

University for the Creative Arts
Research Project Portfolios

Lek and the Dogs

By Andrew Kötting



Project Details

Name of Researcher:	Professor Andrew Kötting
Name of Output:	<i>Lek and the Dogs</i>
UCARO link/s:	https://research.uca.ac.uk/5265/
Output Type:	T- Other – multi-component project comprising feature-length film, short film and artist’s book
Contributors:	Director: Andrew Kötting Executive Producers: Lizzie Francke, Ian Berg, Christopher J. Reynolds Producers: Nick Taussig, Paul Van Carter Assistant Producer: Jan P. Dahlgren Production Manager: Jan P. Dahlgren Production Accountants/Auditors: Nyman Libson Paul Getty Archive Researcher: Lisa Clayton Additional Archive Researcher: David Leister Script Editor: Vicki Jung Words: Hattie Naylor, Andrew Kötting Inspired by the stage play <i>Ivan and the Dogs</i> by: Hattie Naylor Director of Photography: Nick Gordon Smith Special Effects: Zeroh Editor: Andrew Kötting Music: Jem Finer Sound Design: Philippe Ciompi, Andrew Kötting Sound Recording: Nick Gordon Smith, Andrew Kötting Sound Mix: Philippe Ciompi
Key Words:	Experimental, psychogeography, narrative, autobiography, performance, documentary, sound, bookwork

Project Details

Year and mode of
dissemination:

FEATURE FILM

LEK AND THE DOGS (2017) SCREENINGS AND EVENTS

June 2018

Whitstable Biennale - Q&A

ICA, London (7 day run) - Q&A

HOME, Manchester (7 day run) - Q&A

Tyneside, Newcastle (6 day run) - Q&A

Filmhouse, Edinburgh - Q&A

Glasgow Film Theatre - Q&A

Broadway, Nottingham - Q&A

BFI Southbank, London

Losing the Plot (a Star and Shadow Film Retreat)

Watershed, Bristol

QFT, Belfast - Q&A

IFI, Dublin - Q&A

Triskel Arts Centre, Cork - Q&A

Star and Shadow Cinema, Newcastle

Electric Cinema, Hastings

July 2018

Showroom, Sheffield - Q&A

Phoenix, Exeter - Q&A

First Site Gallery, Colchester

Quad, Derby - Q&A with Hattie Naylor

August 2018

Curzon Goldsmiths, London

Phoenix, Leicester (2 day run)

September 2018

The Ultimate Picture Palace, Oxford

Project Details

Year and mode
of dissemination:

LEK AND THE DOGS (2017) DVD
Lek and the Dogs (2017) dir. Andrew Kötting. HOME Artist Film. ISBN 9780993591297

LEK AND THE DOGS (2017) ONLINE
Amazon Prime (<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Lek-Dogs-Xavier-Tchili/dp/B07DJ5SPST>), MUBI (<https://mubi.com/films/lek-and-the-dogs>) and BFI player (<https://player.bfi.org.uk/subscription/film/watch-lek-and-the-dogs-2017-online>)

SHORT FILM

THEIR RANCID WORDS STAGNATE OUR PONDS (2018)
Presented as an installation at Towner Gallery, Eastbourne. Single-screen version shown in film festivals around the world including the London Short Film Festival, the Swedenborg International Film Festival and festivals in Winterthur, Switzerland and Oberhausen, Germany. The film is distributed by LUX in the UK and is also included on the *Lek and the Dogs* DVD and DVD Blu-ray.

THE EARTHWORKS TRILOGY

Entire Earthworks trilogy, including *Lek and the Dogs*, shown: Towner Gallery, Eastbourne (<https://www.townereastbourne.org.uk/event/andrew-kotting-earthworks-trilogy/>)
Close Up Cinema, London (https://www.closeupfilmcentre.com/film_programmes/2019/andrew-kotting-earthworks/)
Sputnik Cinema, Geneva (<https://sputnik.info/director/kotting-andrew/>)
Athens Avant Garde Film Festival (<http://www.tainiothiki.gr/en/11aagff/11o-festival-profil>)

PUBLICATION

Kotting, A. (2018) *The Earthworks Bookwork*. Distributed by BFI, LUX and Badbloodandsibyl. ISBN 978-0-9568733-7-8



Lek and the Dogs film still

Synopsis

Lek and the Dogs is a research output by Professor Andrew Kötting consisting of the experimental feature film *Lek and the Dogs*, the short film *Their Rancid Words Stagnate Our Ponds*, and the publication *Earthworks Bookwork*. Kötting directed and edited the films and authored/edited the book.

The films take as their starting point Hattie Naylor's play, *Ivan and the Dogs*, that in turn draws upon the real-life story of Ivan Mishukov. Having fled (or been thrown out of) his home aged four, Mishukov spent two years living on the streets of 1990s Moscow, befriending a pack of wild dogs that became his companions and guardians. In Kötting's film, Ivan is renamed Lek, developing the central character from Kötting's earlier films in his *Earthworks Trilogy*. Lek looks back upon his feral life, with a cassette recorder on which his younger self has recorded his formative experiences.

The film's contribution is its blend of social realism with dystopian science-fiction, recent traumatic history, an original investigation of animal-human relations, and experiments with invented language. It commenced in the collaboration with Naylor and is an exploration of the translation of stories, from documentary to stage, film and on into other forms (short film and bookwork), developing Kötting's concept of *spillages* between artistic forms.

The film was presented at festivals worldwide and released in cinemas by HOME. *Their Rancid Words Stagnate Our Ponds*, based on reworking a scene from the film, played at film festivals worldwide. Kötting expanded the research in a 180-page chapter in his *Earthworks Bookwork* that presents sketchbook pages, scripts, notes, photographs, and contextualising essays.

Context

Lek and the Dogs (2017) is the final part of Kötting's *Earthworks Trilogy*, along with two other feature films, *This Filthy Earth* (2001) and *Ivul* (2009). It develops Kötting's existing body of work which is underpinned by exploration of the psyche and its geography and it furthers Kötting's research that pushes at the frontiers of the cinematic experience.

Kötting's research is based upon concepts from psycho-geography, 'the study of the precise laws and specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organized or not, on the emotions and behaviour of individuals' (Debord, 1955). Kötting explores the nature of performance within public space, frequently through journeys, both into the landscape or into the mind.

He also draws upon the related field of hauntology, aligning his work to the writings of Mark Fisher and his interpretations of Jacques Derrida. Both 'see history as . . . characterized by repetition and disruption, as the past recurrently irrupts into the present, forcing us to reconsider events and ideas we might have regarded as safely consigned to the past' (Coverley, 2020). Memory rupture, existential angst, nostalgia and the persistence of the past are common themes within all Kötting's work, as is language. The Lek character speaks in an invented language, created by Kötting and French performance artist and actor Xavier Tchili, who plays Lek. The film explores new, invented and fictional languages and celebrates 'different' voices.

Kötting's outputs are often made in collaboration with other artists, including Iain Sinclair, Jem Finer, Toby Jones, Alan

Moore, Claudia Barton, McGillivray, Isabel Skinner and Glenn Whiting. *Lek and the Dogs* builds upon this collaborative practice. It grew out of a project which was initially instigated by the BFI Film Fund and SALON Pictures to collaborate with the writer Hattie Naylor to adapt her 2010 prize-winning play *Ivan and the Dogs* for cinema. Xavier Tchili is a regular collaborator, and appeared in Kötting's earlier films in the *Earthworks Trilogy*.

Lek and the Dogs was conceived as a crossover project between narrative film, contemporary art, performance and documentary. The film draws on a range of techniques, genres and material, including home movies, archive footage, interviews and voiceover to produce a montage essay on the state of the world. Kötting's research is developed through the *spillage* between artistic forms; the *Lek and the Dogs* feature film led to the short film, *Their Rancid Words Stagnate Our Ponds*. Moving beyond film, a chapter in Kötting's *Earthworks Bookwork* is devoted to *Lek and the Dogs*. This presents a collage of materials which articulate the filmmaking and research process alongside written contributions which further develop its analysis and insights.

REFERENCES

Coverley, M. (2020) *Hauntology: Ghosts of Future Past*. Harpenden, UK: Oldcastle Books.

Debord, G. (1955) 'Introduction to a Critique of Urban Geography'. *Les Lèvres Nues #6*. Reprinted in *Situationist International Anthology*, ed. and trans. By Ken Knabb (Berkeley, CA: Bureau of Public Secrets, 1981), pp. 5-8.



Lek and the Dogs film still

Research Questions and Aims

Research questions:

How can narrative structure be developed within the documentary format?

How can new, invented and fictional languages celebrate 'different' voices?

How can avant-garde and experimental cinema be made accessible and presented within a mainstream, commercial context?

Research aims:

To explore the no-man's land between documentary and fiction, between essay and narrative.

To celebrate difference, and specifically difference in language and verbal expression.

To investigate hauntology through film, including in its relationship to nostalgia.

To investigate human/animal relationships, and to develop and complete the *Earthworks Trilogy*.

Research Methods and Process

In *Lek and the Dogs*, Kötting investigates psychogeography in a number of ways. Setting is used to explore space and place, through, for instance, archive clips of a Russian supermarket with bare shelves or new footage of the Atacama Desert. In each instance, image is juxtaposed with voiceovers from the past which link the exterior setting to the interior life of the protagonist Lek. At times the voiceovers are Lek's own thoughts, recorded on cassette and layered throughout the film. At other times they are the explicitly psychoanalytic musings of a 'body psychotherapist', 'child psychologist' and 'animal behaviourist', all of whom consider Lek in terms of his formative traumas.

This non-chronological presentation of Lek's life also speaks to Kötting's engagement with hauntology. By bringing together archive and new footage and constantly juxtaposing voiceover with image, *Lek and the Dogs* develops a fragmented form which draws attention to the recurrence of the past within the present. This is exacerbated by the film's self-aware approach to technology and the role it plays in bringing past and present into dialogue, as well as by the voiceover of Kötting's frequent collaborator Alan Moore, who expounds upon the concept of time and the way we move through it.

The thin membrane between fact and fiction is an area of ongoing interest for Kötting, and *Lek and the Dogs*, based loosely upon a true story, presented an opportunity to explore this border. The film was an adaptation not just of factual source material, but of a play which had already dramatized that story. It presented an opportunity for collaboration as Kötting worked with playwright Hattie Naylor to adapt her prize-winning stage play *Ivan and the Dogs* into a groundbreaking and innovative screen play. The film introduced a made-up language, or 'gramlot', invented and then translated using subtitles.

Kötting's methodology extends beyond the making of feature films, and encompasses multifarious outputs that span many media, including, as well as films, gallery installations, books and performance. The *spillage* from *Lek and the Dogs* led to the short film *Their Rancid Words Stagnate Our Ponds*. Cut scenes from the original feature film were reconfigured to be presented as an installation for multiple screen or single screen projection, taking the film from the cinema into gallery space. The research also spilled into the *Earthworks Bookwork*, this alternative form allowing additional scope through which to explore the themes of the work.



Lek and the Dogs film still

Research Insights and Contribution

New insights:

Lek and the Dogs further develops Kötting's investigations into 'psychogeographical' storytelling.

The film completes Kötting's *Earthworks Trilogy* of films situated on the surface of the earth (*La Terre*, based on Zola's novel), above it (*Ivul*, set in the French Pyrennees and telling the story of teenage Alex, who, after a family quarrel, climbs onto the roof of the house and vows never again to set foot on the earth), and below it (*Lek*, in which the lead character survives in a subterranean existence).

The film develops further Kötting's concept of *spillages* and the translation of a story from one art form to another. Hattie Naylor's play is the film's source material, but Kötting significantly transformed it to make the Ivan character in Naylor's play a continuation of his own Lek character from the earlier *Earthworks* films, developing Lek's invented language ('gramlot').

The critical success of the film has enabled further research by other filmmakers into the notion of the experimental documentary format, an area of investigation that Kötting has pioneered for almost 25 years, inspiring a new generation of artists and filmmakers such as Ben Rivers, Joshua Oppenheimer and Mark Jenkin.

Research Dissemination and Recognition

Recognition:

REVIEWS

Mark Kermode gave *Lek and the Dogs* 4* in his review for *The Guardian*, writing that ‘Watching an Andrew Kötting movie is like digging your hands deep into a steamy midden of ideas, leaving you to pick the conceptual dirt from under your fingernails for days’ (<https://www.theguardian.com/film/2018/jun/10/lek-and-the-dogs-review-andrew-kotting>).

Geoffrey Macnab’s 4* review for *The Independent* calls the film ‘a disconcerting affair, pitched between drama, archive-based documentary and art world installation’ (<https://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/films/reviews/lek-and-the-dogs-review-andrew-kotting-s-latest-feature-is-a-disconcerting-affair-a8386491.html>).

Ben Nicholson’s review for *Sight and Sound* described the film as ‘Kötting’s typically singular new work’: (<https://www.bfi.org.uk/news-opinion/sight-sound-magazine/reviews-recommendations/lek-and-the-dogs-andrew-kotting-xavier-tchili-psychogeography-apocalypse>).

Phil Concannon of *Little White Lies* considers the film ‘another remarkable audio-visual experience’ (<https://lwlies.com/reviews/lek-and-the-dogs/>).

Tara Brady gave *Lek and the Dogs* 4* in *The Irish Times*, describing the work as ‘rich, weird and wonderful’ (<https://www.irishtimes.com/culture/film/lek-and-the-dogs-andrew-kotting-s-rich-weird-and-wonderful-film-1.3537304>)

Research Dissemination and Recognition

Recognition:

AWARDS

Their Rancid Words Stagnate Our Ponds won best film at Swedenborg International film festival and was shortlisted for an AHRC Inspiration Award (<https://ahrc.ukri.org/research/readwatchlisten/features/rifa-2018-inspiration-award-public-category/#Their-Rancid-Words-Stagnate-Our-Ponds>)

Follow-on-activities:

PROJECTS

The success of *Lek and the Dogs* enabled Kötting to realise several following projects, in particular his feature film *The Whalebone Box*, which was acquired by MUBI, BFI Player and Amazon Prime for online distribution as well as HOME in Manchester for theatrical release.

BBC Radio 4's Film Programme commissioned Kötting to keep a studio diary in the Autumn of 2020, and this covers various projects including *Lek and The Dogs*, *By Our Selves* and *The Whalebone Box* (<https://www.bbc.co.uk/sounds/play/m000kg3v>). An updated studio diary will be broadcast in April 2021.

WORKSHOPS

Kötting has presented masterclasses and workshops in Europe and Australia using this film and others as a catalyst for discussions around autobiography, disability and psychogeography (e.g. <https://www.felixmedia.com.au/flux-artfilm-masterclass>)



*Stills from Their Rancid Words
Stagnate Our Ponds*



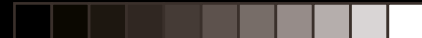
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Graphic Design:

Studio Mothership





But we know, we devotees who have followed the Earthworks project over the Flemish panels of this illuminated and libidinous triptych, that the filmmaker cannot bring himself to sanction endings. He is a maker like a wine-maker, a grape-crusher, not an aesthete or nervous counter of frames. There is always another season around the corner, a better vintage. Boots filled with suppurating pus. Trenchfoot, his proud boast of authenticity. Look at my wounds. Smell my reek.

Iain Sinclair

And it is Lek we are left with, who has grown older and simultaneously younger (naked new born) as we've travelled with him, who we last see with the desert dead but who also knows the potency and warp potential of Alice portals, worm-holes in the continuum, who is often traceless but who endures.

Gareth Evans

I used to drop down behind bush or dyke and write down my things upon the crown of my hat and when I was more in a hip for thinking then usual I used to stop later at nights to make up my lost time in the day – thus I went on writing my thoughts down and correcting them as leisure spending my Sundays in the woods or heaths to be alone for that purpose....

John Clare – My first attempts at Poetry

In the spring, at the end of the day, you should smell like dirt

Margaret Atwood - Bluebeard's Egg

EXISTING IS PLAGIARISM

E.M. Cioran - Dravn and Quartered

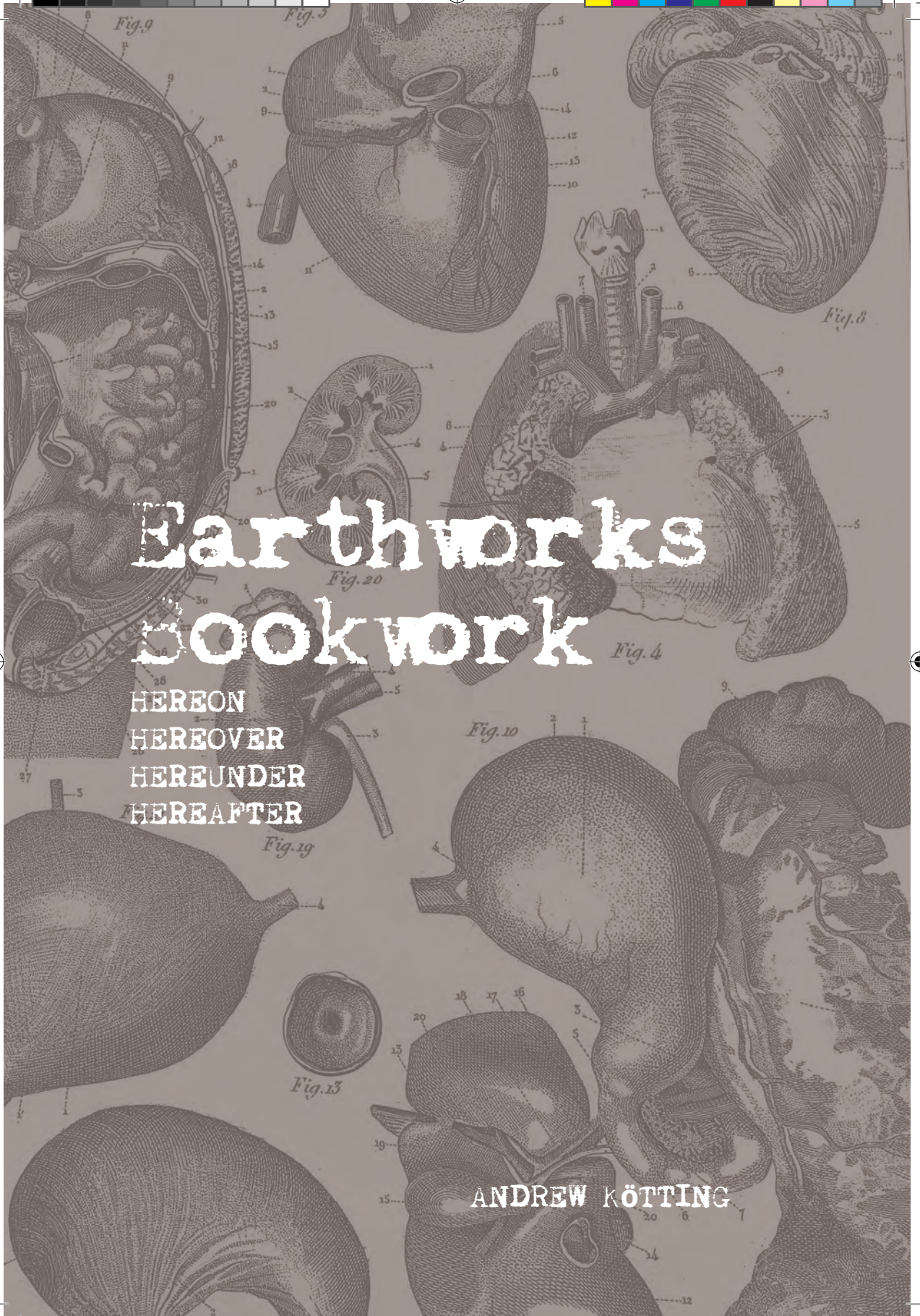
**ANDREW
KÖTTING**

HEREON - HEREOVER - HEREUNDER - HEREAFTER

Earthworks Bookwork
HEREON - HEREOVER - HEREUNDER - HEREAFTER

**Earthworks
Bookwork**






Earthworks bookwork

HEREON
HEREOVER
HEREUNDER
HEREAFTER

ANDREW KÖTTING





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Published in 2018 by Badbloodandsibyl

