

THANK YOU...

We would like to thank everyone who contributed to the TURTLE Live Press, especially those of you who joined the honorary staff roll and helped with the production of this gazette. Without you, it would not have happened. And it would not have been so *Lively*.

Special thanks to Sharon Morris, who instigated this event.

Yours truly,

Ana and Renée

TURTLE LIVE PRESS: DAY.3.4.5

editors: Ana Cavic and Renée O'Drobinak

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a conversation with
Sharon Morris

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Center Spread

Jonathan Velardi

Play. (in twenty one acts)

Elisabeth Milligan

GOSPEL OAK

A conversation with Sharon Morris

Hampstead Heath

I go out four times a week onto Hampstead Heath, with a dog. It is amazing. Some days it is so overwhelming, all the difference in things, different weather, different conditions of the trees, different light. It's like a different place even though it's the same. I find that fascinating. So I look at things, things catch my eye, and then as I'm walking around I start writing in my little notebook. Then I think of other things, things come into my mind. I'm doing that all the time.

I just finished a collection of poems which were in three different sections according to three different places. And now I am writing two other sets of works; one that is set on Wales and this one which is coming out of these walks on the Heath.

I also realised when I made a video at the same time as writing, that there is this continual theme of falling. I got really interested in this. I think it's like a repetition of falling. It's like

coming back into being and falling again. Anton Lukozevieve is going to try and play these falling chords for this peace, and that will give another dimension to this quality of falling. There is melancholia to it. There is also a sense of seasons being in danger because of global warming, but also still being there. The paradox of the eternal and the crisis of everything disappearing, and how they mesh together.

I am going to go around all the seasons, repeatedly. The seasons, there is five of them there, to get that notion that it really is going around and around, it's not just four seasons, it's always going around.

The City

There is a concrete reality to all that, but it also becomes psychological, it also becomes mythic, it also becomes historical because the city is there. What does the city mean? I sometimes walk and thin; Blake used to walk from the city up here to visit Coleridge. I



think of all these people walking over the Heath and doing the same kind of thing, walking and looking, and being in this place looking down at

**So things are quite fragile,
and yet they persist.**

the city and how that city keeps on changing. Constable painted several paintings there, they're in the V&A. And has the landscape changed since he painted them? They took out sand and gravel from the gravel pits and

so on, so actually the landscape isn't quite the same. That's also interesting. The landscape is itself unstable, not only the city. That famous thing that Lenin said; 'All that's solid melts into air.' So that notion that things are unstable is not just about somewhere that could be rather romantic like the Heath, but it's about the economic reality, it's about the reality of the city, it's about the reality of existence, you know.

There is also that paradox of history. I'm looking down there and god knows what is happening in that city

at that particular moment. It could be the creation of history. I could be looking at it at the very moment that a horrible bomb goes off, or something else happens in that city. It's like witnessing the city from a slight distance. It's that question; what is a historical moment? What is a significant moment of any time? Anything could be happening there, history could be being made in parliament or somewhere else in that city. Big events are happening actually. The landscape there is the city line. You can see the buildings of capitalism; you can see Docklands, you can see Canary Wharf, you can see The National Westminster Bank building, you can see Parliament, you can see Tate Modern, you can actually see all the significant buildings that make that city work. You can sense the partial powerhouse of the whole of the UK. It all looks so fragile, you could just step back slightly and think; God this is all an illusion, it could just float away on a cloud. On certain days I can't see it at all, it's too misty.

