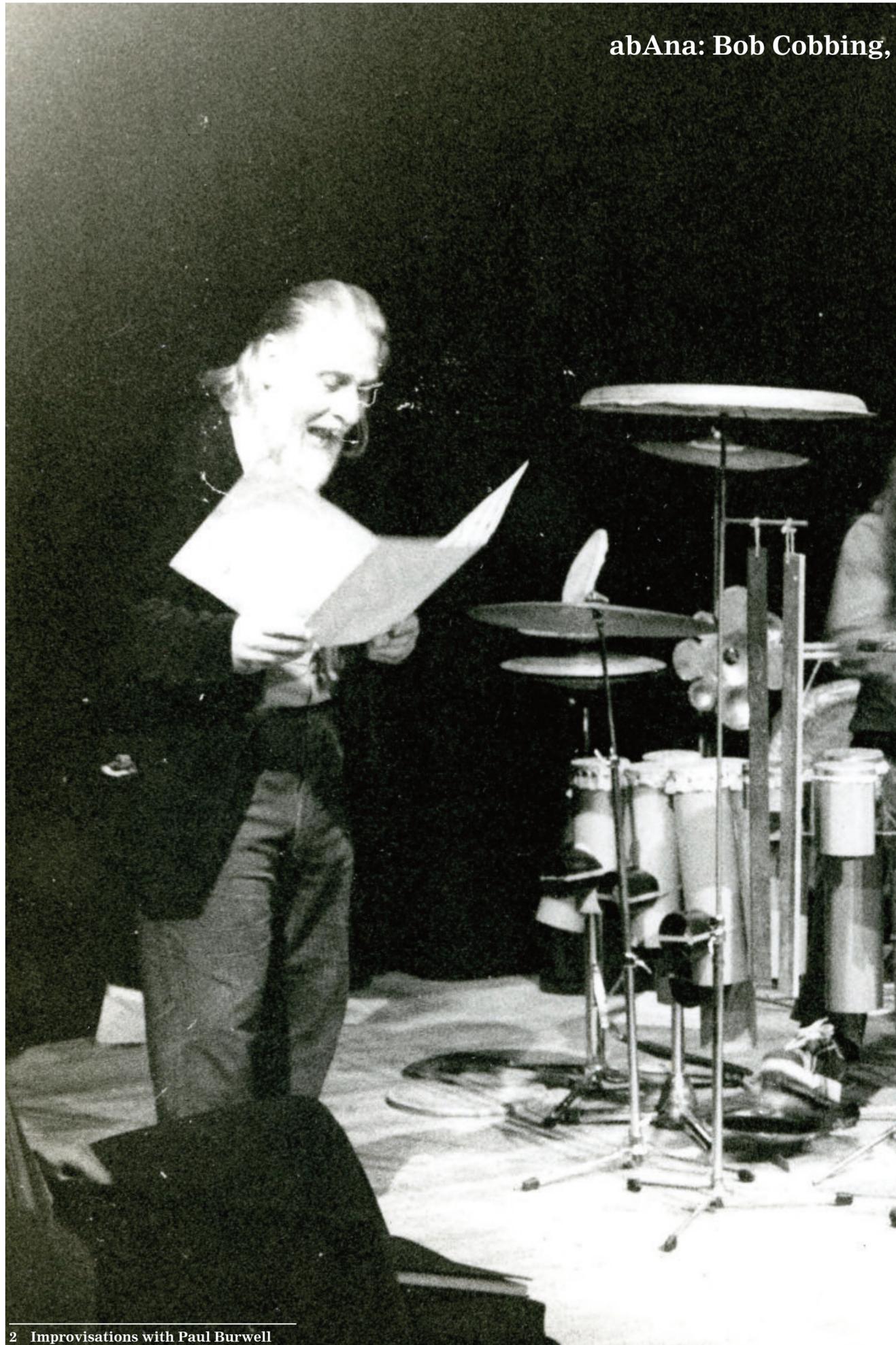


**Improvisations with  
Paul Burwell**

**Matt's Gallery at Dilston Grove,  
Southwark Park, London SE16 2UA  
17-19 September 2010**

**RSB**

abAna: Bob Cobbing,



Paul Burwell, David Toop.



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**TAPS: Improvisations with Paul Burwell**  
Film, installation and performance, portraying layers of interpretation from more than 80 collaborators in response to Paul Burwell's prolific practice. Realised by Anne Bean, Robin Klassnik and Richard Wilson. Presented by Matt's Gallery at Dilston Grove.

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**Thanks**  
I thank all who sailed with us on this voyage, you all know who you are. But I must single out Matilda Strang our Stanley Picker Intern who captained and co-ordinated the trip and Hannah Liley exhibitions manager who kept an eye out for pirates  
Robin Klassnik 2010

Some from Anne.

**Paul Burwell** was infamous for his exuberant fusions of fine-art installation, percussion and explosive performance. He was a staunch advocate of, and passionate participant in, all forms of experimental art. TAPS: Improvisations with Paul Burwell, realised by Anne Bean, Robin Klassnik and Richard Wilson embodies his prolific practice.

Over the course of three days TAPS exhibited film, installation and performance, portraying layers of interpretation from more than 80 invited collaborators, in response to Burwell's poem 'Adventures in the House of Memory'. The poem arose from improvisations by Anne Bean and Paul Burwell in preparation for William Burroughs's Final Academy at Ritz, London in 1982, where improvised words were written on huge sheets of flash paper which were ignited as they were sung.

The poem was the last recorded Burwell work two months before he died in 2007. The body of collaborators have responded to the poem by each creating a short film or audio work as a new collaboration for, about or 'with' Burwell.

Fragments of each collaborator's film or audio work, now make a collective totem in a two screen, one hour composite film interpreted and edited by Anne Bean and Chris Bishop. This resulting work resonates with the poem's innate episodic chronicles, as slivers interleaf together, and runs continuously throughout each day.

The film is shown as part of a screen installation constructed by Richard Wilson. By adding its own sounds and actions, this structure becomes a part player in the final act of the last evening, during a performance by Ansuman Biswas.

Live performances form another layer of exploration, echoing the sense of inter-connectivity created by the installation. Each performer encompasses a practice that reflects the context and ethos in which Burwell worked, improvising within the framework of the poem, film, installation and space at Dilston Grove. The performances will take place at various times during the event.

# TAPS

David Toop, July 2010

Nested black decomposition, the heart of retreat. Hunched as a bird stilled by wounding, a small caravan hides itself within collapsed chaos, falling in upon its own sheltered darkness as if cannibalised from within to without by some cancer of bloodbonemind and deep memory. As if inscribing sound poetry into earth onto plant life onto metal stone and water using coded language of the resistant unruly dead, a ghost taps from the thicket out to the compound now shrouded in darkness; with each tap a snare drum rattles from some secluded container, forced resonance.

## INVOCATION

Disclosure is slow and gradual. Satan or equivalent naming from all the pantheon of gods, sprites, angels, devils and demons had been wrestled here, befriended perhaps for ecstatic moments before all turned to ice, head pressed to the cold ground in stupefaction drifting through coma to death. Whisky and rot. Sleep-carrier, a riverruns behind the compound that is the living body within which squats the necrotic silent heart of this bathetic dwelling within which drinks the animal self, burrowed. Inevitably, there are intimations of Kurtz, not quite heads drying on stakes, but at least the sense of a dilapidated work in progress: the bricolage of a remote rebel state that by its existence spits at the world as it has become and will continue to be. Urn broken open; father's ashes are tasted, then consumed.

