

GAS

Editorial 003

Think of the number of places in which you have slept, and how many beds you've kipped in and thereby shared with others. Take a few minutes...

Consider our GAS graphic designer, the distinguished Swede Ms Petra Olsson Gendt. She has shared a bed with tennis champion Bjørn Borg. When Borg visited Båstad (the number one tennis town in Sweden) during the 1970s, Petra's granddad lent a bed to the local tennis club. This became the bed that Borg slept in, as Petra would later, fighting with her cousins over it whenever visiting her grandparents. Some say that we are only six handshakes away from knowing everyone in the world: imagine how few beds away we are! We believe that some of our readers might have similar stories. Please do not hesitate to send us your unique story about your bed-sharing experiences and we will publish it in the next issue of GAS.

It is a well-known fact that the average person sleeps seven hours per night – which means that approximately 20 years of one's life are spent in bed. And so we do not need to remind you how important it is to close those lovely eyes of yours. No matter who you are, what you are, where you are: Sleep is good PERIOD; and therefore a self-selectingly apt theme for

the third issue of GAS. We thank previous contributors to the GAS issues FOOD and MONEY for their participation, and are thrilled to be looking into the future with new writers and artists: Lisa Anne Auerbach (Los Angeles), Gæoudjiparl van den Dobbelsteen (Bedsted), Surasi Kusolwong (Bangkok), Olof Olsson (Copenhagen), Emily Pethick (Utrecht/London), Scott Reeder (Milwaukee), Tyson Reeder (Milwaukee), Mark von Schlegell (Cologne), Taner Tümkaya (Frankfurt aM) and Alexis Vaillant (Paris). Special guest appearance

by Suzanne Brøgger (Løve Høng). The new contributors were (no kidding) actually selected through an intense dream in January 2007. Dreams do not always come true, but this one did and almost all dream candidates agreed to participate. Enjoy their texts and images throughout this and the next issue of GAS. Hopefully the content of GAS The Sleep Issue will induce sleep if you are awake or rouse you if you are asleep. We are proud to be putting out GAS in bed. Pernille Albrethsen and Jacob Fabricius, Copenhagen.



GAS

9 € 2007 003/The Sleep Issue

Half-asleep

By Emily Pethick, Utrecht / London

SLEEP

The Free University is an artist run institution dedicated to the production of critical consciousness and poetic language. We do not accept the so-called new knowledge economy as the framing understanding of knowledge. We work with forms of knowledge that are fleeting, fluid, schizophrenic, uncompromising subjective, uneconomic, acapitalist, produced in the kitchen, produced when asleep or arisen on a social excursion – collectively.

It seemed somewhat ironic when, as an occasional insomniac, I was invited to write about the subject of sleep. Reading the entry under 'sleep' in the Copenhagen Free University's ABZ lead me to think of the value of the occasional 'eureka' moments that hit one first thing in the morning after a good night's sleep. Scouring the web for some information about the productivity of sleep, I learned from psychologist Professor Wiseman on about. com that the brain does not always sleep when the body does, some restructuring occurs, the resulting dreams often producing unusual combinations of ideas that can lead to creative solutions to problems. For some getting a good night's sleep is not a matter of choice. In January 2007 the French priest Abbe Pierre died at the age of 94 after 40 years of campaigning for the right to sleep in public space – something that is illegal in most countries. Last year another campaigner, David Johnston, was given a seven-month sentence for challenging

anti-sleeping bylaws in Canada by resting his head in the public realm. Like many other countries, in Canada all government land and parks are considered ‘private property’, and close nightly at 11pm, those caught sleeping on government property are ‘moved along’ by private security and police.