Gospel Oak

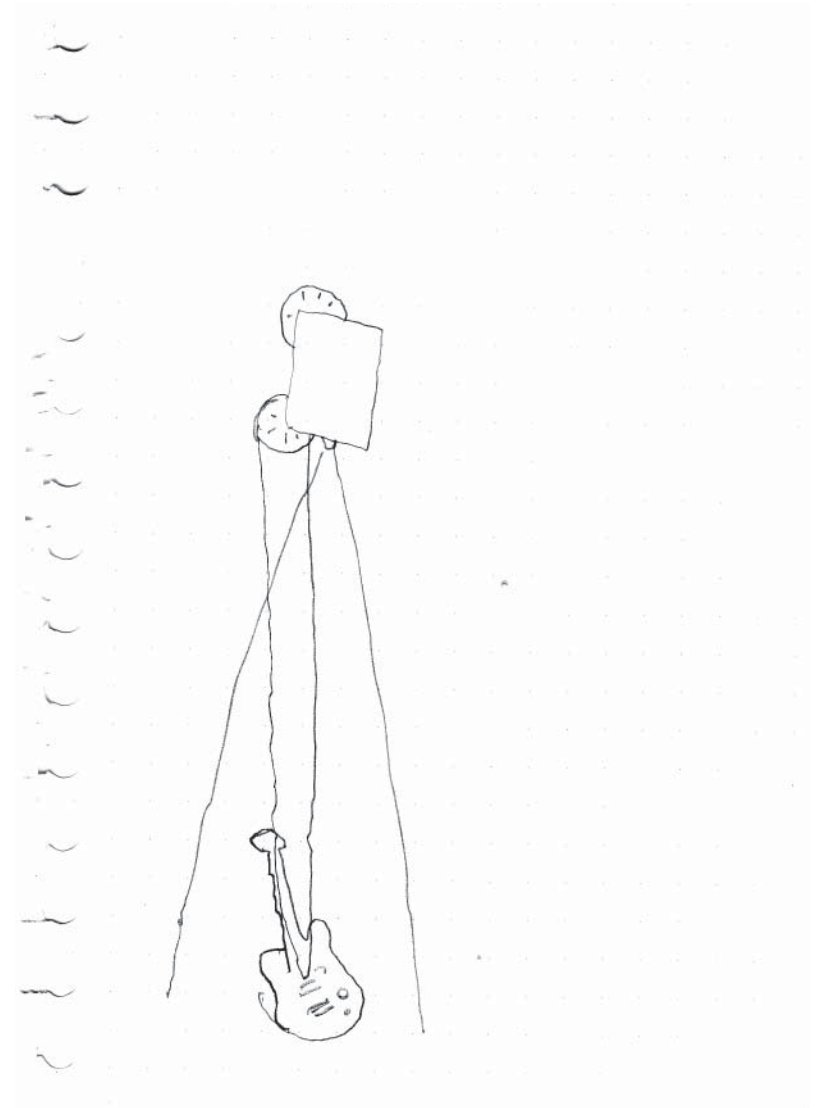
Gospel Oak, it will end up being a book. I am going to call it Gospel Oak because I like things with puns. There are so many very old oak trees on it. Also, the place Gospel Oak is

taken from the fact that they used to beat the people reading the gospel at different points and that particular parish of the church had an oak tree in it. So gospel means something else. What is our gospel? It begins to have a multiple meanings.

The city of London. You could look down London and think of Mythraism, and early Roman religion. The temple of Mythras was discovered in the city of London not that long ago. You could think of temples to other gods. Before that, it would have been Celtic, before the Celts were pushed west. I come from Wales actually, so I am quite aware of the fact that there has been successive invasions, successive immigrations that bring so many different cultural points of view to London. That's the great thing about London I think. 123 different languages are taught in schools in London. I love that all these people live next to each other. They speak different languages, have different ideas, like this event actually. There's lots of difference here.

WINTER

*9 Shallow Grave
Light collapses
over the rim of the world
and we are left
without the energy of beauty.*



Escalator

Handwritten musical score for 'Escalator' on a grand staff. The score consists of four systems of staves. The first system contains measures 1, 5, 9, and 13. The second system contains measures 15, 20, 23, and 26. The third system contains measures 34, 38, 41, and 44. The fourth system contains measures 48, 52, and 54. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the number '133' followed by a dashed line. Dynamic markings include 'p' (piano), 'ff' (fortissimo), and 'pp' (pianissimo). There are also some handwritten notes like '8.10' and '8.11' near measure 23.