Publication ISBN - 978-0-9568733-7-8

The publication of this book is part-funded by UCA

Cover photograph Anonymous Bosch

Designed by LisaWrake.com

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EXISTING IS PLAGIARISM

E.M. Cioran - Drawn And Quartered

Fig. 20

Fig. 19

Fig. 21

Fig. 19



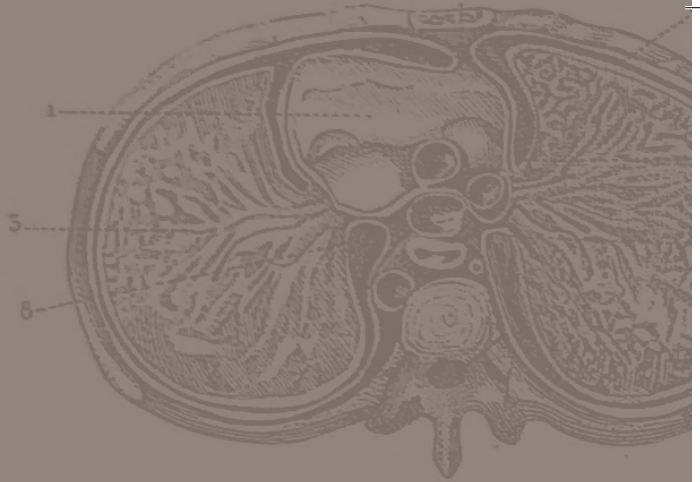
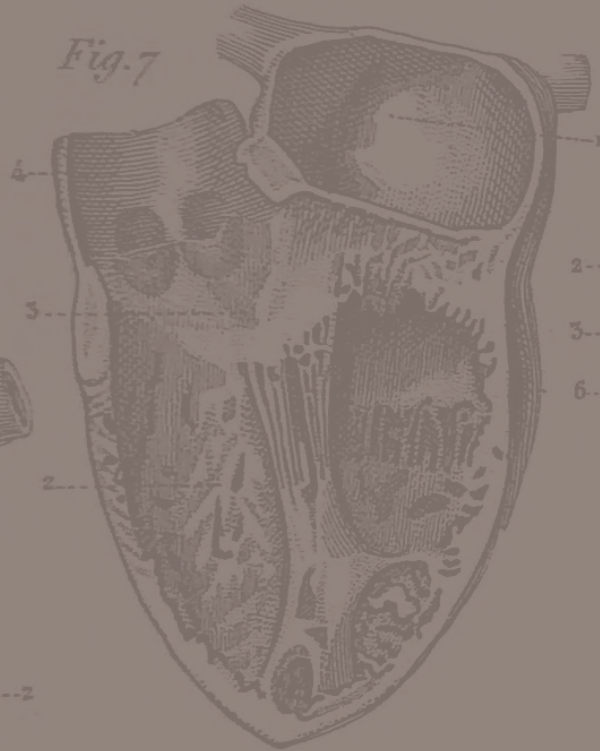
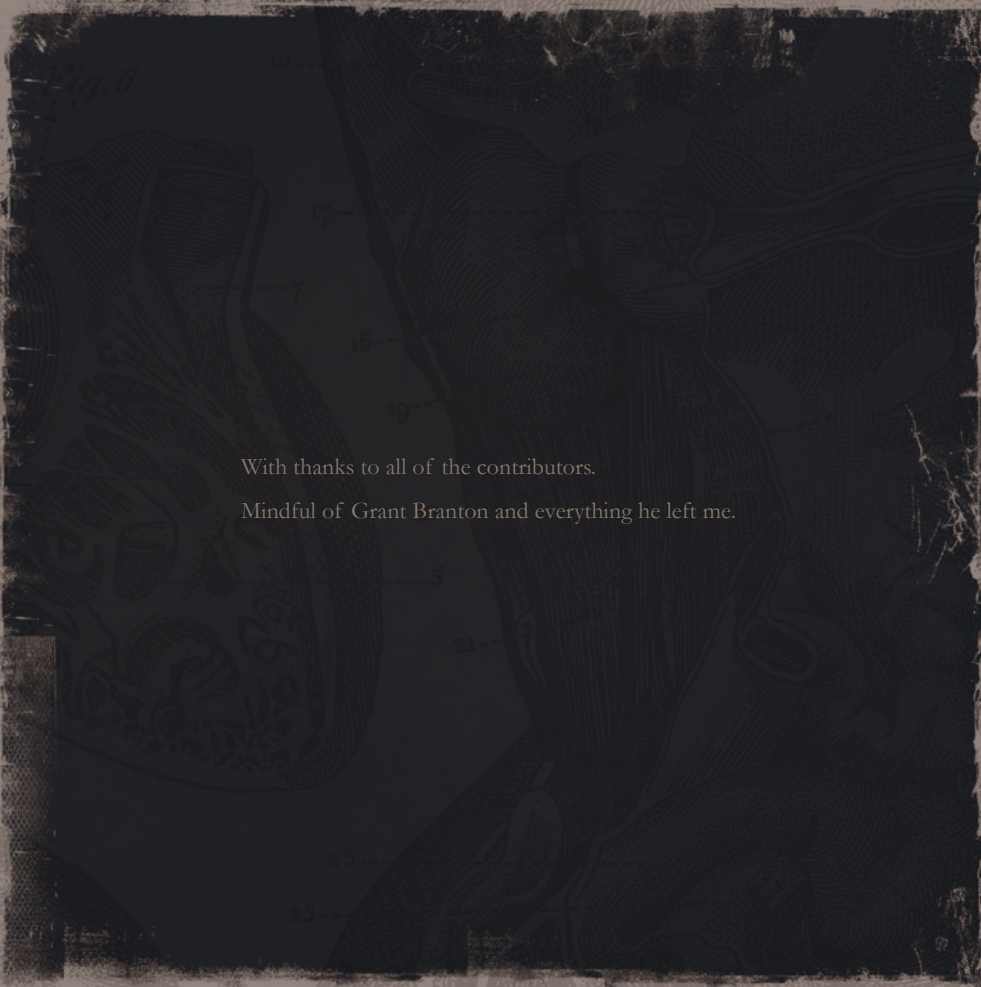


Fig. 7





With thanks to all of the contributors.
Mindful of Grant Branton and everything he left me.





IN OUR MINDS, WE
ARBITRARILY DIVIDE THE
WORLD INTO FRAGMENTS
AND THEN FEEL WE HAVE
DISCOVERED SOMETHING
WHEN WE FIND THEY CAN
BE CONNECTED... IT IS THE
FUNCTION OF THE MIND
TO IMPOSE DISTINCTIONS
AND MAKE ASSOCIATIONS.
NOTHING IS MORE REAL
THAN ILLUSION: WITH
ILLUSIONS YOU GET
EXACTLY WHAT YOU SEE.

Dr Robert Pepperell - Mind-World-Art: Six Paintings and Sixty Notes





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CHAPTER 1

THIS FILTHY EARTH

HEREON

THIS FILTHY EARTH

PHILIP JENKINSON'S LETTER 1999

THE BEGINNING OF THE FILTH

AWASH WITH MUD AND EXCREMENT RAIN AND PUS

THIS FILTHY EARTH NOTEBOOK

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THIS FILTHY EARTH AND *HER* DIARIES

THE LOOKING BACK THE AFTERMATH THE NOW

DUDLEY SUTTON

JOEY (KÖTTING)

THE BOG IN OUR BRAINS AND BOWELS

THE WORDS OF A FRENCH DISTRIBUTOR

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES



This Filthy Earth

35 mm | 106 minutes | Colour | 2001

Film Four in association with The Film Council, the East London Film Fund and the Yorkshire Media Production Agency with the participation of British Screen and BSKyB present a Tall Stories Film.

Written by Andrew Kötting and Sean Lock **Director** Andrew Kötting **Producer** Ben Woolford **Associate Producer** Christopher Collins **Executive Producer** Robin Gutch **Editor** Cliff West **Director of Photography** NG Smith **Additional Photography** Gary Parker **Production Designer** Judith Stanley-Smith **Music and Sound** David Burnand **Sound** John Pearson and Doug Templeton **Production Manager** Emma Fowler **Costumes** Jane Heather **Makeup** Sue Wyburgh and Nora Nona

CAST

Lek Xavier Tchili **Francine** Rebecca Palmer **Buto** Shane Attwooll **Kath** Demelza Randall **Papa** Dudley Sutton **Armandine** Ina Clough **Jesus Christ** Peter Hugo-Daly **Megan** Eve Steele **Joey** Ryan Kelly **Perry** Benji Ming **Gibbon** Bill Rodgers **Barman** George Neville **Maggie** Rachel Kirk **Etta** Etta Kötting **Mr Holt** Stuart Richman **Mrs Holt** Rosemary Townsend **Priest** Robert Hickson **Circus performer** Jem Frazer **Circus woman** Mandy Vickerman **Circus girl** Jaslyn Griffiths **Goose seller** Sue Clark **Head butt victim** Barry Badblöod

OUR STORY

Here is a village; buildings are crude, sods of turf on corrugated iron roofs, corn, potatoes, beets and onions, sheep, cows and horses. Mechanisation has been slow, the soil is still tilled by hand and the people that struggle on it are dirty and weather-beaten. They are born out of this earth and know no better, they are locked into a brutal struggle with the land and with each other. They fight to get hold of it, to mark it, own it and hand it down to the next generation as gift or curse. Icy cold winters, buzzy hot summers, here is a community that has depended on the land for survival since the beginning of time.

Into this village comes Lek, an itinerant outsider from the world beyond. Lek meets sisters Kath and Francine, two girls whose parents are dead and buried. Kath is married to the brutal and violent Buto, Francine is similarly trapped by her own desires and a fascination for the forbidden. Until the possibility for escape is offered by the stranger Lek.





EARLY THOUGHTS AND MULLINGS BY WAY OF A BACKSTORY

1995

My family has a “sibling abode” a ramshackle farm house in the French Pyrenees. In the summer I went there and read Emile Zola’s *La Terre*, which my sister-in-law had recommended. This same year I also read *Pig Earth* by John Berger, one in a trilogy of books dealing with the toils and hardships of rural communities living in Europe. I’m obsessed by both works and start making connections. I’m awarded an Arts Foundation Script Writing Award which allows me four months research in which I deconstruct *La Terre*, cutting out the Hardy-esque ramblings, in attempt to get beyond the bones and into marrow of the story.

ZOLA’S STORY

A world exists in which people are a law unto themselves. Jean (**Lek**) stumbles into this world but only manages to grasp the inbred nature and malicious intent of its inhabitants, too late. *King Lear* springs to mind. An old mean-spirited farmer named Fouan (**Papa**) has three children who embody every human vice: a daughter Fanny who’s married to a farmer named Delhomme, and two sons; Hyacinthe (who’s nicknamed **Jesus Christ** for his appearance and preachy nature) and Buteau (**Buto**).

Jesus Christ, is the best of the bunch, a poacher and a drunkard, Fanny is mean-spirited, and Buteau (**Buto**) is lumpen and vicious, with hair and hands like Buddy Holly. Fouan (**Papa**) and his wife are slowing down and are finding it too difficult to farm the land, so he decides to divide it up between his children whilst he is still alive. The idea is that each of his children will pay him money in return for the land. But things go wrong. The children beat him down on his pension, and squabbling over the division of the land.

Buteau (**Buto**), is convinced that he’s been cheated, and sets about attacking the family, thereafter things go from bad to worse.

The moment Fouan (**Papa**) hands over the land, he loses any respect he has for his children, and they immediately see him as a burden. The story unfolds, Fouan (**Papa**) moves in between the households belonging to his children—first because he’s lured by promises and then he moves from necessity. The relationship between Fouan and his children becomes increasingly Learlike and unfolds like a terrible tragic farce in which the cruellest, most vicious child comes out as victor.

And then there is Jean (**Lek**), he works as an itinerant labourer, and with time, takes a fancy to the sisters, Lise (**Kath**) and Francoise (**Francine**), orphans who have land. He proposes to Lise (**Kath**), who has an illegitimate child by Buteau (**Buto**), but he then realises that he is in love with her younger sister, Francoise (**Francine**).

Ultimately (**Lek**) is a good-hearted man who tries to farm the land as well as he can for the community, but he never quite gets the hang of it. He (**Lek**) will always be an outsider (**darky cull**). He will never belong, and this becomes very clear to him as the story unfolds.

He (**Lek**) is the hero and Francoise (**Francine**) the heroine, She is a beguiling character who can’t come to terms with her own feeling. A woman, whose stubbornness and pride works against her.

1996

I’m in pre-production for **Gallivant**. On a train to Newcastle, I run the idea of **This Filthy Earth** past Ben Woolford whereupon he emits enthuse. With **Gallivant** finished, Allon Reich and Kate Leys at Film Four ask me in to pitch to them. I give them **This Filthy Earth**, they too enthuse.





Then I get cold feet, have I got the writing skills to pull it off? I've never done drama before on this scale. I ask Sean Lock, a close friend and clever fella about the prospect of collaboration and we agree to write it together. We had already written a short film; **Smart Alek**, and proved that we can sit in a room for long periods of time deliberating. Sean is very funny and very intense. He thinks for a long time before he writes anything down. I write a lot down without thinking which is then rejected in time.

1997

It's done, the first version delivered. We have created a particular language for the characters. Sean is a genius with dialogue. On my part a collation and regurgitation of ideas around a the Zola themes. Less the structuralist more away-with-the-fairies. More drafts are required. Draft after draft. The stamina required to keep going, to keep revisiting, the repetition and confusion. My daughter Eden has prepared me. Sean plots the course.

ANOTHER SOURCE OF HUMOUR CAN BE FOUND IN THE ANTICS OF JESUS CHRIST. HE HAS THE MOST AMAZING ABILITY TO FART, WHICH HE USES AS A SORT OF AFTER-DINNER PARTY TRICK. HE'S ALWAYS WILLING TO ENTERTAIN AN ADMIRING CROWD WITH HIS TALENT. IN ONE SCENE, HE PULLS DOWN HIS TROUSERS AND USES HIS FARTS TO BLOW OUT CANDLES; IN ANOTHER SCENE HE FARTS AND KNOCKS OVER A BAILIFF'S MAN.

THERE ARE ALSO SUBTLE, SERIOUS SOCIAL ISSUES IN THE NOVEL CONCERNING THE BEGINNING OF TECHNOLOGY IN FARMING, CONSCRIPTION FOR THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, AND BEAUCE EVEN HAS ITS OWN TAVERN RADICAL, CANON, A MAN WHO LIKE TO REGALE THE OTHER CUSTOMERS WITH TALES OF REVOLUTION AND UPRISINGS UNTIL HE DRINKS HIMSELF UNDER THE TABLE.

Sean suggests that his friend Johnny Vegas plays the part of Jesus Christ.



SCENE 1

Daytime, outdoor. Exterior. Winter, perhaps January.

Armadillo, an old bag of a woman is sitting on the top of a very steep hill, looking out over the landscape. This is the higher ground. A small stream runs through the middle of the valley and is very shallow. There are some trees and bushes on the hillside. The wind is blowing. She looks up at the sky. She has an old trench coat and is wearing a hat. She places her feet on the ground. One leg on the ground flapping for its life.

THIS FILTHY EARTH

1st Draft

SCENE 2

Daytime, Interior. Winter.

Francine, (1st) and her young son, (1st) and Kath's three year old daughter, (1st) walk their way to the Big Store. They are walking on a path that is very muddy. They walk the long road, passing the windows, trees and grass. The trees are tall and green. The grass is very green. They are walking on the top of a hill. The wind is blowing. They are walking on the top of a hill. The wind is blowing. They are walking on the top of a hill. The wind is blowing.

Kath: (1st) (to Francine) What's that?

Francine: What's that?

Kath: (1st) (pointing towards the ground) That's mud.

Francine: (1st) (to Kath) Why are you pointing at that?

Kath: (1st) (looking back at her) It's just mud. It's just mud.

Francine: (1st) (to Kath) Why are you pointing at that?

Kath: (1st) (to Francine) Why are you pointing at that?

Francine: (1st) (to Kath) Why are you pointing at that?

by
Andrew Kotting
&
Sean Lock

©1997

Tall Stories





SCENE 1

Daytime sunset. Exterior. Winter, perhaps January.

Armandine, an old hag of a woman is sitting on the top of a very steep hill, looking out over the landscape. This is the Higher ground. A world stretches out beneath her, it is full of dry stone walls, gates, sheep, cows and ploughed fields. Frost is on the earth and clouds are moving slowly along the horizon, smoke from a croft wafts into the atmosphere. Armandine turns and we look with her in the opposite direction, there are moorlands and vast peat bogs that seem to go on for ever, mist mutes the sharp edge of gorse and thistle, it looks menacing. She sighs. She has an old catapult with her and is shooting at birds as they pass above. She places her first finger against her lips and tells the creatures to shushh. One lies on the ground flapping for its life.

SCENE 2

Daytime. Exterior. Winter.

Francine, (16) and her sister **Kath** (17) and Kath's three year-old daughter **Molly**, make their way to the Big Farm with their cow in order that she might be serviced by the bull. They walk the black road, surrounded by wetlands, bogs and peat. Frost covers the land. The two girls talk and giggle as they make their way. They are happy. Molly is balancing on the top of a dry stone wall holding on to her mother's hand. Francine brings up the rear coaxing the animal with her stick. The cow has a large bell around its neck, it looks very beautiful and well cared for. We see the animal's legs struggling with the deep icy mud. In the distance up in the black fields we notice **Lek**. He is in his late thirties, short, dark skinned and busy cutting sods of the black earth. He works on, not noticing them. Francine looks over at him.

Kath : Francine, wha' 'bout 'im.

Francine: What? No!

Kath : (pushing Francine) That means yes.

Francine : No it don't. He's your sort, old and dirty.

Kath : (kicking earth at her) What do you know, you only nibbed the cow?

Francine chases her sister.

Kath : Oh yeah, 'an I saw you kiss a rabbit and..... the cat.

Francine : Shutup.

1





SOMETIME IN 1998

David Aukin leaves FilmFour. Allon and Kate, the original supporters of the project, follow. I give up on the idea of making a film and want to turn it into a stage play. Then, with support, I translate it into French for Canal + and they say great but you need to think BIGGER. It's beyond me, the industry. So I give up and even toy with the idea of an allotment war piece set in New York under the Brooklyn Bridge, near to where my brother Joey lives, all shot on super 8 without sync. Or why not shoot it with friends and family in the tumbledown house in the French Pyrenees?

SOMETIME IN 1999

Ben Woolford keeps pushing the rock into the hard place. He gets the script to Robin Gutch at Film Four Lab, the low budget experimental division which is part of the stand alone film division headed by Paul Webster. Robin loves the script but I wonder if **This Filthy Earth** will fit in with the kind of edgy, contemporary issue based films that the Lab is attracting. Then *Beautiful People* happens, a Jasmin Dizdar film that Ben has produced. It wins Director's Fortnight in Cannes and confidence in *Tall Stories* and Ben's abilities revives.

JANUARY 2000

The script is now on its' eighth draft. Sean has left and is up a running with his stand up and writing his brilliant 15 Storeys High. I'm left alone to finesse and corrupt a final draft. I can see it playing in my head. A berserk *Pig Earth* frothing with the bastard son of Hieronymus Bosch. I check the availability of the team I've used on all my narrative shorts; Nick Gordon Smith my DOP, Gary Parker the wayward sniper and Judith Stanley Smith the Production designer.

We look at Philip Trevelyan's documentary, *The Moon and the Sledgehammer* about a family in a forest. The father in the film inspires the Papa character, to be played by Dudley Sutton, and the desaturated, faded archival look is something else that also inspires. I begin location scouting. I've thought of lots of places, The Isle of Man, Ireland, the Massif Central in France. Then I spend 10 days driving around the Yorkshire Dales, sleeping in the boot of my Volvo and I know it can work within this landscape. I'm caught late one night washing myself in a lover's lane with a baby wipe.