## DEBRIS

Prosaic is the setting of an exhibition (ghosts striving to materialise in glorious caterwaul of painted fire drums and chanting gibber, their metal springs and gunpowder failing fading); prosaic is the wooden singularity of the artist being (whose fluid dimensions and networks meanwhile leak and spill into worlds outside worlds); prosaic is the fiction of biography (a scaffold of facts shrivelled to the clenched skeleton trace of a long-desiccated spider). Paul Dean Burwell (ostensibly the provisional subject here) was not Kurtz, no mumbling hulk, no shrieking indistinct vapour of the earth on the threshold of great things. Yet he was something of an outlaw, perhaps fitting more closely Joseph Conrad's (or Marlow's) description of Kurtz's harlequin disciple: 'There he was before me, in motley, as though he had absconded from a troupe of mimes, enthusiastic, fabulous. His very existence was improbable, inexplicable, and altogether bewildering. He was an insoluble problem. It was inconceivable how he had existed, how he had succeeded in getting so far, how he had managed to remain.' In another sense, he was a version of Marlow himself, narrator of a life considered, rejected, reinvented then finally decomposed, if not quite at will then finally in a downward swoop mixing elements at once abject, pitiable and suffused with unsettling passionate integrity yet never immune to the comedy of it all. From first to last the world was amusing, gleefully so, even when its actions seemed bitter and punitive.

## DEVILS AND ANGELS

A mythical interiority is built up, a psyche that becomes transformed and reborn by its

dwelling, its immersion in the terror, beauty, strangeness and absurdity of all those experiences and fantasies that feel in their vivacity and otherworldly familiarity like another life once lived in a different dimension: the serpent handling and strychnine drinking of Holiness churches in the Appalachian region; the Mississippi snare drum and cane fife music of Napoleon Strickland, Sid Hemphill, Othar Turner and the brothers Lonnie and Ed Young; the engineering feats of Isambard Kingdom Brunel; in King Boxer, Chi-Hao (played by Lo Lieh) repeatedly plunging his hands into heated iron filings to develop the Iron Palm technique of glowing fists; the 'Spooky Drums' of Baby Dodds and his demonstration of the Shimmy Beat and Press Roll; Trobriand cricket; 'Ghosts', 'Spirits', 'Bells', 'Witches and Devils', 'Holy Holy' and 'Saints', played by Albert Ayler with Sunny Murray; 'Love Cry' played by Albert Ayler with Milford Graves; 'White Man's Got a God Complex' by The Last Poets; 'Transistor Radio' by Bongo Joe; The Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford; 'Alligator Wine' by Screamin' Jay Hawkins; an inevitably brief boxing match between Dadaist Arthur Craven and world champion Jack Johnson; 'Drinking Wine, Spo-Dee-o-Dee, Drinking Wine' by The Johnny Burnette Trio; the silence of Buster Keaton; Maureen Tucker with the Velvet Underground; masked Siberian shamans pounding giant bull-skin frame drums, hung with metal suns, painted with images of rainbows, eyes, bird-men and trees, full of spirits; The Admiralty Manual of Seamanship, vol. 1 (1972 edition), in which is published the history and proper deployment of piping and the boatswains call; Sun Ra and His Arkestra singing 'Outer Spaceways Incorporated'; the shuddering, beating, clashing blare and thunder of a Nyingmapa sect Tibetan Buddhist ritual. Perhaps most deeply felt of all during times of penury was the raw message of One String Sam's 'I Need \$100'.

I am concerned, perhaps fastidious, about sentimentality, nostalgia or an excessively dramatic account, yet all of those qualities are latent within this story, perhaps all the more so because it is not set in Congo or Cambodia. The narrative must run backwards, taking us dangerously close to the archival circle of hell; the strong magnetic pull of this singular human being must be resisted – somebody I knew very well, like a brother, and like a brother, knew not at all. This is not the biography of an artist, but an indication of how life intersects with art (as if they could ever be separate) and how inspiration can pour (like the gift of tongues) from one into many. Disclosure is slow and gradual; it begins in Hull, the Kingston Rowing Club, where PDB (as he signed himself, and I have no way of adopting a more distanced form of address) established his final redoubt.

'We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness,' wrote Conrad in his toxic, troubling book. 'It was very quiet there. At night sometimes the roll of drums behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering in the air high above our heads, till the first break of day.'

**David Toop** is a composer/musician, author and curator who has worked in many fields of sound art and music, including improvisation, sound installations, field recordings, pop music production, music for television, theatre and dance. He has published five books, currently translated into nine languages: *Rap Attack*, *Ocean of Sound*, *Exotica* (a winner of the 21st annual American Books Awards for 2000), and *Haunted Weather*. His fifth book – *Sinister Resonance: The Mediumship of the Listener* – was published by Continuum in July 2010. His first album, *New and Rediscovered Musical Instruments*, was released on Brian Eno's Obscure label in 1975; since 1995 he has released eight solo albums, including *Screen Ceremonies*, *Museum of Fruit* and *Black Chamber*. His latest solo album, *Sound Body*, was released by David Sylvian's samadhisound label in 2007. As a critic and columnist he has written for many publications, including *The Wire*, *The Face*, *Leonardo Music Journal* and *Bookforum*. Exhibitions he has curated include *Sonic Boom* at the Hayward Gallery, London, *Playing John Cage* at Arnolfini, Bristol, and *Blow Up* at Flat-Time House, London. In 2005 his sound installation *Beijing Water Writing*, was exhibited in Beijing's Zhongshan Park as the inaugural event of the British Council Sound & the City project. In 2009 he wrote and composed his first opera, *Star-shaped Bisquit*, under the auspices of a Jerwood/Aldeburgh Music fellowship. Visiting Professor at the University of the Arts London, he is a Senior Research Fellow at London College of Communication



In October 2000, a bicycle journey was taken, falling into a pulsation of rhythms slower and more secret than the customs of the age. Then at a certain bend in the river ('through a final uncyclable stretch of overgrowth,' as Paul wrote in a published account), The Kingston Rowing Club was discovered, ready to be bought and transformed.

Radiating out from the caravan to which Paul retreated during his last days are the remaining signs of a singular energy: spaces filled with more playful devices, an informal cluster of buildings, containers, plantings and shelters, indecipherable constructions, the echoes and shadows of monstrous sounds, fire-

light and other anomalies. In particular, I remember a rain seat, a frame within which a listener could sit and listen to rain falling on the drum fixed above her head. The place would be largely silent now, because Paul (inventor and overseer; if those are sufficiently descriptive terms for his pivotal role in the site) fell victim to the spell of this place in cold wintered Hull, his life coming to an end on 4 of February, 2007.

If the presence of Joseph Conrad (and, by extension, Francis Ford Coppola) hangs heavily over this preface to a tale, this would have been welcomed by Paul, who never wished to detach himself from the adventurous seagoing spirit of Conrad, in which journeys undertaken in-

variably end in some disaster or, at the least, unexpected turn. As for the silence of the compound, fenced off from meagre parkland, this asks difficult questions of how to make sense of what remains in that territory, and in the documents, archival traces, strange objects, texts, gleanings, anecdotes, scatter and ashes of an artist's life. Dereliction and dispersal loom, both in the physical sense, and of memory, the imperfect archive. A means of exhibition has slowly emerged through the struggle of such questions, the discourse of honouring excess, sacrifice, subversion by laughter, force of will and other qualities that come to seem something other than what they are.

## Poem by Paul Burwell 1982 anotated by Paul McCarthy

**Paul McCarthy** was born in Salt Lake City, Utah in 1945. He studied at the University of Utah, 1966-8, and at the San Francisco Art Institute in 1969. He moved to Los Angeles in 1970, and completed the MFA at the University of Southern California, in 1973. McCarthy was a Professor at the University of California, Los Angeles from 1984-2003.