SPRING

15 Green Light
 So sudden, so close – this green,
 Iteration of green...
 Infinite green...
 New leaves concertina, spiral, like a fan
 The span of a palm-leaf horse-chestnut,
 Sets and arrays of mountain ash,
 Pink discus of copper beech, soft and supple,
 New leaves of oak, light verdigris, translucent as opal,
 Poplars a thousand stars in new white light,
 The grove awash on with bluebells
 And the froth of cow parsley...
 Each scent of blossom discriminate –
 Blackthorn, hawthorn, May flower,
 Harebells, wild garlic...
 And in the canopy a rush of song –
 Listen to the blackbirds, bluetit, great-tit, robin,
 Long-tailed sparrow, goldcrest, nuthatch,
 Dunnock, wren, blackcap, mistle thrush
 And song thrush
 (the difference between a cri de ceour and a song of love)

SUMMER

19 Run-off
 Head, foot, elbow, and occasional flailing arm,
 Pole of a sun umbrella, portable table, chairs, ice-box, hamper,
 Barbecue, numerous plastic carrier bags the blare
 Of music, picnickers and lovers –
 High summer of brief...
 Deepening of breath,
 Fireweed gone over in a plume of white
 Amidst rough red grass.
 The city holding is heat in the high thirties,
 Late evening on the Heath, heat exchanged
 For the eddies of condensation that gather in the dips
 Of London clay and join the spring of the river Fleet
 Underground.

FALL

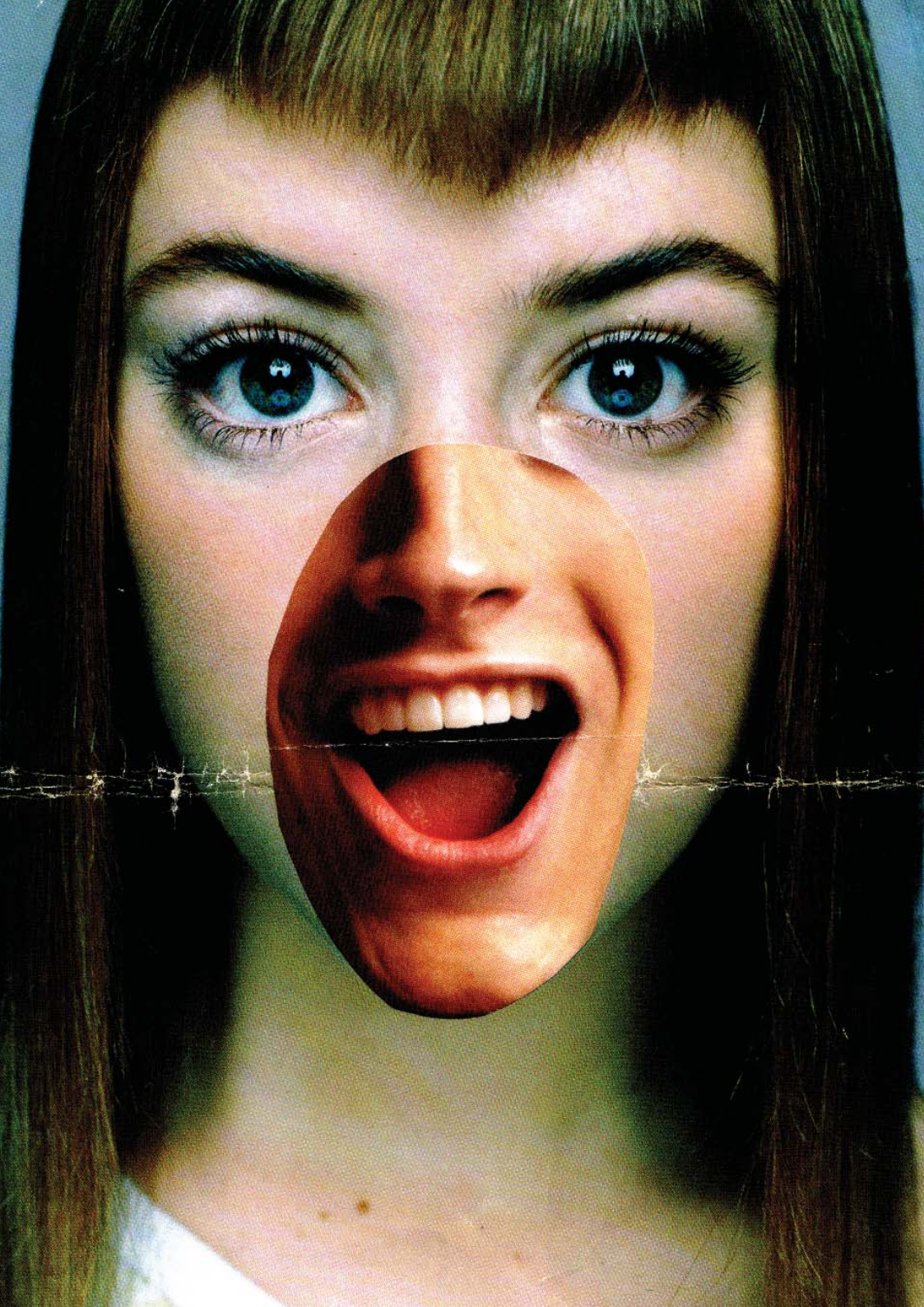
2 A common oak
 I pick up a strange hairy acorn cup from the Turkey Oak
 and compare it to the elongated stalk of the pedunculate,
 not to be confused with the sessile oak
 its cup stuck to the stem,
 or the common oak with its short-stalked leaf –
 or Gospel Oak
 or that older, more ancient Oak, somewhere
 at the heart of the city.



