

PORTMANTEAUX /// DOCUMENT

STEPHEN WILLEY /// EDWARD NESBIT

Brick Lane Projection 1.



Portmanteaux (Terminus #1)

1.

Stalkers eight pedicel prick manila into street

Regardez les briques brillantes, hawkers assassin

Fly nail _ ash _ calcite moons _ autoclave cloy

Malevolent cloister **plus** le **temps** et l'espace: deafen

Shed oyster shatter cobble to bakery barracks

Miasma tongues faulty torque embrace sky halls

Un probleme de la vie quotidienne: throttle loss

Gaze vaunted gather lit.

Fisheye lens.

Red red alabaster///

There are words for your love aleatoric

Circadian spinnerets: cavalcade of centers, aleurone

Fait gasp **pain**.

Jitter fleuron sepia stymied lead septic death,

Skeptic light rusted post-blonde so basal sweet

My date coagulated, rivers infect yeast into mean

Braced in every brick this thought.

()

Everything Quotidian:

Everything is Night:

My **loulou**; my wig

A haunted **Rue**

Wigmore Hall Performance

[Click here](#)

Programme Note, Wigmore Hall, 5th/4th/08

Monuments, in their grandeur and imposing splendour, are manifestly present, while simultaneously marking an absence: they refer to a time since passed. The piece which now erupts into Wigmore Hall stands as a monument to a collaborative process which began months ago in an alley café off Brick Lane. Bound into its form is the staining dirt of the journey, telescoped into this moment and sung through the body of the French soprano Emilie Brégeon.

Drawing on Emilie's nationality and the concept of translation, two poems were written which play on the ambiguities between the French and English languages, and broadly situate themselves within the two sites of Wigmore Hall and Brick Lane. The poems, translated into two sets of musical material, are presented simultaneously: at every given point the voice is singing one of the poems while a setting of the other is rendered by one or more of the instrumental lines.

There are several words in the poem whose meaning changes depending on whether they are contextualised within a French or English Lexicon. These words, or portmanteaux, are written in bold in poem 1 and form points of transition to or from poem 2, which contains these words as well as the text presented here. At some of these transition words the voice and instruments swap roles, and so neither poem is sung in its entirety. Thus, like the monument, the text in performance is both present and absent: the form of the piece points away from itself to something that is irretrievably lost.

Fragment of Music 1 (18th/8th/07)

Handwritten musical score on five staves. The first staff contains the title "Sempne ff" and a circled "1". The second staff features a treble clef and a chord with notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The third staff shows a 7/8 time signature and a chord with notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The fourth staff has the word "Red" and a horizontal line. The fifth staff includes a treble clef, a circled "1", and a chord with notes G4, A4, B4, C5. The sixth staff contains a treble clef and two chords with notes G4, A4, B4, C5.

Fragment of First Translation: Music to Words

trees tip shuffle
 or elm your earl into saliva,
 cloth lance fans frame finger
 ruffle ottom heirs fens real
 ottoman
 slip

ridges your body slapping loosely
 my hand hits metal pins
 thigh spanner lanced fa a
 augment looping argument
 answer

an
 slip

laugh
 ail
 laugh
 ail

laugh
 ail

s of (B) to the point where all colours be
on, as oppressive as oxygen, as necessary
from a living on the **inside** for too long,
may be utterly **unapparent**, forgotten ab
g memory, which **may be called** awakening
nd material, that this **new existence** has ar
d by it, and in the **final analysis** is compl
ie. This analysis is **supported** by the music,
ession up through **several distinct** pitches,
e movement is restricted, as only four note
s not enough time **given** to dwell within t
complete forgetting within the listening
ally is, in terms of melody and rhythm qu
e is viewed apart from its linear progressio
tem (A) is wholly dependent of the sound
e. **This** is because the **rigour** implicit in
quite blind to its fate, utterly fixed onto a
ion; the calm clean rocks of amnesia. Ho
rt piece being focussed around themes of d
rangement and a composed construction.
n; real destruction is non-evident, at the p
ody, destruction's holistic shell. Seen in th

Contextual Notes of First Translations

he music appears as a precisely arranged **machine** through which the nuts and bolts are tightened to **produce** effects, which from the present perspective, seem alien to the time wholly recognisable. The sound material is audibly available as is the scene transparent.

- Neatness of form, **machine** like quality, parts of machine adjusted

More than a hundred years before it was fully manifest, the colossal acceleration of living was heralded in the tempo of production. And, indeed, in the **machine**. [...] the tempo in machine operation effects changes in the economic tempo

from: Louis Rainer Lanfranchi, *Voyage a Paris, ou Esquisses des homes et des choses dans cette capitale* [3,1] in Walter Benjamin's Arcades Project.

For if, as I found recounted in some book or other, sailors at sea used to catch Flaubert's lamp as he worked through the night, and take their bearings from it, the light house beam, so too it might be said that when he 'unloaded' a good round phrase the regular rhythm of one of those **machines** used in excavating."

from: Marcel Proust, *Chroniques* (Paris, 1927), p. 204 (A Propos du 'style' de Flaubert"). [K3,1] in Walter Benjamin's Arcades Project.