APRIL 2000

British Screen have committed so we are just waiting for Lottery money to add to that of Film Four. I've got a grant from the Wellcome Trust and it's the only thing that keeps me going. The construction crew have built a village and have not been paid. Ben has to get a bank loan against the promise of finance from the Lottery. I am busy researching at the Museum of English Rural Life*

JUNE 2000

The finance comes through. I invite Xavier Tchili to play the part of Lek, an old friend from Paris. He is mysterious and compelling and reminds me of Tarkovsky's Stalker. He gets off the Eurostar dressed in rough boots and full eastern European peasant garb, so we go around the Tate Modern, shouting at the exhibits in Lek's loud Eastern European 'made-up' language. It sounds 'real' and we are asked to leave for being too loud.

JULY 2000

The village has been built and we move to the Dales. Rehearsals go well. The crew begin to arrive. Chris Collins is the Associate Producer, he will be up here for the duration and without him we are lost. Nick Gordon-Smith camera tests for the look that we want. I take the cast around the two main locations to get a feel of the place. The weather hammers down and faces harden. We have established a pattern, Nick captures the drama on Super 16mm whilst Gary, becomes the eyes of the landscape, prowling and sniping with his DV camera.

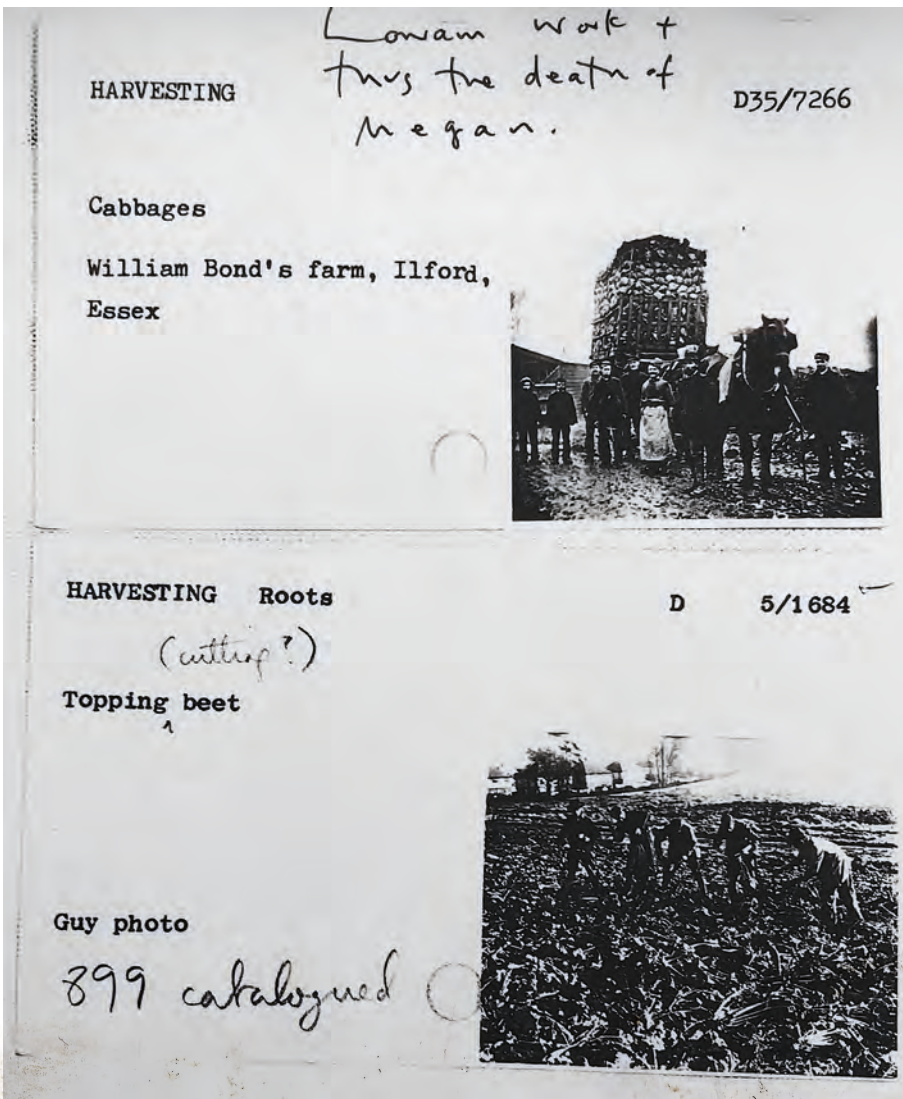




I am reminded of something that has been said about Tarkovsky: *He is the most earth-bound of visionaries, interested only in the sky as it is reflected in the rivers and in the puddles. Our Lek is pure Stalker.*

THE STALKER IS A KIND OF SELF-TAUGHT EXPERT ON THE ZONE, WHO GUIDES THOSE WHO WANT TO EXPLORE THIS TREACHEROUS AND WONDROUS SPACE.

Mark Fischer – THE WEIRD AND THE EERIE





AFTER THOUGHT

Here in the studio as I ponder the aftermath of twenty years gone.

An unfathomable mess scattered across my desk.

Where is the chronology?

The beginning?

The end?

From genesis to delivery.

And the memory of a dear friend.

Long.

Gone.



Earthworks 1 Hiercon





JACK SHARP

Who died incomprehensibly
just after Eden was born.

A flat in New York and a
gun to the head.

I'm left pondering

His drawing

A violin

A rope

And the clothes that that I'd
always imagined Lek might
be wearing.

**WE DON'T EXIST UNLESS THERE IS SOMEONE AROUND
TO SEE US EXISTING. WHAT WE HAVE TO SAY HAS
NO MEANING UNLESS SOMEONE IS LISTENING. AND
WHEN I'M DIGGING THE LAND IT IS FOR A BETTER
UNDERSTANDING.**

Lek - From the words that I can put into his mouth.





AN EMAIL TO IAIN SINCLAIR – JANUARY 2018

This Filthy Earth - still a rush of memory and as viscerally incontinent as ever....

IAIN'S REPLY – JANUARY 2018

I had just made a note of 'semen-soaked hands' & pink bull's pizzle, when I opened your email to download that image.

I don't find **This Filthy Earth** 'visually incompetent' at all, raw & close (with characteristic snatches of Gary Parker Super-8 - as if you couldn't quite wrench yourself away from the documenting of actuality as it spills).

But the actor/performers are so embodied & present.

In a sense there is - as might be expected - too much drama, weather, overreach, mudshitsperm vomit, but I love it.

Weirdly, I started to think about the apparently polar opposite filmmaker, Bresson, & Balthasar (one of my favourites): the donkey breaking in & then (one of your specialities, the sequences that run after the film is over... you can't let go), **Jesus Christ** in his longhair, long coat, among the sheep. Right out of the Bresson.

He should be drinking rotgut red wine. And smuggling contraband over the Pyrenees.

'NOW?': great word to end LEK & THE DOGS. Another special one, I feel. Beautifully grafted archive (as always) & home movies. And the Atacama desert.

And the trajectory of Lek's long voyage to the underworld & out.

I'll just let it tumble any way on the table tomorrow. There won't be time to balance and finesse.



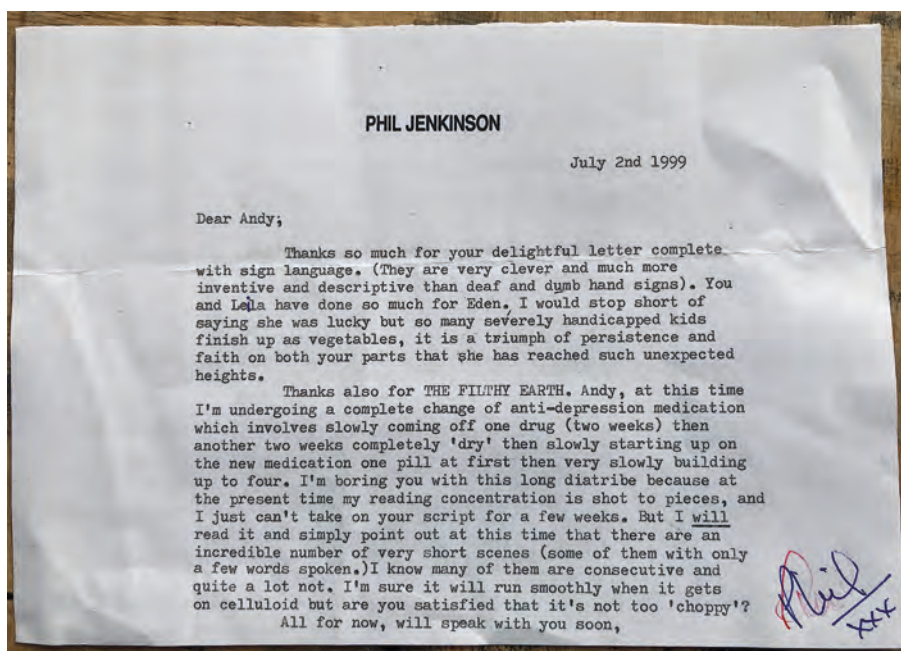


My niece Etta Freedom Kötting will play Etta Loam and Rebecca Palmer her aunt Francine Loam





Philip Jenkinson's Letter 1999



philip
jenkinson

August 15th 1999

Dear Andy,

Sorry to have taken so long to get back to you, but my powers of concentration have only recently returned.

I like your script very much! It is very different - light yers away from the usual British countryside idylls we have gotten used to. I personally dislike the countryside and am actually claustrophobic in a dense wood and agrophobic in open fields. I think many trees are evil, especially the twisted, contorted type that one finds in overgrown forests. I'm sure they contain the souls of evil people, and many children's stories going back through the ages have used trees as ill omens.

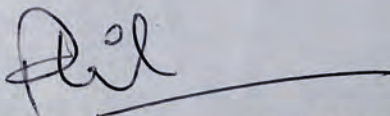
During the war I was evacuated to an Aunt's farm in Shropshire, and I have no good memories of it all. But I do remember chickens running around, wildly flapping their wings after their heads had been chopped off, which scared the shit out of me. Also a big gash on the side of a sheep who had tangled itself in a barbed wire railing. When my uncle went to put sheep dip on the wound, I saw that it was alive with maggots! What a vision for an impressionable kid of seven years old.

Oscar Levant, in his autobiography 'A Smattering of Ignorance' tells a very amusing story about some friends (at least he thought they were friends) who lured him on a small houseboat, telling him they were visiting friends across the bay. Instead, they headed for a bare island, morred the boat and set up a picnic on the barren beach. Oscar threw a panic which turned into heart failure and they had to make a frantic dash back to the mainland. He still has dreams about this unfriendly island and the wide open spaces in general.

Your script is, I think, unique in giving the flip side of the countryside coin and I wonder how many of the audience will feel uneasy about the more graphic scenes involving mud, shit, two foot long penises and the gaping nurdly-nurdly land of farm life. But the characters are so well drawn, that even if they aren't all likeable, they each have a tale to tell.

I do hope Ch.4 take the bit in their mouths and dish out some money.

Lots of love to you all,



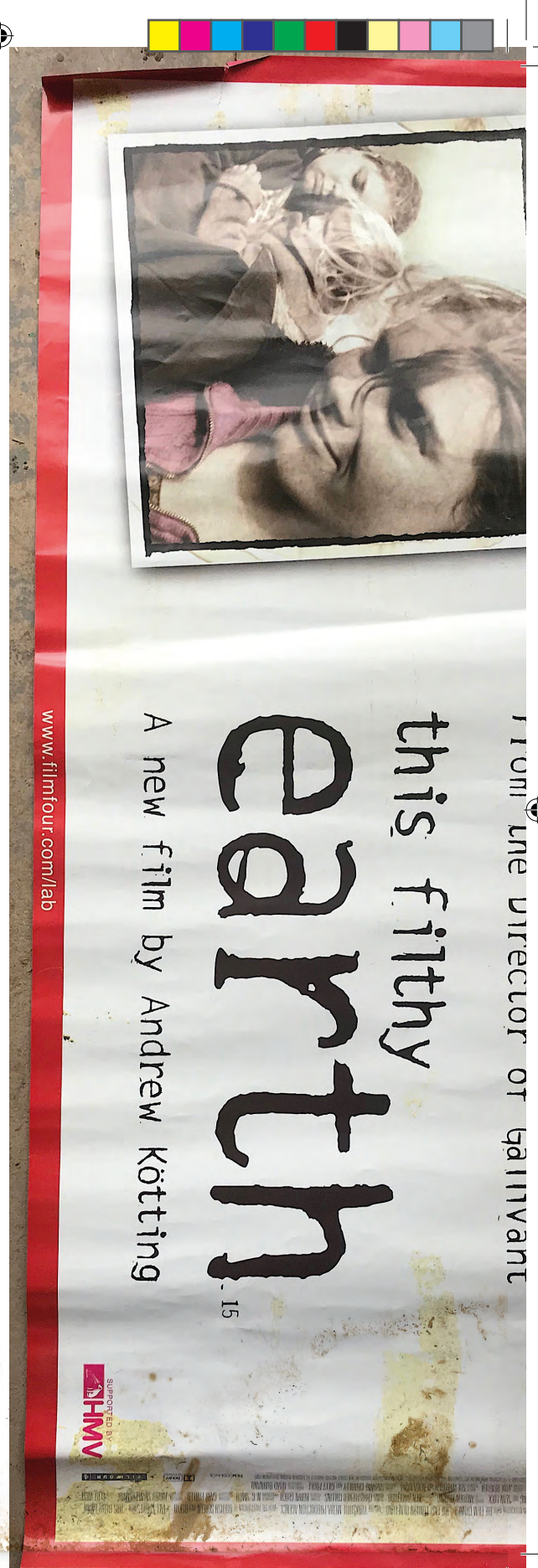
61 The Hall Blackheath London SE3 9BG

Phone: 0181 852 4156
Fax: 0181 318 0334

The Beginning Of The Filth

THEY WERE ALL LISTENING TO HIM WITH THE CURIOSITY AND, IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN, THE UTTER INDIFFERENCE OF PRACTICAL PEOPLE WHO HAD LOST THEIR FEAR OF HIS GOD OF WRATH AND CHASTISEMENT. WHY BE FRIGHTENED AND DEFERENTIAL AND SEEK PARDON WHEN THE IDEA OF THE DEVIL NOW MERELY MADE THEM LAUGH AND THEY NO LONGER BELIEVED IN AN AVENGING LORD WHO SENT THE WIND AND THE HAIL AND THE THUNDER? IT WAS JUST A WASTE OF TIME; IT WAS MUCH MORE SENSIBLE TO KEEP YOUR RESPECT FOR THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER: THEY WERE STRONGER.

Emile Zola – La Terre



Is it that old, as old as the Earth? Four and a half billion years give or take? The Earth is made of stone and iron, rock and clay, coal, mud and filthy earth (and buried treasure). So yes, the filth must always have been there.

One time we were on a train, tricked by Nick Gordon Smith into helping heave 16mm film gear up onto a moor in Yorkshire and back down again. It must have been for Nick's short film **Up in the Clouds** in 1994. It was morning and trains (like walks) are good for talking. After watching the north London suburbs roll by we got to Stevenage and I realised Andrew was talking, recounting a relentlessly grim story of rural poverty, bad luck and human greed.

What is that? **La Terre**, part of the Rougon Macquart series by Émile Zola - stories where avarice, jealousy and lust prevail. I realised that Andrew wanted to make a film about this and, worse still, wanted me to work on it, actually to collude in getting it made. All I knew about Zola was the stark phrase *J'Accuse* which, I said, had something to do with standing up to the (anti-Semitic) establishment in late 19th century France, the time of the First Golden Age of rail. Perhaps I half remembered a Zola story about striking miners. Our train rushed through Grantham without stopping and on towards the Yorkshire coalfields.

Around Newark I was rambling on about an image that came to my mind of a muddy field full of stones and straggling weeds. And probably cow-pats, remembered from childhood in East Suffolk. We used to walk through "the cow's muck" on the way to the village school.

These days there are sheep there, not cows. I told Andrew I liked the idea of something small and precious, half hidden in the mud, but catching the light and thus revealing itself. So, in a life full of hardship, strife and suffering a moment of kindness, a jewel of love or hope, might appear like a gemstone, revealing a potential future more benign. Andrew seemed unmoved by this - except it would be buried - he said. I suggested that (metaphorically) digging for this "treasure" could form a narrative thread for the characters in such a story and the "finding" a resolution. But - he said - they'll never find it!

By this time Andrew and I had worked together on **Smart Alek**, a short film (finished in 1993 and commissioned by Kate Ogborn under the BFI's New Directors scheme) that he'd written with Sean Lock in which Sean, Stan Nelson and Simon Munnery form a little gang of hopelessly ineffective and pointlessly violent petty criminals. We were about to see Stan again as he was also acting in Nick's **Up in the Clouds**.

Anyway, **Smart Alek**, a film about a failed family holiday, ends with an elderly granny getting kicked to death in a ditch. I remember feeling shocked at its bleakness, even amidst the buzz of the preview screening party for cast and crew at the London Film Co-op. **Smart Alek** was about 20 minutes long. Was it conceivable to sustain and deliver such desolation for the 90 minutes of a feature film?

After **Smart Alek**, Andrew had suggested making a longer more experimental film about a homeless vagrant, supine on a vast landfill site. He (or she - I can't now remember) rolls over and, finding this mode of motion satisfactory, continues while the soundtrack is made of sounds associated with all the varied items of detritus and waste as they are rolled over on the tip site (these could be snippets of conversation, snatches of music or vagrant thoughts and memories).

I remember talking about this on a different trip to the north of England, a conversation that came about because the car sound system wouldn't work. I'd had to replace the car battery the day before (the old one probably went into landfill) and was pleased that all was ready for our early start, heading up the M1. I forgot that, as an anti-theft device, if the radio was ever disconnected from the battery, a secret security code had to be entered to make it restart.



I half remembered the 4-digit code. I was driving as Andrew tried the different number combinations that I called out (Yes! I remember now, 9263! Or was it 9362? No! 9653! Etc etc). By Watford Gap Andrew had run out of patience. We resorted to talking about film ideas to fill the long journey. This one eventually morphed into the basis for **Gallivant**, Andrew's first cinema feature film.

Actually, as I write this, I realise my memory has mixed up these two conversations, both had on journeys to the north. The car journey where we talked about **Gallivant** must have been the earlier of the two, dating from 1994 on the way to Yorkshire and Nick's film. The train trip must have been in 1995, a journey we made to Tyneside and the North East in preparation for the filming of **Gallivant**, after the project had received support from Ben Gibson and the BFI Production Fund.

How could I have so confidently mixed up and wrongly remembered these two events? Maybe everything I'm writing here is also wrong – mistakes of confusion, inventions by accident or design.

I don't think of myself as a liar, but we (Dan Weldon and I) had called our production company "Tall Stories", an ironic reference to the fact that our first production (My Macondo, which Dan also directed) was a documentary. Dan had met Andrew and Sean at a film festival in Portugal, and back in London Andrew seemed perfectly at ease with the uncertain grip on reality and truth that sometimes characterised Tall Stories.

It's probably safest to regard all of this account as fiction. Anyway, not only did I fail to prevent Andrew from embarking on This filthy earth, I later became one of its biggest supporters. After **Gallivant** both BBC Films and Film 4 were keen to develop feature films with him.



So a script was commissioned and Andrew decided again to work with Sean. In the summer of 1997 the three of us were sitting on the terrace behind the Channel 4 offices in Victoria as a script editor flicked through the pages, jabbing her finger onto them and saying – Look! It's all words, just words! We exchanged glances like – It's a script! What else should it be apart from words? Maybe she had a point, but we couldn't understand it and the project did not for the time being go well at Film Four.

We were considering filming it in Ireland and I remember, at one point, Sean even suggested we re-imagine the idea as a Spud Western (as opposed to a Spaghetti Western, which it wasn't either) and make it more comical. Perhaps we should have followed up on this, but I think Andrew was already committed to the existing creative shape of it.

We went so far as to explore possible locations around the west coast of Ireland. We rented a bungalow on the Atlantic coast and drove one evening through a green valley, spangled with mushrooms. The next morning a man from the village turned up during breakfast, saying he was the owner of the bungalow. As we chatted I noticed his eyes kept flicking to the mantelpiece over the fireplace.