, I
Luko-
with

Four film stills from 59 ½ seconds for a string player, by Jayne Parker, (b/w, 16mm film, 1 minute, 2000): a musical composition by John Cage from 1953, played by cellist Anton Lukoszevics. There are several versions of this film, each lasting a minute and interspersed with 59 ½ seconds of black.





On a Line from Forough Farrokhzad

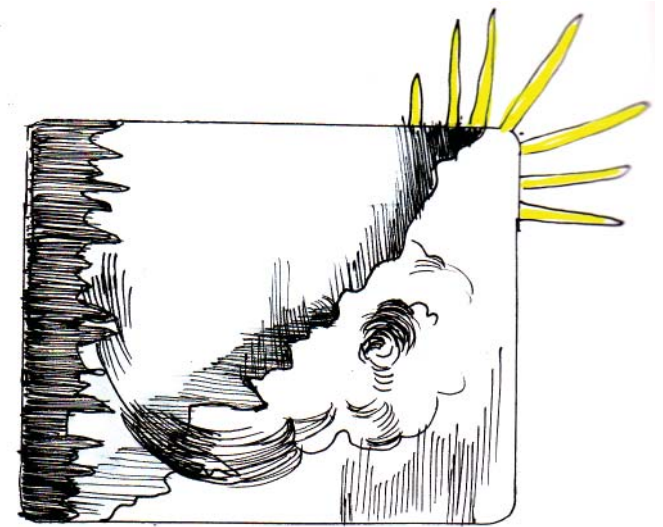
It had rained that day. It had primed a world
with gold, pure gold, wheatfield, stubble and hill.
It had limned the hills as a painter would,
an amateur painter, but the hills were real.

It had painted a village lemon and straw,
all shadow and angles, cockerel, goats and sheep.
It had scattered their noises, bleats and blahs,
raising a cloud, a white dog chasing a jeep.

It had travelled through amber, ochre, dust
and dust the promise of everything gold,
dust the promise of green. Green there was
but in the face of a sun no leaf could shield.