Lift the skin, dissect: here begin the **machines**. It is then you lose yourself in an abstract substance, something alien to everything you know, and which is nonetheless essential

from: Paul Valery, *Cahier B, 1910* (Paris <1930>, pp. 39-40 [K9,3] in Walter Benjamin's Arcades Project.

The whole Tone Scale:

When one of these scales is played on a piano or especially a harp, starting from a low octave and ending at a high octave, while at the same time pressing the sustain pedal, the result is a "dreamy" sound. This sound is used in movies to signal the change from "reality" to a dream, or back from the dream to reality. This is especially emphasized by the fact that triads built on such scale tones are augmented. Indeed, on such scales, the whole tone scales do not give a strong impression of the whole or continuity.

It is one of the tacit suppositions of psychoanalysis that the clear-cut antithesis of **making** has no value for determining the empirical form of consciousness of the human self, until the collective sizes upon them in politics and history emerges."

[K1,5] in Walter Benjamin's Arcades Project

Fragment of Text 1 (18th/8th/07)

Poem:::

balk spoke the headed raided dock
london catch glitch your gentle descent
is paginated with dissent with a top
note of roses always roses blue lush
roses mark the dead dead blue roses
lash a pretty tongue

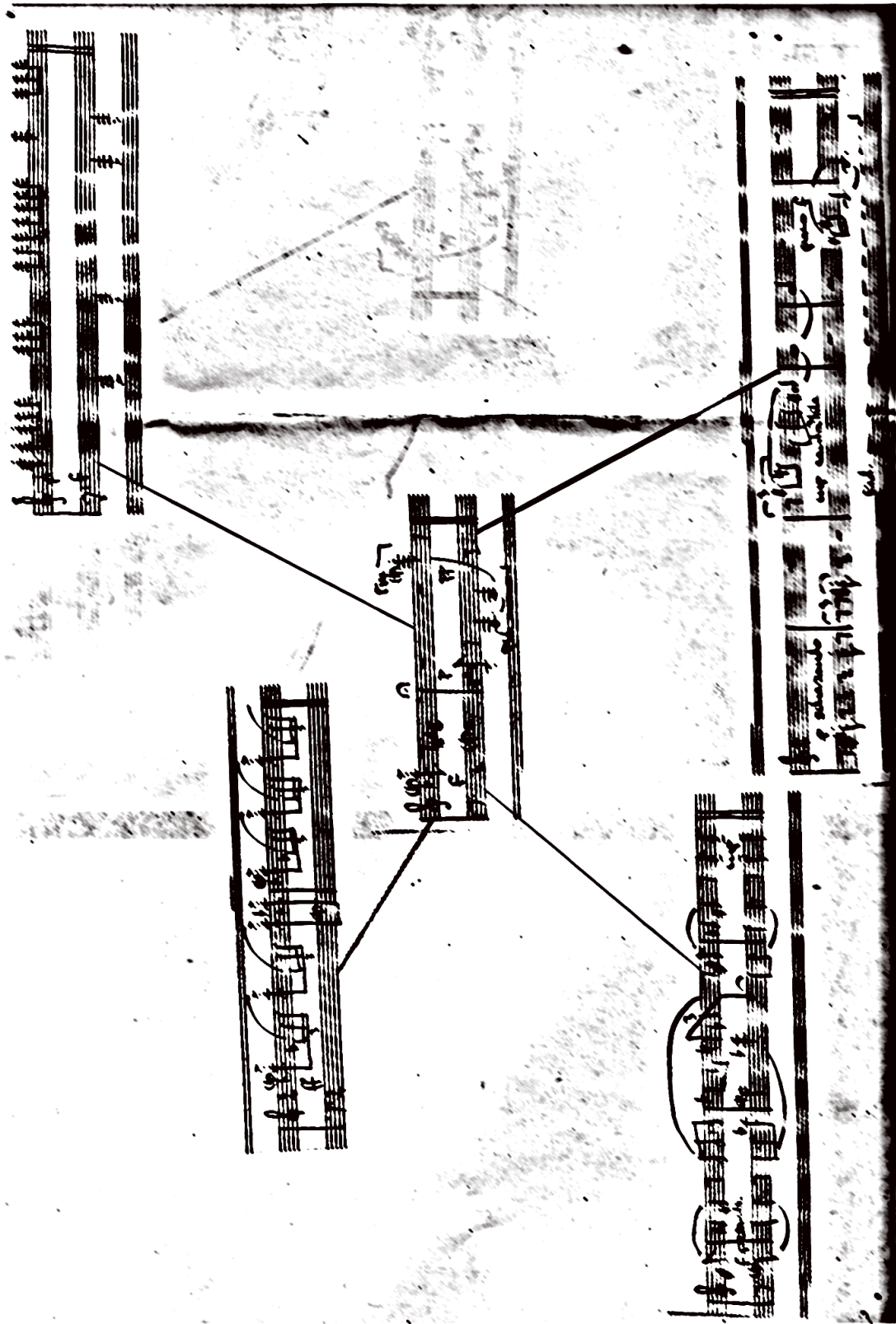
at a point in the collectors ware
ation terminates this might be t
terminal, the hours of the journe
between two nation states
e terminate together and spend. t
trapped in.