I was puzzled by this until I followed his gaze and noticed a three-quarter full bottle of Jameson's whiskey there. We found three glasses and spent an hour or so swapping yarns. I had stories about filming in the Sierra Nevada foothills by the Atlantic coast of Colombia and Andrew about lumberjacking in Sweden. After one of these our landlord nodded thoughtfully and said – Yes, I've been down that street – a pause – but with different buildings!

We walked up a strange, sunken track, bordered by black walls of peat, and turned to see the distant Atlantic rollers crashing with huge spumes of white spray onto the jagged rocks of County Cork. We didn't notice the sudden arrival of dark clouds, stealing up behind us. We hurried on until the ground fell away on one side into a deep trough, at the bottom of which was a silent tarn of the deepest grey, seeming to brood, pregnant with hidden meaning.

A huge crash of thunder spurred us on, very soon followed by a violent hailstorm. The hailstones were so big I thought they might break my glasses, so I took them off. Then I thought the ice hurtling down would damage our heads so we sheltered from the violence of the storm under a peat bank, right at the top of the hill. Suddenly there was a white flash and I felt the tingle of electricity through my heels. I was galvanised and started running at full tilt down the hill. Andrew did not move but shouted at the top of his voice - COWARD!

Film Four put the Filthy Earth project into turnaround, meaning that though they had financed the development of the script they would not finance the production. It also meant that we regained more control over how to structure the production. Pulling together finance for such films is an uphill struggle and although many in the film industry had loved Gallivant and wanted to work with Andrew, This filthy earth presented them with a kind of unconventional approach to narrative drama that may be easier to like after the film has been made than it is to support towards its production.

At this time, although video/film art was beginning to become more common in galleries, and alternative funding models were emerging, we (Tall Stories) were located in the film world and I was not particularly alert to emerging alternative trends. Andrew went on to (and still does) straddle the cinema and gallery art worlds more effectively.

Although it was a tough time, adversity can be a strong motivator and I became more and more stubbornly determined to get This filthy earth into production, even when Andrew's enthusiasm occasionally waned. One summer (probably 1998) I suggested we do a re-write for ourselves, free of any financiers' constraints (I say "we do", though I didn't actually do any of the writing). I proposed a visit to Andrew in the foothills of the Pyrenees near Montségur to talk about it in his place there, a run-down, semi-abandoned looking rural hideout in the middle of a forest.





Although I missed my flight (so Andrew had a fruitless drive from the hills down to Carcassonne – sorry about that Andrew), we salvaged something from the trip and after an intense few days emerged more or less with a new plan and a spark of energy.

Eventually we heard that Film Four had started a new low-budget, more experimental section, which they called Film Four Lab and was headed by Robin Gutch. Robin had been involved in **Gallivant** as commissioning editor of the Independent Film and Video department at Channel 4 (where he succeeded Alan Fountain and Rod Stoneman). I thought he might be receptive to **This filthy earth** and he was. The backing of Robin and Film Four Lab was not sufficient to get us straight into production, but it did enable us to build a coalition of funders, including the Film Council, British Screen Finance, Yorkshire Media Production Agency and East London Film Fund. The last two could come on board because we filmed in Yorkshire, while East London based companies were involved in the production. For British Screen Finance it would be (as Simon Perry told me when I was trying to edge them towards backing us) at the very limit of what they could do, meaning that their remit led them generally to back more conventional mainstream films. This never looked quite like one of those.

It must have been in 2000 that we finally pitched up in Wensleydale with a full crew and Chris Collins as the producer on the spot (and, occasionally, in the mud). The main location was a group of abandoned stone farm buildings, semi-ruined and gorgeous, that designer Judith Stanley-Smith had transformed into the village we see in the film. I remember the afternoon we arrived watching Andrew charge down the side of the valley with a large spade, smashing to instant death any rabbit that failed to run away. Like many of the crew I was horrified by this shocking act of wanton cruelty, until I realised that the blighted creatures were suffering in the terminal stages of mixomatosis, the “pest control” virus that was introduced decades ago to reduce their population. I had seen “mixy rabbits” as a child in Suffolk and watched powerlessly their agonised deaths.

This mixture of grimness and kindness, of humanity in the face of bleakness has characterised much of Andrew’s work and is part of **This filthy earth**, a film that, for me, gleams like a gem, half-hidden in the mud.

(Andrew – will this do? Please feel free to edit, cut, correct, remove inaccuracies or introduce new ones. Then again, you can reject outright)....





AND THEN THERE WAS PAIN AND BLOOD AND TEARS, ALL THOSE THINGS THAT CAUSE SUFFERING AND REVOLT, THE KILLING OF FRANÇOISE, THE KILLING OF FOUAN, VICE TRIUMPHING, AND THE STINKING, BLOODTHIRSTY PEASANTS, VERMIN WHO DISGRACE AND EXPLOIT THE EARTH. BUT CAN YOU REALLY KNOW? JUST AS THE FROST THAT BURNS THE CROPS, THE HAIL THAT CHOPS THEM DOWN, THE THUNDERSTORMS WHICH BATTER THEM ARE ALL PERHAPS NECESSARY, MAYBE BLOOD AND TEARS ARE NEEDED TO KEEP THE WORLD GOING. AND HOW IMPORTANT IS HUMAN MISERY WHEN WEIGHED AGAINST THE MIGHTY MECHANISM OF THE STARS AND THE SUN? WHAT DOES GOD CARE FOR US? WE EARN OUR BREAD ONLY BY DINT OF A CRUEL STRUGGLE, DAY IN, DAY OUT. AND ONLY THE EARTH IS IMMORTAL, THE GREAT MOTHER FROM WHOM WE SPRING AND TO WHOM WE RETURN, LOVE OF WHOM CAN DRIVE US TO CRIME AND THROUGH WHOM LIFE IS PERPETUALLY PRESERVED FOR HER OWN INSCRUTABLE ENDS, IN WHICH EVEN OUR WRETCHED DEGRADED NATURE HAS ITS PART TO PLAY.

Émile Zola – The Earth

Photographs – Andrew Kötting and Gary Parker





Penguin  Classics

ZOLA
THE EARTH



Earthworks 1 Hinton

34





ZOLA – THE EARTH (*La Terre*) Penguin Classics – Translation by Douglas Parmée

Awash with mud, excrement, rain and pus

La Terre (The Earth) is a novel by Émile Zola, which was published in 1887. It is the fifteenth novel in Zola's Rougon-Macquart series. The story takes place in a rural community in the Beauce, a flat wheat growing area in central France, not far west from Paris.

The novel is connected to others in the series by the protagonist, Jean Macquart, (Lek) whose childhood in the south of France was recounted in *La Fortune des Rougon* and who goes on to feature prominently in the later novel *La Débâcle*.

The publication of an English translation of *La Terre* in 1888 led to the prosecution for obscenity of the publisher, Henry Vizetelly - His work is evil and Zola is one of those wretched people of whom it may be said that they should never have been born.

On 8th May 1888 in the British House of Commons, the member of Flintshire Samuel Smith declared that Zola's novels were only fit for swine, and that their constant perusal must turn the mind into something akin to a sty.

The book was banned in Ireland right up until 1953 and when the film came out in the UK in 2001 an established critic was outraged enough to write: *The screen is awash with mud, excrement, rain and pus. The glowering, ignorant Cumbrian yokels - a lynch mob waiting to happen - make the Cornishmen of Straw Dogs look like Mayfair sophisticates. The awesomely untalented director and writer, Andrew Köttling, strives for the powerful and elemental, but achieves only the profoundly ludicrous.* But there again this was the same critic that said of Gallivant: *it should have been drowned at birth like the runt of a litter.*

AND

Every member of the cast is dirty and covered with muck. Fashion is not a factor, either. People don't wear clothes of their choice, they just wear what clothes there are. If there is one thing this film succeeds at is to prove that Britain is not an island to be inhabited by humans. Here we struggle for survival in some of the toughest and most inhumane conditions imaginable. We're just animals too, get covered in mud and would eat scraps if our life depended on it. If you were not aware of this already, Andrew Köttling's film will show how futile humanity can be sometimes. But that's all. And the gore and human waste is still gross. This is the kind of movie that would have been banned 20 years ago.

Gator MacReady





THAT'S HOW IT WAS, THERE WAS TROUBLE ALL ROUND, THE ONLY THING TO DO WAS TO WORK UNTIL YOU DROPPED AND NOT COMPLAIN. MOREOVER, LITTLE BY LITTLE, AS HE (LEK) WALKED BESIDE THEM, HE FOUND HIMSELF BEING GENTLY LULLED BY THESE LARGE GREEN FIELDS. A FEW APRIL SHOWERS HAD BROUGHT THE FODDER CROPS ON SPLENDIDLY. THE PINK OF THE CLOVER DELIGHTED HIM, AND HE FORGOT EVERYTHING ELSE. NOW HE TOOK A SHORT CUT OVER THE PLOUGHED LAND TO SEE HOW HIS TWO CARTERS WERE DOING: THE EARTH STUCK TO HIS SHOES, HE COULD FEEL HOW RICH AND FERTILE IT WAS, ALMOST AS THOUGH IT WANTED TO CLING TO HIM AND EMBRACE HIM; AND ONCE MORE HE FELT COMPLETELY WON OVER BY IT, HE WAS RECOVERING THE STRENGTH AND JOY HE HAD FELT AS A YOUNG MAN OF THIRTY. DID ANY WOMAN EXIST APART FROM THE EARTH?

La Terre (The Earth)

For example, the chief goddess of Celtic Ireland prior to the coming of Christianity was Brigid. When Ireland was Christianised, Brigid too was baptised. She became St Brigid, who to this day is the most revered saint in Catholic Ireland.

Yuval Noah Harari – Sapiens – A Brief History of Humankind

We all bend our lives to fit the templates with which myths and archetypes provide us. We all tell ourselves stories, and bring our futures into line with those stories, however much we cherish the sense of newness, of originality about our lives.

Robert Macfarlane – Mountains Of The Mind

GOD'S SUCH AS THE FERTILITY GODDESS, THE SKY GOD AND THE GOD OF MEDICINE TOOK CENTRE STAGE WHEN PLANTS AND ANIMALS LOST THEIR ABILITY TO SPEAK, AND THE GODS' MAIN ROLE WAS TO MEDIATE BETWEEN HUMANS AND THE MUTE PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

LEK





THE EARTH - EMILE ZOLA

PART ONE / CHAPTER 1

And when he was ready, Caesar suddenly heaved himself up on to Coliche, so heavily and violently that the ground shook. She stood firm as he gripped her sides between his two legs. But she was a tall Cotentin cow, too broad and high for a bull of less powerful breed to reach.

Caesar felt this and was helplessly trying to raise himself up.

He's too tiny said Francoise. Yes a bit said Jean. Never mind he'll manage it in time.

She shook her head, and as Caesar was still groping and tiring himself, she took the decision.

It's no good, he's got to be helped.

If he doesn't get in properly, it'll be wasted because she won't be able to hold it.

Careful, as though undertaking something of great importance, she stepped quickly forward with pursed lips and set face; her concentration made her eyes seem even darker.

She had to reach right across with her arm and grasp the bull's penis firmly in her hand and lifted it up.





And when the bull felt that he was near the edge, he gathered his strength and, with one single thrust of his loins, pushed his penis right in. Then it came out again. It was all over; the dibble had planted the seed.

As unmoved and as fertile as the earth when it was sown, the cow had stood four square and firm as the male seed spurted within her.

Not even the bull's last powerful thrust had unsteadied her.

And now he had already slipped down from her back, making the ground shake again.

Francoise had released her grip but was still holding her arm in the air.

Finally she let it drop, saying

That's that.

And very nice too added Jean emphatically, with something of the satisfaction of a good workman seeing a job well and quickly done.

It never entered his head to make the sort of bawdy jokes, which the farmhands indulged in when girls used to bring their cows to be covered.





This young girl seemed to find it completely normal and necessary that, in all decency, there was really nothing to laugh about. It was just natural.

PS La Terre is one of the most graphically violent and, to a lesser extent, sexually explicit novels of the nineteenth century, and caused considerable controversy at the time of its publication. In it, Zola's efforts to expose the unpleasant underside of his contemporary society reached its apogee; none of the other Rougon-Macquart novels features such sensational material.





THIS FILTHY EARTH – ANDREW KÖTTING AND SEAN LOCK

SCREENPLAY / SCENE 3

Exterior. The Holts' Big Farm. Daytime.

The girls arrive at the Big Farm. Molly is riding on the back of the cow. They walk into the yard and look around impressed.

Francine: Hello? Hello? Mr Holt?

Kath: Hello?

Francine : He said he'd wait for us.

Kath: If you got legs show'em!

Francine : Shut up Kath!

Kath : Place is soulless, I don't like it.

Francine : You spooked Kath ?

Kath : No... but...Mr Holt's out.

Francine : The bull's in.

Kath : We should go.

Francine opens the gate to where the bull is tethered, the beast stamps the ground in anticipation.

Francine : Bring her in Kath.

Kath stays where she is and Francine takes over pulling Ivy to the bull.

She confidently introduces the two animals.

They sidle round each other.

The cow is reluctant as the bull tries to mount. It slips on the frosty ground and then starts lunging.

Francine holds the cow still with a bridle, trying to soothe it, but the bull and the cow start to spin round.

She notices that the rampant bull is missing its mark.

She pushes the bull's rump to help it engage better and then quickly steps back to avoid being trodden on.

The beasts continue spinning and slipping.

The bull ejaculates, squirting sperm.

Kath: (aghast) It's gone all over you.....

Francine: Only a bit, most of it's gone in.

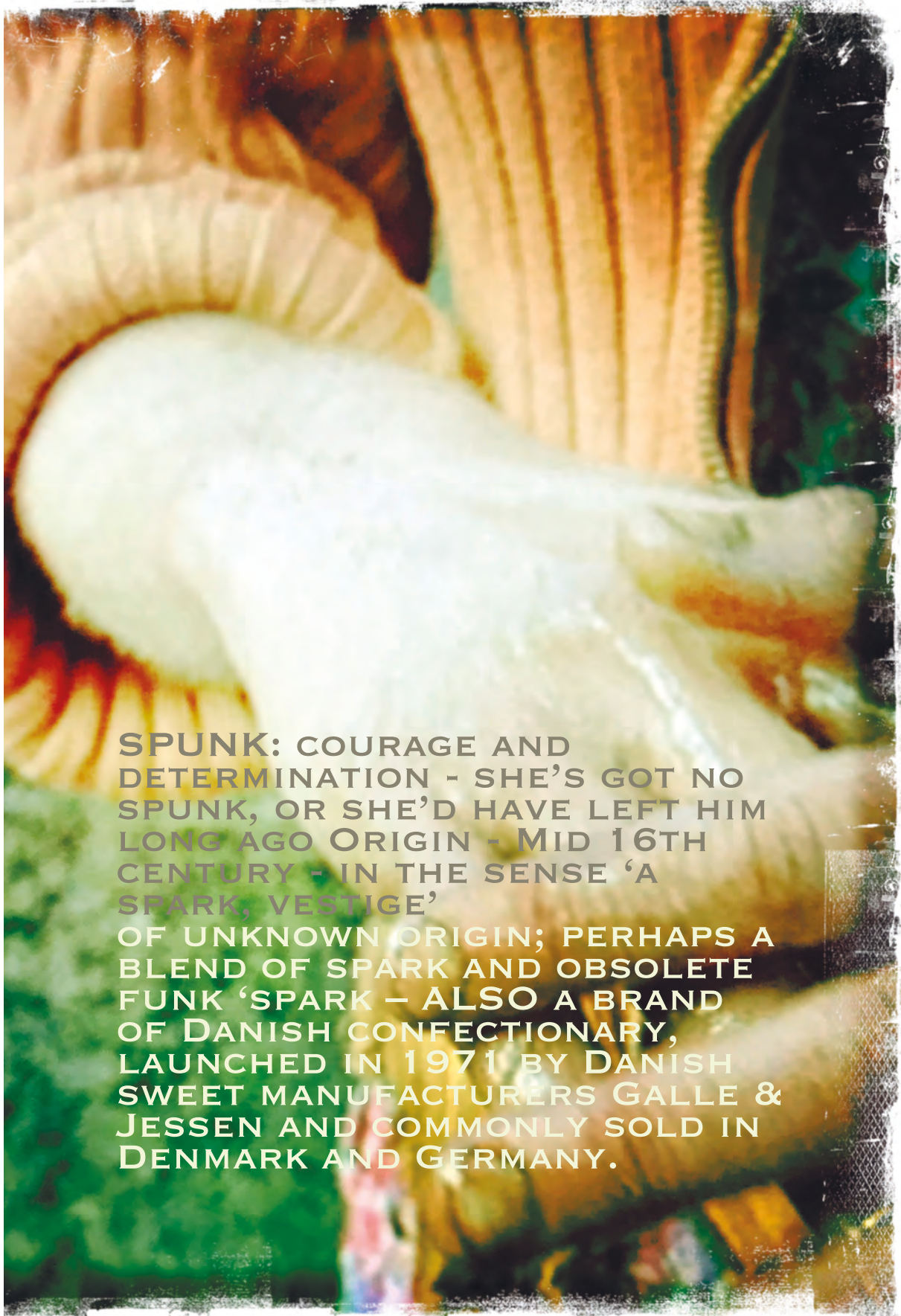
Lek has made his way down from the black field with his cart-load of sods, he has witnessed the young girl's struggle, he is impressed.

He claps and moves forwards to shake Francine's hand but she is shaking the bull's spunk from it.

She is laughing.

The spunk hits the ground next to Ivy's trampled ribbon.





SPUNK: COURAGE AND DETERMINATION - SHE'S GOT NO SPUNK, OR SHE'D HAVE LEFT HIM LONG AGO ORIGIN - MID 16TH CENTURY - IN THE SENSE 'A SPARK, VESTIGE' OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN; PERHAPS A BLEND OF SPARK AND OBSOLETE FUNK 'SPARK - ALSO A BRAND OF DANISH CONFECTIONARY, LAUNCHED IN 1971 BY DANISH SWEET MANUFACTURERS GALLE & JESSEN AND COMMONLY SOLD IN DENMARK AND GERMANY.





This Filthy Earth Notebook

SPIRAL BOUND – A3 DALER – the notes hereunder became vital pre/during/post the shooting of the film. The script, along with collaged notes, images and ideas drift throughout and were never out of my sight.

The dirt is under their cracked nails.

The smell of dung hung all over them.

The wind rattles the rain.

TERRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN IN THE EARTH:

ROBBERIES

DECEIT

BEATINGS

ABUSE

RAPE

INCEST

SACRILEGIOUSITY

AND INAPPROPRIATE BEHAVIOR ON ALL FRONTS

AND MURDER

Lek – From the words that I can put into his mouth.



This Filthy Earth





"Smudge" Jones
 BRITISH SHEEP BREEDS
 HERDWICK
 Found mainly throughout Cumbria
 Bsp14

Pedley
 Printed in England

the dirt is under
 their cracked nails
 the smell of dung
 hung
 all over them
 the wind rattles
 the rain

the dew
 the lather
 but still the
 harmi scratches
 reassuring by
 at my door.
 Come in
 hurt me

© 1987 Pedley Photographs, Gosport, Hampshire 01467 853974

Photograph: British Wool Marketing Board, Education Department
 Station Road, Clayton, Bradford, BD14 6JD 01274 882091

A3

EUR BOOK

50 sheets hand and romantically correct → no gods paper

DRAWING

DISEGNO RITZTEN ZEICHNEN

Eclectic blend of timeless
 Rural barnwings -
 wily waxy slippery.
 as an expression of dissent against
 things costume drama - things spectrally
 and romantically correct → no gods
 Some things concerns and chosen
 but room for the happenstance and
 intuitive please
 in fit



Torrence Malick's shimmering harvest fable 'Days of Heaven' - a wild oater? - crops up this week at both the Lux (Sun 6) and the Riverside (Mon 7). See Reportory *meat industry*

Smells of Sausage beyond
 tolerance last evening

- VERSATILE CARTRIDGE
- EXCELLENT

• CHLORINE-FREE
 MEDIA



Also available in
 A4, A5 and A6 sizes
 in a variety of cover styles &
 containing different papers




Film?