McCarthy comes out of a generation of artists who responded to Minimalism and Conceptual Art of the 1960s by developing an approach that sought to reinstate the connection between artistic activity and social reality. He has gained a reputation as a sharp analyst of US society at its most media-crazed and consumption-oriented. His work encompasses a broad scope of mediums, from performances and videos which he began staging in the 1970s, to the installations, sculptures and drawings he continues to produce.

McCarthy's work was brought to international attention in the exhibition, *Helter Skelter* at MOCA, Los Angeles in 1992. Solo exhibitions of McCarthy's work include *Dimensions of the Mind* at Sammlung Hauser & Wirth, St. Gallen, Switzerland in 1999; *Paul McCarthy* at MOCA, Los Angeles in 2000, The New Museum NY, Villa Arson, Nice, and the Tate Liverpool in 2001; *Paul McCarthy at Tate Modern*, London in 2003; *Brain Box - Dream Box* at the Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven and the CAC in Malaga, Spain in 2004; *LaLa land parodie paradises* at Haus der Junst, Munich and *LaLa land parody paradise* at Whitechapel Art Gallery, London in 2005; *Head Shop/Shop Head* at Moderna Museet, Stockholm, Sweden in 2006, ARoS in Asarhus Museum of Art, Denmark and at S.M.A.K in Ghent, Belgium in 2007; *Central Symmetrical Rotation Movement - Three Installations, Two Films* at Whitney Museum of American Art, New York NY in 2008; and *Pig Island* at the Fondazione Nicola Trussardi, Milan, Italy in 2010.

### *Adventures in the House of memory*

*History keeper*

*Adventurer in the house of memory*

*Bleeding woman*

*Control wheel who has the ear of the people*

*Leader*

*Dark suit man*

*Battledress woman*

*Stocking woman*

*Supporting the life of the industry woman*

*Word burrower*

*Aeroplane seeder*

*Of imagined futures who talks to black box woman*

*Engaged in the task of moving the tiny casks of*

*Liquid along the many roads*

*To the home of*

*white shirt man*

*bee line man*

*in love with someone man*

*woman who knows*

*typewriter woman*

*preparer of food woman*

*writer of messages woman*

*bearer of children woman*

*tearer of desire woman*

*teacher of young woman*

*Teacher who stumbles woman*

*appointer of rich woman*

*motor car believer*

*deaths head warrior*

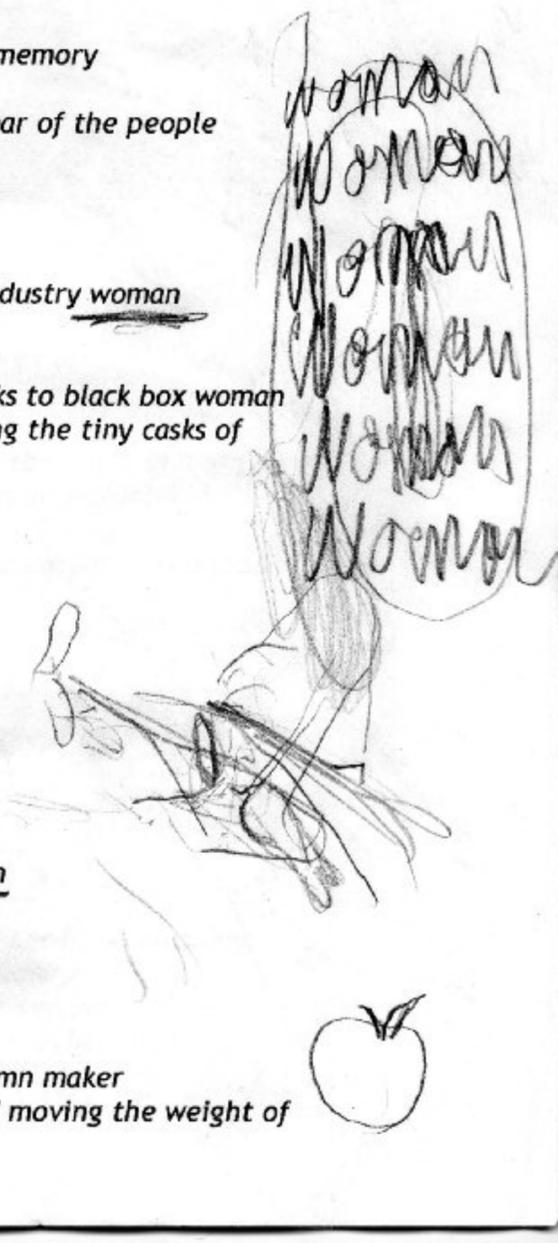
*old man hater*

*zodiac cartographer*

*gathering of the leaves autumn maker*

*wandering in a bookshop and moving the weight of*

*the people lover*



With no disrespect to Hull, there is something perverse in setting up camp so far from all centres of power, not the familiar move of occupying a sylvan cottage to produce works protesting their detachment from the metropolis, but to dig out a home and public workspace in a city unloved and remote, then build lines of connections patiently outward with little thought of their relevance to the world that believes it matters. The ragged, hopeless beauty and ephemerality of this work, which was not just the making of objects or audio recordings but an entire way of living, its rich chaos of notes, thought, marks, collections, images, sound, constructions, collaborations,

of that instrument carries further than the strong sound of a large drum. And where does it begin, this slow disclosure? Gathering dust, the skeleton of biography, to me as incredible, barely believable and humdrum in its beginnings as any Conrad tale: born in Ruislip, Middlesex, the 24th April, 1949; died in Hull Royal Infirmary, the 4th February 2007, after being found five days earlier, unconscious in mysterious and still unresolved circumstances close to the Kingston Rowing Club. Between these two solemn beats on a woodblock there are facts, names, actions, incidents, collaborations, an entangled life too impenetrable to fully enter here: his attendance at Merchant

Perhaps by some obscure path influenced by his father, who ran the scene decoration department at BBC television, Paul made a series of leaps from Merchant Navy School – strip club drummer, landscape gardener, gravedigger, playleader – to a place at Ealing School of Art. Once enrolled, he befriended the senior lecturer in music, Christopher Small, and took a pragmatic approach to facilities. John Stevens was loaned a classroom in which to hold his groundbreaking improvisation workshops, and our newly formed abAna trio with sound poet Bob Cobbing grew into a sextet (with Chris Small, Lyn Conetta and Herman Hauge). Inspired by Cobbing's Writers Forum

# Here is an artist who found it neither possible nor morally correct to separate work from life or life from work.

events and behaviours, cannot be tidied into immediate coherence. Like the spit of Bataille, its formlessness resists and desists, remains as fragments.

This is an exhibition which extends openings to formlessness, at the same time honouring networks that grow continually outwards, even losing any conscious connection to the source or unaware of the generator at their heart.

What is it that an exhibition can be, how can it make sense of past actions and ancient images, that which is transient, explosive, haunted, that which is ritual and disaster? Aspiring to extend potentiality into the future rather than closing it off as a series of completed works, the retrieval of a story, not its ending, this can only be an exhibition in parenthesis, a dynamic of uncertain solidity. How does the artist make work, or survive, or live some kind of life that is not dissociated from this work? In cases such as this, when aspects of the work have engulfed the life, only to be extinguished by their own energy and intensity, the only answer is to engage physically with the materials of both the life and work, to examine the sources, to move within the spaces in which it began, to summon up stories from those people who were connected in some way to the resistant narrative I am attempting to describe. Here is an artist who found it neither possible nor morally correct to separate work from life or life from work. The name of the artist is less important than the examination of this strategy, an approach to life which many would find wasteful and self-destructive, but others would treat as a selfless call to arms in its relentless drive.