Insomnia appears to be just one of the many side effects of the late capitalist, neo-liberal society, where the emphasis on work often supercedes conventional living, eating, sleeping patterns. The failure-to-switch-off similarly seems symptomatic of the 24-hour society, which depends on flexible workers who are able to perform around the clock. Again, it seems somewhat ironic that it is not just the over-worked but the homeless, who are also often the workless, that are also deprived of a good nights sleep. In fact the predominant cause of insomnia is work-related stress, which sets off a kind of vicious circle when that loss of sleep also begins to affect performance at work. This is further sustained by the neurosis of not getting the recommended amount of sleep. While a few years ago eight hours was considered a good nights sleep, now apparently seven will suffice (well I guess that’s one less to worry about). Furthermore, one of the chief instigators of this neo-liberal economy that we find ourselves within, Margaret Thatcher, famously pronounced sleep a waste of time, once declaring ‘sleep is for wimps!’, only taking a modest 4 hours

herself, the results of which perhaps go someway to proving the benefits of a bit of shut-eye...

Perhaps one could argue that these changes in ideas around sleep are also the signs of the gradual breaking down of so-called ‘normality’ structures. The easy stability of conventional binary oppositions such as good and bad, black and white, night and day, sleep and awake, public and private, collide with other social realities, breaking down into the grey or ‘twilight’ zones of day-sleepers, day dreamers, night workers, public sleepers and insomniacs. Although, of course the irony is that while conventional sleep structures have changed in relation to workers (i.e. night work), they still remain fixed with regards to the homeless in the denial of public sleep. However, in relation to creative productivity, as is found within the CFU’s manifesto, it is often through the destabilization of these conventional frameworks and life-style structures that potential new ways of thinking and productive possibilities can be opened up.



*Scott Reeder, Dream Song,
November 5th 2004:*

*Aardvark oh aardvark
An aardvark an aardvark
How does it feel to
Eat so many
Eat so many ants
Is it awful or amazing?
Does it tickle when they wiggle?
Can you hear them scream?
The aardvark here is me
Now I know it’s me*

*Selections from Recent Dreams
By Scott Reeder, Milwaukee*

- June 20th 2003**
Met this guy who’s head had a different name than his body.
- August 8th 2003**
Met a badger with human teeth named Duncan.
- January 11th 2004**
Played an organ that had microphones connected to the ocean – when you hit the keys it played the sound of waves, but there was no way to turn it down or turn it off.
- February 12th 2004**
I was teaching at a big university trying to get students to throw basketballs at each other with their eyes closed...
- February 18th 2004**
Something about giant bottles of wine and an octopus...

*Scott Reeder,
June 21st 2005
Dream Joke :*

*What did one
alien say to the
other alien?
“Let’s move into
that drawer”.*



**READERS
COMPETITION!**

Now is your chance to become the most chic sleepwalker in town with a sleep mask in 100% silk. In which of these following locations has pop icon Mr.George Michael fallen asleep?

- A. Behind the steering wheel of his car.
- B. In a Newcastle public toilet.
- C. In the court of law during trial against Sony.

Email your answer before October 30th to gaspeople@hotmail.com and win this luxurious sleep mask.



*Your Private
Detective,
TEXAS 1920*

By Melvin Motti,
Rotterdam commissioned
by Alexis Vaillant, Paris.




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<font size="1">(Sister Cybele, Soror Agatha, <br>
A.&middledot;, <br>
Grand Secretary General O.T.O <br>
Soror Laylah - A.&middledot;.
Babalon)<br></font></a>

