

Inga

Gosia

Martin

Anna-Maria

Clarence

The end –  
I think we should start  
at the end.

Tell me when.

Granados: a Radio Poem

This piece, about music  
and the death of the Spanish  
composer Enrique Granados,  
is written in an almost  
subvocal voice

*Sprechstimme*

This effect is not to be  
achieved by a literally  
subvocal performance  
but by an interplay  
between sound context and  
the actors' performance.

I imagine the piece to be -

I imagine the piece

to be piece to be in  
the voice of a woman,  
possibly foreign-  
accented, driving  
through  
Sydney.

She's driving through  
Sydney, rush hour

rush hour in the  
evening light

If the voice is accented

possibly foreign-accented

then the accent  
should definitely  
not be Spanish

Granados

The overall feel of the  
piece should be of a  
continuous movement

Radio Poème

a parabolic rise-and-fall  
sense, where sound  
environments blend and  
merge

There can be  
silence, too.  
Martin Harrison.

Martin Harrison

Mark Harris –  
is that right?

This is how I'll probably  
sort of do this piece.

Okay, well do you want  
to just keep on going?

Banking.

Jacques Attali,  
French banker, economist,  
and adviser to President  
Mitterand, a music theorist  
tells us in his book *Noise* –

that the organization  
of music is predictive.  
What it predicts, it's  
not future musics.  
It predicts the way the  
future citizens will live,  
earn, pay and work.

Here is an example:  
it applies both to the  
revolution of 19<sup>th</sup>

What it predicts, however,  
is not the future of music

Century music and  
also to the playing of  
a classical music in  
contemporary conc-  
concert hall– *Shit!*

Banking

This is an example:

and this example applies  
to both the evolution of  
19th Century music –  
it's a 19th Century example  
– and also to the playing  
of classical music in the  
contemporary concert hall.

The piece – one of Brahms'  
symphonies - is performed.

The example is the perform-  
ance of one of Brahms'  
symphonies.

A conductor conducts it. The  
composer has rights over the  
score and is paid for the  
performance. The audience,  
silent and respectful, listen  
to the work.

There's the audience, us

we're silent and respectful.

Clearly, they're not Italians

We are listening to the work.  
And given that we are silent,  
it's fairly clear that we're not  
an Italian audience.

Clearly, they're not Italians

The audience has  
bought tickets  
in order  
to experience the  
particular sort of  
feeling which  
music inspires.

They've bought  
tickets in  
order to  
experience the  
particular sort of  
feeling which  
music inspires.

emotions which relate  
to abstract ideas or that  
sort of direct physical  
sensation which classical  
music shares with  
popular musics

Sometimes the  
audience experiences  
both sorts of feeling.

For the French economist  
all these aspects of staging  
are a moment of preparation.

They are a sign of a  
structure which is  
coming into existence.

They are

an experimental  
“zone’ out of  
which political and economic  
developments  
can be

an experimental  
“zone out of

all compositions  
organize a particular  
economy  
of sounds of things,  
and of experiences  
and impressions.

They are like an  
experimental “zone”  
out of which political  
and economic developments  
can be prophesied.  
And in this way, all  
all composition organizes  
a particular economy –

an economy of sounds

To listen to these purely  
sonorous Brahmsian  
economies gives the  
listener a foretaste of future  
economies of the sense,  
future economies of money,  
future economies which are  
nothing to do with listening  
at all.

And these predicted economies  
are in fact economies

of logic, economies of thought,  
 economies of interaction,  
 economies of how we are  
 going to be with each other.  
 They are not economies of  
 sounds. They are economies  
 of scale, not of scales.

In the example, the bourgeois audience looks on silently at the play of value, the drama of wealth, world war and investment. They buy their connections with production.

With the tickets, they have bought their connection with production. They read the newspapers and they partly influence events.

Attali, famous political economist of sounds, is nearly right. Imagine walking out of a large bank on Boulevard Raspail, thinking the following thought:

late modernist composers are ignored and half understood, yet for all that, these

composers are most accurate  
economic forecasters we have.

