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
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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.

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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 Velemir 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.”

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.

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.” 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. 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.” 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. 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.” 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. 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

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5 Quoted in Erbeto F. Lo Bue, “John Cage’s Writings,” *Poetics Today* (Summer 1982): 66
6 Lo Bue “John Cage’s Writings,” 67.
11 Quoted in Ferguson, “The Variety of Din,” 42.
Christian Marclay

*Ensemble*, 2007

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

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... Woraug snorted. clank a rill of gurgles rolled like tinkly tinkle 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. Woraug 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 ‘Hawkaaaaaa!‘ 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 ratted 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 creak 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 crows 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 sighing cracking 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. sang tuneless whispers... HAH! idling engines. The hard brown beetles kept thudding cracking of dry branches. other men sing grawk 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, (PSST- OOF. SHOOTING AND SCREAMS. a deep-sounding bell in a mossy well Ringing faintest murmur 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, blubbering 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 whish, whish Jacobsvoice: Breathe, ACH! PSSH, (PSST– OOF. SHOOTING AND
SCREAMS. his tail lashed rung out the hanmer-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,--
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,
BWAAAH 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! snuffling 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 whish, whish gathering winds HUH?
rapid firing Hurrah-ah-ah! grunting and snuffling 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 rickeys 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, humming 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. Speakspeaks 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.
Henry David Thoreau,
_Cape Cod_ (1908)
Leroi Jones,
*Dutchman* (1964)
Arundhati Roy,
The God of Small Things (1996)
Vladimir Nabokov,
*Lolita* (1955)
Oscar Wilde,
*The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891)
George Elliot, 
Romola (1863)
Ted Berrigan,
The Sonnets (1964)
William Faulkner,
*The Sound and the Fury* (1929)
Warren Ellis and Darick Robertson,
Transmetropolitan (1998)
Leo Tolstoy,
War and Peace (1865)
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.
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 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  

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 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  

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 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

00917
I look at you all see the love there that's sleeping
I look at the floor and I see it needs sweeping
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
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 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
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
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

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

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

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

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
Da 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, glimmering
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
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
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

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

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

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

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
Oooh what have you done

you broke the rules
You layed it down for all to see
You layed it down for all to see
Oooh 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
Oooh how did you know

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

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, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Alright, alright, alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright, alright, alright
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
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-Blah-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
You'll have to have them all pulled out after the

00944
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 children's 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

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, 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, 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
Aah
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, number, number, number, number, number, number, number, number, number, 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
Mmmmmmm
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

Dream sweet dreams for me (Dream sweet)
Dream sweet dreams for you
Mmmmmmm
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*. 
thingcrooklyexineverypasturesixdixlikencehimaroundhers
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
Johann Strauss died yesterday evening at 8 p.m. This is what a young 20-year-old woman wrote in her diary on Saturday, 4 June 1899. She commented further: “In my opinion he was a thoroughly classical composer and the greatest musical genius that has ever lived. I am honestly mourning for him. This tingling, swinging, elegant sensation of his waltzes - I can’t find the right words. I rank him next to Schubert and Brahms. He was a classic.” The young woman was Alma Schindler. Her father, at that time already deceased, was the very famous Viennese landscape artist and genre painter Jakob Schindler. Her widowed mother had married Carl Moll, Schindler’s student. Moll was one of the founders of the Viennese Secession movement, along with Gustav Klimt.
It was at the beginning of June and most of Viennese “Society” had already left the city. The Schindler-Moll family had travelled to Goisem 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 possi- 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 joharin 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 afters and 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
live there. This salon culture had developed in 19th-century Vienna under the 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 allowed daily - an audience 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 roment 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!g@ja_Où;_1´(‘Ômü`R-`?MuÂ="i”]`¿ÔY«...øfi»1`9eİny_>
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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.
Nick Salvatore

*Onomatopoeia*, 2008

Sound effects are extracted from a series of comic books and placed on top of musical staves.
Onomatopoeia
Onomatopoeia
Onomatopoeia
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.
Noise Box
set ears
already
Yes.
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.