<a href="http://www.leilawaddell.com/Leila-Waddell-DREAMS/dreams.htm"><font size="1"><br>
</font></a><a href="http://www.leilawaddell.com/77.htm">77<br>
</a><br>
<a href="http://www.leilawaddell.com/book_four.htm">Book four</a><br>
<a href="http://www.leilawaddell.com/colophon.htm">Amygdyla</a><br>
<a href="http://www.pruesspress.com/sca.html">Leila
visiting New York</a><br>
<br><br>
finally T H E L E M A:<br>
<br> DO WHAT THOU WILT <br> SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW<br>LOVE IS THE
LAW<br> LOVE UNDER WILL<br> <font size="1">(Liber Al vel Legis)</font></p><p align="center"><em>This is, in what
Leila believed the whole of her waking life.</em></p></td>
<strong>About this self:</strong></p>
<p>This holotext is intended to transmit the self of Leila Waddell during her sleeping life.<br>There are hours
and hours still free for her self to enter your husk. SIMPLY READ THIS TO MAKE YOURSELF AVAILABLE. <br> As to
copyright, we asked <br>most authors for permission, but most of them didn't answer, so if <br>there is a prob-
lem just contact the <a href="mailto:notwebmaster@highwichita.com">webmaster</a>. We don't want to steal anything, just
want to make an overhaul.</p><p align="center"><STRONG>Witness strange new chapters about the fascinating person
Leila Waddell, the woman who was able to live in many different times.</STRONG></p><p align="center"><em><font
size="1">THE SUBLIME AND SUPREME SEPTENARY IN ITS MATURE MAGICAL MANIFESTATION THROUGH MATTER: AS IT IS WRITTEN:
AN HE-GOAT ALSO</font></em></p><p><font size="1"><em>Laylah.</em> <br> (A.C. Book of Lies)</font></p>
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selves. <br>
This HUSK is only for private use. </font></em></p>
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Waddell),<br></strong><strong>please email to me at</strong></em>: <a href="mailto:notwebmaster@highwichita.com">webmaste
r@highwichita.com</a><br>
thank you very much<br>
<font size="1">the actual webmaster of this self.<br>
<font color="#000000">www.leilawaddell.com</font></font></p>

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Atlas (Please No Photographs),
1990–2007

By Surasi Kusolwong, Bangkok





Sleep to Go

By Olof Olsson, Copenhagen

You are right, my dear David, to show me at work while my subjects sleep.

Napoleon

To sleep, perchance to dream.

Hamlet

I got up rather out of order. I am very easily disconcerted.

Boswell, London Journal, 13 March 1763

It's so tiring that the world needs to form anew, every time I open my eyes.

Geirþrúður Finnbogadóttir Hjörvar

Dear Pernille & Jacob,
Thanks for the invitation to write for your SLEEP issue. I have tried hard to tackle the subject, but seem to get nowhere. As I mentioned at that dinner a couple a weeks ago – when you asked me to do it, I would know if I *could* do it when I would wake up the next day, or rather – after having had my morning coffee that day. And that’s how it worked out. I remembered David’s portrait of Napoleon working late on his *Code*, and that seemed to be a good place to start. The way I remembered it was that I had seen it in a book on the history of the office. It’s a French, very coffee tably book with a lot of colour images. I leafed it through several times, but I could not find what I was looking for. The closest I got was a photograph of the desk of Churchill with a bust of Napoleon by Antoine-Denis Chaudet. This left me very confused. I distinctly remembered the image and its saturated colours. I looked through the book once again, but it wasn’t there. For a moment I was seriously in doubt if this image existed at all. Was it something I had dreamt [sic]? I was confused for a while. Then I tried to apply logic to the situation – could I have seen the image in *another book*? One possibility was a little treatise on neoclassicism, and indeed it was there. But not in the luscious colours I had remembered. It was in black-and-white – you know the pale kind of art histories made in the 20th century. This was of course somewhat disappointing, and I wondered how I had come to imagine it in colour.

When I started out doing photography – working in black-and-white, I would have black-and-white

dreams. When I woke up, I would even know what kind of lens I had dreamt in. For a long while I only worked with a standard 50 mm lens. I felt there was something pure about that. But suddenly I started to dream in wide-angle. And the wide-angle dreams would not stop until I bought a wide-angle lens (a big investment). I wonder if sound-engineers – when they wake up – know if they have dreamt in stereo or mono – or maybe even surround.

The first DJ who started to work with three turntables, Nicky Siano, did it after he had had a dream about mixing two identical records and wanting to bring in a third...