In the 80s,  
Madonna and Alan Bond  
were each other's  
prototype

The self-organizing systems  
of a John Cage have become  
the haphazard capitalism  
of the 70s.

In the 80s, Madonna  
and Alan Bond

were, after all, each other's  
prototype.

the exhausted  
bloodless  
post-mortem  
state of this decade of  
the 90s.

The latent, demuscu-  
larized background  
music of Phillip Glass  
inspires  
the exhausted  
bloodless post-  
mortem of the 90s.

The noise bands of today,  
the current nostalgia for  
a music of pure machine,  
all the threshold musics of  
digitalised clicks and taps,  
forecast a future whose  
economic life is that of a  
structured chaos -



The noise bands of today

- while at the same time  
what these musics inspire  
is a permanently latent  
sense of the complete  
absence of value in the  
everyday experience of  
living.

Hands

Hands

Hands

Hands

Hands

Sitting here  
in the Concert  
Hall of the Opera House,  
I am

one person in the  
fifteen hundred  
or so people  
lissing – listening

to Alicia de La-  
de La – rrocha

Sitting here in the Concert  
Hall of the Opera House

Sitting here in the Concert  
Hall of the Opera House

I'm one person  
in the fifteen hundred  
or so people listening to  
Alicia de Larrocha

Sitting here in the  
Concert Hall of the  
Opera House

listening to Alicia de  
Laroccha.

She's playing a selection

of Mendelssohn's  
*Songs Without Words.*

Unlike the courtly audience  
for music, whose theatres  
were arranged so that they  
face each other rather than  
the performer

and who accordingly  
spent most of their  
time  
eyeing each other off or  
eyeing each other off  
or who at the very  
least preferred  
listening to each  
other's gossip  
rather than to the  
music

and  
who talked  
in- rather than to the  
music

and who talked  
in- and who talk  
in-

most of the time they were  
talking incessantly to each  
other during the performance

and who talked  
in- inc-  
in

yeah – in-  
in-cess-ant-ly incess-ant-ly  
incessantly

Unlike that brilliant social  
pandemonium  
an an -  
anonymous silence

It's very different sitting here.

Back then, listening to music  
was like a brilliant social  
pandemonium

but now an anonymous  
silence is the guise of every-  
one around me.

Here in the Opera House  
everyone's attention is  
focussed totally on the  
performer

Everyone looks over each  
other's head

Look,  
everyone's looking over  
the back of everyone else's  
head

No-one  
has a clue who the person  
next to them is.  
What's more

nobody (including myself)  
gives a stuff

And what's more  
nobody (myself included)  
gives a stuff gives a stuff

I've never met there man

there on my left

The one  
with silver hair

A black camel jacket

The one with silver  
hair

A black  
camel hair jacket

I've never met the man  
there on the left

Perhaps later I'll remember  
a powdery complexion  
a good but slightly fleshy face.

What do I call it?

What do I call it?

What do I call it?

So, what do I call it?

An implicit anonymity right  
at the heart of my own  
memories.

Even this implicit anonymity  
isn't really the reason why

okay, okay, again. . . .

Even this implicit  
anonymity  
is not really the reason  
why expressing even a  
single updated version of  
“Excuse me for interrupt-  
ing but –“

“Excuse me for interrupt-  
ing but are you the poet

are you the poet and writer,  
Martin Harrison?”

in other words, offering  
one of the several inter-  
nationally acceptable inton-  
ations of

“Hi, there!” -

“Hi there!”

I’m not even sure

is intrusive.

I’m not even sure later  
on that this man that  
I’ve just described is  
the one sitting next to  
me that night.

I look at people,  
I don’t see them.

I look at people,  
I don't see them.

I look at people,  
I –

I don't see them

They're not – umm -  
they are  
not so

They're not,  
so to speak,  
exactly real.