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ation terminates this might be t
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Fragment of First Translation: Words to Music



Frankfurt, 18 November 1956

I dreamt of a catastrophic fire. In the cosmic inferno all the dead reappeared in their former shape for a few seconds, and I realized: only now are they truly dead.

1001 Accidental Fires

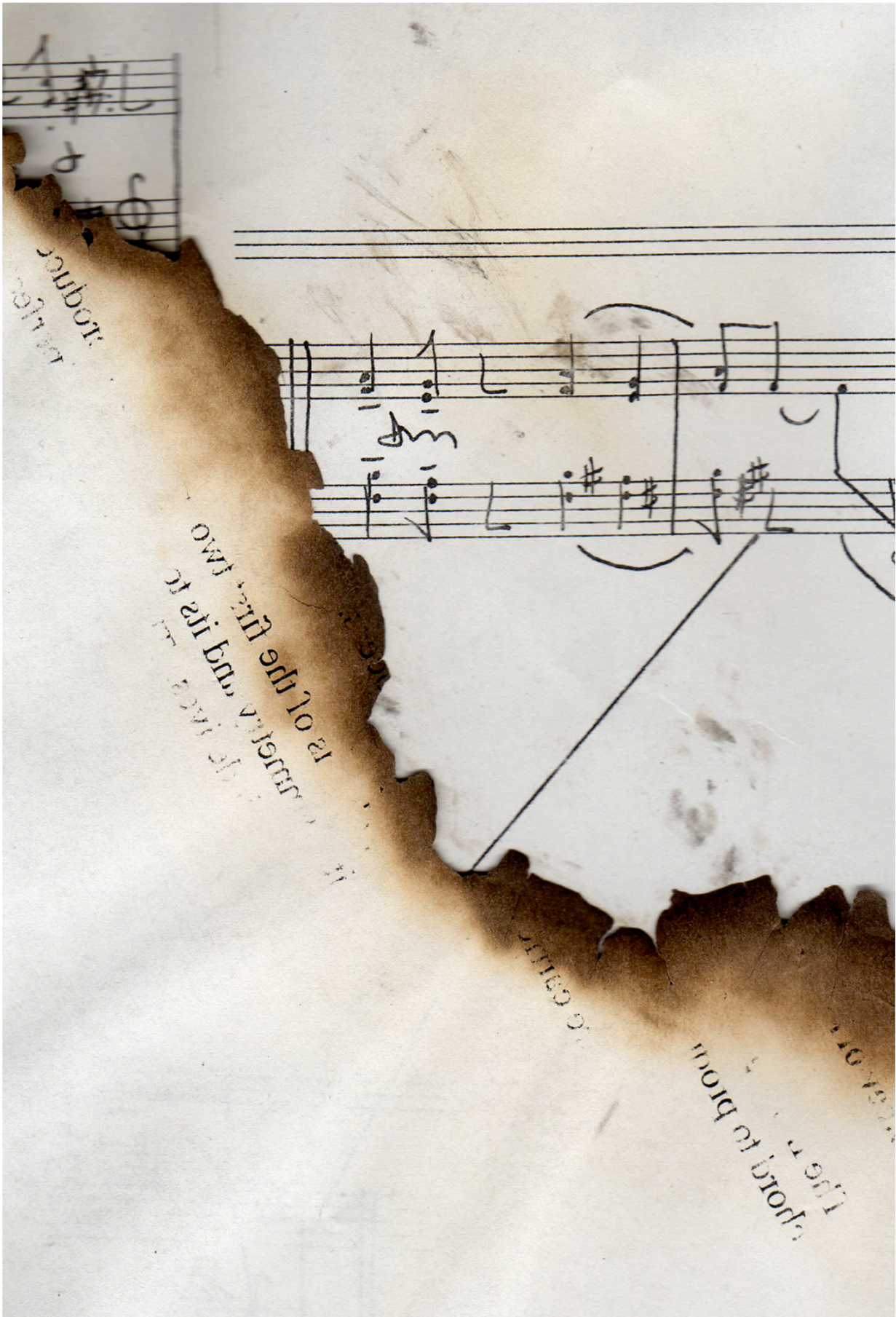
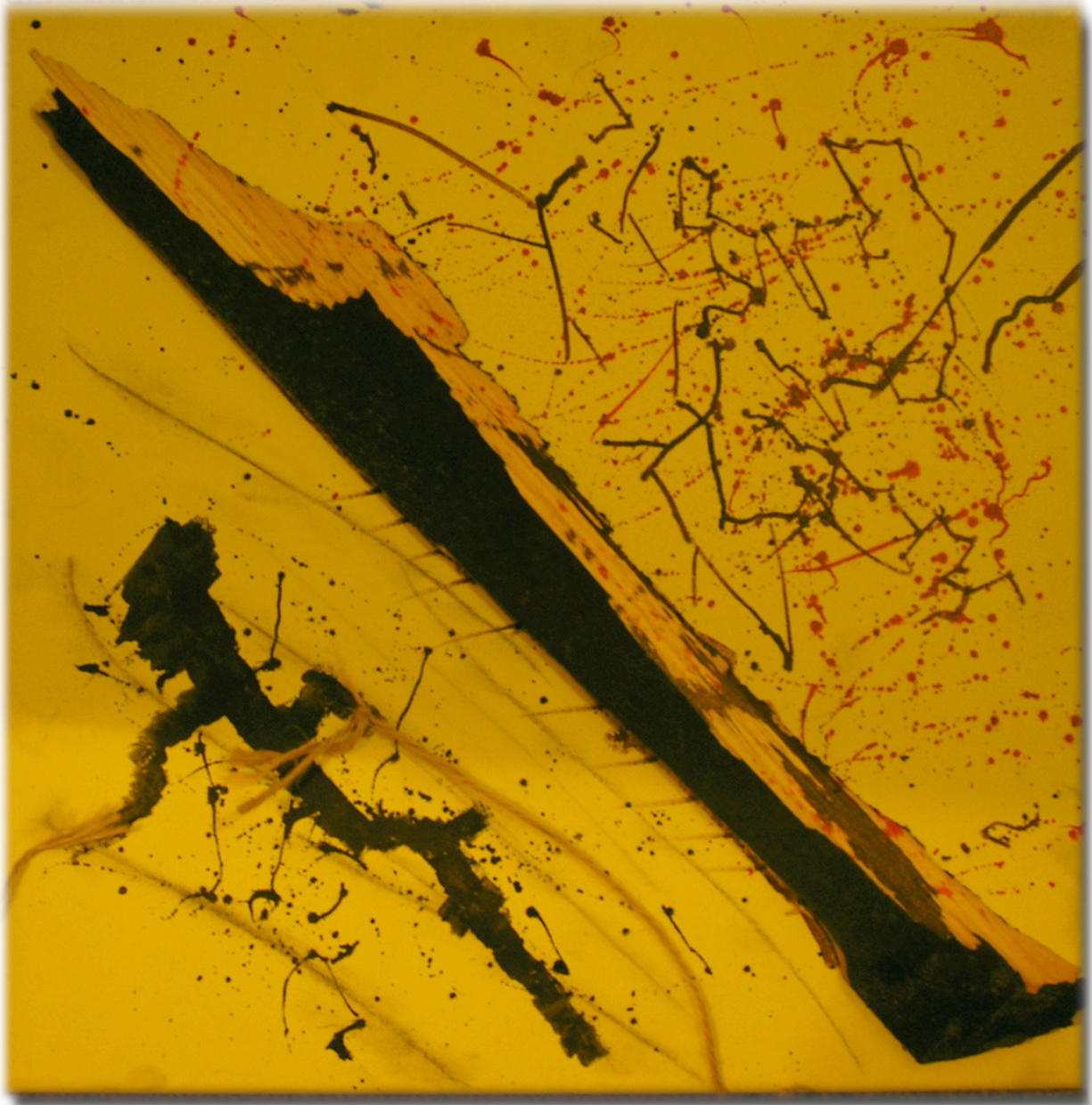