...hmm, I’m digressing – to get back to the subject – the essay – this morning I found a quote in Walter Benjamin’s *Passage Works* about fascist Italy being run like a newspaper, and then I suddenly imagined the outline of my GAS essay. It would start off with David’s portrait of Napoleon by his desk where he is working on the *Code Civil*. It would insert a quote by David on the beauty of Napoleon’s head. It would then go on to analyze the importance of the *Code Civil* in the formation of the French and other nation states in the 1800s. (Eric Hobsbawm states that only 50% of the French population spoke French at the time of the French Revolution, and only between 12 and 13 % spoke it ‘fairly’.) We will then look at the role of the nation state in relation to the emergence of capitalism. There will be something on Balzac’s admiration of Napoleon, his *Comédie Humaine* and Marx’s and Engels’s appreciative comments on the *Comédie*’s explanatory power when it comes to the workings of the market. Then we will move on to the emergence of the coffee house in 1650’s England, and its relation to puritan politics, and as a new space for business (bring in the classic example of Lloyd’s starting out as a coffee house attracting insurance people). Then the first puritan colonies in the US. Weber’s analysis of the puritan protestant ethic and the rise of capitalism. *Then* we would go through the *Passage Works* and Benjamin’s concept of dream image, followed by Debord’s *Society of the Spectacle*. After that – finally – we will spice it up a bit with *This is not a Pipe* – Foucault’s essay on Magritte’s pipe-works. There will be some observations of the sleep habits of famous leaders – Napoleon, Franklin, Churchill, Thatcher, Clinton. Some comments on the portraits of power-people today in magazines like *Euroman* – the *work hard, play hard*-types, asserting moral authority by claiming scanty sleep habits. Walter Benjamin on the effects of hashish – how it makes the world appear familiar – like a face. A quote from Peter Handke on the ability of tiredness to make unconnected things appear related, and some speculation that the reason that we can’t unimagine capitalism might be that we are so busy with all these different liberal left wing activities, that we never get enough sleep.

The unifying force would be lot of coffee; and Wolfgang Schivelbush’s theory about its central part in being a stimulant and symbol for the protestant-capitalist bourgeoisie in contrast to beer – the preferred drink of catholic middle age festival culture – or to put it into other terms – a movement from cold-wet to dry-hot in the scheme of humoral pathology. Some comments on the Starbucks phenomenon, and the expression ‘latte-liberal’. And finally a remark that 500 billion cups of coffee are drunk every year, making it the biggest commodity after oil.

I am not sure exactly when I can have it ready, maybe we should wait with it for another issue – if it would fit with any of your future themes.

All the best, and sorry that I could not make it.

Olof



Jacques-Louis David,
NAPOLEON IN HIS STUDY, 1812
Oil on canvas, 203.9×125.1 cm
The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.



Nightgown Sleepdown

By Lisa Anne Auerbach and Ann Trondson,
Los Angeles

Ann and I are high energy gals. She is a tennis pro. I ride my bike all over town. One day we got to talking about sleep, and it turns out that we both value our sack- time like nobody's business. We saw logs eight hours per night, at least. Our high powered meetings with the Sandman take precedence over everything else, but it's not the dreams that are the main draw. It's the slumber. At 10 p.m., while everyone else is throwing them back at Mandrake or eating burritos at Chano's or catching up on HBO reruns via Netflix, we are tucked in and either gone, or on our way, into the magical land of make-believe. Eight or nine hours later we are seizing the day by its balls.

We are jealous of those who can get away with four hours per night or even six. Think of all the work they can get done! Think of all they accomplish and how many more burritos they will eat in their lifetimes and how many more martinis they will pour into their gullets! Meanwhile, we are horizontal and happy and if we didn't get so much sleep we'd be cranky and ill-tempered.

We both like to sew, and so we got together to spend the night and make some nighties. We met at 5:30 at my place and then went to her studio and got busy with fabric. I was hellbent on making something I could get some shut-eye in. I value comfort. I find fabric for night-wear at the fabric store by closing my eyes and feeling the softness. Ann is more fashionable than I. She went for beauty above all.

By dinner time, we'd cut out fabric and started sewing. Mine was looking very "Little House on the Prairie." Ann's had a global vibe – Africa by way of Japan. I embroidered "Do Not Disturb" with red thread on the front. She sewed ribbons into a bodice and straps. Hers was total beauty pageant; mine was desperate housewife. After dinner (pasta – a food for sloths), we finished up our gowns and relaxed with complexion masks on our faces. I was a midwestern mime; Ann looked Kabuki. I made a hat. "Escape from the asylum," said Ann, laughing and pointing.