T W i s t e d
M e l o drama epic

Sensational dramatic piece with crude
appeals to emotions and usually a happy
ending

Fifty (Post Yorkshire)

- a) ^{More} mass observation of people / taking
preparing for a munnings?
- ⓐ there's a storm which brings
down trees which also is seen
as an omen. But is it in
the rain clearing up? or Lek? Ⓣ But can
fill them into their
backs
- ⓑ Process with sheep - But - wrestles the
animals easily - Shears them etc. --- very
- ⓒ carrots potatoes svedes - A lot of them, easily.
(peeled and lying all over the road) Francine / Kate
turning sheep pellets at each other
- ⓓ washing as lives always helps Ⓣ
- ⓔ Armandine has lumps of rock (Simulacra)
above front door and scattered around her house.
- ⓕ Cutting sods
- ⓖ B.g farm - implements and stuff - cows
in yard - sheep in pen? Plenty going on
- animals noise.
- ⓓ Res salvaged wooden shutters nailed to outside to
help with the inhabited look?
- ⓔ Phallix outside armandines are just a cairn
END of Film  Stylée

FRANCINE IS UP ON THE HIGHER GROUND
WATCHING LEK + JOEY WANDERING
OFF - SHE SMILES. (with Molly?)

- Ⓣ Perry / Giban - always carrying lamb/sheep
around with him? - Symbolic allegoric
- Ⓚ it's a post modern piece - for tractor-

Earthworks T Hercon



* behind bar - erratic light potential.

① fluorescent tubing
Ankeny in throughout bar



CRAMPED LIVING CONDITIONS, OKLAHOMA CITY
Lowman Wald.



precursor to infra? cows can still glide.

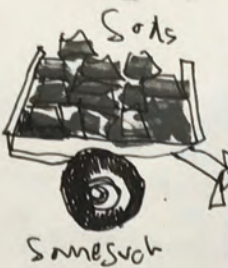
Super 16mm version as cow is stood on platform?

Postlip Tractor better.



cow behind wall

(b) as tracking shot 40 Smart Alect?



the tractor engine idles - nb: always the sound of machinery with left things ticking over - perhaps sticking. Jean Tinguely looped?

if Ivy has a hole in its ear put honeysuckle thread through it or somesuch -



SCENE 2
Exterior. Black Road. Day.

Scene 2

Francine, (16) and her sister Kath (17) and Kath's three year-old daughter Molly, make their way to the Big Farm with their cow, Ivy. They walk the black road, surrounded by wetlands, bogs and peat. Frost covers the land. The two girls talk and giggle as they make their way, every now and then Kath breaks into a dance. They are happy. Molly is trying to get onto a dry stone wall. Francine brings up the rear coaxing the animal with her stick. The cow has a large bell around its neck and a ribbon tied to its tail, she looks very beautiful and well cared for. We see the animal's legs struggling with the squashy ground.

In the distance up in the black fields we notice Lek. He is somewhere in his early forties, dark skinned with crooked eyes. He is wearing wooden shoes and digs deep to cut sods of the black earth. He works on, not noticing them.

Francine looks over at him.

Kath : There's one for you.

Francine : He's your sort, old and dirty.

Kath : (kicking earth at her whilst dancing) What do you know? You only nibbed the cow!

Francine chases her sister.

Kath : Oh yeah, 'an I saw you kiss a rabbit and..... the cat.

Francine : Shutup.

Kath : You wanna' be careful that rabbit'll bite your lip.

Francine : Better 'an the old men you' nib.

Kath : Uuurrghh! All that fur, don't it make you cough ?

Francine : Old men with no teeth. Uuurrghh!

Kath : Uuurrghh!

Francine : Uuurrghh!

They are both laughing hysterically, panting and out of breath.

Francine : You'd nib anything.

Kath stops laughing, suddenly annoyed.

Kath : The only one I ever 'ave is Molly's dad.

Francine : That's a lie.

Kath : No it 'ain't.

Francine : I bet he didn't even kiss you, not on the mouth!

Kath : Yes he did.

Francine : Once!

Kath looks into her sister's face. Angry.

Kath : You don't know what you're talking about.

Francine : You ain't seen him in months. *weeks*

Kath : Molly! Get off the wall.

Kath grabs Molly and pulls her off the wall.

Could always be opening sequence.

- closeup of muddy ground to locate landscape.

odd boots?
tractor next
+ cart full
of sods he is
loading?

to him? which we see later at Holts but don't hear - girls so into job at hand they don't notice him.

sometimes grads to accentuate down shots but be inventive with them - upside down?



Ritzy Earth

- ↓ opening sequence
- ↑ girls - tracking
- intercut with
- ↓ hand-held
- ↑ dialogue sequence.

* Analogue

can run behind the girls as they hold Molly's hands as she pokes her way along the dry stone wall.



This Filthy Earth. Andrew Kotting
Armandine's Abode

SCENE 5

Exterior. Armandine's Abode. Daytime

Papa, a sinewy old weather beaten man sits outside his sister Armandine's ramshackle farm house, it stands next to a large rock which is shaped like a massive phallus. Stacks of dried turf stand high against the side of the house and all around atop of poles are crude wooden birdcages. Birds are trapped inside, swaying from side to side but there is no birdsong.

One leg of the old man's trousers has been pulled down. He sits in half a pair of trousers. His octogenarian sister scrapes away at his foot with a large needle. We see Papa's rotten yellow teeth which are clenched, he could be anywhere between sixty five and the age of an old oak.

At the back of the farmhouse we notice an emaciated donkey trudging round and round in circles as if driven on by some invisible force. It is attached to a giant horizontal wooden wheel. The sound of the rhythmic creaking of the wooden wheel permeates the scene.

NB: The inhabitants of this world and in particular the old people, speak a 'gramlot' or vernacular, which is intended to be played with by the actors and actresses throughout the film. It is only meant to be specific to this native 'poetic reality' that we are trying to create.

Papa: Aaaaargghh!...Oh! Oh! Go easy, Arrgghh! Careful woman. Aaarrrgghh!...It hurts!

Armandine is smiling and we see her wrinkled gums.

Papa: May maggots rot in yer blithard. Aaaaarrgghh! Shuffling heathen hag.

Armandine: Noise don't drive the devil away. 'More you cuss more I'll scrape, now bottleup brother.

Papa: Aaaaarrgghh! You clumsy cow!

Armandine: Hold still, this stump is filled with blackpiss.



Papa: Aaarrgghhh! (he catches his breath) Whappenwoman...?

Armandine: Punishment that's what, and you knows it.

Papa: (shaking his head to himself) Grumblerhag.

Armandine: You gave away land when you had two good legs... that's a sin. Papa: To my sons!

Armandine: Your sons are rotten, their canker has passed to your foot, cut it off and bury it ...and then and only then you might live to 'ave some fun





SCENE 12

Interior. The Village Bar. Early evening.

Inside the bar is smoky and the Barman and his wife Maggie serve behind an old rickety counter. There are a few tables and chairs stood on muddy floors and five or six drinkers including a couple of local farmhands: Perry and Gibbon. They are drunk and getting Lek to repeat words after them in his funny accent.

Gibbon: Doves and pigeons

Perry: No 's my turn. 'Emp agglomoney.

Gibbon is fit to burst and explodes as Lek attempts the word.

Lek: Emm, emmp...

Perry: 'Emp Agglomoney!

Gibbon: Turkey trotter.

Perry: No let 'im finish, he ain't finished.

Gibbon: Shit chute!

Suddenly the door creaks open and a large fish head pokes in.

Fish: Cider, cider, gimme' some cider.

Barman: Get out !

Jesus Christ comes through the door. He is tall long haired and bearded and looks completely dishevelled. He has his hand inside the fish and uses it like a ventriloquists dummy.

Jesus Christ: A fine welcome to strangers, pour my friend a drink. Lek smiles at the performance.

Jesus Christ: (in a comical posh accent) So Monsewer Pike, what brings you to this part of the world?

Fish: A river, T'is the only way to travel.

Jesus Christ: And the purpose of your visit, are you on business perhaps hoping to trade your fine eggs for some cabbage and spirit?

Fish: No I came to take some of the local air, I have heard it is most refreshing.

Jesus Christ: And how do you find our atmosphere?

Fish: Thin, tasteless and dry.

Jesus Christ: Dry? Well have a drink! (He splashes cider into the fish's face).

He throws the fish at the barman's wife. She watches it land on the floor.

Maggie: And what am I supposed to do with that ?

Barman: Cook it woman, and feed the five thousandit's Jesus Christ!

Jesus Christ stumbles over to Perry and Gibbon and Lek.

Jesus Christ: (To Lek) Aaahhh! The wandering Jew.

Perry: 'Ain't a Jew.

Gibbon: How d'you know ?

Perry: I arksed 'im.

Perry, Gibbon and Jesus Christ all fall about laughing. Lek sits smiling to himself happy to have been of some use.





SCENE 23

Exterior. The Circus. Late afternoon.

A very crude tarpaulin has been erected to serve as a tent. A tight rope is stretched between two chairs. The very fat man and a very fat woman sit at either end. A fat girl of perhaps twenty makes her way precariously along the rope.

Once she is in the middle her feet almost touch the ground. At the end she jumps down and curtsies. Everyone laughs.

We recognise faces in the audience. Kath tries to snuggle up to Buto who keeps pushing her away. Molly is jumping up and down on Francine's lap and Perry and Gibbon heckle. Jesus Christ lies drunk on the floor emitting drunken rants every now and then.

The fat man is now bouncing up and down on an old trampoline behind a canvas screen. He holds various animals above his head, a goat, a cat, a turkey, a miniature pony, each time he bounces back up there is something different above his head.

The audience can only see him suddenly appear with each animal. It looks like magic. The laughter increases.

Lek is standing alone at the back of the tent, he appears to be studying the audience as if looking for something. Francine meets his gaze and smiles.

Next the Fat woman announces that she is about to make a dog dance. She cracks a long stick down onto the ground and a mangy dog immediately jumps up onto its hind legs. It wobbles around and every time it looks as though its front paws might hit the ground the Fat woman makes to beat it.

It is too frightened to come down and dances around terrified. The crowd laugh. Whilst this is going on a tall step-ladder is brought in and erected behind her. The fat man climbs the ladder with a ventriloquist's dummy, it is a crude wooden doll. The dummy speaks.





Dummy: (Looking at the fat man) God and flagger roots you're a lump of a big fat man. Fat and round like a maggot!

Fatman: (In a foreign accent) I hold my food well. Dummy : You're a fat-monger, a blubber house, a walking butcher's window.

The dummy mimes a pig eating from a trough, the audience fall about laughing.

Dummy: (To the audience) He chews his own breath, hoping for a morsel floating by.

Fatman: What you say?

Dummy: (Mimicing) Me say why you speak like Donkey. Eee! Aaw!

The audience laugh and Buto nudges Perry and Gibbon pointing at Lek's shoes.

Fatman: I teach you lesson.

He pulls out a saw.

Dummy: Eee! Aaw! Eee! Aaw!

The Fatman starts to saw off the Dummy's leg.

Fatman: How does that feel donkey breath?

Dummy: Blunt! Eee! Aaw! Eee! Aaw!

Perry: (pointing at Lek) There's one!

The whole audience are convulsed with laughter, someone from behind the tent pushes Lek in the back and he stumbles forward.

He glares at the tarpaulin as someone kicks from the other side.



And Thereafter A Letter From Home

The Yorkshire Dales is in northern England.

It encompasses thousands of square miles of moors, valleys, hills and villages.

Sheep are everywhere and so are drystone walls.

We were based in Dentdale one of the few Yorkshire Dales that drain westwards towards the Irish Sea.

We also filmed at a ruined farmhouse in Dent which is not in Dentdale or even Yorkshire but in Cumbria.

The Angels of Happenstance felt that it would be easier for me to remember and also easier given that the locations were only thirty miles apart.

I had been away from home for almost a month, filming when a letter arrived from Leila and Eden.

The late summer was warm and sweatiness abounded.

My head was in the clouds but my ideas and focus were vaguely grounded....

**HE WRITES: TO GIVE SENSATION WITHOUT
BOREDOM, THE BODY IS NO MORE THAN A
PHENOMENON OF MEMORY....**

Leik – From the words that I can put into his mouth.














Dear Andrew, Tracy, Billie and Etta,












we are here in the flats in London, thinking of you in the






















countryside running around outside and walking up and down the hill

getting strong legs. We hope that the animals are behaving themselves






















as well as all the adults. It must be busy busy busy, and quiet now

please everyone, sound action go hang around a bit and a












bit more.












Granny and Granddad send their love and these magazines We hope



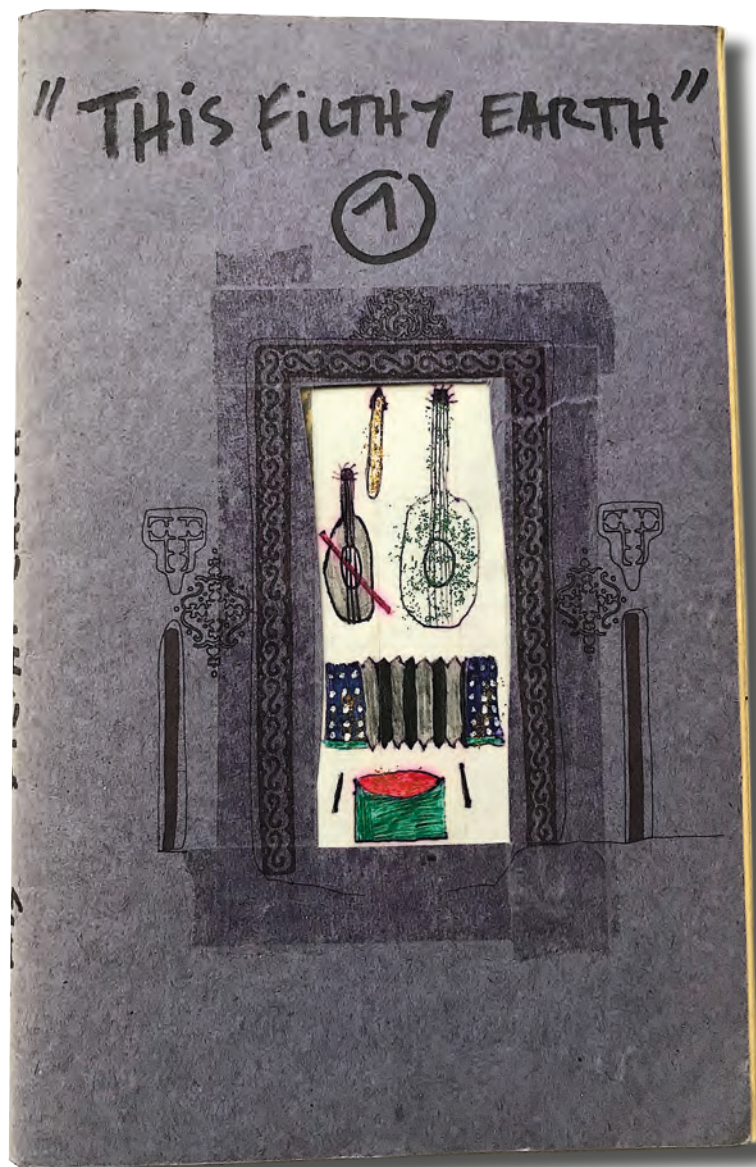
Earthworks 1 Hercon

58



Cette Sale Terre

XAVIER TCHILI JOURNAL 2000







Avec Dudley nous parlons beaucoup littérature,
 théâtre & cinéma français. Il a une très grande
 admiration pour la culture artistique française principale-
 ment les écrivains. Enfin il a une liste toutes ses sources
 et ses connaissances qui vont au fond des choses.
 Il a 67 ans, trois enfants dont un fils aîné de 36 ans
 et une fille, petite dernière qui a 25 ans et travaille.
 Muriel Alcobique pendant 20 ans, il est marié de
 sa première femme, alcoolique elle avait oublié d'être
 Américaine le tableau est complet... j'aimais aussi
 travailler, rejeter, mais il semble que Andrew est
 soit au passé avec beaucoup de problèmes de réalisation
 et puis l'actrice qui joue Françoise me va la que demain
 ou vendredi il doit savoir. Steve est retourné à London



pour trouver dans une revue T.V. J'ai donc beaucoup de
 temps pour moi et je le met à profit. Je dois apprendre
 10 mots d'anglais par jour, selon le vocabulaire que
 je veux utiliser dans la journée.. Pas aussi à me

la nuit avec ma langue de bêtard juste là.
 Maintenant la vie... Travailler de nouveau à la
 lecture du script pour mieux comprendre sur
 ce qui arrive à Bek et comment, sur l'impression
 d'émancipation, tous les gens du village, reporté sur Bek
 tous les problèmes qu'ils rencontrent et vivent en lui,
 le responsable des malheurs qui leur arrivent. Tea
 break puis un chapitre de l'odyssée - Pubs - Guinness
 Ah, le homme Dudley bien connu et rigole - le patron
 du pub, content de pouvoir causer, grand bavard qu'il est,
 avec de nouvelles têtes nous offre un sandwich chacun,
 dans de l'ale à manger dans la chambre - END of Holiday
 Encore un e-mail de télévision mais décidément, c'est
 vraiment chiant. Des espèce de film, ni fiction ni

reportage
 mais j'ai
 d'intéressants
 mais ça
 aux
 je coupe
 que
 les bras

more B.B
 Qu'est-ce que c'est? Party No?

avec des
 entre coupe
 tout large
 dont plaisir
 Anglais.
 tout ça et
 plongé dans
 de Profitez.

Exeter House

**Yorkshire Dales
 Guest House & Tea Rooms**



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☆☆☆ **LICENSED** ☆☆☆

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 E-mail: susandines@exeterhouse.freemove.co.uk
 Web site: www.yorkshirenet.co.uk/stayat/exeterhouse

Une journée de ramassage - Shooting day 3 - the Tea Break
The Harvest in the west field - presque tout le brou



où j'habite

le Pub The Black Swan



LEYBURN

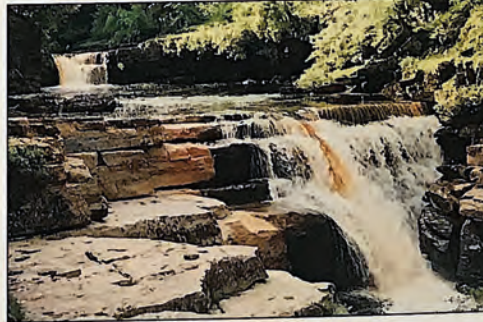
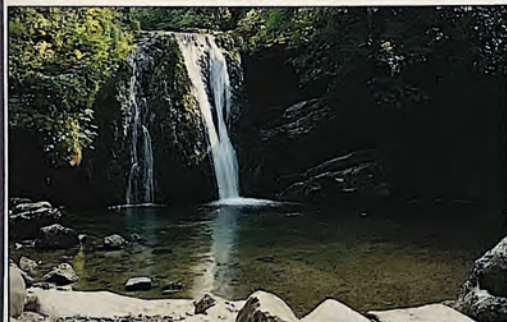




YORKSHIRE DALES



*ça, c'est ce que je vois tout le jours, pas mal non?
ça j'ai pas encore vu, peut être Sunday 10 with you!*



DALES WATERFALLS





GRANDE BRETAGNE ET IRLANDE

17



Es quelques
grands rurs
on je peut
parablenent



YORKSHIRE LANDSCAPES

Day 17. Day OFF. 8. 6.5.9.