Image 4 of Translation 2. Music to Poem



Translation 2 Music to Painting to Poem

Sick or condiments, please pass the Butter Mountain
Rickets six dissonant passenger viruses raise eyes
one more occasional gasp of sight, a deep green bile
poem, drains mossy fields into thick hedgerows, health

corpuscular hedge funds fulfil all haemophilic urges
phototropic, when he ejaculates, illness his heads distend
shiver, breath tears build on veins leafed & cancerous
hash & clump the green wood inks out tilts of pelt

ilia's lilt unapparent, white milk corners, copses
Munchausen's minus sympathetic thrash sores
there's no feigning shitting the bed and that's not
real scent of pine your spraying this headache

treatment shows a discrete trend to kill cats dead
gather in the slender crop avaricious abattoir sure
garlic will cure it & his dutiful drip was putrid
his masculine clamp bore lead on my trill finger

& tongue after all its cheaper && there's a stone in my core
oh baby & flinted window, & I'm love sick all over
you again but the blood pressure reads negative, pallets
so you better accept it for there's certainty in maths
submersions and sewers commit slow nitrogen narcosis

under baths 'O' its good for us both, get ill with me,
I'll slide in behind so there's an absence
romance in sixty watt mirrors tiled & is it wrong
to use one family members funeral six times as certified
excuse? 'O' come gorge on the condiments and make sick.