We got into bed. I usually wear pajamas. I wasn't used to tucking the gown. But it was OK. Ann curled up on a futon on one side of the studio. I was on a camping pad on the concrete floor. I've had the same down sleeping bag since I was ten years old. It's still fluffy. We turned off the lights. Ann reported her nightgown was riding up. "Do you want to watch a film?" she asked. I said, "I'm here to sleep."

We got to it. 10:30 pm and we were tucked in like little mice. There was no further conversation; we had bigger fish to fry.

7 a.m. the alarm went off. First thing, even before we brushed our teeth or peed, we took pictures outside. It had rained in the night and the parking lot outside was full of puddles. We put the camera on a tripod and hit the self timer and stood there with our puffy squinting eyes and wrinkled gowns. A nightgown success story.

I wore my nightgown to breakfast over my pants and under my sweater. When I was a kid I would refuse to put on clothing in the morning, so my mother finally started sending me to school in my pajamas, hoping the embarrassment would set me straight.

Ann ate sausage and eggs and pancakes at a diner called The Grinder nearby. I had a veggie skillet, hold the eggs, and toast.

We got eight and a half hours of sleep.



***already powdered**

By Taner Tunkaya, Frankfurt aM

Last Monday I had taken a day off

*I didn't go to job
I was at home*

*When I woke up I went out to my garden for fresh air
A sunny morning in my beautiful garden
The cool breeze was soothing my lungs
I was imagining the taste of the coffee at the office
and the cigarettes of our breaks with my colleagues
What a waste?*

*The kids went to school
Lola went to job
I was sitting on my chair in my beautiful garden
I recognized my neighbours
We are good friends and the fence in between us is not high
They were sitting on their armchairs
under a parasol in their garden
enjoying a sunny Monday noon*

*The sun was shining very sharp
so, I also set my parasol
Watching the view:
sunglasses, slippers, grass, waterworks, flies...
I heard one of my neighbours saying to the other:
Come on, let's go swimming!*

*Then they prepared and left
but I couldn't really know if they went swimming
I could not have followed them
I preferred to stay in my pleasant garden*

*But the owner of the café has seen them
He told me what my neighbours have done afterwards:*

*I saw them coming through the long street
They turned left by the crossing
I was walking the same way to the beach
You know, Lola is taking care of the service
So I wanted to have a break and enjoy my coffee rather by the beach
and smoke a cigarette by the wind
You know...nostalgia*

*They left their towels and their slippers on the hot sand
and jumped into the water
They were swimming very fast
I had hard times to reach them
I guess it took almost half an hour of swimming
And then we arrived to a tiny little island*

*They had their coffees and I had a cup too
After enjoying their cups one of them said to the other:
Come on, let's go home!
and the other answered:
I forgot how to swim*

*They stayed there and I came back swimming
back to the beach of the afternoon sun*

*Well, you can imagine what happened after:
I dried myself and went back to the café*

**Scott Reeder,
Selections from Recent Dreams:**

July 6th 2004

Someone gave me a poster of a tiger as a gift but I already had a different poster of a tiger. Then we noticed that in both the posters the tigers were wearing glasses.

July 12th 2005

Saw a commercial for a new Jackie Chan movie and he was fighting giant pumpkins.

September 17th 2005

A movie theater went out of business while I was standing in line to get tickets.

October 1st 2005

I was an artist that could draw caricatures of people's voices – somebody would talk and I would quickly sketch an exaggerated humorous caricature of their voice pattern.

November 14th 2005

Tried a new gum flavor: "Yoda's Head".

November 21st 2005

Found out that MSG means "man sounds good!".

December 9th 2005

I saw a movie about a dinner party that takes place on a square airplane.

January 3rd 2006

New drug called "3-MES" turns you into three people who sleep in.