Uné ce matin 6^h30 avec le soleil pour ne pas oublier d'appeler Louise pour lui souhaiter une bonne rentrée. Elle est super et j'ai beaucoup raconté au téléphone. Elle a l'air très en forme, tout va bien. Je me rends jusqu'à 9^h breakfast. Me fait mon paquet pour Catherine. Trouver un peu dans le plan le temps qu'il fasse un peu chaud. Acheter des cartes postales. Je retourne dans le room, habille les mon texte en russe. Puis je repars pour un somme, je suis pas mal réveillé. Ça me mène à une heine. Je décide une promenade et je me prépare. Vais manger avant dans un petit tea shop. Une soupe chaude. Puis je pars en balade. Direction the Bolton Castle, il paraît qu'il faut une heine et demi pour y arriver. Le chemin est agréable, à gauche la vallée, à droite des champs, belle vue. Puis au bout d'un moment je finis par me perdre. Le path n'est pas très bien balisé et une belle descente à travers un champ de ruelles me laisse perplexe que j'ai mis pas sur la bonne piste. Trouve une ferme, fais demi-tour, remonte, hente devant un autre champ à rade, finalement emprunte un autre chemin qui, selon mon intuition me ramènera au but pas. Puis change d'avis, obtiens une grande haie d'un pré buche pour revenir devant la porte aux vaches. Cause un peu avec elles, l'une me parle, elle bave et fait des sauts un peu bizarres, suis-je influencé ou bien est-ce la réalité? J'ouvre finalement la gate en métal, me sachant pas très bien ce que j'ouvrais au bout de la claupe voyant une petite forêt on voit entassés des centaines de pierres et autres farannes en ruine libéré. Certaines gaussement allègement devant moi tout à l'heure, voyant le danger que j'étais pour elle. Je ne voyais chasson, pau' deud, facile. En haut du chemin, une autre porte, un champ plein de moutons puis une route mais toujours pas de château. Là je suis sûr de même genre quelque part mais je ne comprendrais jamais si, me me en repassant le chemin en sens inverse pour être sûr au moins de rentrer à l'école. longue par agréable dans un pré



Earthworks 1 - Hercon

68



e de hoi humoviteit is mal, ic n

Photo →

Auto
leke

Franine & Kath.



Shona
Tchili

Rebecca & Dendaga
happy family

la scène est courte, les hosts improvisent pas mal, je suis un peu perdu là dedans mais ça est le, alors il faut jouer avec, j'espère que ça se verra à l'écran, car on ne sait jamais malheureusement ce qu'il y aura de ces moments si fugitifs, où l'on a presque l'impression de ne rien faire, où tout ce que l'on s'était dit agit comme véritablement que quelques chose qui nous échappe malgré nous. Le cinéma est un art qui court après le temps, un capté d'instant éphémères sur le coup et qui prennent leur envol une fois le montage et le film terminé, alors ce qu'on y a mis ne voit ou non, je le saurais plus tard. Après cela Andrew et Gary, m'expliquent avec eux, crapahuter en haut d'une colline au dessus on voit dressés de magnifique kerus, sorte de monument en orage à la montagne et aux éléments rudes de ce pays.

La montée est assez fun, nous nous embourbons à quatre fois le métal sur la moto le reste tout tenait de Stewart. Parfois elle ne passe même pas et nous devons descendre. Andrew en profite alors pour faire en DVD quelques plans de leke marchant dans la lande, descendant dans un "ton de bourse" pour y trouver dans de vieux projets de bois et des rouleaux de clothes rouillés, (il avait repéré avant son coin) me fait en remonter, le remonter, puis le redescendre, le jeter du haut. Puis lui et Gary me plante au pied d'un herbe très haut, au moins 2m50, la tête dans les nuages, le nez au vent, en plein

nos souvenirs et nos aperçus l'un et l'autre qui ils sont
 exactement les mêmes, car il est vrai que si ce cirque a marqué
 Andrew au point ~~de~~ de l'y insérer en référence dans son film,
 il m'a mis aussi marqué à jamais comme le signe d'une
 misère et d'une vie difficile, errante et incertaine. Cette pauvre
 gamine, petite grosse en tutu rose qui marchait au le fit sauter y
 avait vraiment sous la représentation scénique de son père, et
 que lui aussi, brutal et grossier. De pauvres animaux stagnaient
 là, ils ennuiaient tant bien que mal un numéro avec un
 chien, ça avait je ne en souvenir et c'est maintenant dans le
 film. Ici ça délire un peu plus, et nous avons pris une bonne dose
 de vie à voir the fat man, sauta de ses en haut, alternativement
 apaisant puis disparaissant, en passant apaisé à chaque fois, un
 animal sur ses épaules : a goat, a turkey, a dog, a fish in a
 plastic bag. C'est vraiment drôle. La journée ayant commencé
 vers 13h, le repas est à 17h. Il y a eu une collation à 11h mais je
 n'ai rien pris, n'ayant pas compris que c'était tout pour midi.
 Après le dîner donc, il se passe un long moment d'attente pour
 que la technique installe les éclairages puis nous y allons pour la
 scène du bar où lek se fait chanter gentiment par Pomy et
 Gibbon puis l'entrée de Jesus Christ, avec son professeur.

Nous faisons de
 très bonnes prises
 avec Bill et Ben
 avec pas mal
 d'impro, offrant
 une scène vive
 et enlevée qui ne
 termine par : please
 Lek amenant de
 parler anglais, puis
 alternant avec du
 russe bilingue à
 toute vitesse.
 Puis c'est J.C...



- lek on set -

... Putain c'était monumental, le poisson était énorme, je n'ai pas bien quelle sorte était-ce. Buvent en deux au niveau du ventre, Peter avait l'avant bras complètement dans le poisson et jouait de sa tête en ventriloquiste, tel que l'avait fait ce matin (et peu avant dans l'histoire) the fat man avec la marouette. C'était complètement délirant et en même temps racontait une fable de calé du personnage de Jesus Christ qui, lorsqu'il aperçoit les gens dans la Bar s'écrit: the wandering jew, c'est à dire le juif errant. Ce Natin, the fat man, jouait avec sa dummy qui avait le même pantalon que lui et les vêtements de marin, et échangeait avec elle des mots euhgés à l'adresse d'un chauffeur, qui s'il n'était pas nommé, n'aurait été le lui pour la majorité du public, d'ailleurs il n'a joué. Bon, j'ai fait le premier plan de la soirée et presque le dernier, ce qui m'a fait quitter la tournée vers 11^h30 sans avoir rien fait entre les deux, mais raje à la performance de Peter en J.C. Je quitte le locatin vers 12^h et suis à la maison à 12^h20 - j'allume la télé car je le visage de lire mais mes paupières couvrent d'elles même sans leur poids - tchao je passerai la journée de demain à faire mon rattrapage d'écriture.

Day 25 - Shooting day 15 - Off Wednesday 13th Sept.

Lyon. Breakfast at home - call to Olive & Mbeuto et Steph, puis me colla à ma table vers 10^h30. Je ne la quitterai qu'à 17^h avec une pause de 13^h à 13^h30 pour une soupe rti, à Exeter House elles sont si bonnes! Beaucoup à rattraper, depuis Vendredi dernier plus collage, maintenant je suis sage et vais faire un ton. petite ballade, toujours au même endroit, sur mon banc face à la vallée, là où la vue est superbe; cette fois le ciel est légèrement rose, nappé de fin nuages protégeant un soleil timide de fin de journée. Puis je rentre au BB pour bouquiner a little, mais finalement je vais dormir Me hane. Coup de fil un peu honteux à mon reveil avec Catherine mais ça m'a jadeni plus tard dans la soirée.

Une grave aujourd'hui, il est arrivé sur le set vers 14h avec deux Sprinters dans le nez. Parfait exemple de communion entre l'acteur et le personnage, une réécriture plus que parfaite, ces gens sont devenus pour les jeux olympiques des Pub, mais pas.
 En tous cas, une bonne journée de tournage pour tout le monde, sans pluie, sans trop de vent et dans une ambiance toujours aussi joyeuse et détendue, "A great day for a wedding do you not think we?"



Je pensais pour une soirée plutôt calme et me voilà tombé sur d'autres champions du monde. Les Anglais sont tenistes et j'ai assisté à une soirée ordinaire de bonne humeur et de joie. Prêts après prêts, chacun payant sa tournée générale, moi y compris, ce soir-là de l'alcool m'a été prêt de vitesse et laissé sur place. J'ai déposé le bilan à la deuxième prise, alors qu'après avoir dit stop, j'avais devant moi le troisième. La soirée, principalement constituée des assistants et techniciens plus George et Rachel, comme tous les Anglais au pub, bien enmeshés, se lançant des défis à coup de jeux barriques et droits, et ça se fait moins de rire. Tout devient bon pour éprouver sa masculinité ou sa force et l'esprit Rugby règne dans le lieu. Le Ciel aussi est à la fête avec des vagues du genre ; c'est un cataclysme athlétique, et tu dois

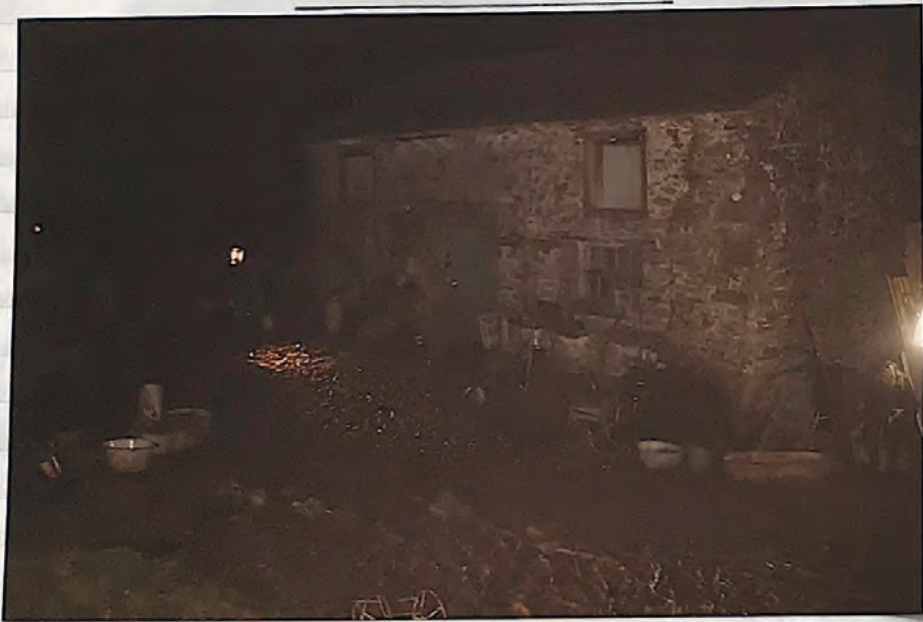
Choisir un membre du crew pour faire la dernière nuit d'annuaire, qui prends-tu? j'ai le plaisir d'être la première sur la liste de filles ici présentes mais je vois que c'est simplement le fait d'être française de toute façon, je ne comprends plus rien à leur valeurs et mis déjà la langue de puis un bon moment, et j'ai déjà décidé dans ma tête de mettre la bouffe, lorsque survint tout à coup, dans une arrivée monumentale le "king" Slave. Le veillard vient de gagner 10 000 frs aux courses après avoir misé 150 fr, il est fou de joie et va montrer sa liane de tickets tout prêts retirés de la banque. J'y crois pas, il a gagné 10000 balles la semaine dernière, remet ça, et empêche le pactole sur ce coup de maître. Ce type a une veine de locu qui lui fait empocher en une fois, 1/3 du salaire du mois, il e de quoi être content. Il me propose une tournée mais je mis déjà sur le départ, un splif? pas plus... je te laisse vieillir, c'est l'heure pour moi de quitter ces joyeux drilles de plus en plus déchaînés, je ne suis pas de taille à me mesurer à ces compétiteurs de haut vol et je rentre sagement dans ma chambre, j'ai ma dose pour today.

*



"Dudley in his car with the clash"

Nous tournons d'abord mon arriere devant la maison d'Almandine dont la facade est couverte de cages remplies chacune d'oiseaux differents. Il y a un Paganique Raven, enorme et inquietant, ds merles des Corneilles, pigeons divers, deux pies et encore d'autres plus petits dans d'autres cages au dessus. Une fois encore l'art deplacement a fait un boulot remarquable. Tout un pouce d'imaginable, du genre cave de ma manie, j'erre le sol outside tout inside too. Plus ou la tronche mais cette fois, je suis loutet et ça pene mieux, à part la premiere petite goutte bien froide et vicieuse qui va venir se loger à la base de mon corps puis descendre



entre ma deux omoplates le long de la colonne vertebrale pour venir m'asoir au bas du dos, et se loger bien inamicalement entre l'épaule et la ceinture du damant, Le passage de pluie, n'est pas mon ami. Ensuite c'est mon entrée dans cet univers de nocivité amateur qui n'a le pouvoir que de faire peur, et dont lui, plus cluqe du tout va se permettre d'en faire la visite. Boce et Boce, ni importance qu'on, velle photos, dentier dans un verre d'eau, qu'on s'en fiche, qu'on qui est tout genre, vieux flacons et ustensils hors d'usage, greniers, vaisselle Camie, pots de terre, malles pourries, bassines, brocs, clefs rouillées et vieux journaux, lui fait le tour le la premiere priete, curieux et

amuse. Puis c'est la deuxième pièce. Andrew, me dirige à la voix, miau-
 chissant ou aller, quoi regard, etc... Nous faisons une première prise
 with first big camera, puis tout le monde va manger car il est 11h30
 et nous restons Andrew, Gary et moi pour la même chose with DV et
 Super8. Dans la seconde pièce c'est l'enfer, Une quinzaine de poulets
 sont accrochés au plafond alors que quelques autres, bien vivants,
 se fendent dans un coin de la pièce autour de leur cage aussi peureux qu'eux
 Mais surtout, surtout, à gauche, dans quatre récipients en fer remplis
 de sable, emerge la tête de quatre chats mort, Deux d'entre eux ont
 les pattes aussi dehors, c'est glauque de chez glauque...



Les s'approche et quelle ne fut de ma surprise, en le regardant de plus
 près d'en voir un, vivant, sa tête bougeant encore, là, c'est
 Xaw qui fait un bond, noté par cette vision floue. Bien sûr de
 mon fait le / Tchiti se rapproche afin de voir ça de plus
 près et est à ce moment, alors que je m'apprêtais à toucher la
 tête de ce pauvre animal, que je distingue les deux fils de nylon
 qui, tirés par Judith (art department) servent à donner un vent de
 vie à ces pauvres cadavres qui hier encore, devait être malades mais
 vivants, dans un quelconque cabinet de vétérinaire du coin.
 L'effet est saisissant, et le mouvement de deux fils est si lent et si bien

Mai seul, sur la tête et qui le suit partout. Je suis en effet le plus mouillé de cette histoire et bien que je porte le wet-suit les premières gouttes sont glacées et l'attente dehors avant les prises et entre chacune d'elle est non amicale. Nous wrapons la dorm pour ce soir et rentrons vite à la maison après une soupe chaude, et s'ôte débarassé de ce prodige de gouttes par le bon et l'eau. Nous nous retrouvons presque tous au Black Swan pour un verre et j'écoute la soirée, il est déjà 1 heure. Je rentre et j'ai froid, je vais quand même prendre une douche chaude



Day 41 - Shooting N = 27. Friday 29th Sept.
~~Saturday 30th~~

Today it's a day off for me but I went to the set. En voiture avec Tom et Kitty, je suis en tournée cette fois, camera sur bandoulière je zone around et prend quelques photos en faisant toujours attention de ne pas gêner le travail, car j'ai tenu deux à me trouver sur le chemin de ceux qui travaillent tellement l'espace est petit, et en particulier l'équipe de l'aut département qui ont une tâche aujourd'hui. Il est question d'éventer la vache et ils prennent tout un tas de "guts" de boyaux, de tues de glandes

qui ils vont enlever dans le vent ouest de la tête puis reformer après que Stama / Bonto nous découpe ça avec son gros couteau. Trois semaines au début de l'année, 14/20, je monte en haut de la colline, où se trouvent les magnifiques keros où nous avons trouvé un jour les *his thoughts* avec Andrew. L'ascension dure 40 minutes tranquille, au top, la vue est magnifique, un panorama de lobes et une belle vallée en bas à l'ouest. La luminosité est basse et écrase un peu le relief, je prend tout de même quelques photos. Tchiti ou son kero etc...

Puis, je reste là un long moment.

Téléphone à Naman, à Cathy et aussi à l'écart de Andrew qui, selon lui, avait plaisir à me rencontrer. Bien mon ami!

Pour quelqu'un qui apprécie

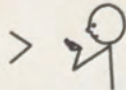
à ça, il n'est certainement pas parti. Trois fois je téléphone et par trois fois, une amie ou je ne sais pas, parlant très bien le français, me dit qu'il s'est absenté pour un court instant, que je dois l'appeler. Je rappelle, zut, il vient juste de rentrer je laisse mes coordonnées car il en a certainement pour cinq minutes, pas d'appel en retour. J'en ai une dernière fois, c'est une autre nana, finalement je m'agace de le jurer et je me dis que c'est comme en France aller fuck off. Je redescend de ma montagne sans cheval et par comme Zanabouba, tranquille, à travers les tombes, les moutons et le petit coin d'eau. Je comprends ainsi pourquoi l'eau de la rivière Uro est toute jaune, parce que ces milliers de petits trous d'eau, traversent des tombes de terre noire et dense qui lui donne, dès le début, et je l'ai vu la nuit,





Dear Xavier october 2000

A



just a quick note of thanks to you again for



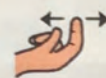
&



all the commitment and inspiration you gave for



this filthy earth.



The film is slowly beginning to come together

&



&



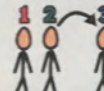
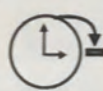
and i hope that soon leila and myself might



be able to visit chez toi.



Nous esperons que nous serons en Pyre knees pour l'hiver.



winter. kisses until next time to Katrin et Louise.



andrew.xxx

bons ans encore

Xavier - et famille c'est moi - beaucoup des gens adorent le film et beaucoup détestent !! mais ca passe toujours avec art !!
 From the Director of Gallivant
 Merci pour les cadeaux -
 this filthy Eden is very happy.



earth

My next project is

A new film by Andrew Kötting
 www.mappingperception.org.uk

23 ans - a Paris!

STARTS NOVEMBER 2 EXCLUSIVE PRESENTATION



this filthy earth



...al hardship, 'This
 ...ath and Francine
 ...are thrown into
 ...o men - a brutal
 ...for the girls' land
 ...tranger who may
 ...ility of escape.

passion and



...wirl of spunk.
 ...A universal
 ...and dying on

"This astonishingly visceral allegory is the most original British film on show at the Edinburgh International Film Festival 2001. Richly deserves an audience."
 The Telegraph



STARTS NOV 2



LEAVE YOUR PRECONCEPTIONS AT THE DOOR
 FilmFour Lab presents three films from the best of new British filmmakers
 Jump tomorrow my brother Tom earth



Earthworks 1 Hercon

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Landscape As An Invention Of The Mind

The makebelieve and fairytale as temporary salvation from the claws of death.

Pan's People and the possibility of a school of Arcadian genius.

This is what holds us.

Work should challenge pretty Pastoral, never the Merchant Ivory, always a streak of debauched fertility and the wildness of the outlawed woodland.

Non-urban and definitely not happy-clappy.

Rather

It's where the bestial occupies the folkloric and the bloodletting abounds.

Us as the animistic presence within the Great-Out-of-doors.

Awed.





Whereas artifice is an index of certain truths.

The makebelieve.

It might start with the body's business and work out.

From early super 8 films onwards.

Reels soaked in Live Art and multi-media japery, the staging of self and others, perhaps as an acknowledgement of certain confessional ties in the social order and Politics.

But

It does not have to be placard so the vision must be inherently committed to degrees of dispossession and the reverse - reclamation.

Less the megaphone, more the hope of 'politics' and ever the Prank.

The need to engineer meaning from the haphazard and the happenstance.



REVERSE ENGINEERING IS JUST WHAT THE TERM IMPLIES: THE INTERPRETATION OF AN ALREADY EXISTING ARTEFACT BY AN ANALYSIS OF THE DESIGN CONSIDERATIONS THAT MUST HAVE GOVERNED ITS CREATION.

Cognitive Science as Reverse Engineering - Daniel C. Dennett







OR

Projected meaning with hindsight.

This is what makes up the landscape.

The terra firma.

Or is it?

The work is process.

In constant flux, images and sounds migrate, are curious about the elsewhere, are remixed, lose titles and gain new labels; fixity is not the purpose here; things arrive into being, are held like water in the hand, then pass on. Are flawed, unfinished.

Contingent.

Thus it is like the life.

