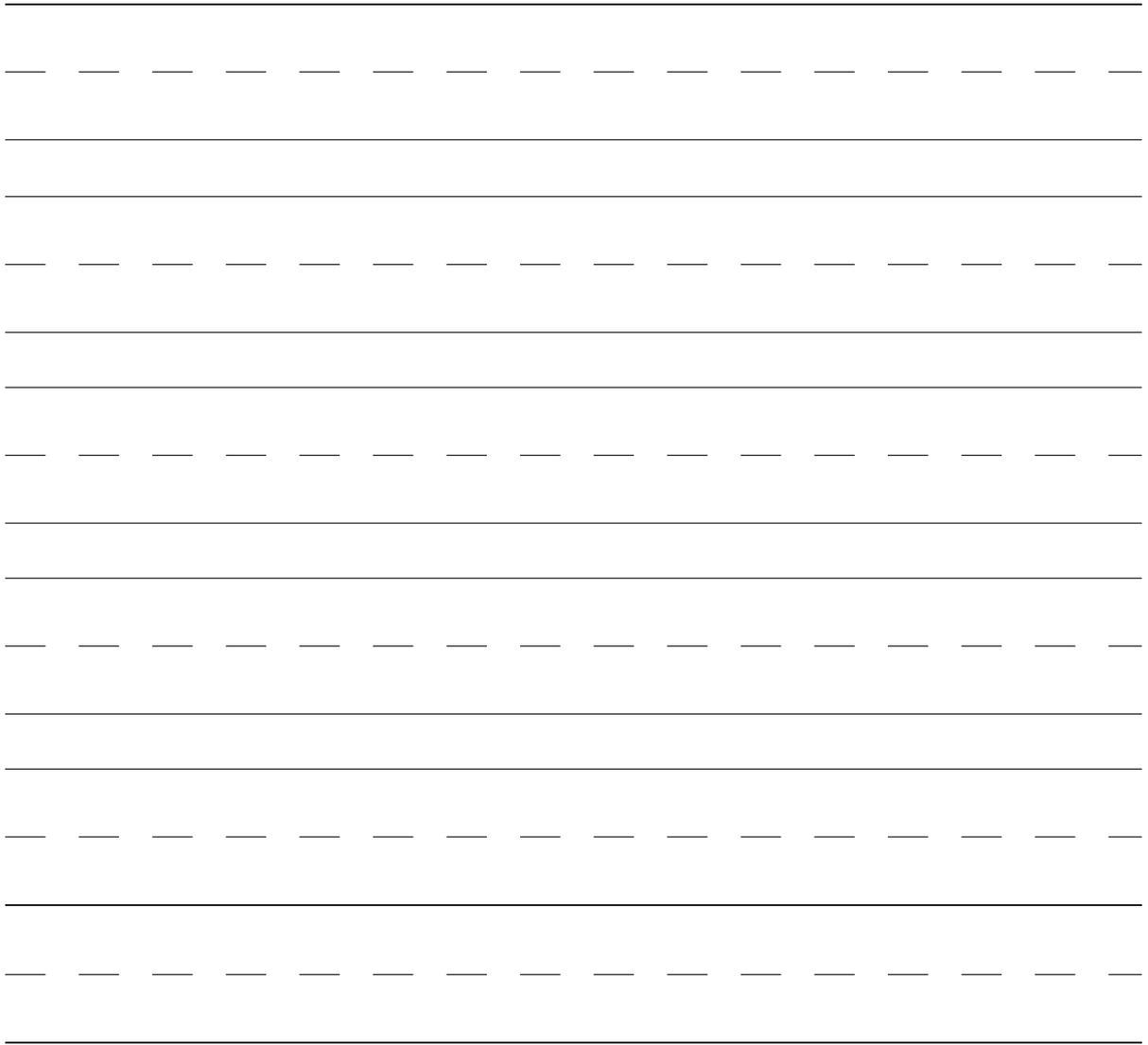


Catherine Turcich-Kealey & Manya Scheps

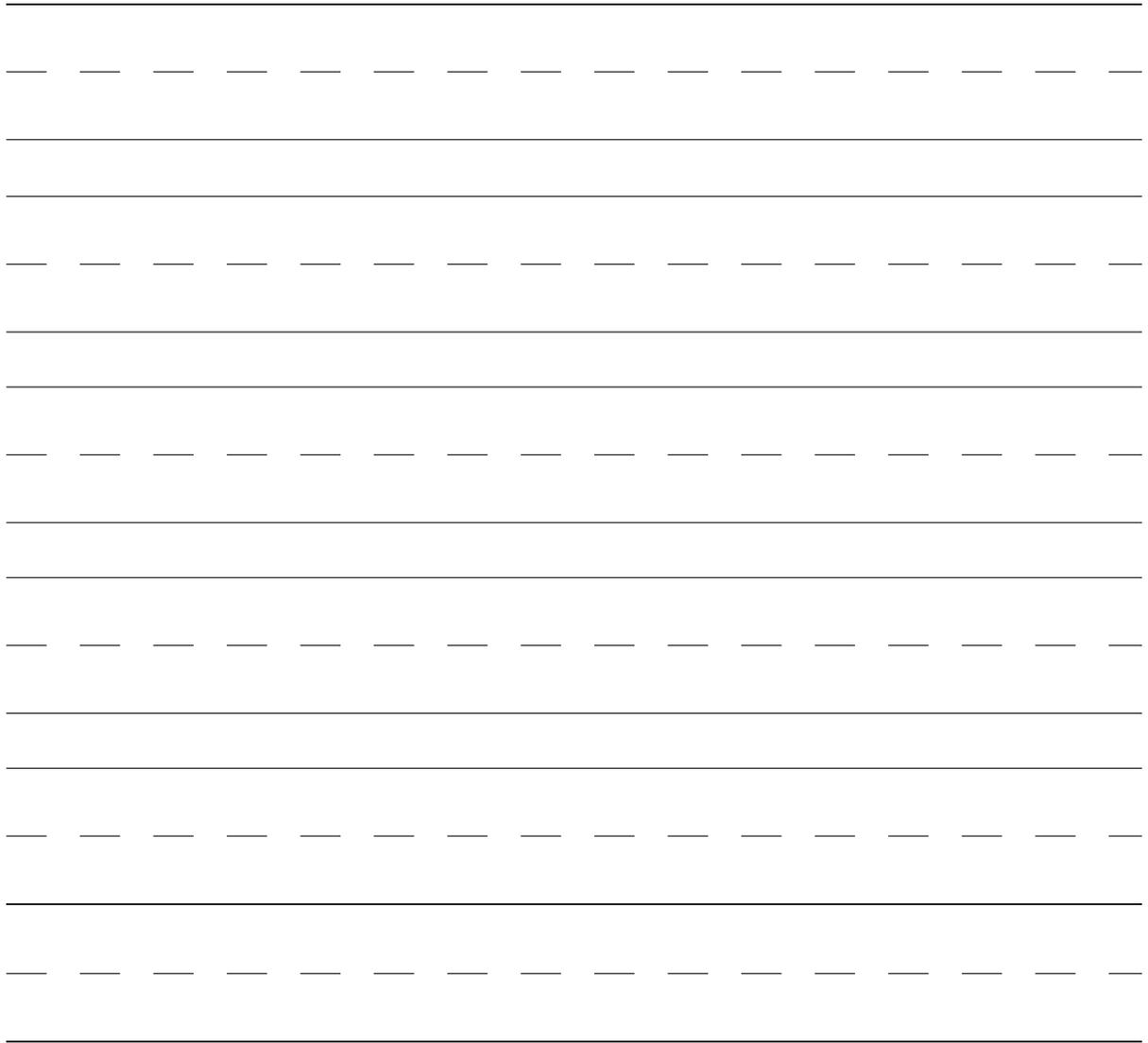
Notes, 2008

27 blank pages are included in the publication where note pages are typically found. Any resultant language or marks comprise the poem.