It had rained that day. It was previous,
previous as wind to seed. O wild seed,
as these words proved. 'The wind will carry us'
– bad ma ra khahad bord – and it did.

Mimi Khalvati





his name is Brian

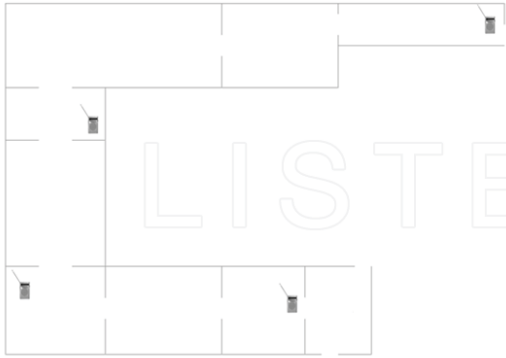
Hold a tone,
hold it ^{high} and hold it l_o_n_g_____
Scream out let go (breathe in breathe out)
{0}
hold a tone_____,
(Breathe)
Sing on a broken voice! Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaa^{aaa}
no scream last_____, it will melt into
__c_h_a_o_s_____
H-old a tone,
hold it ^{high} and hold it l_o__n_g_____...



An Artifact of the Future

Felicitas Rohden

YOU
ARE
LISTENING
TO
THE
SOUND
INSIDE
A ROCK



Cattle Market Song

Moderately Slow $\text{♩} = 66-69$

p molto legato

The piano introduction consists of two measures. The right hand plays a melody of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand plays a bass line of quarter notes: G2, B1, C2, D2, E2, F2, G2. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

p
This ————— sound is — not a

The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody for the first three measures is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

voice ————— which talks of

The vocal line continues with the melody: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter). The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous system.





sleep - less night and drink and

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with lyrics 'sleep - less night and drink and'. Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in a major key and 4/4 time, with a tempo of quarter notes.

fight

mf

The second system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with the lyric 'fight'. Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The music continues with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano part includes some arpeggiated chords and moving lines.

p

and I don't think, and I don't

The third system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with lyrics 'and I don't think, and I don't'. Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

think from par - ty - ing — all night

The fourth system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with lyrics 'think from par - ty - ing — all night'. Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The music concludes with a final chord and a fermata over the vocal line.