## WYRD

That which has become; that which has turned its back, and the process through which the actions of an individual can have widespread effects, as if a small homemade instrument is sounded on a beach and the fragile sounding

Navy College in Greenhithe aboard HMS Worcester; a talent for fencing; his mother's vision of her son, future clarinetist; then drums. He studied with dance band legend Max Abrams, also tutor Tony Meehan of The Shadows; snare drum rattle – the long roll – stayed with him for life, but Sun Ra, Albert Ayler and Ornette Coleman subverted more orthodox values even before school was over. 'I was always interested in Milford Graves speaking of a drum as a membrane,' he told *Melody Maker* in 1977, 'and the fact that Ed Blackwell is so tonally conscious. It always struck me, actually, that most drummers aren't very concerned with the mechanics of their instrument... A drum is a vibrating membrane and it's subject to all these physical laws. You can finger cymbals, too, or get different notes out of them by bowing. You can dent them in the middle and you get a low sound, and you cut out certain resonances and emphasise others. I started putting my percussion instruments through those sort of processes. Not so much thinking about hitting things rhythmically but looking at them simply as sound sources.'

We met at the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, London, in 1969, both 20, plunging into nocturnal jam sessions convened on the stage of an ice show. Struggling to build new music out of avant-rock and free jazz, we were frustrated by the conservatism or lassitude of others, asking ourselves the question: can music be a charm once again or is it condemned to be a routine? Once reconciled to being a duo, named as Rain In the Face, we hacked out an uneasy place in the emergent free improvisation scene. By 1970 Paul had recorded on tablas for Pandit Sain Trikha's Mushroom LP, *Three Sitar Pieces*, and both of us played on singer-songwriter Simon Finn's psych-folk album *Pass The Distance*. He also worked with poet Carlyle Reedy, in her Monkey Theatre, and can be seen in performance with her on the jacket of Michael Nyman's book, *Experimental Music* (1974 edition).

press, Paul launched his own imprint, Mirilton, and published two small chapbooks: the first was *Paths Into the Forest*, in 1973, followed by *Subtle Sculpture* in 1974. Ealing College also enabled the production of *New/Rediscovered Musical Instruments*, a collaboration with my own imprint, Quartz Publications. Later, this experience was invaluable in the production of *Musics* magazine, *Readings* (a magazine of performance art co-edited with Annabel Nicolson), and in his vital role as a founding member and first secretary of the London Musicians Collective.

## PRODDING THE WORLD

Halfway through his life, Dante the Pilgrim wakes to find himself lost in a dark wood. Driven to the sunless wood by three fierce beasts, he is finally led by Virgil back to the bright world by circuitous route through the circles of Hell and Purgatory. In *Paradise Lost* Milton wrote:

... by subtle Magic many a row  
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
with Naptha and Asphaltus yielded light  
As from a sky ...

From the circle of the drum grew a desire to explore the unknown, to take difficult, dark and dangerous routes, and in the imagining of a new yet archaic category of intangible technologies, a move away from the conventions of music making into a world of resonant spaces, vibrating bodies and elemental sound. Sound connected out into physical space, not imposed upon a space but introduced as a provisional, tentative, exploratory element. A published piece from 1974 – *Six Small Wooden Sealed Boxes* – echoed Duchamp, though the element of secrecy of Duchamp's *With Hidden Noise* is overshadowed by curiosity and sensual pleasure. Each box contained a different material so the act of shaking them and listen-

ing to them acknowledges the detachment of sound from its physical source, even when the source can be precisely located in space through its entrapment. A few years later at the LMC he released sound more fully into the space of the audience by whirling heavy Chinese cymbals on long cords, banging the cymbals dramatically on the floor to create Doppler effects. This inspired Max Eastley to devise Whirled Music, a performance for whirling and spinning instruments.

Throughout Paul's life he and his many collaborators invented a surreal orchestra of bizarre, fabulous noisemaking devices plucked from parallel worlds: Hieronymus

ality and accepting the consequences. The flip side of his sensitivity in performances with Annabel Nicolson, Sylvia Hallett or Sarah Hopkins was his willingness to battle the famous Kodo Drummers on Sado Island in Japan, and win, or to dress himself in paper then ignite the costume.

Fused with a fiercely energetic, dramatic commitment to live performance, Paul's technical inventions opened out into a life's work. After Ealing he took an MA in Environmental Media at the Royal College of Art, where we formed the almost mythical and unbelievably labour intensive improv label – Quartz/Mirilton Cassettes – and where he launched the

ming, instrument invention, physics, urban landscape, drawing with light and sculpting with sound. The sculpture was 'subtle' because it could not be studied by the eye over time or held in the hands, but its impact was visceral, connecting people over vast spaces, fire water sound. From bedroom drumming to seamanship, Brunel to Cravan, Paul's life seemed to lead inexorably to this point, his path into the forest. Important work followed after the original Bow Gamelan split in 1990, but with less focus, and by 2000 Paul had uprooted from Bow to Hull. Many claimed he had changed their lives, given them belief in themselves, or the nerve to be themselves. There he stayed (sur-

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**‘The thing about explosions is that you give yourself up to them. It’s just energy.’**

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Bosch, Athanasius Kircher, Jean Tinguely, Harry Partch, Leonardo da Vinci, Mervyn Peake, Luigi Russolo's intonarumori, the rattling wailing groan of Varèse, the Symphony of Factory Sirens staged in Baku in 1922 (in which choirs, a vast crowd of spectators, artillery guns, a machine gun division, hydroplanes, the foghorns of the Soviet Caspian flotilla and all the factory sirens of the port were conducted from towers using flags and pistol shots), Raymond Roussel's uncanny flesh-machine hybrids, the voice masks of Canadian Northwest Coast Kwakiutl people, the Javan talaktuk water-driven idiophone and the el fua funerary monochord once used in Cuba for spirit mediumship. Inevitably, there were associations of Heath Robinson. A case in point was If you were born in '33, you would have been '45 in '78, the magnificently abrasive metal record player bicycle exhibited in *Sonic Boom* at the Hayward Gallery in 2000. I first saw it played during a Bow Gamelan performance in 1990. A cyclist sat on the construction pedalling steadily, the huge turntable revolving at snail's pace, a giant stylus digging into the grooves of a four-foot wide Perspex disc. Slow music from pre-history squealed from a horn. Three crocodilian hinged baths, mated in pairs on top of each other, snapped their jaws. A vacuum player played its Highland lament for the myth of labour-saving devices. Lights whirled. Arrows fired at suspended beer barrels mimicked the change ringing of church bells. A thunderous Burundi drum orchestra of upturned plastic barrels, illuminated from within, glowing in the mentholated lime and aqua tones of a tiki bar from Hell. Spoons heard through darkness, an echo of that odd scene in Roman Polanski's *Repulsion* in which two spoons players move crabwise along a London street. More vacuum cleaners blowing smoke through corrugated whirly tubes. Alarms, klaxons, car horns, colliding metal discs, monstrosous springs, light bulbs attached to musical saws, heterodyning sirens played at the low end of their range. He built or destroyed, understanding their mutu-

Alcheringa Discothèque, a proto-ambient listening environment in which it was possible to play records of Jamaican dub, dance craze soul, Korean Kagok, Iawa flutes, Ainu songs, Vancouver horns and whistles and Antarctic seals all in the same evening (for me, the template of my *Ocean of Sound* compilation released nearly 20 years later). An association formed during this period with pyrotechnic sound artist Stephen Cripps at his Butler's Wharf studio proved to be concussive. One conflagration of flour, smoke, explosives and water at Oxford Museum of Modern Art in the midst of Jackson Pollock paintings almost precipitated an art market meltdown. Anne Bean (with her own notorious studio and gathering point at Butler's Wharf), joined them and her collaborations with Paul – including the wild post-punk 45 as Pulp Music, 'Low Flying Aircraft' – initiated one of the most important phases of his trajectory. Sculptor Richard Wilson owned a boat, and so river trips transmuted into performances through some evolutionary process.