And in a few hours time  
I'll realise that he's probably  
someone vaguely identified  
from another concert  
and that the entire behav-  
iour of the audience  
is like the behaviour of  
strangers passing each  
other at lunch time down  
George Street.

I do exactly the same.  
Or like boats passing in  
the night.

or like boats passing in  
the night

I do exactly the same.

I do exactly the same.

I do exactly the same!

Besides, if I was obsessed  
with thinking about the  
audience, I wouldn't be  
hearing the late middle-  
aged pianist's notes.

Both of us – he  
(the man beside me,  
not Senora de Laroccha)  
and me are no more than  
a constant concert comp-  
anion.

The friend I came with is  
sitting next on the other  
side, on the right,

The friend I came with

but it would be interrupting  
everybody if we continued  
the conversation we were  
having half an hour before.

Midway through a piece by  
Falla, we vaguely gesture  
to each other

we vaguely gesture

Two doves  
float  
from a bell-tower  
in the south of Spain.

Two doves  
float from a bell tower  
in the south of Spain.

The music covers any  
other kind of attentive-  
ness.

Alicia de Laroccha, probably  
my favourite living pianist,

Do I think this?

Do I *really* think this?



Do I really think this?

Do I really think this?

She's my favourite exponent  
of Spanish piano.

Mmm, she's my favourite  
exponent of Spanish piano.

So much sound from those  
two hands

so much inflection and feel-  
ing from one performer

so much sound from two  
hands so much inflection

so much *noche*,  
so much *hablando*

and feeling from one  
performer -

So much feeling

so much...

so much *pasión*,  
*tan interioridad. Tan*  
*obliteración.*

And if you can just - the-  
 slightly swallow the last  
 'd' it'd be great because  
 that's actually how they *do*  
 do it.

I got it, wait –  
*tan –*  
*tan interor-*  
*tan interioridad*  
*tan obliteración*

It means so much passion,  
 so much interior and so  
 much of the sort of the -  
 obliteration, so much kind  
 of, you know of sss-scribit  
 sss-scribbling it out,  
 you know, rubbing it out,  
 sort of obliteration,  
 wiping it out, basically.

Window with Silhouette

I'm dialoguing with an  
idea -

Window with Silhouette

Does it speak back?

My idea sits in the canvas  
director's chair in front of  
the window, smoking a  
cigar.

Behind the idea, there is  
the view which gives on  
the whole -

I'm going to start all over  
again.

the whole Harbour

Window with Silhouette

I'm dialoguing with an idea –

Does it speak back?

Does it speak back?

From here you can see  
down towards the Heads  
and across to Manly.  
There's a ferry in the  
mid-channel

like a paintbrush that's  
stippled something on the  
canvas.

My idea sits in the canvas  
director's chair in front of  
the window, smoking a cigar.  
Behind the idea, there's the  
view which gives on to the  
whole Harbour.

There's a ferry mid-channel  
about the size of a child's toy.  
Over at Manly the high-rise  
look like blue and white grain  
silos and the Norfolk pines  
along the inside beach create  
a ribbed effect like

I think of the spokes of a  
bicycle wheel turning very  
fast, building an after-image  
of smoothness and corrug-

corri-

corrages-

corrugations

as programmed as a  
response from a com-  
puter

I can't see anything of this

It floats in my head,  
attaches itself to a few  
sounds –

any will do.

The idea has his face  
turned towards me

ations.

The idea has

face turned toward me  
and can't see anything of this.

The idea's conversation is  
as programmed as a  
response from a com-  
puter

It floats in my head,

it attaches itself  
to a few sounds -  
any will do

It hovers in a space which  
anyone can climb up and  
down, move around, leave

behind and return to.

Move around, leave  
behind and return to.  
It's all this movement  
which gives off a sense of

dialogue

dialogue.

I'm going to take this from  
the top again.

Okay, tell me when...

No audience member  
knows the future. No  
audience member knows  
that that note, that sound  
event, that timbre is what this music is predicting.