January 18th 2006

Some nursery school kids had started street gangs they were called: White Ape, Pancake, The Advantage and Tortilla.

January 25th 2006

A comedian was doing impressions of different flavours of ice cream.

March 7th 2006

I had to fight a lion who was wearing a sweater and jewelry.

May 23rd 2006

I bought something that cost \$13.31 they said it was the palindrome price.

Suzanne's Bed

By Jacob Fabricius, Copenhagen

Copenhagen, 13 April 2007

Dear Suzanne Brøgger,

When I was starting school, my mum and I bought a bed at a sale of used items at T.H. Langs College of Education in Silkeborg. The kindly gentleman who was both vendor and caretaker insisted that it had been your old plank bed (my mum was thrilled to bits, I remember) from your time at the college. We bought the bed, which from that day on for the next 8-10 years was where I slept. The dreams that I had in it comprised the usual mix of good and not so good, but on the whole I was reasonably satisfied with the sleep I had there (as I remember it, that is).

But now, all these years on, indulge me if you would and tell me about your plank bed. Was the affable caretaker correct in his claim?

With kindest regards,
Jacob Fabricius

24 April 2007

Dear Jacob Fabricius,

I would really hope for your sake that it wasn't my dormitory bed you slept in for eight to ten years of your life. Three were more than enough for me. While it may not have been a fakir bed, it was capable of an erratic kind of torture: you never knew when you were going to fall through it and land on the floor. My bed was a virtual catapult. The mattress rested on a shaky frame: a slew of narrow boards or thin slats across it, held in place by cobwebs, which could easily take it into their heads to slip or slide – if, say, the sleeper turned over – before falling onto the floor. And with a clatter and thud, since the occupant usually fell too.

That this bed scarcely guaranteed its occupant a tranquil night's sleep goes without saying. The bed was a booby trap, a subtle instrument of torture which might at any time collapse, morphing into a sorry pile of sticks on the floor to the accompaniment of a sudden shriek. Goodness knows how I ever managed to sleep in it. And yet I slept like a log, because I'm lucky enough to be a heavy sleeper and have never known what it was to have harrowing dreams or nightmares.

In fact, I very much doubt that you've slept in my bed, for I do believe I took it with me. Why get rid of a subtle instrument of torture? Beds like that aren't two a penny.

Best regards,
Suzanne Brøgger



Bunkbeds

By Tyson Reeder, Milwaukee

My Robotic Skills Have Failed

By Gæoudjiparl van den Dobbelsteen, Bedsted

GAS 003/2007/The Sleep Issue

Thanks to all artists and authors
Dedicated to all children between 0 and 2

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GAS at the New York Art Book Fair, November 2006.

Et hæderligt tempo for en TV-kending

[1]

$\text{♩} = 60$

PICCOLO

FLUTE 1

FLUTE 2

CLARINET 1

CLARINET 2

FLUTE 3

TRUMPET 1

TRUMPET 2

TRUMPET 3

TRUMPET 4

TRUMPET 5

EAPITONE HORN

EAPITONE HORN

TROMBONE 1

TROMBONE 2

TROMBONE 3

BASS TROMBONE

TUBA

GUITAR

PIANO

ACQUSTIC BASS

TIMPANI

TUBULAR BELLS

CYMBALS

SNARE DRUM

Roll

SPICE/GRULL

SPICE/GRULL

Power

ARCO

DE FLOOR TOM?

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 TPT. 4
 TPT. 5
 SAR. HN.
 SAR. HN.
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 TEN. 2
 TEN. 3
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Bar. HN.

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Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

S. Tbn.

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Pnc.

A. Bass

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Tub. B.

Cym.

S. D.

GRWL

GRWL

SPDS

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NON LEGATO

NON LEGATO

NON LEGATO

NON LEGATO

MECO

6

WOODWINDS:

- FL. 1: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes and a triplet.
- FL. 2: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes and a triplet.
- CL. 1: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- CL. 2: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- FL. 3: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes and a triplet.