Each noise possesses among its irregular vibrations a predominant basic pitch.
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.
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This new orchestra will produce the most complex and newest sonic emotions.
We must replace the limited variety of timbres by the infinite variety of timbres.

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The variety of noises is infinite.
Our expanded sensibility will gain futurist ears as it already has futurist eyes.

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 sniffling 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 scabbed 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.

BRRTDBDRDTRTDRTRRTDBDBDRDDBTTDRDBD! 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
(entered)
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 buttoned 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:

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:

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
(onto 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:
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:

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 ‘em 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:

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
deroom, 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,
McCane snatchs 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:

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.
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 TEAR GAS 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 something and nothing is nothing to say thing and naturally also a talk about nothing. About how something and nothing are not opposed to each other but those who wish to get to somewhere need each other to keep on going. I let them leave. All is difficult to talk when you have something to say. What we require precisely because is silence of the words keep us busy 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 that Art goes within, and I don’t see it falls down easily the need for “sho; udl” or “then but the pusher” or “it” and the pushed or “pro-fo-pro-duce” and. What entertainment is Art composed of, discussion hit, which is what it was for so long doing, it be-came a thin thing. Shall we have one later? which seemed to elevate the man who made it

Or above those who, observe could simply decide served it or heard it and not to have a discussion the artist was considered a genius or give what ever you like. en a rating: First. But now, Second, No Good, until finally there are silences riding in a bus or subway: so pand the words proudly he signs make his work like a help make manufacturer. But since every thing the silences ng’s changing, art’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 whicand I am saying it then goes in and reminds us of nothing. It is immediately that is poetry portant that this something be just as I need it something, finite. ly something; then very simply it goes in. This space of time and becomes infinitely nothing. It seems organized. we are living. Understanding of what We need not fear these is silences, — nourishing is

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we may love them channeling. 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 talk–pinion are clearer. Just a year of for I am making it so a-go 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 e 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 with 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 different. t but in going in it all As we go along becomes, the same. H.C.E. Wh(who knows?) ich is what Morton Feldman an i-dea may occur in this talk and in mind when he called the music he’s now writing Intersection. Feldman speaks o 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 alet it long. He has Re-

ward it as something chosen angel the respons momentarily ability of t, he composer from mas though asking from a window to accept while traveling. To accept whatever comes re-ga If across Kansas redless o, f the consequences is then, of course, to be u Kansas nafraid or to b e full of that love which Arizona has comes from a sense of at–one–is more interesting, ness with w almost too interesting h, at every This goes to especially pl for a New Yorker ain what who is being interested Feld in spite of himself man in everything means who 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 associated with all of the sound 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 or is it corn es down as outh? or 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, rather 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

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 i me vogue. of profound–ity. For h Our poetry now e takes himself serious the realization usually wishes to bet that we possess consider nothing ed great, and h e thereby diminishes h Anything is love and in therefore–creases his fears a delight r and concern (since we do not n pos–sess it) about what and thus people will think need not fear its loss Th ere are many serious We need not destroy the us past: problems confront it is gone; ing such an i at any moment, individvuit might reappear and a seem to be l. He muand be the present st do it b 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, precise

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Most anybody knows about the future is masterpiece, however uncertain it is to do with Life? It has this to do with Life: that it is

What I am calling seaporny is often called Now we see contentment. it and now we I myself don't. W have called en we see it we it form feel better, and wh. en we It is the continuity are away from of 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 isorderd, ugly in contrast of disinterestedness. Let me re'That is, ad a passage frit is a proof om the I--that our delight hing w lies in not hich discpos-sessing 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 mountains which is bound up with are made memory: pleasing by a themes lucid beauty and secondary themes,. By their struggle; contemplate their development; atingthe climax; the forms the recapitulation ex-is (which is the belief that one may in the heaown one's own home) ve. ns we come to uBut actually, nederstand tim unlike the snail e and its, changing we carry our homes demands. Througwithin us, h contemplate which enables us ion of the forms existing in to fly human society it be--comes possible or to stay , — to shape the world to enjoy." And the footeach. note goes on: "But beware of anquil be that which is auty: claribreathtakingly ty withibeautiful, n, quiet witfor at any moment hout . This is the tran-quite 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 rid 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 chappens xistence. This is . the world of However, Nothing more than contnothing empation alone can be said. will not put Hearing the will to reor making this st abso-lin music utely. It is 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 moneSimpler, 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 mounts simple 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 beaufit simple ul form sufficebe-cause s to bright 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 eaf ecstatic, restness." Perhwhich, aps thissas sugar loaves train horses, will train us make under to make what we make sta. ndable a statement How could I made by B