It holds like mercury then pools and spreads.

And

People are the bedrock of the landscape, from which grow flowers and the trees of ideas.

Family, friends, strangers all bring wind to the sails.

Worlds.

Delved in to.

Mostly

Eden and The Gardenof but not Gandalf.

This is where it now comes from.

Ill-begotten perhaps.

Intact nevertheless.

Her world, my world, this, our world.

The inscape versus the vista.

The mindscape versus the glossy magazine exterior.

I try to navigate her, to accept her as a more complicated water.

My froth on her daydream.

The words speak of different places.

This their filthy earth

And perhaps all is not well.

It is the madness begotten of settledown; clipped lawns, trimmed hedges and car porches.

Pooches and lap dogs, plucked eye brows and makeup.

Melancholia and the palm-gazing life.

I want to climb inside her and rearrange the furniture.

It is my fault.

I spawned her.

In the Earhouse Manifesto, it is suggested that there might be an obligation to spend time with arms or feet inside another sentient being, alive or dead.

This is what must be done with the Landscape.

And

The stories and histories are inhabited by, and live within, people.





The world breathes through people.
 Boundaries, tracks, traces and songs.
 That dark light that falls upon the throng.
 They all move us along.
 Mediated unmediated.
 The work as cipher to the stream-of-think.
 Watching as it makes its way from the mountain location (head) to sea level
 and off into the eversoBIGbeyond (aura).
 The bundle of approximations and inconsistencies that sits down for breakfast is later reborn as
 the work intended.



Or is it?
 From home-movie to Imax spectacular.
 They are one and the same.
 Temporary salvation from the make believe and fairytale.
 The arrogance that thought might change anything.

Ps *'Inscape'* is a concept inspired by Gerard Manley Hopkins and the ideas of the medieval philosopher Duns Scotus.





IN EVERY MAN SLEEPS A PROPHET....

AND WHEN HE WAKES THERE IS A LITTLE MORE EVIL IN
THE WORLD....

E.M.Cioran - A SHORT HISTORY OF DECAY





88 Earthworks 1 Hienson





HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT ME!
I'M AN IDIOT, I'M A PRACTICAL JOKER, I'M A HOAXER.
HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT ME!
I'M UGLY, MY FACE HAS NO EXPRESSION, I'M SMALL.
I'M LIKE THE REST OF YOU

Tristan Tzara





LEFT TO LABOUR IN THE WORDMINES....

Margaret Atwood





BACK THEN IN 2001 I OFFERED AN

Earth House Manifesto



‘YES,’ SAYS BECKETT IN THE UNNAMABLE, ‘THEY GAVE ME LESSONS IN PIGSTY LATIN TOO.’

The landscape has always played an important part in my life and in my work.

I have been impressed by Richard Long and Hamish Fulton and more recently by Chris Watson. The great out of doors can be a place of refuge, of solace and contemplation. It is a physical place and a place of endurance. Being molly coddled indoors for too long can play havoc with the élan. I feel invigorated and inspired whilst journeying, it is never adequate to ride in a car or on a plane without at some point getting out and feeling the elements against the skin.





Werner Herzog has also had an impact on my work and he says something like this: “the volume and depth and intensity of the world is something that only those on foot will ever experience.”

As a child I spent hours off ground in trees or tending rhubarb. My bloodline on both sides of the family is rooted in farming or ploughing, filth abounds. As a student I was always looking to get out and make work, I felt a kindred spirit in the art of Andy Goldsworthy. I was also interested however in performance and wanted to show the body within the landscape, to tell stories, to attempt a folk laureate.

This is an attitude that I also applied to the making of *This Filthy Earth*. It came about one summer when I read Emile Zola’s *LA TERRE*. I was alone and far from anywhere in a mountain retreat in the French Pyrenees. I had already consumed a lot of John Berger and was particularly impressed by *PIG EARTH*. There was something that connected the two writers; a naturalism and honesty. A desire came about to strip bare the *Rougon-Macquart* novel and prepare it for a possible screenplay.

I had never before considered the idea of making a feature length narrative film but there were so many characters and so many moments within the novel that invited a thorough going over, that the next thing I knew I was spending all my waking hours attempting just this.

I was particularly reassured to find out that on its publication that Zola experienced maniacal outrage from a lot of the literary world.

“A misbegotten thing which should never have seen the light of day, it reveals Zola’s disposition to exploit the public’s attitude for obscene literature. Not only did he slander the peasant but, worse still he betrayed an inherently vulgar soul,” and “this book is a deliberately assembled collection of sweepings, a compost heap, a monument to contemporary progress rivalling Eiffel’s iron syringe,” and “any woman who will have soiled her mind with our maniac’s latest picture of wallowing swine, any woman who will have endured, with no ill effects, the foul words he fished up from the cesspool in which he dips his pen, will be, by that very fact, shamed.”

It was with this in mind that I embarked on yet another journey with my friend and co-writer Sean Lock. He was keen to get his hands dirty and had also spent time alert to the great-out-of-doors.

We invented a language for the inhabitants of our world, a vernacular, which was from neither here nor there, it was something that I was also determined to achieve with the final look of the film.

A poetic reality with perhaps roots in an Eastern European landscape. Tarkovsky’s *Zone* or Stella Gibbons’ *Cold Comfort Farm*. A brutal and unforgiving world of inbreed where tenderness and decorum is a luxury that the inhabitants can ill afford.

It is with the film now finally behind me that I can reconfigure and structure a lot the inspirations and ideas that have always informed my work and to this end I offer you:





THE EARTHHOUSE MANIFESTO AND DECLARATION OF SPURIOUS INTENT.

1. THE FILM SHOULD BELONG OR AT LEAST SEEM TO BELONG TO THE EARTH.
2. THE FILM-MAKER SHOULD USE ONLY NATURAL LIGHT OR AT NIGHT SUN GUNS.
3. THE FILM ITSELF SHOULD ALWAYS SHOW SIGNS OF THE BERSERK OR SLIGHTLY PSYCHOTIC, AN ATTEMPT TO REFLECT THE HUMAN CONDITION.
4. ALL DIRECTORS STATEMENTS SHOULD INCLUDE AS A FOOTNOTE SOMETHING OF WORTH, IE A RECIPE OR INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO MAKE A PIECE OF FURNITURE.
5. ONLY THE DIRECTOR TO HANDLE DEAD ANIMALS AND DEAD ANIMAL INNER PARTS.
6. ALL HAND HELD OFF GROUND FILMING TO BE UNDERTAKEN BY THE DIRECTOR.
7. ANY WOUNDS OR INJURIES SUSTAINED ON SET TO BE DRESSED ON SET IN ORDER THAT THE PRODUCTION IS NOT KEPT HANGING ABOUT.
8. ALL FILM-MAKERS TO HAVE SPENT TIME WITH THEIR ARMS OR FEET INSIDE ANOTHER SENTIENT BEING, ALIVE OR DEAD.
9. THE EDITING PROCESS SHOULD BE AS SCULPTURAL AS POSSIBLE, WHERE EDIT LISTS ARE IGNORED AND SOUND IS TREATED WITH AS MUCH RESPECT AS PICTURE.
10. THE DIRECTOR SHOULD DIG LIKE AN ARCHAEOLOGIST TO GET TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER.
11. SPECIAL EFFECTS ARE TO BE USED ONLY IF THEY ARE SPECIAL.
12. THE SHOOT SHOULD ALWAYS PROVE A PHYSICAL AND ATHLETIC CHALLENGE RATHER THAN JUST AN AESTHETIC ONE.
13. THE LOCAL COMMUNITY SHOULD ALWAYS BE INVOLVED WITH THE FILM MAKING PROCESS.
14. WHEREVER POSSIBLE ALL JOURNEYS ON AND AROUND SET SHOULD BE MADE ON FOOT.
15. ALL ACTORS TO PERFORM THEIR OWN STUNTS APART FROM ALL DIFFICULT FULL BODY CONTACT SEQUENCES IN WHICH CASE THE DIRECTOR SHOULD ACT AS STAND IN.
16. THE WORK SHOULD ALWAYS PROVE ANTI-STUCKIST AND GENUINELY POST MODERN, IE IT SHOULD BE CONTINGENT AND AD HOC IN ITS THINKING. SIGNIFIERS AND COLLAGE SHOULD ABOUND.

ANDREW KÖTTING 2001





Earthworks 1 Hereon

94





REBECCA PALMER

This Filthy Earth - *Her* Diaries

Salvaged from a flood many moons after the film had come
and gone and then newfound in an attic space in Edinburgh.



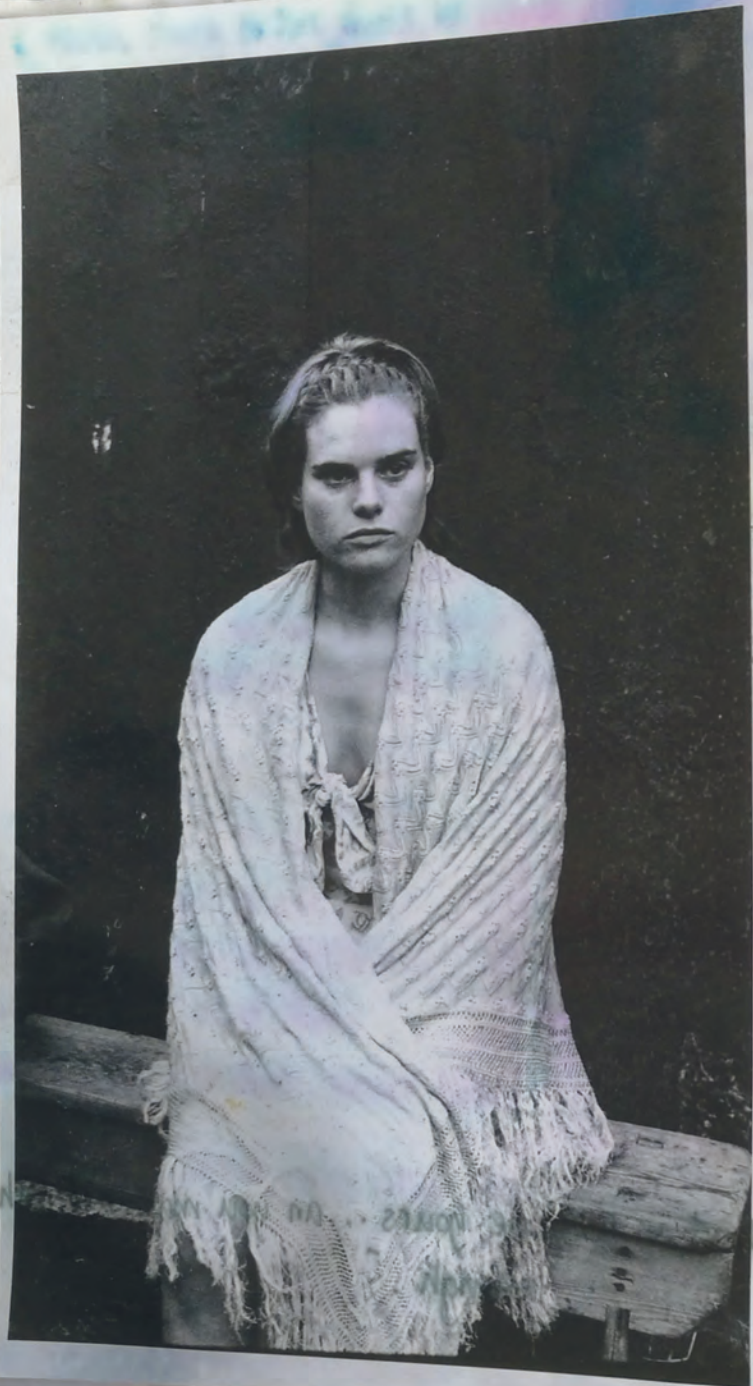


Earthworks 1 Henson

tamed



my burden on others



lamed



the land an house be yours ... an you master it right
enough .

burden on on

Francine

"had a great reputation for having a mind of her own, a passionate yet restrained affection for her sister. Any unfairness exasperated her, one 'that's mine, that's yours' was said she would rather die than change her mind.

- well behaved, pure in mind, somewhat greedy
- the ability to splutter with anger.
- naive, less confident than Kath
- a virgin
- tied to her land passionate about it
- adores Etta and her sister
- capacity for observation
- solidarity.

Habit of kicking off one boot and rubbing the foot against the calf of the other leg

I tamed

about her back was its fixity. As if her head + neck had been paralyzed



It looked at me straight, unblinking, what was disconcerting

Pig Earth.

burden on on

14 July

Goose bought:- Kath has been telling me about Buto all day since we met him has left me with Etta, then come back after looking for him I'm ready to go goose in hand, sleepy want some food to put the geese back I want her to shut up about Buto

I'm tired I want to go home / Me an Etta want to go home



Scene 23
S.A. 4

Oh

NOW YORKSHIRE. MUD. FECUNDITY. FILTH. RAINING STONES. A GOLDEN CHILD BAPTISING HERSELF IN PEATY SLOP.

Scene 21 Interior Bar Day : Fran Kath Erta
Buto head buttin'. Lek watches turns and sees
us -> Buto stands up vainglorious and beckons
them in.

I'm angry because of history
his arrogance pisses me
off, treating Kath like
his property;

Kath : (excited) He wants us to go in.

Francine : (exasperated) Kath! ~~(do we owe to)~~

Kath : 'Ee helped buy the geese, it's only manners.

Kath pulls Molly into the bar before Francine can stop her.

Francine : (Shouting after her sister) We buyed the geese Kath, with our money.
not im

Scene 22 Bar.

Francine... with the cage of geese to the table where Buto and Kath are sitting
The bar has never been so busy and it is full of unfamiliar faces.

Buto : (Nodding at Molly) She's growin' up. (He then shouts in the direction of the
bar) Drinks! Francine sits down.

Buto : Buyed the birds then?

Francine : Yes we did.

Buto : Good. I've got soming' to tell you.

Francine : What's that ?

total lack of interest

He's bloody, testosterone
fuelled, confrontational
sexually aggressive
but I'm sulky and
selfish.

Buto : Now Kath, I want you to marry me.

burden on others

Lek

the outsider
unnering,
I watch him
unwilling to give
ground, show any
weakness to a
stranger.

Kath's flirtatiousness
embarrasses me makes
me uncomfortable

→ After Armadine's
comment 'Drinkin'
in the darky —
I'm sensitive, embar
assed careful to be
brisk noncommitting
but I'm looking in
a different way.
despite myself.

The way she looked at me
scared me making me feel
alone and separate



Kath: How long you stayin' for?

12 July

Scene 16

The Middle Lane. Day
Fran Etta Kath carrying milk churn and basket of produce. Lek pulls up in a tractor -

↳ Not common, bit weird, bit scary I'm unnerved

Lek : Do you have a lift?

Francine looks to Kath.

Kath : Seems we do now.

Lek : Come! please.

Kath climbs on. Fran nervously puts Etta in, loads on the goods

Lek : I can help you.

(Fran: Its fine. I'm fine)

Francine smiles at the older man and looks angrily at her sister. Kath crosses her eyes and makes a face.

Kath : (Lewdly) Need a hand Fran?

Lek gets back up into the drivers seat and Kath squashes up against him. She turns to shout at Francine over the noise of the engine as they move off.

Kath: (Shouting) Uncle Papa says it'll shake the eyes out'yer face and the noggins from your dress!

Francine looks back sternly at her sister and then her face is overcome with a grin.

leap onto the trailer with Etta, hold on to her and everything.

Scene 17 cont. action.

Kath is flirting. I'm uncomfortable and keep prodding her to stop

Lek : It is a long story travelling. It is not so easy a story to tell.

any burden on others

ARMANDINE - Framines Aunt, knowing, all seeing,
herbalist - medicine woman, crabby omnipresent
- the scary member of the family sharp, rude - she knows
which buttons to press to provoke reactions. - "drinkin up the
darny"

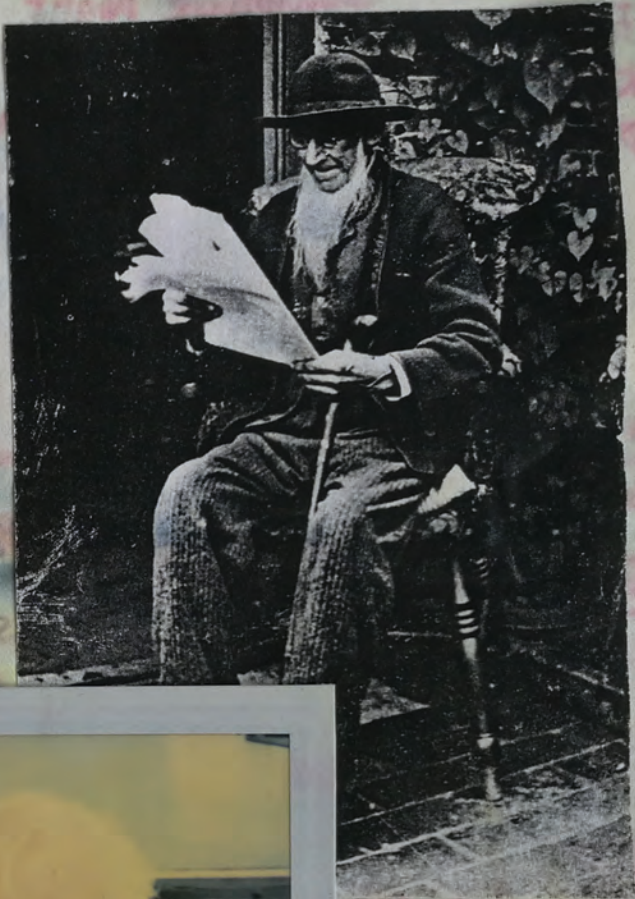
Interfering old bag.
Interesting
confusing

mouth like a cats arse -



INCESTUOUS PEASANTS, SOAKED IN SEMEN AND SUPERSTITION,
ARSE-RUTTING AND LANGUAGE-SLAPPING, DRAGGING THEIR
PLOUGHS LIKE DUMB BEASTS, NEEDLING AT ROT AND LOVINGLY
TENDING THEIR MURDEROUS PREJUDICES.

I tamed



7/19/1957

SC 25 DAY 6

any burden on others.

34 cont.

30m



Lek & Francine

Inside the small church, the service is taking place, Kath is breathing heavily, she looks to Francine for reassurance, who gives it to her by smiling but she still seems uneasy. Molly is sitting up close against Francine.

Etta

me 35. Church



Maggie : Kath you poor devil, come 'ave a drink before you sign up for Hell.

waking them , how is it all going to change ? our life yo
and more

me 35. Church
Service
30m

empty
burden on others





It began on one side of a small room. On the other was a man bigger in voice, in skull, vascular pound and force than any aspect in or out the room. Subsequently it became mightily clear that there is no room, form, structure, country, code or lifetime sizeable enough to contain an Andrew Kötting. And that come hell or high water, please believe her when she says aspects of each featured.

She, I, Rebecca that was, Francine as she became, was following him out of the room. So they all went up the road, across the country, into the dales, over the rocks, the fields, the dry stone walls, the streams, the hails, the rains and the shit and the spunk and the piss and the itch and the pus and into the filth, the filth, the filthy, Filthy Earth. And part of her, me, she, Rebecca that was, would never leave.

Did they weave a magic that already lay down, conjuring, born of bloody stubbornity, and force? Or were fresh spells made there in the dust? Tiny particles of history, present and future knowledge, knowhow, longing and mystery, tied together by light, curiosity, lust, and proximity. Whichever; the motes rose, hung in the sun, in the lens, in our hair, greaseless, becoming unwashed, fetid, luxuriant in its stink, they, the tiny pieces of landscape clung to us, settled and glued us together.

From the ground up, from long battered foundations and lives once lived, rose buildings, a community, lofty up a hill. Corrugated, mossed, trenched in until there was no, not believing and in we burrowed.

Maquillage, a cackling, witchy, warm mass of woman. Holding a bucket of festering walnut pulp, rubbed in over and over to darken and deepen between mid-calf and knee, fingertips and elbows, clavicle and crown. Come ye, park your razors, brushes, vanity, creams and caution in the too little room, and bloom.