The Red Sea

No-one knows, no-one can  
speak with certainty.

That's the point.  
No-one knows

Oh, okay [laughs]

No-one can speak with  
certainty.

I've one of those strange  
experiences in which you  
suddenly...

Halfway through an Australia  
Ensemble concert the other  
night,

That's what I'm getting at  
here, isn't it?

I've one of those strange  
experiences in which you  
suddenly -

you suddenly notice

something about the whole  
event going on and not I notice that everyone  
just the detail your atten-  
tion's been fixed on.

I notice that everybody

I notice that everybody is listening.

everybody is listening.

The music is hidden

The ensemble is playing in front of them;

The ensemble plays

the violin notes are flying off in the air

the violin notes fly off in all directions.

There are no repeats

The structure of the music is hidden.

The structure of the music

there is no repeats and no points where the composition oblige the players to conform to the same shape, or the same melody.



and there are no repeats and  
there are no points where the  
composition obliges the  
players to conform to the  
same shape.

No listener can guess what's  
going to happen next.

or the same melody.

No-one in the audience  
can say they "know" the  
music beforehand.

No listener can guess what's  
going to happen next.

I notice that everybody's  
listening

No-one in the audience can  
say that they "know" this  
music

No audience  
member knows the

beforehand

future and no audience  
member knows that

and no audience member  
knows that *that* note,  
*that* sound event, *that* timbre  
is what this music's predict-  
ing.

No listener can guess what  
is going to happen next.  
No-one in the audience can  
say that they "know" this  
music beforehand.

No-one knows, no-one can  
speak with certainty.

No-one knows.

No-one knows, no-one can  
speak with certainty.

only by listening  
  
who are listeners  
take in the whole of a

Only by listening – and  
after we have heard the  
piece – can any of us  
who are listeners

musically unique econom-  
ical structure  
which itself is already  
falling away

which itself is already  
falling away,  
tattered and dissolving

tattered and dissolving

in each of our isolated,  
indissoluble memories

only by listening

tattered and dissolving

in each of our

in each of our isolated

in each of our isolated

indissoluble

indissoluble memories.

Andante

To stand here at the corner  
of the street

To stand at the corner  
of the street

is to be drowned out by  
the deafening roar of  
trucks and cars

is just to be drowned out by  
the deafening  
roar of trucks and cars.

To stand here at the corner,

Standing at the corner  
of the street,

What are you doing?

I wait for the lights to change

for the flow of people  
to cross

I'm just waiting  
for the lights to change

in the temporary gap  
between the traffic.

for the flow of people  
to cross  
in the temporary gap  
between the traffic.

To stand at the corner  
of the street!

Cormorants. . . .  
Cormorants. . . .

Cormorants

The idea  
(it could be the idea for  
a novel)

There's a lot of ummm...  
sort of intercutting in this,  
isn't there?

The idea

(it could be the idea for  
a novel)

a periscope poking up

(it could be the idea for  
a novel)

is like a

is like a periscope poking  
up through,

The idea

is like the neck of ummmm

My novel  
(it's based on fact)

swivelling round over, then  
peering across  
grey Atlantic  
waves  
some sixty  
nautical miles to the  
north-east of the  
Bay of Biscay.

is like the neck of a  
cormorant poking up  
from a dive

My novel

is like the neck of a  
cormorant

birdfishhhhhhhhhhh  
birrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrd-

fishhhhhhh – swimming

where it's been  
birdfishswimming  
for dark

a black neck caught  
just at the moment of rising  
from down under the surface

This is a film-shot:

glancing fish-shapes.

This is a film-shot:

This is a film shot: it's a  
film-shot of a U-Boat

it's a film-shot of a U-Boat

This is a film-shot  
It's                    it's

speeding though underwater  
darkness

No

searching for its prey

No, I don't think it is:

No, I don't think it is: I think  
I'm thinking of cormorants  
off the main beach at  
Hawk's Nest.