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

That forty minutes hat has been divided into is five not just beaularge parts, ful but also and
each unit ugly, not juis divided st good, but alsolikewise. evil, not just Subdivision true, butin-
voving also an a square root il–usion. I reis the only member tpossible subdivision which now h
permits at Feldmanthis micro–macrocosmic sporphymic structure ke of, shadows. He said that
which I find so the soundacceptable 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 hapfIt 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 are 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 plithird 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
people may now be indignant and insist on saying that they control Life. They are the same on
es who insist on controlling 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

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 cdiscussion of oncern, res
nothing onsibility. The, i–dea, consequence of form, s, suggests thand continuity e musical ter
when it is the way we mnow continuity and that need it. produced a disc. This second ussio last part week for Feldman spoke of no-conis about structure: tinuity, wherhow simple it is eas it w, as argued from a ratiowhat it is nal point and why of viewwe should be willing w that no matto accept ter what therits limitations. e is continuMost speeches ity. are full. This is again a mof ideas. attor of disinteresThis one t and acceptandoesn't have to have ce. any No-continuity simp. ly means accepting thBut at any moment at an idea continuity that may come along happen, s. Continuity means Then the oppowe may enjoy it site: making th. at particular continui

Structure ty thwithout life at excludes all is dead. others. This But Life is, of coursewithout structure, possible is un-seen but not any longer. nourishing for we havPure life e found that b expresses itself y excluding we grow thin inside within even though and through structure we ma. y have an enormous Each moment bank accis absolute, ount outsider like and sig-e. For some significat. ethings one neBlackbirds eds critics, rise connoisfrom a field making seurs, judgmea sound nts, authoritate-licious ties ones, othbe-yond erwise one geocom-pare ts gyped; but fo. r nothing one can dispense with all that fol-de-rol, no one loses notI heard them hing be-c because ause nothI ac-cepted ing is se-curthe limitations ely possessedof an arts. When nothin conference g is se-cin a Virginia urely posgirls' finishing school, sessed which limitations one is allowed me free to accaquite by accident t any of the somethings. Hto hear the blackbirds ow as they flew up and maoverhead ny are there?. They roll up at your There was a social feet. calendar How manyand hours for breakfast door, s and windows arbut one day I saw a e there

cardinal in it? There is, no end to the and the same day number of so heard a woodpecker. m I also met ethings and America's youngest all college president of the. m (without exceptio However, n) arshe has resigned, e ac-ceptand people say she is able. I going into politics f one, gets suddenly proud Let her. and says for Why shouldn't she? oneI also had the reason or pleasure a-nother. I of hearing an eminent can music critic not acceex-claim pt this; then the that he hoped whole frebe would live long ede-nough om to see the end to accept any of th e others of this craze for Bach. vanishes. But if A pupil once one maintsaeid to me: ains secureI 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), thevery serious n there is question no limit to to ask you: what one may How do you freely enjofeel y. In this frabout Bach ee en-joyment th ? ere is no possession oNow we have come f things. There is onlt to the end y enjoyment. of the part What is poss about structure essed is nothing. This is what is meant when one says: No-co

However, tinuitityit oc-curs No soundto me to say more s. No habout structure armony. No . melody. No counterpSpecifically oint. No rhthis: ythm. That is to We are say there is not now at one of ththe be-ginning e somethiof the third part ngs that is and that part ot 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. adoxicIt must be ally free to p clear from that tick and that 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 choonewhere 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