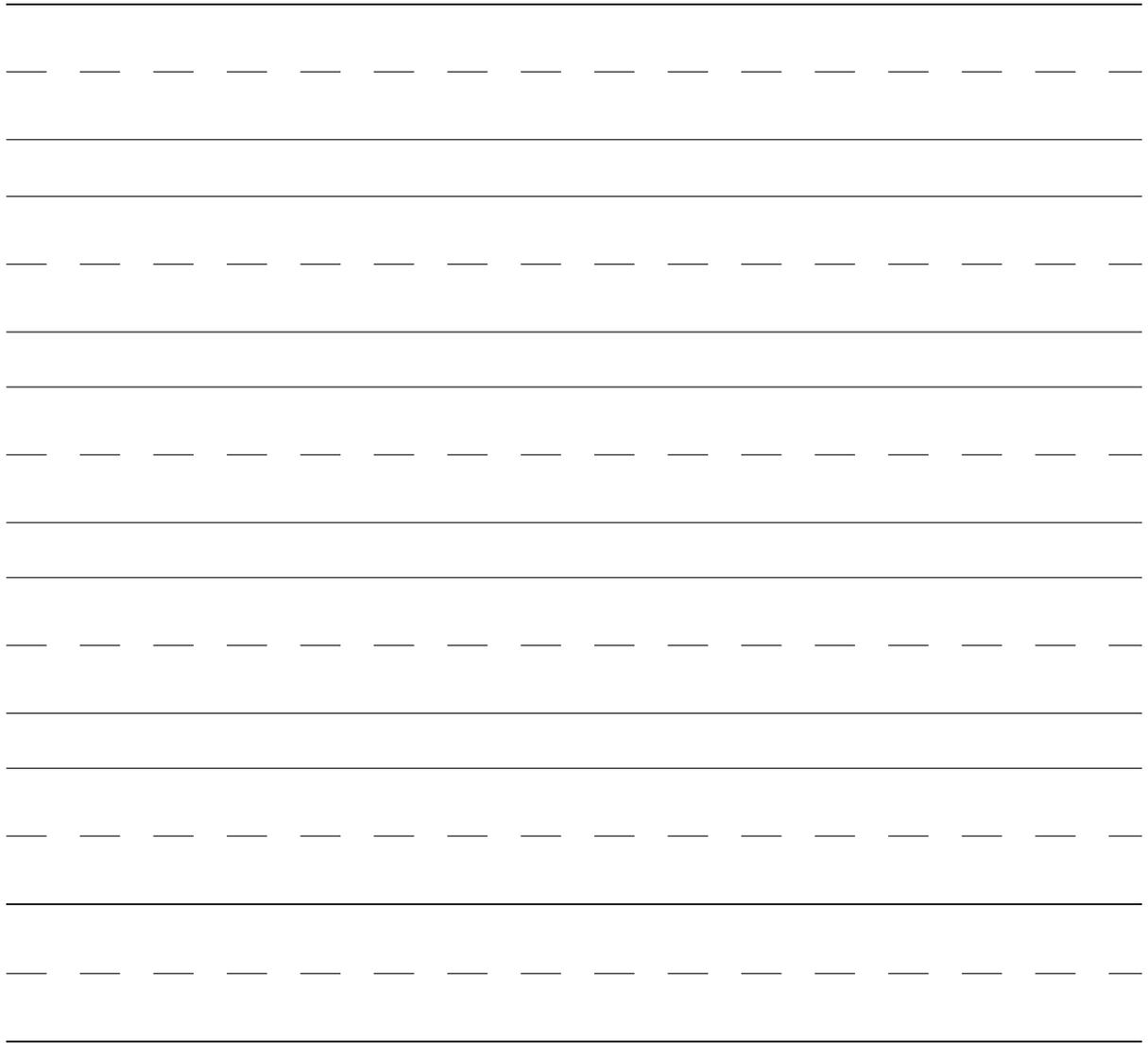
The page contains ten sets of horizontal lines for writing. Each set consists of three lines: a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page.