I don't think it is

If I ever had a stopwatch with me I could work  
out how long they can stay underwater  
one minute

I'm thinking of

two minutes

one minute  
two minutes

The pianist's hands are  
playing rapidly, intermin-  
ably – like sunlight glitter-  
ing on water -

I could work out how long

they can stay underwater across the wave-effects  
of the piece

one minute  
two minute

until we enter a nook or  
cranny away from the  
cloud-storm.

Sometimes when playing  
the piano and arriving at a set of chord which  
requires particular kind of emphasis -

See what I'm trying to get  
at with this is actually to  
give a sense of it – ah –  
that it is actually as if some-  
one is playing -at this point  
- I mean literally playing  
the piano.

It's like the- the- the hidden  
text is that sense of what  
it's like if – when you are  
sort of, you know, playing  
the piano when you're  
trying to work out movement  
in that abstract sense

Sometimes when playing  
the piano and arriving at  
a set of chords  
which requires particular



kind of emphasis your  
hands striking the keys –  
you can have the sense

your hands striking the  
keys

you can have the sense

Sometimes when playing  
the piano and arriving at  
a set of chords which  
requires particular kind of  
emphasis - your hands  
striking the key

you can have the sense  
that the waves

and driving at a set of  
chords

This is a film-shot

your hands striking the  
keys

Sometimes  
when playing the  
piano

you can have the sense  
that the waves

you can have the sense  
that the waves part.

I like that little bit [*laughs*]  
I do actually. I really like it.

Night

Night

Night

repeating the  
Orpheus drive of every  
artist

Now this actually quite  
ummm  
full-on all of this, isn't it?

the composer Granados  
jumps into the sea of  
death.

into the sea of death.

His wife floats there

Repeating the  
Orpheus drive

a pale white face, barely  
surfacing from the turbul-  
ent waters, caught halfway  
in the choppy waves bet-  
ween the two life-boats.

into the sea

One of them is crowded to  
the gunwales, the other  
nearly empty.

the other nearly empty

New York travellers,  
French returners, Spanish

bor-hes  
bor- bor- bor-  
borge-es-as

returnees  
French returnees

Spanish borghesas

French borghesas in fox fur

and, what's worse from  
Madrid! - cling desperately  
to the ropes

to the ropes dangling from  
the over full boat

Waves and panic weaken  
their grip and force them off

in this moment of shock

New York travellers,  
French returnees

Spanish borghesas in  
fur coats

Spanish borghesas in fur-furs

and, what's worse,  
from Madrid!

Spanish borghesas in fox furs

I mean a perfectly  
tranquil detail

In these moments of  
shock -

the still epicentre at the heart of a head-on  
collision

So here at this moment,  
what Granados sees is like

you notice

a sea-light  
flickering on rough,  
opaque green glass

a perfect,  
I mean a perfectly tranquil, detail

Spanish  
borgheas

you notice

In these moments of shock

the moments of shock

It's a range of snow-  
covered mountains  
where faces roll in the  
thh-row

It's a range of a snow-  
covered mountains  
where

It's the light a range of  
snow-covered mountains  
can have

It's just I who see this  
bit.

as if herd of ummmmm

It's a sea where faces roll  
in the troughs  
legs poking upright as if a  
herd of Breughel's Icaruses  
had just landed  
or as if a swarm of human-

Breughel? – ah, Breughel?

oid meteorites are caught  
in the very moment of land-  
ing from outer space

It's just I who see this  
bit, Granados doesn't  
see it.

They crash onto a moon  
grey blurred surface

They crash  
onto a moon's grey blurred  
surface

Repeating this movement  
again and again,  
falling and flickering from  
all directions

and I imagine it

They have a hallucinatory  
effect on the eyes.

They have  
hallucinatory effect on the  
eyes

It's just I who see this bit

Granados doesn't see it.

Next moment Granados  
see it, I imagine it

Granados  
doesn't see it

Next moment

The composer Granados  
climbs over the freshly  
painted balustrade and  
jumps forty feet off what  
is now the vessel's lurching

cliff-side.