Now about the nourishmaterial: ment that sustis it interesting ains in n? o matter what one of It is and it the somethin man't g situations. High,. middle, low; enter anyBut one thing is time w certain, ithin the duratiIf one is making on notasomething ted: this partwhich is to be nothing , icular timbre. These at he one making must re love the somethand be patient ings Feldmawith the material n has chhe chooses. osen. They giveOtherwise him and he calls attention to the hi material, s art which is precisely something cha, racter. It is quite usewhereas it was less in t nothing his si that was being made; tuation foror anyone to say Feldmbe calls attention to an' himself, s work is goodwhereas or not good. Bnothering is anonymous e. cause we are in the d irect situation: it iThe technique s. If you do of 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 pity a means y, because it of experiencing re-sembles nothing life very closely

I remember loving, and sound life and before I ever it are essentitook a music lesson ally a caus. e for joy. People sAnd so we make ou ay, somlives etimes, timidly: I by what we love know n. othing about music bu(Last year t I know whwhen 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 answerbut this year ed by notI am talking liking onlyabout 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 a ccess the dark night of the soul. At the present time, a twelve-tone t!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 the concerned 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

relations ex-is, meaniand g alsince materials 1 tonal relare without feeling, tions are accept there would not have abbeen le. Let us say in lifeany limitation. e: No eIt was all in her arthqu

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mind akes are permisib, le. Wha whereas it be–longed t happens then? All the something in the materials s in the world. begin to sense their at-one-ness when somethin: It became something g by not being happens nothing; that reminds tht would have been em onothing by being f notht: something ng And in th, is way the music of Morton Feldman may actively remind us of notht ng so that its no–continuity will let us allow our lives with all of the th: Should one use the ngs t materials hat happen in characteristic them to of one’s time be simply? what they are and no Now there’s a question t separate from onethat ought to get us another somewhere. It is perfect ly clear that walking a–long the river is one tIt is an intel–hing and lectual question writing music is another and I shall answer it being inslowly terrupted while writing music is still and autobiographically an–o. ther and a backache too. They all go together and it’s a continuity th

I remember at is as a child not a continuity loving that is being clunall the sounds g to or in , —sisted upon. The meven the unprepared omones. ent it be–comes a I liked them special con especially tinuity of I awhen there was one at a time m composing an. d nothing else should happen, then the rest o A five–finger exercise f life is nothing but a sefor one hand was ries of in full of beauty terruptión. s, pleasant or catastrophic as the case may Later on I be. The trut gradually liked h, howeall the intervals ver, is. that it is more like Feldman’s music — anythng may happen and it all does go together. There is no rest of life. Life As I look back is one. W I realize ithouthat I be–gan liking the octave t b; e–ginning, without miI accepted the dde, wit major and minor hout thirds. ending. The co Perhaps, nceof all the intervals, t: beginning m I liked these thirds iddleleast e and meaning co, mes from a sense of Through the music of se Grieg, If which separatI became passionately efond s itself fromof 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 stumblely

Or perhaps you could to call it an end. That thopuppy–dog love ught is, in itself an attempt to stop life, for life for the fifth did not make me g want to write music: oeiit made me want to de–vote my life to s on, indifplaying the works of Grieg rent to the death. s that are part of its n o beginning, no middle. When later I heard no meaning. How much bet modern music, ter to si I took, like a duck mpolyto water, to all the get modern intervals: bthe sevenths, hind and p the seconds, ush! To dothe tritone, the oppand the fourth osite is clownish,. that is: clinging or t rying to force life into o I liked Bach too ne’s a–bout this time own i-de, a of it, of what but I didn’t like the sound it should of the thirds and sixths. be, is on–ly absuWhat I admired in rd. T Bach he ab– suwas the way rdity comes many things from the arwent together tificiality of it, . of not living, but As I keep on of having to re–membering, have I see that I never first an idea really liked the about nothirds, w one and this explains should do it anwhy I never really d the liked Brahms n trying.. Falling down on some one of the various banana peels is what we have b
Modern music can fascinate me: tragedy with all its modern intervals: of separate the sevenths, ness artificethe seconds, ially elevate the tritone, ed. Theand 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 acceptSometimes tshould be single tones, life. And sonor intervals at if one shall, ould object to call inand 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 hobo 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 up takes the ear off it ndis– turbed. If we accept 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 crAfter several years of as working alone w it. Here, Comes Everybody. ThI began to feel e light hlonely. as turned. Walk