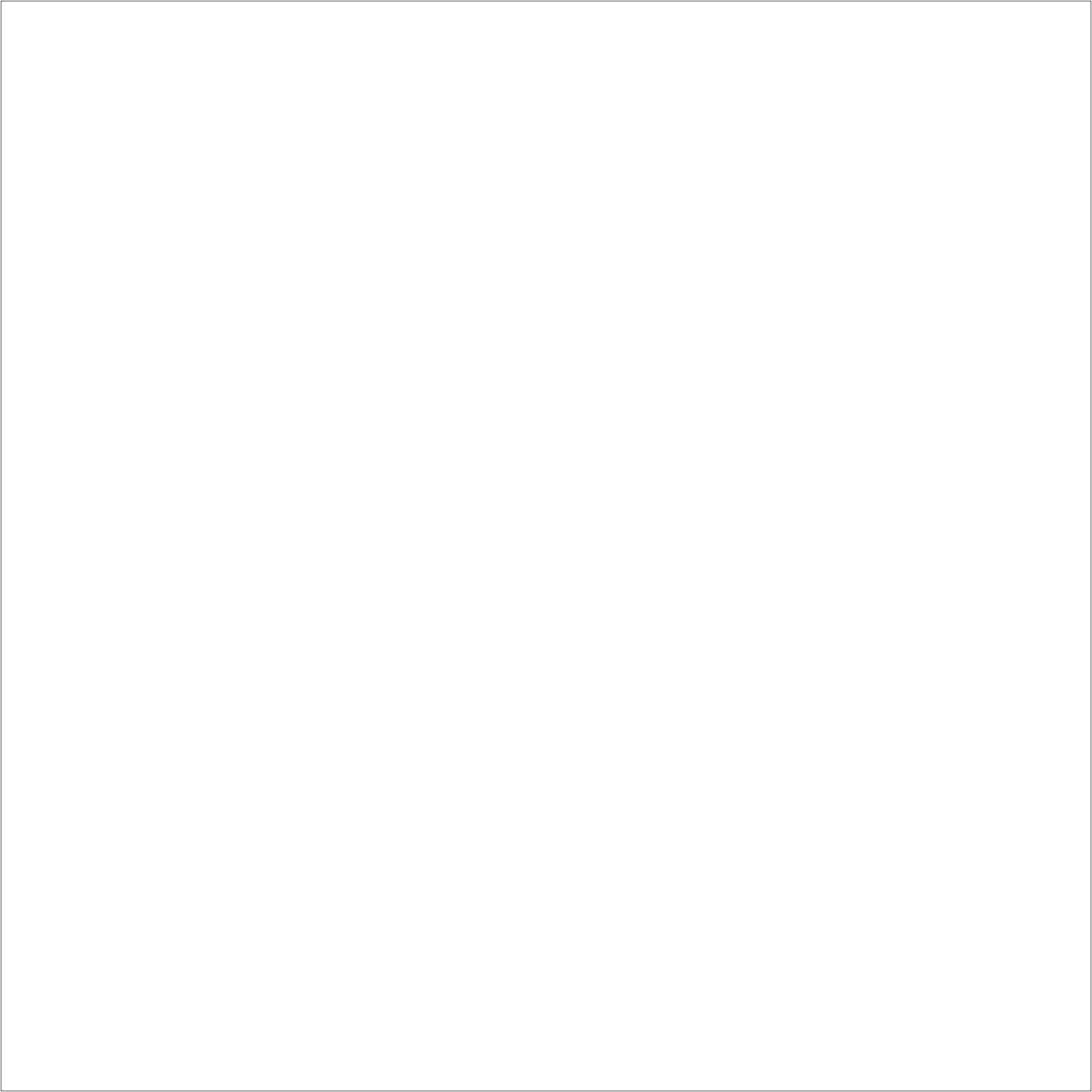


The page contains ten sets of horizontal lines for handwriting practice. Each set consists of three lines: a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line. The sets are arranged vertically down the page, providing a template for practicing letter formation and alignment.



The page contains ten sets of horizontal lines for writing. Each set consists of three lines: a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line. The sets are arranged vertically down the page, providing a template for handwriting practice.





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The Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing was founded in 2003 in order to bring together all of Penn's writing programs, entities, and projects to form a new collaborative whole that will seem coherent and exciting to students, faculty, staff, alumni and other Philadelphia-area writers. Through the Critical Writing Program we affirm that when you write well, you keenly discern your thinking. Through the Creative Writing Program, we enact the belief that the greatest gift one can give the young writer is a safe space in which rigorous apprenticeships with eminent writers can inspire new expressive confidence. Through the Kelly Writers House, and its hundreds of writer-led symposia, readings, performances and workshops, we aver that the university community is enriched by the intellectual vitality of creative people who gather in a free space in which emerging writers are supported.

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Christian Marclay

Instruction, 1996

Tear out this page while listening attentively.
Listen and crumple the page into a small ball.
You can repeat these sounds with other pages.
Save the ball(s). Discard the book.