Orpheus-like in the  
pursuit of his wife

It's just I who see this bit.

What he can't see is that  
the vessel's stern is already  
thrust upwards like a duck's  
bum surrounded by swirling  
vortices which will

upwards like  
a duck's bum  
surrounded by swirling –  
swirling...

What he can't see is  
that the vessel's stern  
is already

The composer Granados  
climbs over the freshly  
painted balustrade

surrounded by the swiv-  
elling vortices. . . .  
vortices?

forced under

threshing around it

surrounded by swirling  
vortices which will pull it  
and the human flotsam  
threshing around it  
to the bottom

and the human flotsam

to the bottom .  
This is how the composer  
Gran - Granados  
disappears from the human  
stage

flotsam?  
flots-  
oh, okay  
floatsam –

Life's real fraud begins

Orpheus-like in pursuit of  
his wife. The bows of the  
ship are like the head of a  
man who is being held  
under the water

I never heard that

This how the composer  
Granados

This is how the composer  
Granados disappears  
from the human stage

Orpheus-like

Someone  
somewhere

Orpheus-like an

Orpheus-like  
in pursuit of his wife

pursuit of his wife

like a vortex,  
like a propeller screw,  
like a circle –  
a circle

[the] bows of a ship  
are like the head of a  
man who is being held  
under the water,  
forced under until he  
drowns.

At last as after every dec-  
eption, as after every cool-  
ness, all nightmares

all nightmares

At last

leave Mozart's fair and

prosperous winds in the  
mind of the dreamer.

Dorabellas

and Fiordligis

sing to an imaginary  
departing ship

the illusions of meaning

Someone, somewhere,  
starts pulling the strings.  
No-one quite

No-one quite says what  
they mean

even if they sing

The rhyme continues

Dorabellas

and Fiordligis

sing to an imaginary  
departing ship

the illusions of meaning,  
depth, certainty

No-one quite says what  
they mean, even when  
they sing  
The rhyme continues  
with its rhyming

No-one quite says what  
they mean

Life's real fraud begins

someone,  
somewhere

The rhyme  
continues

The chasm of dark,

blind sea



with its rhyming. The plot  
goes around in circle

like a propeller screw  
like a circle

Like a propeller screw

like a propeller screw,  
like a circle – circle, that  
is, provided you ignore  
it's movement and focus  
on the abstract shape of  
the hollow.

a circle

oh, it's still shock this,  
yep

A duck caught in its spins  
like a ball going down a  
spiral track

focus on the abstract shape

It is the end of the  
piece

It-it's sort of shock, but get-  
ting into that slightly blissed-  
out state –  
almost like an anaesthetic  
state

What could possibly be  
in the mind of a composer  
as he climbs over the rail-  
ing other than an intense  
sense of the mid-night star  
to which he strikes  
all over again those chords

to which he strikes

on his piano  
 What could possibly be in  
 the mind of the composer  
 implying through each  
 surround of each isolated  
 note his dark house, still-  
 ness,  
 melancholy a chasm  
 where everything of dark blind sea  
 lovely in his life, sleepy as  
 the distance between the  
 small town  
 and the farm-dog barking  
 up the valley,  
 prepares itself for tomorrow  
 of reading  
 going for walks  
 and answering letters  
 all over again  
 which strikes all over  
 again those chords on the  
 piano – in his piano

the chasm of dark  
 It is the last we see  
 blind sea makes sure of  
 that

It is the last we see of  
 Granados. It is the last note

The rhyme continues with  
 its rhyming  
 the plot goes round in circles  
 like a vortex

going for walks

It is the last we see of

It is the end of the piece.

Granados. It is the last note.

It is the end of the piece.

sleepy as the distance between the small town and a farm-dog barking up the valley, prepares itself for a tomorrow of reading, going for walks, and answering his letters

It is the last we see of Granados.  
It is the last note.  
It is the end of the piece.  
Wow!