Studying with a on. Theteacher, water is fine. I learned that the Jumpintervals in. Some have meaning; will refuse, forthey are not just they sesounds e that the water but they imply is thick in their progressions wita sound h monsters ready to devournot 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? WhereBut I never had any as feeling for it life without: death is no longer life for instance: but only there are some If–pr progressions called self–de–ceptive cadences. preserThe idea is this: vation progress in such a way b as to imply ut eservat the presence on. (This of a tone not actually by the present; way is anothenumin everyone by not thelanding on it –r reason land somewhere else. whWhat 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 questThe whole question is iovery intellectual n, sinc. e life by exercising de However ath settles themmodern music matter cstill fascinated me onclusively for something bu

with all its modern t witintervals hout conclusion. n for nothing. It is noBut in order to thing th have them at goes on an, d on without beginnthe mind had fixed it mio that one had to –ddl void having e or mepro–gressions that would amake 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 andnot fallingap–peal to me The nothing. that goes on is what I began to see Feldman that the separation of smind and ear eaks had spoiled of when he the sounds speaks of being , — sub–merged in silentthat a clean slate ce. Thwas necessary. e ac–ceptThis made me ance of d not only contemporary e, ath is the sourcbut “avant–garde.” e of all I used noises life. So th. at listening to this mUThey 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 spra–bout them ing–board th

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first sound that comes along liked noises; the first seven more than I omission liked intervals. ing into I liked noises nothing arranges as much as I had single sounds sprin
gs us out of that nothing a-rises the next something; etc. like an al-ternating current. Not one sound fears the silence that ex-tinguishes it. And no silence exists. Noises, too, that is not, pregnant had been dis-criminated against with; sound. Some and being American, some said the having been trained ought to be sentimental, er daI fought y, in refer to noises. I liked being eno
on the side of the e to tunderdog he performance of Feldman’s music at Merce Cunningham’s r
I got police cent reer-mission cital: “To play sires. hat kind of musiThe most amazing noise I ever found c if you was that produced by call it means of a coil of wire attached to the music s
pickup arm hould not a phonograph and then beamplified. played in a It was shocking, public h
really shocking, all, and thunderous because ma. ny people and tHalf intelellectually hey stand
half sentimentally art ta, when the war came a-long, linging I decided to use or tittering and the
only result is do not undquiet sounds erstand it. that you can’t hear t! There seemed to me e m
to be no truth, usic be no good, cause of all thin anything big ese extrin society. anecous sound

But quiet sounds s.” Going on, that someone were like loneliness said, “The music could be or
love played and possior friendship bly appreciated, in a home where, nPermanent, I thought ot,
having paid to be en-t values, etained, those independent listeningat least from might listen a
Life, Time and nd not hCoca-Cola ave the impulse to titter or having iI must say t 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 a I begin to hear nd quiet: there would be a bethe old sounds tter chance t — o hear it.” Now whathe ones I had thought worn out, t that someoworn out by ne said de-in the-ntellectualization — scrI begin to hear ibes thethe old sounds de-sire for special cut-off-from as
though they are life cannot worn out ditions: an. ivory tower. But no ! Obviously, they are vory
not worn out tower ex-ists, for there is no possiThey are just as bility audible of keepinas the
new sounds. the Prince Thinking forever whad worn them out thin the. Palace Walls. He will,
willilly nilly, oAnd if one stops thinking about nethem, day get out and suddenly they are seeing

fresh that there areand new. sickness and dea “If you think th (itterinyou are a ghost g and t
you will become a alkinghost g) become the B.” uddha. Be-sides at Thinking the sounds mv
worn out house. you hewore them out ar the b. oat sounds, traffic soSo you see unds, the ne:
ighbors quarrelings, this question the children playing and screambrings us back g in the
where we were: hall, annwhere d on top of it all, the pedals of the piano or, squeak. going back
if you like There is no _getting a-way from liwhere we are fe Now, go. ing on by to what th
at someone said: “That kind of music, if you callI have a story: I it “There was once a man

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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 actually what difference, No, 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 nois and the dis-

cussion es makes little (Shall we have one differlater?) went on until ent they reached the high ce place where the man. Ewas essentially. Which. noise the question is One of the three: do you asked: live, or do you iO, friend n-sist on word standing up there s? If, before yo have 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 go o either n: “Paid to be en. tertainet.” This bringThe third man asked: sAre you not enjoying me the fresh breeze us agaip 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, us you say no we simply start off on the wrong foot. Let’s say for ten years to all our questions everything t? urns out as we imagiThe man on high said ne: d it would and ought.