BRASS:

- TPT. 1: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- TPT. 2: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- TPT. 3: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes, marked 'CUP'.
- TPT. 4: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes, marked 'CUP'.
- TPT. 5: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- SAX. HN. 1: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- SAX. HN. 2: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- TBN. 1: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- TBN. 2: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- TBN. 3: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- S. TBN.: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- TBA.: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.

PERCUSSION:

- QTR.: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- PN2.: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- A. BASS.: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- TMP.: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- TUB. B.: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- CYM.: Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.
- S. D.: Bass clef, playing a melodic line with eighth notes.

Other markings: 'MUTE OUT' appears on TPT. 3 and TPT. 4 in the second measure.

3

9

Picc.

Fl.

Fl.

Cl.

Cl.

Fl.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tpt. 5

Sax. HN.

Sax. HN.

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Tsa.

Gtr.

PNO.

A. SASS.

TRP.

TUB. E.

CYM.

S. D.

MUTE OUT

MUTE OUT

Fornuftigt

Fornuftigt

SPROS

NON LEGATO

Fornuftigt

NON LEGATO

Fornuftigt

NON LEGATO

Fornuftigt

NON LEGATO

Pizz.

This musical score page, numbered 10, features a large ensemble of instruments. The score is organized into three measures. The instruments and their parts are as follows:

- WOODWINDS:**
 - Picc.** (Piccolo): Rests in all three measures.
 - FL.** (Flute): Rests in all three measures.
 - CL.** (Clarinet): Rests in measures 1 and 3; plays a continuous eighth-note pattern in measure 2.
 - CL.** (Clarinet): Plays a continuous eighth-note pattern in measures 1 and 3; rests in measure 2.
 - FL.** (Flute): Rests in all three measures.
- BRASS:**
 - TPT. 1-5** (Trumpets):
 - TPT. 1, 2:** Rests in all three measures.
 - TPT. 3, 4:** Play a melodic line with eighth-note patterns in measures 1 and 3, and a rest in measure 2.
 - TPT. 5:** Rests in measures 1 and 3; plays a melodic line with eighth notes in measure 2.
 - SAR. HN.** (Saxophone Horn): Rests in all three measures.
 - TBN. 1-3** (Trombones):
 - TBN. 1, 2, 3:** Rests in measures 1 and 3; play a melodic line with eighth notes in measure 2.
 - S. TBN.** (Soprano Trombone): Plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in measures 1 and 3, and rests in measure 2.
 - TBA.** (Tuba): Plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in measures 1 and 3, and rests in measure 2.
- PERCUSSION:**
 - GR.** (Gong): Plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in measures 1 and 3, and rests in measure 2.
 - PNO.** (Piano):
 - Right Hand:** Rests in measures 1 and 3; plays a melodic line with eighth notes in measure 2.
 - Left Hand:** Plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in measures 1 and 3, and rests in measure 2.
 - A. BASS.** (Acoustic Bass): Plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in measures 1 and 3, and rests in measure 2.
 - TM.** (Tom): Plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in measures 1 and 3, and rests in measure 2.
 - TUB. B.** (Tubular Bell): Rests in measures 1 and 3; plays a single note in measure 2.
 - CYM.** (Cymbal): Plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in measures 1 and 3, and rests in measure 2.
 - S. D.** (Snare Drum): Rests in measures 1 and 3; plays a melodic line with eighth notes in measure 2.

13

PICO.

FL.

FL.

CL.

CL.

FL.

TPT. 1

TPT. 2

TPT. 3

TPT. 4

TPT. 5

SAR. HN.

SAR. HN.

TEN. 1

TEN. 2

TEN. 3

B. TEN.

TSA.

Med Delay

QTR.

PNO.

A. SASS

TMP.

TUB. B.

CYM.

S. D.

15

16

PROG.

FL.

FL.

CL.

CL.

FL.

TPT. 1

TPT. 2

TPT. 3

TPT. 4

TPT. 5

SAR. HN.

SAR. HN.

TBN. 1

TBN. 2

TBN. 3

S. TBN.

TSA.

GTR.

PNO.

A. BASS

TRMP.