Banking and its Alternatives

Banking and its Alternatives

Banking and its Alternatives

If music compositions which is the structuring of a sound common to a whole epoch predicts the arrival of a future economy

	does a single phrase	Okay, now this is a bit more quirky	If music composition which is the structuring of a sound common to a whole epoch
	the one you hear right now	the one you hear right now	
	predict the particular outcome of life		predicts the arrival of a future economy
		Let me give you a –	does a single phrase
		the sense of it	
	If I had written Granados’ El Amor y la Muerte	yeah, and it’s slightly crazy. I mean, if I had written	the one you hear right -oooh!
Mour- Muerte	would I drown in a war-time atrocitiy?		
		If I had written Granados’s El Amor y la Muerte would I drown in a war-time atrocitiy?	
	I mean, we’ve all heard about the	I mean, you know, we’ve all heard about the	
	about the dance orchestra that went down playing as the Titanic sank, but	dance orchestra that went down playing as the <i>Titanic</i> sank, but how many composers were on board at the time?	

but how many composers how many composers  
 were on board at the time? were on the board at that  
 Two. Three. Four. Fifty. time  
 Fifty. Fifty.

Two?

Three?

Four?

Fifty.

Fifty.

Fifty.

Two? Three?

Four?

And it's – I guess this is

[*Two?*]

going to be difficult

[*Three?*]

but it

[*Four?*]

it's g- Two?

[*Fifty*]

Three? Four?

[*Fifty?*]

[*Fifty*] Fifty?

Fifty?!

[*You know, you're*] Fifty?!!

[*counting a rhythm*] Fifty.

[*Two. Three. Four*]

Fifty?

[*Two. Three*] Fifty.

Fifty?

[*And so on*]

Fifty.

[*Two. Three. Four*]

Two. Three. Four.

[*Fifty.*]

Fifty.

Fifty.

The movement of vessel –  
of a vessel falling through  
deep water is perhaps  
that of a waltz  
step

The movement  
of a vessel  
falling through the deep  
water is perhaps that of a  
waltz step  
forwards,  
to the  
side and around,  
gathering momentum like a  
Ravel's La Waltz as it  
becomes crazier  
more and more  
frenzied and  
  
more deadly

Fifty?!  
Fifty!

[Fifty?!]  
Fifty?!

The movement of a vessel  
falling though deep water  
is perhaps that of a waltz step.

The movement  
of a vessel falling through  
deep water

deep water  
is perhaps that of a  
waltz step, forwards  
to the side and round,  
gathering momentum  
like Ravel's Le Waltz,  
as it becomes crazier  
more and more  
frenzied and more  
deathly.

All great music plunges to  
the depths hurtling down  
in a scatter of bits and pieces  
which fly off in all directions.

That is the movement to the  
ultimate, to the furthest point.

All great music plunges  
to the depths.  
That is the movement  
to the ultimate

the furthest point.  
But at the same time all  
great music makes list-  
ening into an ecstasy

a release

a standing outside of the  
self a standing away from  
the language

death-  
free zone which paradoxi-  
cally experiences a post-  
mortem state

ecstasy

a release

death-free zone

As I drive and listen to  
music,

I am in this kind of after-  
death state.

ecstasy

a release

a standing away from  
language, a standing  
in some death-free zone

All great music plunges  
to the depths, hurtling down  
in a scatter of bits and  
pieces which fly off in all  
directions

into an ecstasy

a release

ecstasy

ecstasy

ecstasy

la la la la la la la la la  
 la la la la la la la la

Think about it:

As I drive and listen to  
 music

I'm  
 in this kind of after-death  
 state

As I drive and listen to  
 music

I'm in this kind  
 of after-death state  
 Think about it:

I'm not sure what the  
 la la la la

The chorus of a thirteenth  
 century troubadour song  
 speeds along broadway –  
 la la la la la la la la la

wait – la la la la la la la la la

la la la,  
 la la la la,  
 la la

la la la, la la  
 la la, la la  
 la li la li la

la, la la la la, la la la la, la

And there're now so many  
 epochs coexisting in a  
 single musical time,  
 jungle, house



	Think about it		
jungle house			jungle house
musica antiqua		musica antiqua musicas practicas musiche mondiali the musique concrète when you roll down the window and hear the build- ing site on the corner of Campbell and George.	musiche mondiali musicas practicas the musique concrète
	Think about it		
		So, what is the time which is coming if not a time of restoration, or re-viewing, or re-discovery?	
		Full of little choices full of little moments	So, what is the time which is coming
	Think about it		
		Re Do Re Far in the future	
	jungle, house, musica antiqua, musicas practicas		Full of little choices, full of little moments. Re Do Re Far in the future

musiche mondiali  
 the musique concrète  
 when you roll down the  
 window and hear the  
 building site on the corner  
 of Campbell and George  
 So what is the time  
 which is coming if not a  
 time of restoration or  
 re-viewing or re-discovery  
 Full of little choices  
 full of little moments  
 Re Do  
 Do Re Far

Re Do  
 Re  
 Re Do  
 Re  
 Re Do  
 Re

Full of little choices  
 full of little moments

I love the way you did it  
 just the first time actually,  
 which which, you went  
 [*it was wonderful*]  
 you know, the sounds were  
 full of little choices  
 full of mo- er-- little moments  
 [*and so that you got the  
 joke perfectly*]

mmmmm what about  
 that um mmmmmm  
 la la la la la

Enrique Granados and  
 his wife are returning  
 from the New York per-

Enrique  
Granados  
and his wife  
are returning from the  
New York performance  
of his opera version of  
*Goyescas*.  
The torpedo which strikes  
the passenger ship brings  
about one of the great  
artistic losses of the century

So much music goes down  
under the water  
into the city  
into the underwater  
machine roar  
Like a spark from a fire  
into the night sky

formance of his opera  
version of *Goyescas*.  
The torpedo which strikes  
the passenger ship brings  
about one of the  
great artistic losses of the  
century

Like a spark from a fire  
into the night sky

His music is  
expresses not a nostalgia  
for the past but a vivid  
nostalgia for the present  
moment

His music

nostalgia already there in

the feeling of the present  
moment

This is quite different from  
sadness or melancholy  
or from the energy-dispersing  
sense that so many places in  
this city express

His music expresses  
not a nostalgia

This quite different from  
sadness or melancholy

Instead the feeling of  
Granados's music

is a feeling to do with the  
human completeness-  
ess-ess

His music

the human completeness

the human completeness  
of time

Instead the feeling of  
Granados's music

It's a time  
neither to do with the  
soul, nor with the clock

is a feeling to do  
with the human  
completeness of time

the feeling of Granados'  
music is a feeling to do  
with the human complete-  
ness of time. It's a time  
neither to do with the soul

nor with the clock

again!  
on traverse!

Nor simply to do with those  
contemporary senses of  
glimpse, flash, impact,  
sample

It is a time neither to do  
with the soul  
nor with the clock

It is  
musical time of  
human doing and human  
action as if someone should  
step outside a house at a  
night to smoke a cigarette  
and find there among the  
crickets clinking and not  
just the inspiration for the  
next thought and the next  
change in direction but the  
fact the simple plain bare

not just the inspiration  
for the next thought

fact  
that  
these things

not just the inspiration for  
the next thought  
and the next change in  
direction

are there

that they go on

but the fact  
the simple, plain,

that these things are  
there

and they go on

Granados:

Radio Poem

bare  
fact

that these  
things are there  
that they go on.

*[It leaves us with a very slight  
not overdone but a very] good  
[slightly quizzical sense]*  
it's good

hmmmm?

It's very umm

très bien

that ending is very uh –  
*[well, I must take my-]*  
aaaaah  
*[my ears are falling off!]*