SICK



Translation 2.

house late to taken up this cleaning
remember this stranger ply homed squats
not amongst our optic loft band loch
width or sift drunken digit, yawned Yale

yearns, psychotic chords haunt occlude
they include still deep distractions bilge
they rosy resin violence tar bulge
letters accrue, doorstep interests

you like chains, holds my history
askew black fibre brass, throat so crossbeam
sex many forgotten categories plucked
all Hawthorn's petals mollusc flake

five levers insure with white thorns bleed
in double glaze deeds and cut inheritance
tax promulgates this shell lease case,
we butter cook whirl tracts, neutral as Helvetica,
extract spurts translate two dead sun -

- flowers court threats (they sit outside
my window) come self-inflicted red lettered
growl, come refuse letter box pink, come Autumn
let they be your glory hole abjure the adjure greys

this tiling roof insulates lead sick memory
bathroom scat glass apnoea, hallway scarf hung
wrench missionary fractious masturbate
through every shinned regime, desolate sheen
she said, desolate and hot, hot my dopamine house.

BATHS

work what entropic value sinks between
Kelly Rowland's chiffon toile, chain
gang trudge treadwheel or Calvinist ethics
severance package dished up TV dinner

anchor weighs to the world house-
before work, rent in our own flesh
attrition applies across dispersed sites
a black wood scowls and bleeds

pixilated positioning of unionised bodies
ingrown as toenails pullulating made
outcast flies a bound process of death and
invitation they'll lick the concrete cracks

subcontracted language gags on staves
the pink sunlight hues dapple Stansted
harvest planes lay off all uniformed in oil
sack the symmetrical land and watch blue rape

translation is obfuscation in labour
lawfully wed and two croppy clusters kiss
yeah I heard it God squats in this house
man! on the third day the open plan office

Apprentice viewing figures whelm in soy
tawny toys coteries of Tamagotchi ingots death from saturated
she's singing "d-do it baby get it don't come
around if you gonna let me down you gotta
get it all the way in I wanna see you work"

Translations

mind splinters rives bees anti personnel land
mines, Rhazez long since despaired into lunatic
chattering, tone row general issue ten, you whisperer
you betrayal, you negatives speak landfills dark

subconscious glottal unbroken interiority and ethanol
history will deep clean 'A' spectre haunts grey channel
five the prize one cerebral cortex, arrays mass & bundle
neutral, your face melt Helvetica, swap this broken brown

box graphite gazebo coat, fish hook this word neuron
synapse placebo of maps, cool saffron bisque luminous
coordinates form Cambridge to brown insomniac lounges
biopsychosocial silver slice, first vertical, replete

totemic health, our friends, ill interruptions, yelp demonic
ego-dystonic, catalogue stones, they draw us thus
no not you, where have you gone? vapid oak, black marks (Emily)
sing me a French throat, mushroom, bodies, neuropils
antennae, olfactory bulb, lobes of flies, moths, fashion

gristly insect. poet. constellation-rouged artery, 'amiable'
your feet desire cooptation of my dura-matter, stop it now.
painting platelets, bricked secrets, 'perverse antiquities'
bombs, psycho-geographers, stockbrokers, walk to work

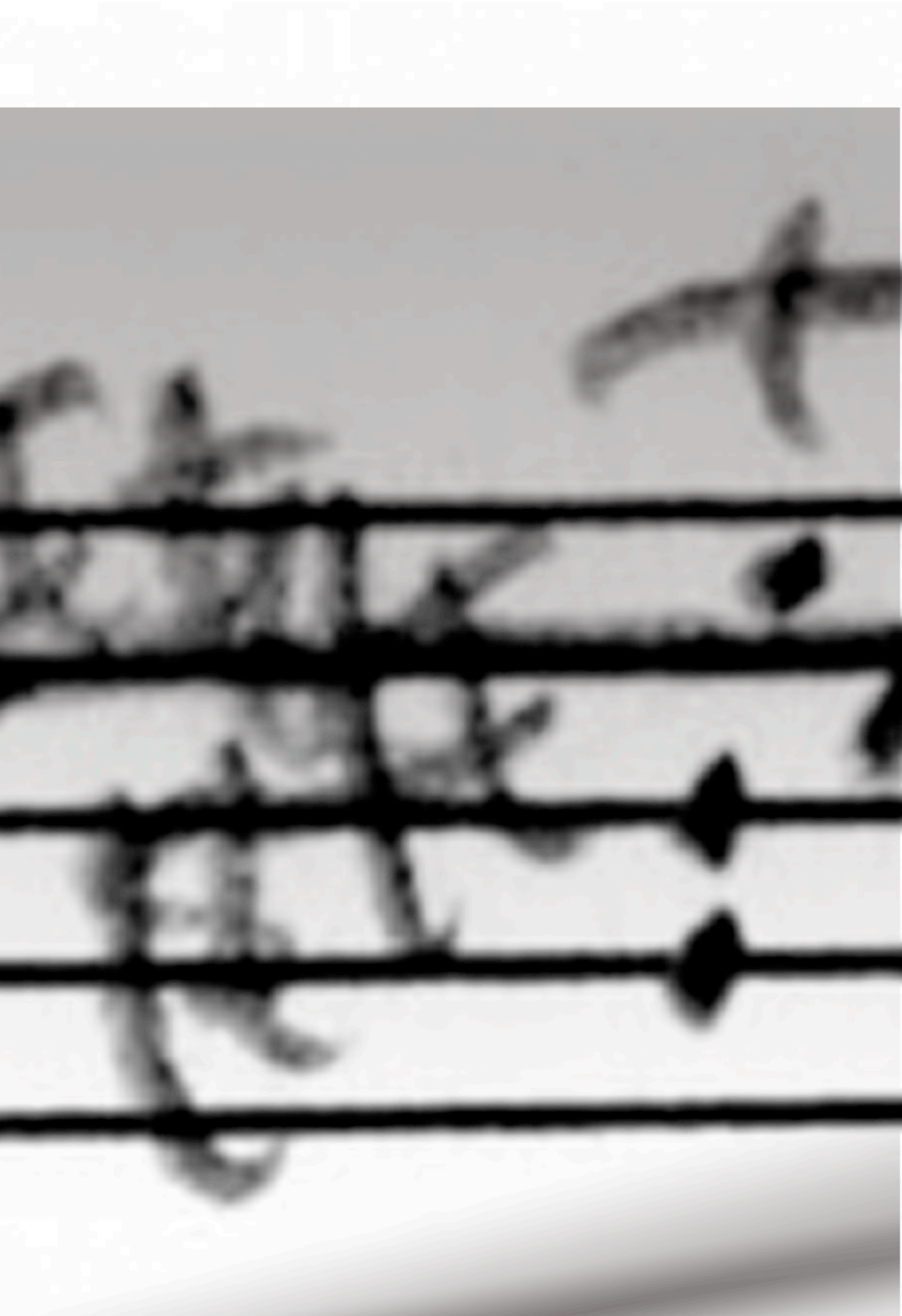
too, flat we are 'mind' & 'sick', we drop our shadows &
trousers (you did that poet) dopamine suppression garbage-
gleaning, skip-weaselling, skally-wagging, skipping
it is an unpleasant afforded luxury to go mad at home
this spear locked canvas squally has one sane mind.