pp
that I can han - dle this

han — dle this. At this point

p

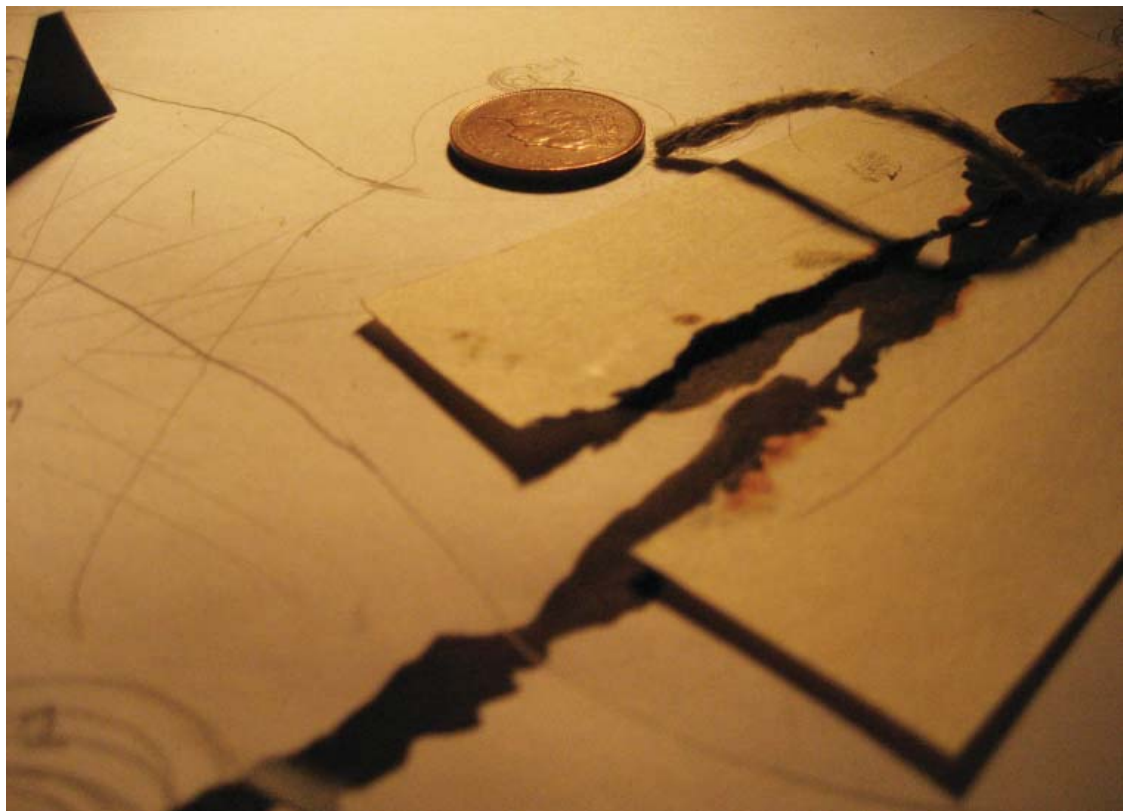
in the min — ute in — side these pens

mf
penned in with ca — ttle, in, my



Empty

Nir Segal



Study for 5 Exercises for the Voice + 5 more

Kirsten Kreider



This sound is not a voice
which talks of sleepless night and drink and fight
and I don't think from partying all night
that I can handle this.
At this point in the minute in these pens
penned-in with cows, my head, my head it bangs.

Crystal met me last night
but I got just a shadow to my face.
It is a long story, Christopher punched me.
I feel like fucking shite.
This heavy life, this patchy misty self.
I feel like shite, I've got a bruise, a bruise.

This head is not a head
which banter, ears can hear the hoo of cows
sent through a maze of races, goaded tight.
You coming out tonight.
This is a glue stick, this is a number.
Tonight, I'm going to get slaughtered.

This voice has little sound
once sleep has set in dark, the tongue cut short
blood, straw and shitty ground, and distant noise
is all that's left of life.
Oh let me live this out, oh let my night
and from my night let in, bring in daylight.

S

T

A



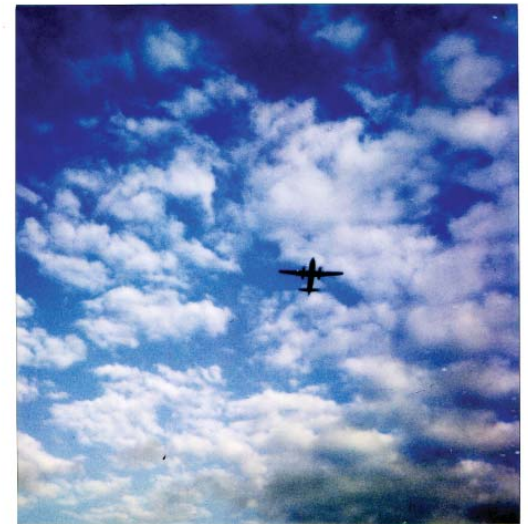
An Empty Bottle of Wine

I have been left by myself
Empty,
All alone to contemplate the nothingness left within me.

You see I had a secret,
A well kept one.
But it was destined to be shared
And I was destined to lose it
And lose any other purpose I could have had.

I have been left all by myself.

Nir Segal





Der Rhine ist komen heraus heraus

Der Rhine ist komen der winter ist aus

Rhein ist komen heraus heraus

Rhein ist komen die winter ist aus.