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 continuw whereas the questions, e: what is emup until then, tertainmesem more intelligent nt than the answers? And. who is being entertained? Heroes are being enSomebody asked teDe-bussyainted 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 wileave out the ones I houden’t want, t preconand use all the others ceived. ideas of what will ha Satie said ppen and re-g ardless of the consequ When I was young, en people told me: es. This You’ll see when is, by thyou’re fifty years ol ew . ay, Now I’m fifty why. it is so difficult to list I’ve seen nothing en to. music we are familiar

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 toof this talk. remain a-live in t More and more he presence of a well-known mI have the feeling asterpath that we are getting ierce. nowhere. Now and then slowly 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 some and that is a pleasure ne

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... said: at the root of the desto be where one isire to app. reciate a piece of it is only irritating usic, to to think one would like to be somewhere else, i iHere we are now t this r oth that that, to hear a little bit after the beginning the unavoidable extraneous of the fourth large part sounds—at the root of all this of this talk is the idea th. at this work is a things eparate from the rest of More and more life, whi we have the feelingch is not the case with Feldm an’s music. We are in th that I am getting e pres nowhereen not of a wo. rk of art which is a thing but of an action which Slowlyh is implicitly not, hing. Nothing has beenas the talk goes on said.

Nothing is communicated. And there is, no use of symbols or inwe have the feeling of the 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 visibl. e manifestation of an inIf we are irritated visible nothing. All sometit not is a pleasureings equa. lly par—take of that lifNothing is not e—givinga pleasure But to go on agif one is irritated in abo, ut someone said: “Whabut suddenly?” And I f, orgot to mention it bit is a pleasure before. He sa, id, “What about all thoand then more and more se silences?” How do I kit is not irritating now when We never know whand then more and more en but being cheerfuand Slowlyl helps. Are there ). other ways than FeldOri originally man’s? Natur ally; something—speaking we were nowhere there a; re an infinite number and now, again of ways. How many doors and we are having windothe pleasure ws? I forgot to say this isn’t a talk abou of being t Morton Feldslowly an’s music. It’s a nowhere. talk within a If anybodyhythmic stru is sleeepycure and that i, s why every now and t let him go to sleepen it. is possible to have abs

Here we are nowolutely nothing; the possibility of nothing — And at the beginning what is of the third unit the be—of the fourth large partginnig of no middles me of this talk, anings and endings More and more? And what is the ending of no bI have the feelingginnin that we are gettings mid nowhere.dles and meaninSlowlygs? If you let it it, supports itself. You doas the talk goes om’t ha , ve to. Each something we are getting is a celebnowerthation of the nothand that is a pleasureing. that supports it. WIt is not irritatinghen we reto be where one is—move th. e world from our sl it is only irritating houlderto think one would likes weto be somewhere else. noHere we are nowtice it d , Where is the responsi a little bit after theability? beginning Responof the third unitsibility of the fourth large parts to oneself; and the highest for of this talkm of it is irrem sponsibility to oneself which is to say the calm More and more acceptanwe have the feelingc of whatever responsibility to others and things comethat I am gettings a—lomnowhereg. If one adopts. this attitude art is a so rt of experimental stadioSlowlyn in which one tri, es out living; one doesnas the talk goes on’t stop

living when one is occuousSlowlyied making the a, rt, and when one is liviwe have the feelingng, th at is, for example, nowwe are getting reading nowhere. a lecture on soThat is a pleasuremethin

