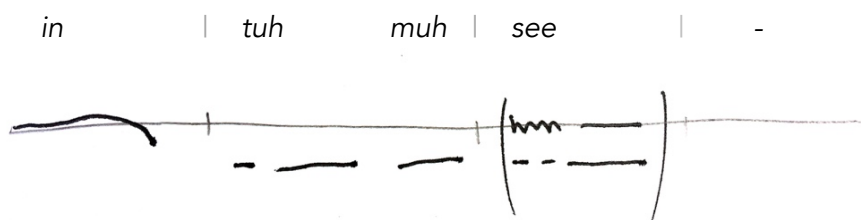


What is left if we aren't the world (2021/22)

For any instrument(s), object(s) and speaking/singing voice(s)

Walking, standing, or sitting somewhere, inside, or outside, alone or with others.

If inside, we may want to leave a window or a door open to the outside.



We sound the (melodic, rhythmic, textural) contours of each of the above syllables as a single or repeated short, medium, or long tone, always pausing for a few breaths on the 4th interval. We do so again and again, each in our own time.

Sudden pandemonium to begin with, *but not an apocalypse* (sustained for a while, fff).
Recurring occasionally as we attempt to attune ourselves to the swirling flows of our inner and outer surroundings, *of something beginning (dim.)*.

Until we are done, until we feel or sound indistinguishable from what is there, *finding ourselves inside of something (ppp)*.

During the two years of the pandemic, I spent most of my days at my makeshift desk in my conservatory or garden studio in Thornton Heath (South London), breaking this quasi-monastic routine with occasional stay-over trips to Saltdean for friendship, sea air and wild swimming. In both places I was relishing that new pervasive inner and outer quietness, amid the global pandemonium.

*It reminded me of Franco Berardi's description of chaos as our attempt to reconcile the swirling flows of our surroundings with our own intimate internal rhythm of interpretation. **

*Of Timothy Morton's provocative question: what is left if we aren't the world? **

*Of Luce Irigaray's invitation of being in the cosmos, one towards the other... sustained by an ideal.**

* *Breathing, Chaos and Poetry*, Franco 'Bifo' Berardi (2018)

* *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, Timothy Morton (2013)

* *To be two*, Luce Irigaray (2001)