## PEDAL TO THE METAL

The river, leading to another life flow, another state of being human and in collusion with machines. Within the depths of J M W Turner – *The Fighting Temeraire*, *Rockets and Blue Lights* or *Rain, Steam and Speed* – do we hear the noise of steam through rain, the crack of a cannon shot echoing over water, muffled by mist? A stretched skin is struck by wood or hand, resonates within a chamber, shoots out to meet greater volumes of air, complex surface resistance, the hearing of other beings, and so we understand an intimate connection between drum and gunpowder, the body written, sound and fire, the echoes of explosions in liquid dark. 'Ephemeral archaeology'; this was Paul's description. 'The thing about explosions,' he said, 'is that you give yourself up to them. It's just energy. It's fantastic, but don't expect to end up in the same place you were when you triggered them.'

After the death of Cripps in 1982, Wilson, Burwell and Bean formed Bow Gamelan Ensemble, a spectacular channelling of drum-

rounded by works, instruments, tools, books, music), inspiring others or berating them, shaking a fist at the world, still true to his core beliefs until his tragic end.

## WRITING ON THE BODY

Sound moves out from its source, a shell, a cavity, a plane, a chemical reaction, a physical process, the percussion of air, inscribes itself on the body, invisibly written as if concealing secrets, is eaten and drunk, breathed out, bled and vomited into memory, air and silence. Like Donald Judd and John Latham, Paul enjoyed the sound of the Highland bagpipe. One of his favourite pieces of music was 'The Old Men of the Shells', a pibroch sung by Calum Johnston, then played on the Scots Highland bagpipe by Pipe-Major John MacLellan. The passionate, heroic, essentially lonely art of piobaireachd is pared down to its emotional core in this early 1960's recording. Johnston's otherworldly vocal carries folk memory from Gaelic song, a feud song, the MacKenzies of Kintail toasting their dead by sipping whisky from scallop shells. 'The black old men of the shells,' sleeve notes tell us, 'may have been lucky enough to possess a still which supplied as much whisky as they could drink.'

## THE EBB OF THAT RIVER INTO AN UNKNOWN EARTH

He was on board a little ship  
a collection of different woods  
bound together  
his clothes were made of sailcloth  
heavy and wet.  
(PDB, 1976/79)

... the ship founders, sinks, and the ebb of that river slips into an unknown earth: ear to the reverberant world, the sleeper drops to deeper waters; others are born and swim outwards in contraflow. In silt, somnambulist, travelling.

# TAPS: Live Performers

Ansuman Biswas | Melissa Castagnetto | Shaun Caton | William Cobbing | Ryuzo Fukuhara | Juneau Projects | Oren Marshall & Steve Noble | Kaffe Matthews | Yol

## TAPS composite film, contributing artists

Mark Anderson with Nick Sales & Jony Easterby | Anne Bean | Steve Beresford\* | Steven Berkoff | Ansuman Biswas & Mary Genis | Borbetomagus: Don Dietrich, Donald Miller & Jim Salter | Brian Catling | Shaun Caton | Trace Collective: Phil Babot, Lee Hassall, Eddie Ladd, Tony Schwensen & André Stitt | Mike Cooper | Viv Corringham\* | Lol Coxhill\* | Kim Creighton | Peter Cusack | Terry Day | Peter Davey | Hermine Demoriane | Sean Dower | Max Eastley\* | David Ellis & Lee Merrill | Rose English | Susanna Ferrar\* | Simon Finn | Chris Gladwin | Adalet Garmiany | Brian G Gilson | Charlie Hooker | Sylvia Hallett\* | Martin von Haselberg aka Harry Kipper | P Jeck & Mary Prestidge | Jacky Lansley & Fergus Early | Lurca | Paul McCarthy | John McKeon | Ashleigh Marsh | Kaffe Matthews | Dan Maurer | David Medalla with Guy Brett, Alma Tischler & Marko Steponova | Gioia Meller Marcovicz | Phil the Messenger | Hugh Metcalfe | Phil Minton & Roger Turner\* | Charlie Morrissey | Rev Nagase | Miyako Narita | Maggie Nicols\* | Steve Noble | Hannah O'Shea | Marega Palser | Evan Parker | Brian Routh aka Harry Kipper | Tom Recchion | Carlyle Reedy | Rembrandt | Kirsten Reynolds with The London Dirthole Company | Ezra Rubenstein | Elliott Sharp | Brown Sierra: Paddy Collins & Pia Gambardella | Anna Thew | Alan Tomlinson\* | David Toop | Toy Killers | Harald Uccello FoTyArT ORG | Patricia Wells | Mimi Westernhagen | Aaron Williamson\* | Richard Wilson with William Raban & David Cunningham | Marie Yates | Yol | z'ev\*

\*Film by Helen Petts

# TAPS



**Mark Anderson with Nick Sales & Jony Easterby**



**Anne Bean**  
And Inhabited the Spaces



**Terry Day**  
Memory of Paul



**Peter Davey**



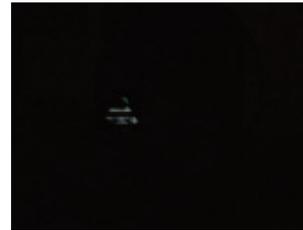
**Hermine DeMoriane**



**Steve Beresford**  
He Who Looks Twice in All Directions



**Steven Berkoff**  
Agamemnon (audio)



**Ansuman Biswas & Mary Genis**



**Sean Dower**  
Power & Light



**Max Eastley**  
Piper of Invisible Fires Man



**David Ellis & Lee Merrill**  
Hull Air (Burwell's Piobaireachd)



**Borbetomagus (Don Dietrich, Donald Miller & Jim Salter)** (audio)



**Brian Catling**  
Piping For Paul



**Shaun Caton**  
Netherwhat



**Rose English**



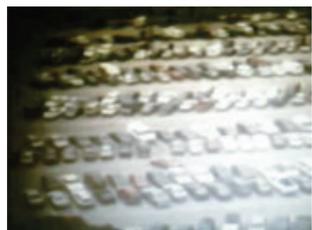
**Susanna Ferrar**  
Where the Water Meets



**Simon Finn**  
Rich Girl with no Trousers (audio)



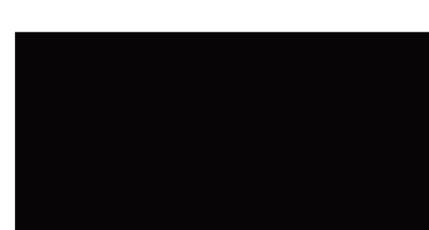
**Trace Collective (Phil Babot, Lee Hassall, Eddie Ladd, Tony Schwensen & André Stitt)**  
Akshun for Paul Burwell



**Mike Cooper**  
Hammers and Feathers



**Viv Corringham**  
Together Then Created the Journey That Both Forgot



**Chris Gladwin**  
House of Dreams (audio)



**Adalet Garmiany**



**Brian G Gilson**



**Lol Coxhill**  
By the Paths of the Deep River



**Kim Creighton**



**Peter Cusack**



**Charlie Hooker**  
Bangs, Thumps, Taps and Rattles. One Drummer boy to another



**Sylvia Hallett**  
Wheel Who Has the Ear of the People



**Martin von Haselberg aka Harry Kipper**  
No More Memories

Bow Gamelan Ensemble, **Six hour concert**,  
Rainham Reach, Thames Estuary, 1984.  
(Photo courtesy: Alter Image)