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something and which will continue, one d. doesn't stop being occupied. If we are irritated, ma, king the art; should it is not a pleasure I be writing. The piano concerto Nothing is not? Of course pleasure, we are and if one is irritated going to, the movies or explain but suddenly about n, othing or eating an ait is a pleasure: corno, o piano. No "should" and then more and more and no blame. The contit is not irritating inuity that is no continuity is g( and then more and more oing on for evand slowly there is no probel. m a-bout accepting. Originally whatever. With this exception: there we were nowhere is great difficulty in accepting and now, again those th, ings that come from we are having profane pleasure and inner feeling and full of pride and so of being itself-glory assert slowly themselves as somewhere, separate from anyone Finb anybody finer than a is sleepy anything else on, earth. But, actually, let him go to sleep where. is the difficulty? It is t

Here we are nowhere simplest thing in the world to directly see: this at the beginning is an orof the fifth unit an»; thof the fourth large part at is a frog; this is a maof this talk. n being proud; this More and more is a man thinking another man if have the feelings proud that we are getting; etc. nowhere. It all goes to-Slower gether and doesn't require that we try to talk on it more, ove it or feel our inferior we are getting rity or somewhere periority to it. and that is a pleasure. Pr. ogress is out of the It is not irritating question to be where one isn. But in activity is not whatIt is only irritating happen to think one would likes to be somewhere else. There we are nowhere here is , but it is free from co a little bit after them-pulse beginningion, don of the fifth unite from diof the fourth large part interest. And we are free to stoof this talk brooding an. d to observe the effects of our actions. proud, thMore and moreat pride we have the feeling keeps us from ob-serving very clearly.) And what do what I am getting obsessed somewhere: the effects of our actions on others or on ourselves? On our Slowly elves; for if the effects on us are con-duas the talk goes on civet

, o less separateness, less slowly fear, more love, e may walk on then reg we have the feeling ardles of the others. Out of we are getting that lacknowhere. of regard for thThat is a pleasure other rs we will not feel which will continue the need to be competitive, for as i If we are irritatedn thos, e silences that occ it is not a pleasure when t.wo people are confident Nothing is not of each a pleasure other's friendship one is irritated, then, e is no nervousness, onbut suddenly a sense of, at-one-ness When goit is a pleasure from not, hing towards something and then more and more, we have all the Europeait is not irritatingn history of music and art we r(and then more and more emember and there and slowly we can see that t). his is well done but thOriginally e other is not. So-and-so contributed we were nowhere this and that and criteria. Buand now, against now we, are going from somehwe are having to the pleasure wards nothing, and there is no way of s of being paying success or slowly failure since all t nowhere. hings have equIf anybody ally their B is sleepyuddha nature. B, eing ignorant of that let him go to sleep fact is. the only obstacle to en

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Here we are now lightenment. And being enlightened is not some sat at the middle pook 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 gettingsg nowhere. et confused. A Slowlyfter studying Zen, men are men and mou as the talk goes onntains, are mountains. No diffwe are gettherere nownewhere 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 have found in dis-cIt is only irritating ussing to think one would like thebe 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 talkill, but it won’ t work for us, for it’s O (Actually there is no long More and moreer a queswe have the feelingtion of Orient and Occident. All of that is rapidly disathat I am giepppear nowhereng; as Bucky Fu. Iler is fond of pointing out: the movement with Slowly the wind of the O, rient and the movemenas the talk goes on taga

, 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 suppwhich will continuers us.) And, then again if any of yof we are irritateedu are t, roubled still about it is not a pleasure Orient an. d Occident, you can reNothing is notad Eck 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 nowhereupture, a; architecture, even theatrand now, again 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 were nowhere. hen starting toIf anybody be ab-struct, is sleepy artists referred to, o musical practices to set him go to sleep howt. ha what they were d

Here we are nowoing was valid, so nowadays, musicians, to explainat the beginning what of the ninth unitey are of the fourth large part doing, say, “See, the painof this talk. ters and sculptors have been doing it for quite somei have the feeling time.” that we are getting But nowhere. we are still at Slowly the point where, est musicians are clingias the talk goes onng to t, he complicated torn-upwe are getting competitinwhereve 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, alIt is only irritating traditio to 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 hbeginningamony 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 though More and more of leavwe have the feelinging this last section silent, but