Contextual Note

“The unexampled ogle of a whore / glinting toward you like a silver arc of a wavering moon releases on the lake’:¹¹⁹ so begins the last poem. And in that extraordinary stare, which brings uncontrollable tears to the eyes of him who meets it without defenses, Berg looked long and avidly. For him, however, as Baudelaire, the mercenary eye became a legacy of the prehistoric world. The arc-light moon of the big city shines for him like something out of the age of heterism. He needs only to have it reflected, as on a lake, and the band reveals itself as the distant past; the nineteenth-century commodity betrays its modern taboo. It was in such a spirit that Berg composed *Lulu*.” Wiesengrund-Adorno, “Konzertarie ‘Der Wein,’” in Willi Reich, *Alban Berg*, with Berg’s own writings and with contributions by Theodor Wiesengrund-Adorno and Ernst Krenn (München, Leipzig, Zurich (1937)), p. 106.

What’s with the dilation of the sky in Meryon’s engraving?

Translation 2. Music to text to Music



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of C ro
nhol

I pose to you the question: could such a sense of expectation and resolution be achieved through the introversive semiotics of language?

Projection slide 5.



Notes on Portmantaux (Terminus #1)



Planes Scream

To do for next meeting:

Reread Benjamin/Adorno/Freud/Jung; think how it could be brought to bear on the Brick Lane piece.