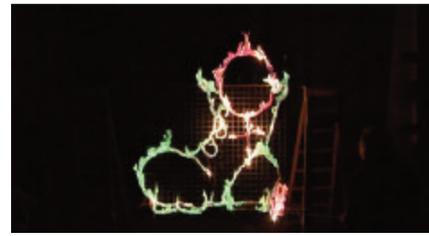




**P Jeck & Mary Prestidge**  
Paul 11



**Jacky Lansley & Fergus Early**  
Who Became Those



**Lurca**  
Army Boot Woman / Fire Writing



**Paul McCarthy**



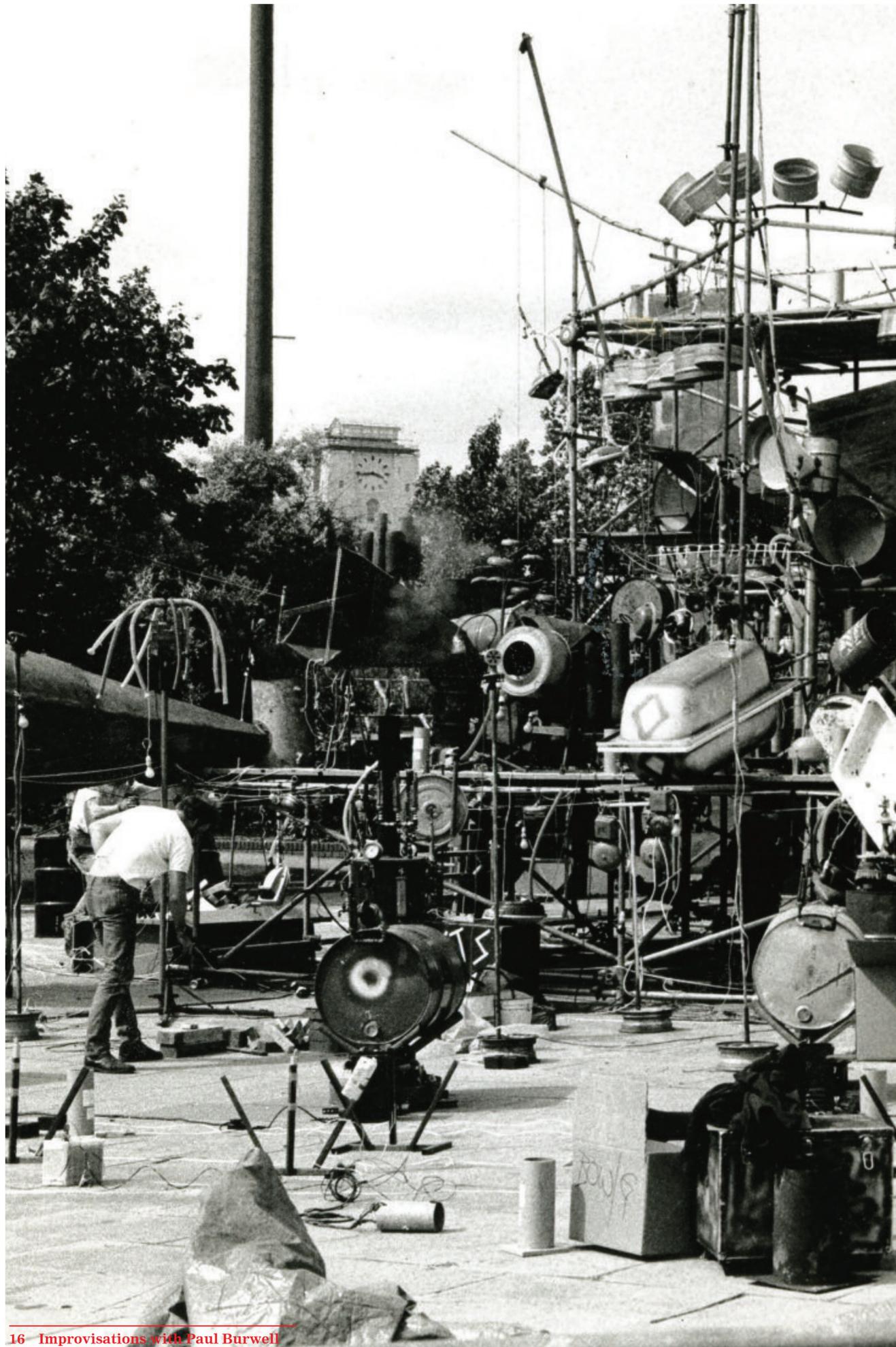
**John McKeon**  
Dark Passages



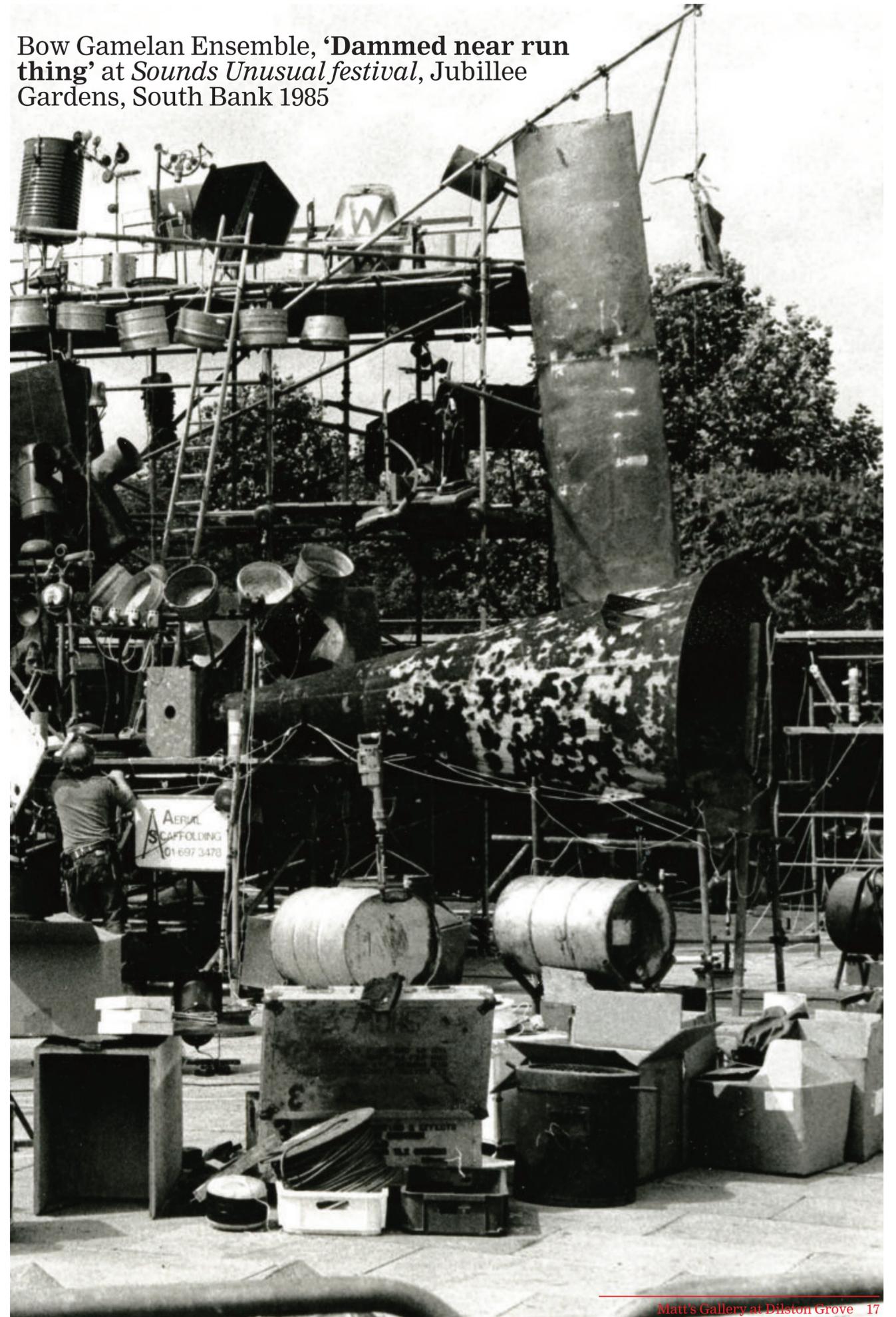
**Ashleigh Marsh**  
Ate by the Paths

happiness encountered, old bridge painter  
 mover in the daylight, chair on cart owner  
 cigarette maker  
~~orange distiller~~  
~~book reader~~  
 child of he who looks twice in all directions  
 son of guitar maker, she who sells wires  
 sister to café owner, out of one who took  
 the bench of the learned  
 mars watching woman  
 she who stretched too far  
 message creator  
~~soother of pains of the soul woman~~  
~~ant eater man~~  
 he who straightens things out  
 moves through brightness to the place of learning  
 travels upwards and sleeps on an escalator  
 train driver  
 one who moves through the dark passages on rails  
 drip feed monitor  
 he who moved the beds from the hospital  
 he who released the sick  
 he who cured the loss of blood of the dead  
 son of woman who prepares the sheets of the  
 dying and  
 lived with the house of the fish in the place where  
 the walls meet the sky  
 in the city of the money owners  
 born out of the holocaust  
 and spilled into a world that knows no meaning  
 blowback inventor gun believer,  
 eater of the flesh of dead animal  
 frier of the things that are brought  
 who met the first friend who changed  
 daughter of the black defendant who lived in the  
 cage of the west

and ate by the paths of the deep river  
 and together then created the journey  
 that both forgot and played games in a café  
 that sold the food of fat man  