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then it turns out I have that I am getting somewhere hing to say. I am after all talking about Morton Feldman's Slowly music and whether, or that is right or wrong as the talk goes on is no

, t to the point. I am doing slowly it. Going on d, oing it. And that is the way we have the feeling way. This morning I thought we are getting of an innominate. ge that might That is a pleasure make clear to some of which will continue well the natural usefulness of FeldmIf we are irritated an's music. It was this: it is not a pleasure do you re mem ber, 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 some and 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 fright ened but simply accewere nowherepts who; t the sound-shift-ing pand now, again erformer, happens to do. Eventwe are havingually t the pleasure he whole mirage disappears. And the philosof being or sought-for slowly something (that nowhere. is nothing) is If anybody obtained. An is sleepy that somethin, g- generating nothing let him go to sleep that i. obtained is that each

Here we are now something is really what it is, and so what happen the beginningens? Liv of the eleventh unite haof the fourth large part pply ever after. And do of this talk. we need a celebra More and more ition? We cannot a void it since I have the feeling each that we are getting thin nowhere. g in life is conSlowly inually just that,. Now what if I'm wronas the talk goes on? Sh, all I telephone Joe Canwe are gettingpbell and nowhere ask him the and that is a pleasure m meaning 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 like or to be somewhere else.) Here we are now He wo,uld know the answer. a little bit after the Hove beginning ver, that of 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 normore and no less serious More and more than an we have the feeling other life--and death situati on. What is needed is that I am getting irresponsiveability. Out o. f Meister Eckhart's sermon, God made the poor Slowly for the rich, I take the following: "If, as the talk goes on goin

, g to some place, we has slowly d first to settle h ow to put the front fowe have the feelingot dow, we should never get we are getting there. If nowhere. the painter h a That is a pleasureed to pl an out every bus which will continuemark 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 day it 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

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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 ask about some slowly 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-no
teenth 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
.

More and more we have the feeling nowhere

, that I am getting

Slowly

, slowly

we are getting nowhere.
.

which will continue .
.

, it is not a pleasure
.
.

, if one is irritated
.

, it is a pleasure
.

, it is not irritating

, and slowly

, we were nowhere ;
.

, we are having the pleasure
.

of being slowly nowhere.
.

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,
for no reason.
I love it.
I love it
for suddenly
I am nowhere.

(My own music does that)
And it seems to me quickly for me.
I could
listen forever
or the Navajo

Yeibitchai stand
near Richard Lippold's
any length of time.
Chinese bronzes,
—

But those beauties
which others have made,
tend to stir up
and I know

I possess nothing.
Record collections,
—

The phonograph is a thing,
—
not a musical instrument
whereas a musical instrument.

A thing leads to other things,
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
you’ve destroyed at least one hundred
records
or, in the case of one sound mirror.

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.

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A lady from Texas said: I live in Texas. We have no music in Texas. The reason they've no music 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.

\[\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\]

**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.
Dr in impolite. ,.,a.,, ....... I,... L I” about, into people message a. Leave sister a after I people a there. There its. To
It be just it. *

Old a... A l in l in one in as areas l it l a is ..”.. “in I I “I all I
The it. A...to. “a on the.
People I. I
to * not to b. Or into. .also I in :it-.it. To or. Toto I I anything * too
lie * did. I there their in tell... I...it. The that to, ..a
.it is * it that t I, I I no... That. .
A. G.., it, I. A I *
, alone. .a a.
J I real... .that
to I I... I... a...
That,
at *
Footsteps
It rzxzailzz or to j l a or or l people air on l as in the l as of current as..”I
available that a,.
, if years. a
I axis and about. “her I “are l..-. I” I known then.. Y /..... J “, I at
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.
Founded in 1963, the Institute of Contemporary Art at the University of Pennsylvania is a leader in the presentation and documentation of contemporary art. Through exhibitions, commissions, educational programs, and publications, ICA invites the public to share in the experience, interpretation and understanding of the work of established and emerging artists.

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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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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.