Accounts of a transcontinental journey

Florencia Guillen

There were streets, avenues and roundabouts
There were fields
There were small, medium and big blocks of flats
There were green areas
There were shadows of buildings on the pavements
There were stars formed by the street joining up
There were building tops in form of flowers
There were small thin trees
There were signs on the roads
There was a lake
There were orange roofs
There were traditional buildings
There were mini cities within the city

There were 6 groups of people marching
There were huge pine trees on the side of the court
There were people chanting
There was a wet floor
There were two goals
There was a man doing squats occasionally
There was a leader for each training group
There were people leaving the court running
There were apartments around the square
There was one window with the lights on

There was a fountain a could not see
There were women magazines on top of the piano
There was woman in black playing with no excitement
There were light changing colours constantly in the water
There was a black cushioned chair
There was a big paper bag

There was a man with a medium size red bag
There was a man whose jacket got stuck in between the train doors
There was a woman chewing gum
There were long lamps
There were women running in the platform
There was a blonde woman with a marshmallow pink sweater
There was a man seating with a beige cap
There was a very decorated white column
There was a couple playing with a mobile phone
There was a bald man with glasses looking towards the ceiling
There were some lamps with no bulbs
There was a big man in red going down on the escalator
There was a thin woman with red hair wearing a pale blue tracksuit
There was a plastic bag flying with the wind
There was a happy kid jumping
There was a Goth teenager lighting a cigarette

There was a bright orange shirt
There was a pair of white high heels
There were bears hanging upside down
There was a woman with a red apron handing a rifle
There were 3 man-taking pictures at the same time
There was a woman walking barefoot
There were 2 yellow balloons
There was a bride on the floor
There was a building site with a stop sign on the wire fence
There were 2 pigeons looking for food
There was a yellow truck with a beige top parked
There was a man in blue shirt standing with camera bag around his neck
There were metallic balloons waiting to be sold
There were different shades of pink flowers

There were wooden poles standing on the horizon

There were medium size sheds grouped in front of the church
There were animal foot prints made with dirt on the pavement
There were trees on the top of the mountain
There were 3 decorated old wooden windows
There was a very long electricity pole
There was a cow having a stroll
There was a house with charming blue windows
There was a pistachio colour fence
There was a dear seating on the door mat
There was a shadow of a fence on a fence
There were electricity cables on the horizon
There was a blue sky with long thin clouds

There were two cables going up and down
There was a mountain with a communications tower on top
There was a small stain on the window
There were beige roofs of houses
There was a train passing by
There were big buildings
There was a girl with a glass in her hand passing by
There was the sun reflecting on the window

There was a clear blue sky
There was a dog barking
There was a blonde horse moving its tale
There was wind blowing moving the horses' tales and hair
There were shadows of clouds on the grass
There were bits of green grass

There was a red lamp
There was a puddle
There were yellow toys and a white pole
There were birds in between the posters
There was a wooden enclosure
There was a plastic bottle
There were drops of water
There was a pot with 5 orange flowers
There were Christmas lights turned off

There was a landscape reflecting on the back window of the jeep
There was an ashtray on the green table
There was a port
There was a big fountain in the middle of the river
There was a tiger painted
There was a clock marking 5:49 and drops on the window
There was a silver lock
There was a brush with green paint
There was a box of chocolate cookies
There were stones reflecting the afternoon sun
There was a glass with hot tea
There was the sun on a roof
There was a blue steering wheel
There were 5 cranes
There were some plants floating on the pond
There was a bottle of milk on the edge of the pier
There were 2 round lamps
There was a fan
There was a mop on the top of the broken brick hedge

There were cars passing at different speeds
There were people passing constantly
There was a white squared pot
There was a monk in orange
There were two old ladies in blue dresses
There were leaves of two trees moving with the wind
There was a student with a pink folder
There was a man in orange shirt waiting for the bus in the other side of the road
There was a blue bus with a person in white on the window
There were 2 women with sunglasses looking at me
There were policemen in uniforms
There were people reflecting on the side of the bus
There was a man resting on the railing
There was a woman with a green umbrella
There was a blue van passing on the side walk
There was a short lady with a red scarf around her head