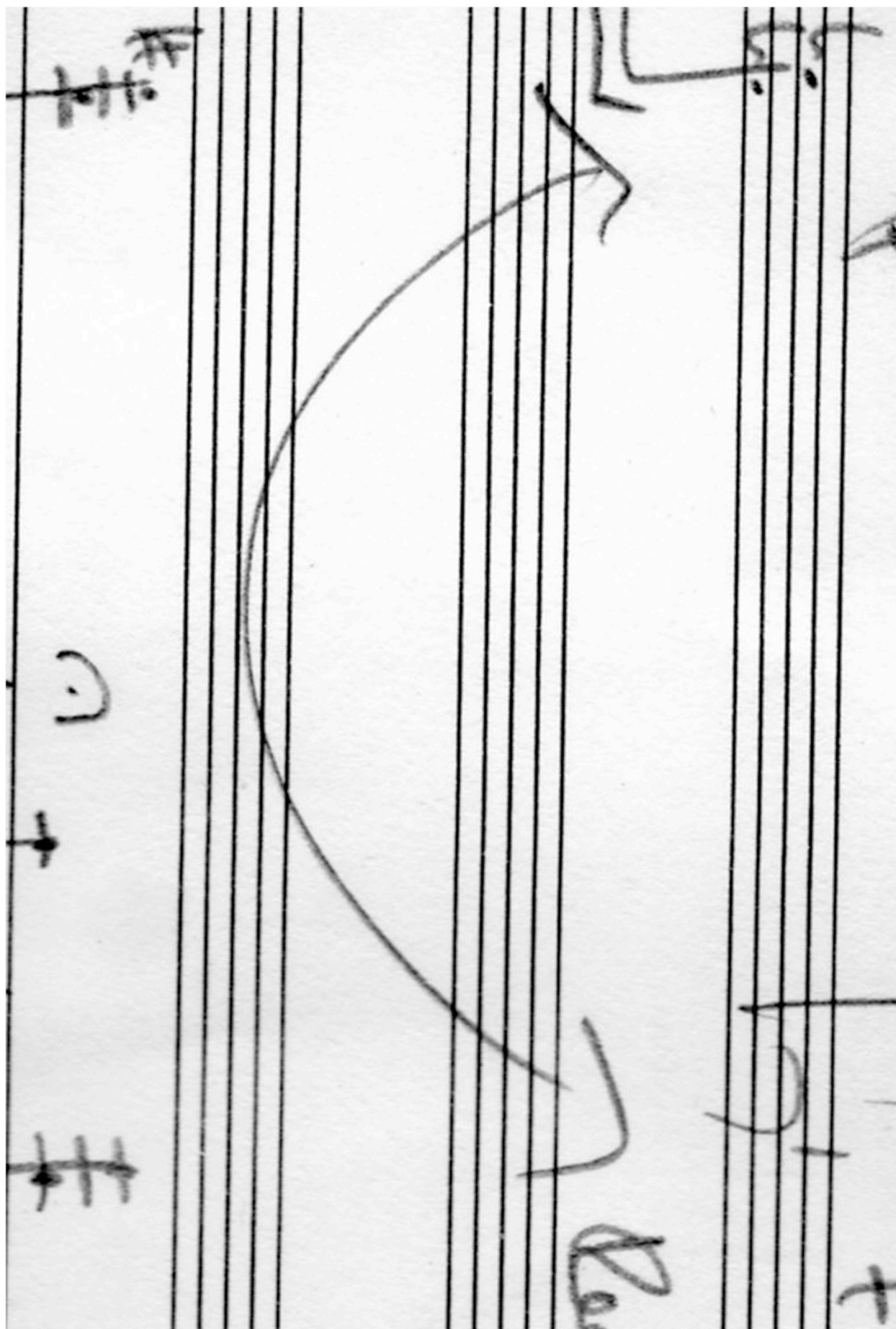
Bring a piece of poetry (Steve) or music (Ed) that we feel has influenced us, so the other person can become more attuned to where we are coming from.

Have some thoughts on instrumentation; attempt to incorporate the choice of instruments into the conceptual framework of the piece.

A large area of blank musical staves, consisting of approximately 18 horizontal lines, intended for musical notation or sketches.

We will have a Brick Lane Day where we wonder around Brick Lane taking photographs and eating curry. It is not clear where this will lead yet:

Further Fragments



Constellations

Baden-Baden, 11 April 1969

I was walking across a street in a very large town in the middle of the night, perhaps the Kurfürstendamm. Above the entrance to a cabaret the word LULU was written in large letters. I thought it must refer to a possibly shortened version of the opera and went in. I then noticed that there was nothing but a somewhat charmless, down-at-heel striptease dancer, who was trying after a fashion to represent Lulu through her dancing. Repelled, I left the place and woke up with a feeling of shock.

Burgtheater and the Viennese Opera, as well as at the Salzburg
festival. D. 1. 1. 1.

Distillations

#1

love

Eight statuettes of plush abstruse morass
Regardez les briques brillantes miasma bleat
Figures, 'O' gas, 'O' A.R.I.E.S, 'O' funnel reek,
Le temps et l'espace THIS jet eyed plus-ass: Slit

Sit: chair's morose, torturous cushion confess
Magyar tongues, faulty torques, daunted halls
Un probleme de la vie quotidienne: That arid loss
This vaunted place.

The fisheye lens.

Alabaster///

There are no words for you my love ineluctable
Our circadian spinnerets: cavalcade of centers
Fey with pain.

Spy planes overslide sepia, stymied captured; frail,
White December Mountains: I want to rip your hairs
Off date coagulated rivers regret yeast into mean
Built in every brick this thought.

(for your company my silent monument I do dearly pay)

Everything Quotidian: My *loulou*; my wig
Everything is Night:

The aching Rue

Distillations

Vibr.

Stalkers eight pedicel prick manila into street

Regardez les briques brillantes, hawkers assassin
Fly nail _ ash _ calcite moons _ autoclave cloy
Malevolent cloister

Regard

plus le

~~plus~~

temps et l'espace:

deafen

~~temps~~

Shed oyster shatter cobble to bakery barracks
Miasma tongues faulty torque embrace sky halls
Un probleme de la vie quotidienne: throttle loss
Gaze vaunted gather lit.

Fisheye lens.
Red red alabaster///

There are words for your love aleatoric
Circadian spinnerets: cavalcade of centers, aleurone

plus come
temps structure
~~pay~~ fait

Fey gasp *union*

pain.

pain

Jitter fleuron sepia stymied lead sceptic death,
Skeptic light rusted post-blonde so basal sweet
My date coagulated, rivers infect yeast into mean
Braced in every brick this thought.