TUB. B.

CYM.

S. D.

Delay ud

mus

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score, numbered 15 in the top left corner. It contains 18 staves, each labeled with an instrument or section. The staves are arranged in two columns of nine. The first column contains staves 1 through 15, and the second column contains staves 16 through 18. The instruments are: PROG. (Percussion), FL. (Flute), FL. (Flute), CL. (Clarinet), CL. (Clarinet), FL. (Flute), TPT. 1 (Trumpet 1), TPT. 2 (Trumpet 2), TPT. 3 (Trumpet 3), TPT. 4 (Trumpet 4), TPT. 5 (Trumpet 5), SAR. HN. (Saxophone Horn), SAR. HN. (Saxophone Horn), TBN. 1 (Trombone 1), TBN. 2 (Trombone 2), TBN. 3 (Trombone 3), S. TBN. (Saxophone Trombone), TSA. (Tuba), GTR. (Guitar), PNO. (Piano), A. BASS (Acoustic Bass), TRMP. (Trumpet), TUB. B. (Tuba B.), CYM. (Cymbal), and S. D. (Snare Drum). The score is written in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff (PROG.) has a measure rest in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The second staff (FL.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The third staff (FL.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The fourth staff (CL.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The fifth staff (CL.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The sixth staff (FL.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The seventh staff (TPT. 1) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The eighth staff (TPT. 2) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The ninth staff (TPT. 3) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The tenth staff (TPT. 4) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The eleventh staff (TPT. 5) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The twelfth staff (SAR. HN.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The thirteenth staff (SAR. HN.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The fourteenth staff (TBN. 1) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The fifteenth staff (TBN. 2) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The sixteenth staff (TBN. 3) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The seventeenth staff (S. TBN.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The eighteenth staff (TSA.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The nineteenth staff (GTR.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The twentieth staff (PNO.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The twenty-first staff (A. BASS) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The twenty-second staff (TRMP.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The twenty-third staff (TUB. B.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The twenty-four staff (CYM.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The twenty-fifth staff (S. D.) has a sixteenth-note pattern in measure 15 and a quarter note in measure 16. The text 'Delay ud' is written above the GTR. staff in measure 15. The text 'mus' is written below the S. D. staff in measure 16.

27

Picc.

Fl.

Fl.

Cl.

Cl.

Fl.

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Tpt. 4

Tpt. 5

Sax. Hn.

Sax. Hn.

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

B. Tbn.

Tbn. 4

Gtr.

Pno.

A. Bass

Timp.

Tum. S.

Cym.

S. D.

Denne node er en nedskrevet Goodiepal-melodi, øjensynligt fra 1997, kaldet "My Robotic Skills Have Failed". Den er trykt i nærværende organ for, at du kan opføre den, blot du husker, hvis du spiller den efter bladet her, så er den dedikeret til mindet om Sara, der valgte at afslutte sit eget liv i begyndelsen af marts 2007.

What you have just been skipping through, over the last few pages, is a large-band orchestration of the Goodiepal melody "My Robotic Skills Have Failed", presumably from 1997. It was originally intended to be played by a traditional European sounding large broadcasting band doing the "good wishes for the night" and the "sleep well greetings" at the end of the TV programme, broadcasted in 2007 by national Danish television, called Den 11. Time.

The transcription could have been carried out by Nikolaj Bentzon, who could be the son of Niels Viggo Bentzon, one of the composers who first practised Fluxus related music in Denmark.

- Here we use the term large-band, rather than the more correct English big band, because as the title music for the end sequence of the TV programme it was important that the music was played with a rather strict discipline. The kind of touch you would imagine if you made classically trained Europeans play neo classical music on a big band instrument setup somewhere in time around the year 1963.

These words could have been written by anybody including Per Høier or Valerio Camporini Faggioni but is probably written by Gæoudjiparl VAN DEN DOBBELSTEEN - only you as the reader will be able to tell.

MON DIRIGENTEN BÅDE KAN SKRIVE NODER, SPILLE KLAVER OG DIRIGERE?