 the lover of square tables and crawling things  
 who moved on and forgot their friendship  
 in the deserts of the southern country  
 found rodeo boot maker  
 and were taught the secrets of footwear and  
 natural medicine  
 in a crumbling building that no one visits  
 washed by the canal that carries the old voices  
 that sung songs of factory lovers and homemakers  
 sky woman  
 racehorseman  
 cow leading woman  
 house finder  
 frightener of the lives of the children  
 sandpaper man  
 piper of invisible fires man  
 buyer of wine  
 eater of the tall deserts  
 who showed them a way to the dried meat  
 which they later ate  
 and made butter from the body of the crash victim  
 car owner  
 breathing man who got drunk and spat at horse  
 Guerilla chairman  
 Native of this place woman  
 Machine maker  
 Happiness reacher and cobra owner  
 Tied to each other  
 Carried by they who laughed at the proclamations  
 And were threatened by the razor makers  
 Left to the cellars of the murderers  
 Drug defiers



Bow Gamelan Ensemble, 'Dammed near run thing' at *Sounds Unusual festival*, Jubilee Gardens, South Bank 1985





**Kaffe Matthews**  
Will You Cook the Fish?



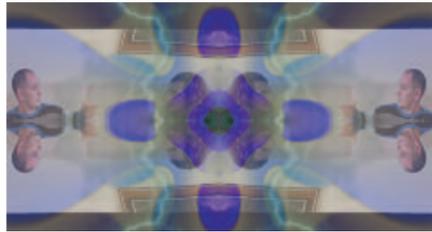
**Dan Maurer**



**David Medalla with Guy  
Brett, Alma Tischler &  
Marko Steponova**



**Gioia Meller Marcovicz**  
Sardines



**Phil The Messenger**



**Hugh Metcalfe**



**Phil Minton & Roger Turner**  
Sea Shanties



**Charlie Morrissey**



**Rev Nagase**  
Monk



**Miyako Narita**  
Seagulls



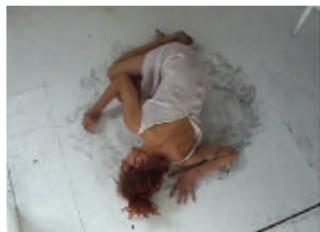
**Maggie Nicols**  
Soother of Pains of the  
Soul Woman



**Steve Noble**  
Noble History



**Hannah O'Shea**



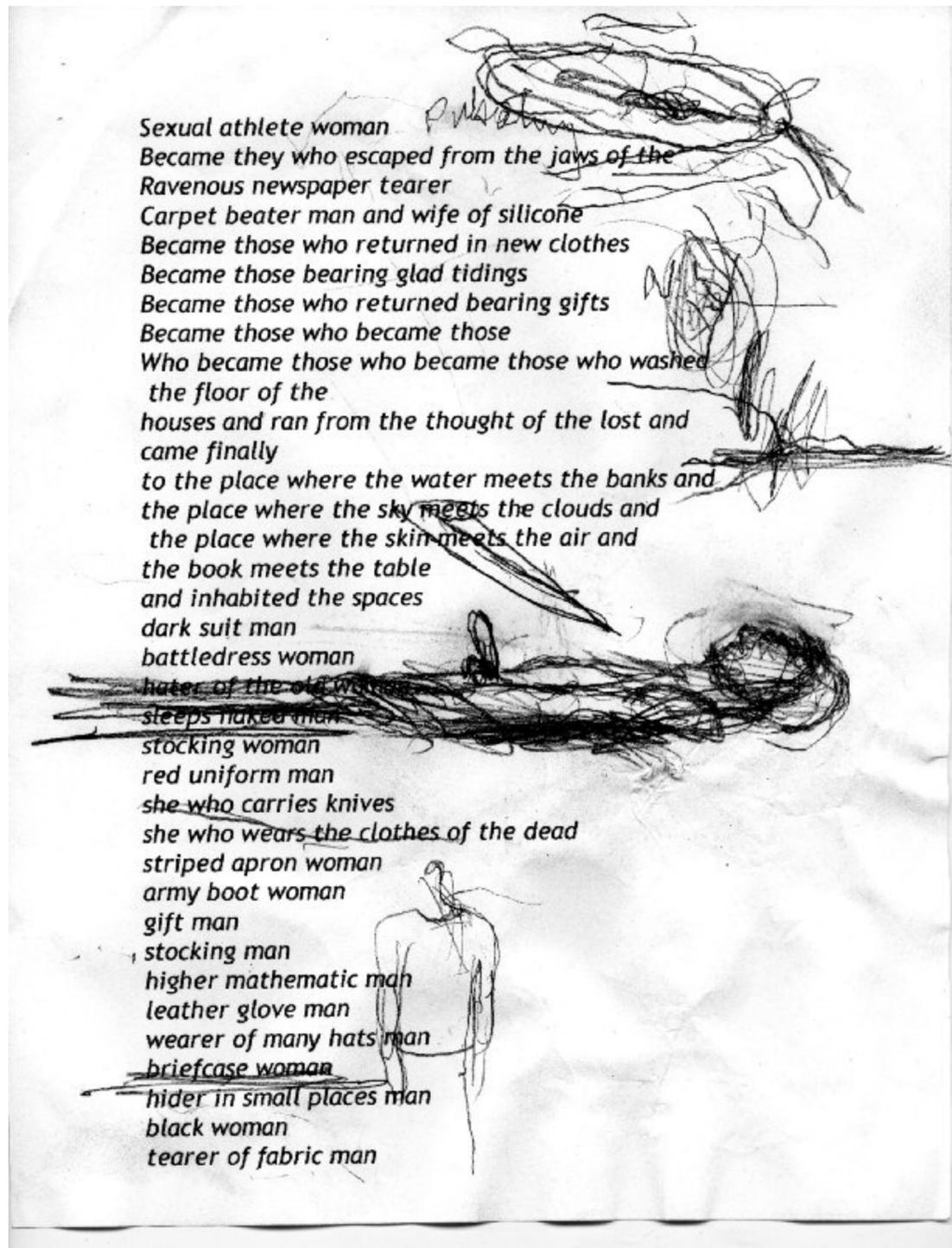
**Marega Palser**  
Adventures in the House  
of Memory