()

brm
i

(For your company
my silent monument
I do pay)

Vibr.

here.

Everything Quotidian:
Everything is Night:

My

loulou; my wig

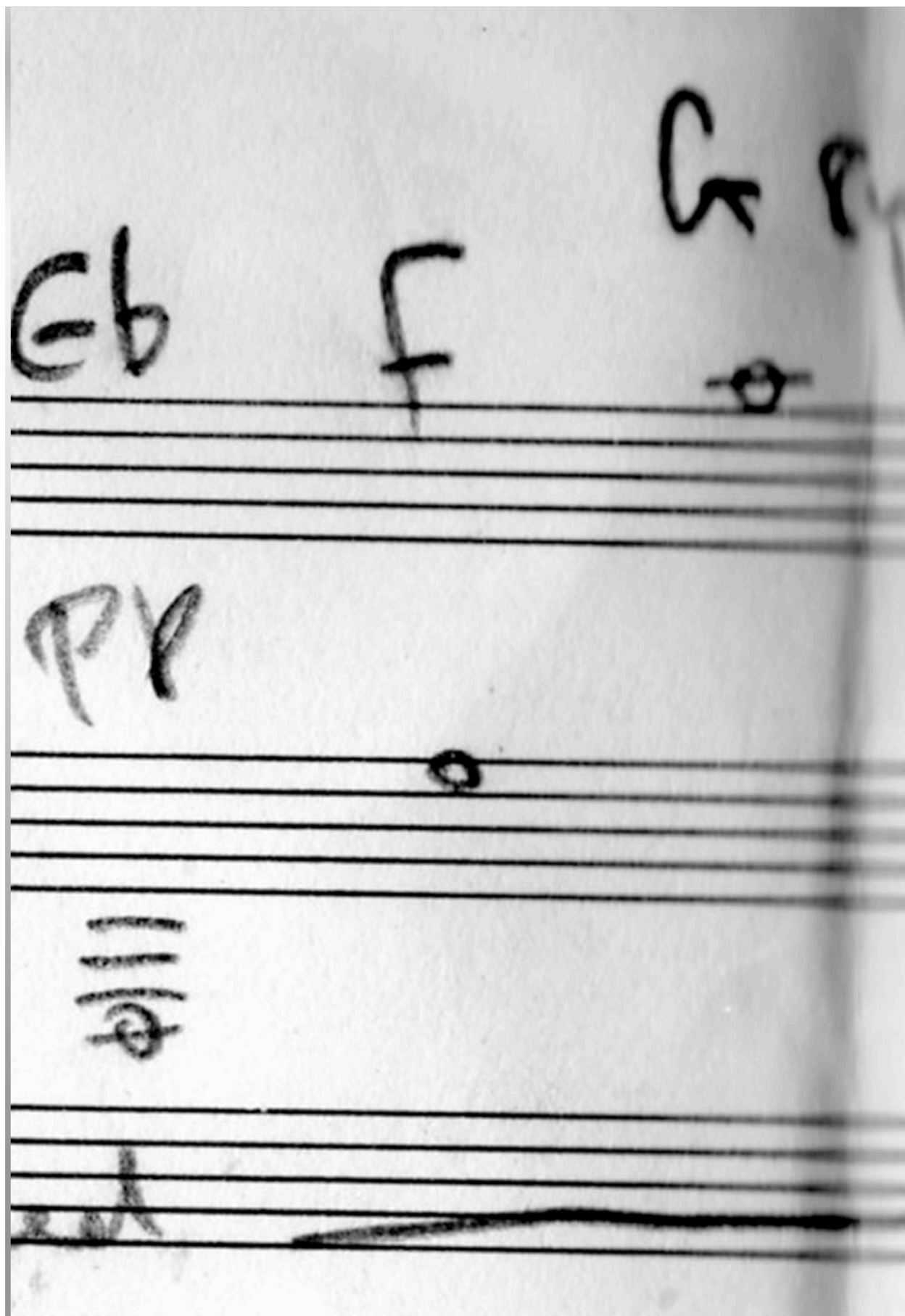
loulou

A haunted

Rue

Rue

Conversations



The image displays a handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation is dense and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is organized into two systems of five staves each. The first system (top five staves) features a complex melodic line with many notes and rests, interspersed with vertical bar lines. The second system (bottom five staves) shows a more rhythmic or accompanimental part, with fewer notes and more rests, also marked with vertical bar lines. The handwriting is clear but shows signs of being a draft, with some ink bleed-through and slightly irregular spacing. The overall layout is professional and detailed.

DRAFTS

Handwritten musical score on a page with five staves. The first three staves contain a vocal line with lyrics in French: "gar", "garder", "lestiver hâler", "te", "hantes allain-". The fourth staff contains the lyrics "all ornament" and "like open". The fifth staff contains some musical notation and a sharp sign. The handwriting is in black ink on white paper.

(for your company my silent **monument** I do pay)



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