**Evan Parker**  
Failed Mirlitron – for PB



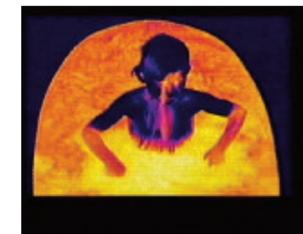
Butlers Wharf, Drum wall, 1978.



**Rembrant**  
 Word Burrower



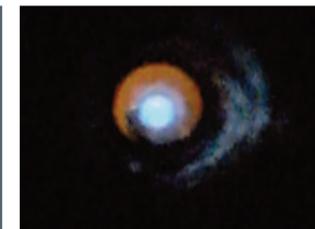
**Kirsten Reynolds with The London Dirthole Company**  
 Crackers



**Ezra Rubenstein**



**Elliot Sharp**  
 Elegy (audio)



**Brown Sienna: Paddy Collins & Pia Gambardella**  
 Burner



**Anna Thew**  
 Paul's Poem



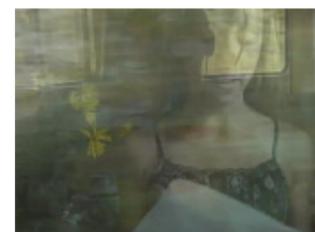
**Alan Tomlinson**  
 He Who Straightens Things Out



**David Toop**



**Toy Killers**  
 In Memoriam for Paul (audio)



**Harald Uccello**  
 FoTyArT ORG



**Patricia Wells**



**Mimi Westernhagen**  
 House of Memory



**Brian Routh**  
 aka Harry Kipper



**Tom Recchion**  
 Drums By Magic  
 (or Drum Moves?)



**Carlyle Reedy**



**Aaron Williamson**  
 In Nor Out of the Water



**Richard Wilson with William Raban & David Cunningham**  
 Crumbling Fort



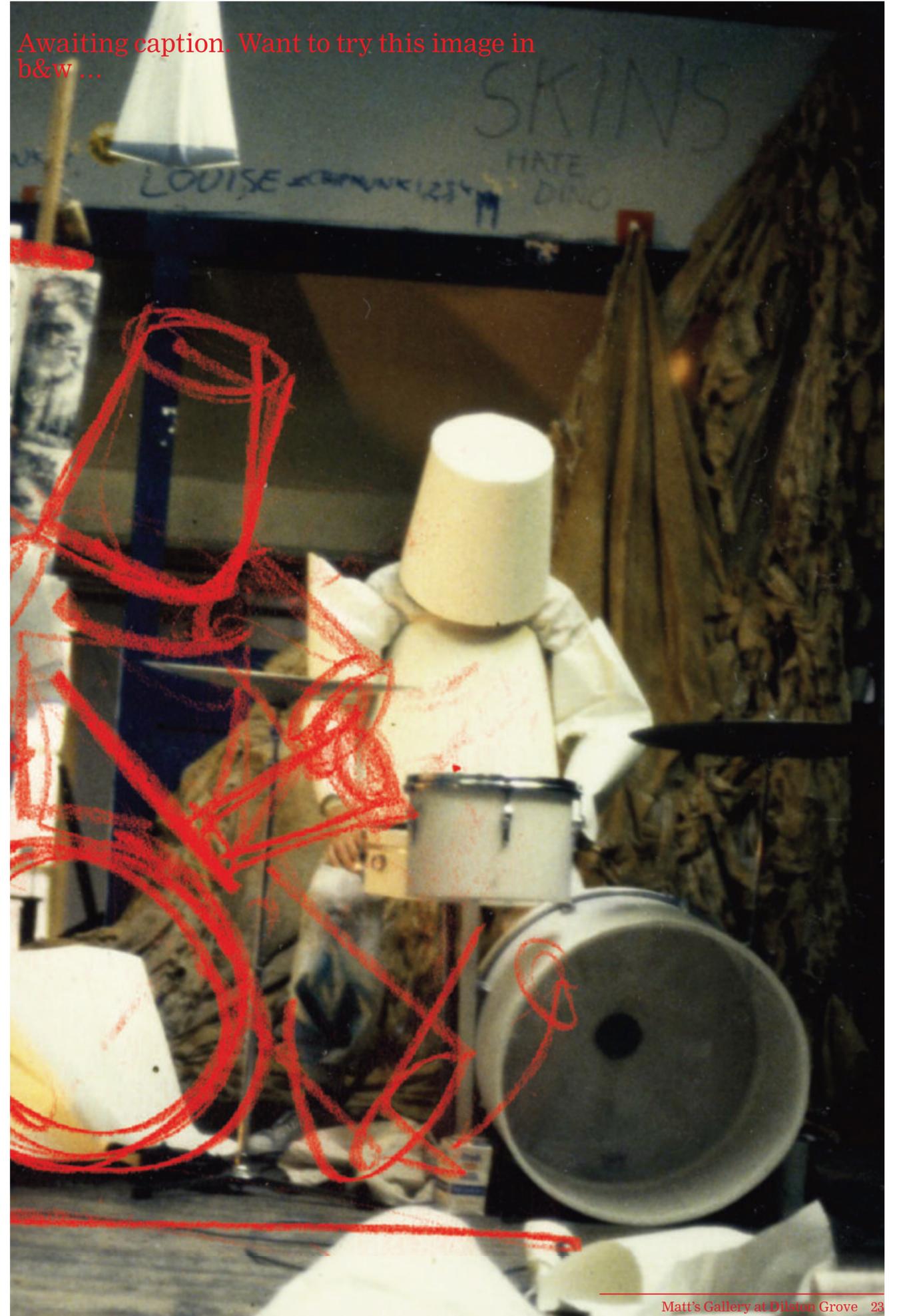
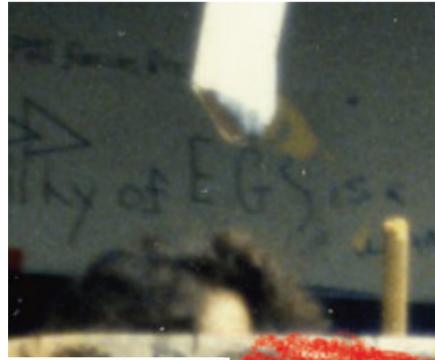
**Marie Yates**  
 To Paul (Far Calls)



Yol



z'ev



Awaiting caption. Want to try this image in b&w ...

Bow Gamelan, Melbu Norway 1989,  
Richard Wilson, Paul Burwell,  
Anne Bean.



He was on board a little ship  
a collection of different woods  
bound together  
his clothes were made of sailcloth  
heavy and wet. (PDB, 1976/79)