*“My land, my lover.
And she follows him, her lover, with her eyes.
Stronger than a man she
Needs a man stronger than she.
A man built of mountains, in forward motion.
I am not jealous of another’s land,
I covert my own, I am wet for that which is already mine.*

Fran then. Born of him, Berger, Zola, Lock and me. A me, so eager to come, to run, to roll, to watch, to learn, to give up. Watching to wake, to poke, to see the see that Nick saw, peer at the unravelling death in Gary Parker’s super 8, the squirm of maggot, fragmenting fur, lengthening tooth beyond life and the tide of dust sweeping life back to the beginning.

*Two buckets at dawn from the beck up to the farmhouse, for washing.
Lit his cigarette with the poker
Bind the reeds, over and under, over and under to stack to dry.
Eye rubbing, head scratching, nose picking.
Me and her and Etta, all at it.*

The climate blessed us with a cycle of season in 28 days. The heat to bake our faces, crinkle the wrinkles on the magnificence of **Dudley Sutton**. His softish, suddenly toothless louche, besmirched all over, his great soft white arse perched to piss on clods and wizened vegetables, all the glory, screaming at the sky, rumbling around the fire, farting on the pews, chicken pecking into his hand, recall and echo the moon and sixpence.

Once into the mud, the swirl of it ankle deep becomes the norm. The camera taken as your lover, so close up against your flesh. The slip slide of the real against the fake. The distinct blurring on the journey, the trip becomes all the joy, the story, the purpose, not the product.



Early on there is the coarse, furred, flat, hard, flanks of the bull. Corralled but not calm, his scarlet cone cock exposed raw, rude, endless. He plunges around against the squat, barrel blackness of **Ivy**, our little Dexter cow. She pissing in readiness, my elevated heart beat, the possibility of trampling, cow killing, crushed to a pulp between the randy bull and the heaving cow. The bull grasped not by the horn but by his square handled hips, as she, her, I push him and the red rod into Ivy.

*Fran, the see it, do it, take it, use it force.
A girl grown in the mud,
A mandrake,
Tenacious, utile, capable of brutality, raw emotion.
Lost in the wet whirlpool of her thoughts,
In her fields, under the tow of the moon.
Lusting for the man who disgusts her, and makes her drip.
Who thinks to take the family two times.
Us sisters made a two head siren, supplicant.
Buto meets a force rooted in needs.
Not shy of an axe, of effort of sweat, of the unknown.
A Fran who carries mud in her veins and an unfettered future in her womb.*

The under tow, the underflow, the rhythms of living, of the field, of being a female, the sex stench of everything. The effort each day, the conflict, hatred and the plain hard want. The animals fucking, the heat in it, the power of it. The knowing that, that goes in there and that goes in there and then a calf or a child. The bull covering **Ivy**, **Buto** heaving over **Kath**, **Lek** about the fields promising a different strain, new genetics, the weave of fresh thread into the family, contentious.

Stuff sold, milk, eggs, rattle in hand, money in the pocket, fat man shouting over and over. To the circus, the fat family, the racket.

Geese in the corner, all waddle, dip, fat back, swaying walk. That goose, my goose 'how much?' then him, the lump of, the lump. His hands all over the goose, all over my sister, **Kath** giggling, flirting, making an idiot of her sex, me left with **Etta**. Get the goose, got the goose, screw him, I'm ready to go, **Etta's** sleepy, she wants home, I want to go home but **Kath**. **Kath** wants him and all his vainglorious, head. All his ruckus and arrogant milked-up, she wants to be treated like property does Kath. He's taking our property, he's taking our land, he wants our land, he is not taking you.

*Tension is when we are together.
Pungent, black, heavy as earth.
Them at night groaning over,
Kath crying out,
So I rise,
Then the realising that it is as she likes it,
His breathing in our once shared bed,
The frame keening against the heaving pair.
Etta weeping at the all trust to him,
All affection to him.
I spend hot nights, angry, unsleeping and wet because of it.
But something in me is going cold, craving and getting hard.
Lack of sleep, no solace.
I'm soaring and tumbling in patterns.
Buto, all he is, all he does, all he threatens.
Get out of my field you stupid bull,
Get out of my house you stupid bull,
Get out of my head you stupid bull,
Get out of my sister you fucking dumb, stupid fucking bull.*





Plucking hard and fast. The skin might lift and tear a little. Take the legs in hand, head down, start between the legs in the soft places, small clumps of feathers, do the front and flip her over-leave legs and wings 'til last. Wing feathers last, go one at a time, little scratchy movements. Keep her dry or it's a nightmare.

*Scratch my head, it's riddled with itch,
Rancid breath to turn the milk.
All catching dry in my throat.
Press hips, hard burnt to bone sweat.
Finger the longer hairs in my groin.
Pull to stretch the skin hands inside.
Smell the walnut,
The black wet juice, hours old now, still slick.
Ache again my head,
Ache again.
The brink of sleep, not going over yet.*

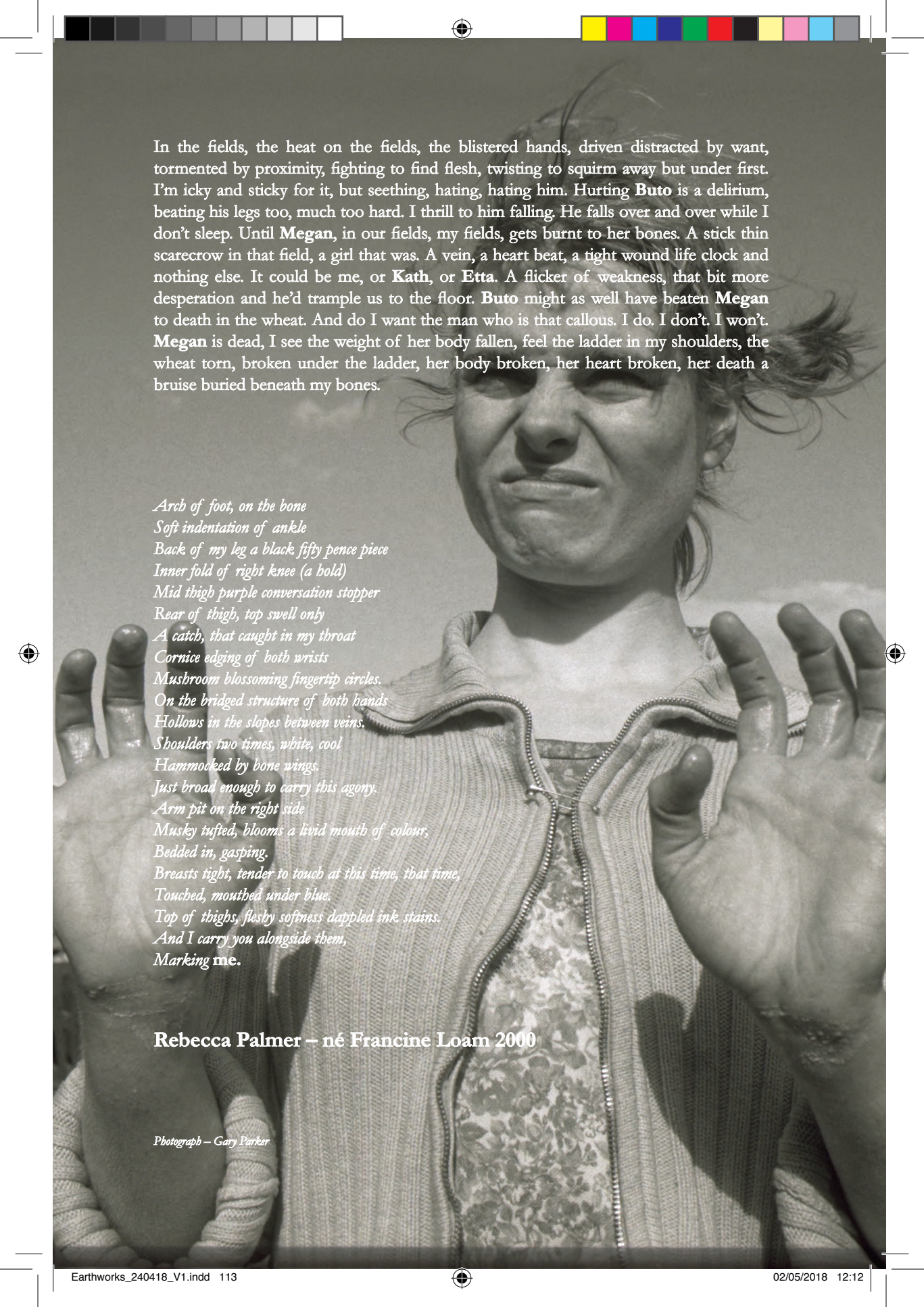
Long sun, low. On the cusp wheat, all golden and crackling of the broken stalks as I walk. The breeze a long sighing under the swifts shrieks. **Holt's** silent tractor sits on the horizon. The noise of tools sharpening, metal on metal. My heart fat, thick in my throat, the land resting, the bird calling, the thirst. And **Lek**, the colour of his skin, his smile, his strength, his words. He is *other* and *outside* and they cannot have him. Can I have him? But the harvest is the thing, the only thing. Over and under the wall, I thought to have done enough to bring him in, bring him on. Wheat in my hair, in my boots, in my knickers, salt behind my knees, in my eyes, sweat stickens, thickens. His hands will roll the grain in a gentle rubbing motion, the way he might touch a calf or a baby. **Lek** will open his hands and **Lek** will blow the chaff away softly, just a kiss of breath and **Lek** will look at the grain cupped in his hand, and **Lek** will say, "it's time". He not me.

My muscles loosen to the rhythm of the scythe. Swing low, at the root back low, low, the same forward two inches, back swing low, a thrust a slide a swing, bonded us lot in sickle silence, waste no time. Moving eat, moving sleep, cyclical motion, year in year about and never pissing, never quenched always thirsting, always heat also wanting. Keep up with him, strong as him, swing strong, swing silent.

How do I get it, get his cock, get **Buto's** cock gone, gone from me.

*This is bate
And want and hate
And need and bate
And heat so hot,
So dry the land, it cracks.
I'm cracking.
I'll run out,
On to the ground, into the soil
Just a trickle, a little of what's mine and left of my wet.
I will be but a moment on the ground
Then sucked deep down.*





In the fields, the heat on the fields, the blistered hands, driven distracted by want, tormented by proximity, fighting to find flesh, twisting to squirm away but under first. I'm icky and sticky for it, but seething, hating, hating him. Hurting **Buto** is a delirium, beating his legs too, much too hard. I thrill to him falling. He falls over and over while I don't sleep. Until **Megan**, in our fields, my fields, gets burnt to her bones. A stick thin scarecrow in that field, a girl that was. A vein, a heart beat, a tight wound life clock and nothing else. It could be me, or **Kath**, or **Etta**. A flicker of weakness, that bit more desperation and he'd trample us to the floor. **Buto** might as well have beaten **Megan** to death in the wheat. And do I want the man who is that callous. I do. I don't. I won't. **Megan** is dead, I see the weight of her body fallen, feel the ladder in my shoulders, the wheat torn, broken under the ladder, her body broken, her heart broken, her death a bruise buried beneath my bones.

*Arch of foot, on the bone
Soft indentation of ankle
Back of my leg a black fifty pence piece
Inner fold of right knee (a hold)
Mid thigh purple conversation stopper
Rear of thigh, top swell only
A catch, that caught in my throat
Cornice edging of both wrists
Mushroom blossoming fingertip circles.
On the bridged structure of both hands
Hollows in the slopes between veins.
Shoulders two times, white, cool
Hammocked by bone wings.
Just broad enough to carry this agony.
Arm pit on the right side
Musky tufted, blooms a livid mouth of colour,
Bedded in, gasping.
Breasts tight, tender to touch at this time, that time,
Touched, mouthed under blue.
Top of thighs, fleshy softness dappled ink stains.
And I carry you alongside them,
Marking me.*

Rebecca Palmer – né Francine Loam 2000

Photograph – Gary Parker



The Looking Back The Aftermath The Now

REBECCA PALMER

It was about the earth, is about the earth. The rich, crumbly, stinking, arid, clay sodden, sandy, rooty, cracking, dusty, barren, rotting, fecund, clinging, fertile earth.

And all that which runs through it.

The seeds, the roots, the creatures, the oil, the blood, the milk, the piss, the shit, the spunk and the water.

So, so much water.

In the story, in the history, in the books, in her life, in mine. In all our lives at that time. On that hill, those barns, that house under all that sky.

The earth and the skies had been coaxed and begged. Gave us sun, plentiful sun to bake us in the fields, to hammer us during harvest. To raw blister, crack and spring sweat so salty it stung, as we sung the song of the scythe. We drooped under it, cajoled it out from behind clouds, shivered without it and sweltered behind dry stone walls in sleepy stupor, wanton ache, as nervous tension, passionate intent battered against regulations.

Ride. Don't ride. Fuck. Don't fuck. Film now, film then, film when, film where, film there. Up there, those legs, knees, that arse, whitish, softish, sinking in the muck.

Turn your bodies over between the grasses, in the wheat, down, down there amongst the creeping and the crawling. Scuttle down, lens nestling up alongside the minge, the maggot, the mulch and the matted. Burrow under the care and abandon of others.

Drag her through you, along, push your hands in, feel the heat, the fur, the clod break under the plough. The muscles bundle and release. Who are you carrying, who are you playing with? Playing to.





What will you give to your sister, her whose body has warmed and been warmed by the by in the bed, the little soul lying between.

She, she and she. **Fran, Kath and Etta.**

Play, struggle, labour, wriggle, giggle, in fettle, in ferocity. All sense, no sense and nonsense makes a life, found there, forged there, thrived there. So much of it mental, not actual. Recreate not recall, imagination not memory.

But now, later, years later, it is as real as some of what came before and much of what came after.

When the rain came we sat in the farm and the rain ran through it and us. Was it too soon when it came? I forget, he will remember. We were lost to the tale telling. Locked together in the nights passing brandy, mouth to mouth as resuscitation. Bleeding from everywhere by then, bust noses, sliced limbs, twisted ankles, cut fingers, blistered bodies and oh the bruises, a liturgy of markings.

Oil lamps swung in the pitch, blackening us, all exhausted, gone rotten under the eyes. We hunkered by the fire, it burning half way up the wall. We were warm from the knees up and wet as whatnot below. My pages were bleeding colour, droplets running down the nib, leeching words off the pages as quick as I could print. When did it happen this rain? Did we want it then? We needed it for the killing, for **Joey** to fly, for **Fran** to splinter, for **Kath** to rage and **Buto** to eat the muddy fuck-knows-what, face down in the yard.

We exploited it even. Chopping kindling in a sheep pen, the axe blunted, the arm heavy, the thigh slippery and buckled under the blade. Her thigh, my thigh, my own, actual **Rebecca** thigh, swelling, undulating into red, purple, green, capillary mosses. Contour lines would have done it justice, the lens drank it in. The Kötting-Gordon-Smith-Parker triumvirate oggled its technicolor progress.

We dove into the wetness, swam in it, half drowned in it, became demented, squealing, half lives in it. In that river, which I knew to be the last of our rabble. I shocked myself into the saying already of small goodbyes in that night. Trying to bridge the gaping hole between London Town and the Yorkshire Dales as was, had been rather than is and has.

Altered, impassioned alive I washed back up and wore the filth around me, a cape, a comfort. I opened myself up, notch to process, an uncomfortable number of times and from **Rebecca's** chest cage, sprang **Fran** and from **Fran's** openings spewed a river of entrails, steam, blood, spunk, landscapes crawling to life, animals wandering untethered. A murder of crows, all beetle black shimmer and howl became my familiars. I knew it would never happen again and would yet happen over and over in me, her in me, him in me, that lifetime in a month far flung as it was, became an internal tattoo.

I curled up the notes, bound the books, pocketed the cards, murmured over the process as it became the product and divided them, All.

My books went to my earth, to the border settled into the Eden valley to rest, to lie, to make history of my corporal revels, my throbbing reveals. Then the rain untethered and it washed the wise man's house away. Leaving my parents in a byre, a mud flat, a midden to excavate. Rescued dripping were the books, by my Pa, who held them and knew even drowned they had a heart beat. So he dried them slow. Never fiddled, nor tore, nor separated, nor slit. Neither allowed them to moulder, and gave them back to my hands.

The walls of that place regrew and retextured. The river retreated briefly but returned turn by turn, winter after winter, sitting malevolent at the door step until the beloved became **the stalker. The stalker** a ghoul, haunting Pa in the lines of his eyes and the thickening whites in his hair.





It kissed all their feet four years later, the night I birthed my daughter and no one whispered a word to me. I oozed milk and motherlove and for days, the river swirled the flagstones, licked the bookshelves and settled the tea-cups messily, muddily but almost kindly and trickled back to its valley a tease.

So, she of me and her grew along the river, ran where I had run, rabbited over the sandbanks, draped over sandmartins nests while they torpedoed beneath, paddled in the rapids and stumbled over the pebbles stalking oystercatchers. And then another, again a girlchild.

As like as can be to me, to the Grandma gone. All the gene pool poured into the child's veins to build a swimmer, a paddler, a runner, a lover of wheels, motion, expression, a colicky explosion. Kötting watched her feed on me as we turned back the years and considered his motorised mortality.

Him scraped off the tarmac and kept alive by a fit of magic that danced around the table. Thus our river, my first Eden, let Tarn begin herself there, stagger around there, learn some of life and love and settle there before it came again. Took it all again, took more of them this time, more heart, more vigour, the sap, soul, some solid flesh and left behind grey, worrity, gaping. Inside and out hurt, that could never see the river as a friend again, only as a wound, an unbeautiful bruise.

And so having carried **Fran**, mostly quietly for more than a decade I grew to feel her hurts and harms, her loss. Not the house, that was a simple shame to me. But the land, the field, the trees hand planted, the barn hand fashioned, the growing hand held all gone. And it was and still now is, a hurt so deep it runs through and out of me. Rivers from my eyes blurring this and other pages.

A bank still unwalked, a garden gone, a field stripped, besmirched, broken up to unfamiliar. The crows still cry over the road. The rooks greet the dawn and carouse in the dusk, mob handed in pulsing waves over the skies. I can only see them all in my messy head for I cannot stand in that earth any more than I can go back to my brief lifetime in the other. Twin landscapes, unlike, in situ, unsettled and never still.

Rain to dust, dust to mud, mud to **This Filthy Earth**.







Dudley Sutton

PAPA

You name it and he's played it. He's been everything from an ageing punk, to a leather-clad, gay to a hooligan - he was also the first person to be cast in the title role of Joe Orton's 1964 black comedy *Entertaining Mr Sloane*. He took his teeth out for the audition and ruffled up his hair, dribbled a bit and thereafter Papa was his role.



HERE, EVERYTHING WAS MADE OF ROTTING WOOD AND WAS HELD TOGETHER BY THE STINK OF COLLAPSE.

B. Catling – THE VORRH

“This Filthy Earth was a great experience for me, being as it was, my first experience in British films that did not treat rural life as an extension of a cosy suburb, and animals as soft toys with no genitals that flirt all the time. The only problem with the shooting was the weather- it was not bad enough. Mud and shit and slime and lashing rain and sunshine - my experience of the countryside. The tone was set right at the beginning with the attitudes of the two girls to the Bull’s inefficient ejaculatory aim: no squeamishness, just joy at life and sexuality. I salute Zola, I salute Kötting, I salute Xavier Tchili.”

x Dudley

Sent from my iPhone - 16 Jan 2018

“I love playing with words, I think all my life what I’m unconsciously doing is struggling against respectability. That is my bête noire, my raison d’être or whatever the f*** you call it.”





Dudley reminds me of YI FU TUAN who is an optimist.

Even his gloomiest book, **Landscapes Of Fear**, concludes that things were worse in the past - historical changes have been for the better overall - the human story is one of progressive sensory and mental awareness - culture through laborious and labyrinthine paths has greatly refined our senses and mind.

Progress itself depends on particular ways of dealing with the tensions between space and **place**, universe and hearth - dominance and affection - morality and imagination.

The promise of the future lies in recognising the existential poles of nearness and remoteness and how they are reflected in each other.



*On the evidence of **This Filthy Earth**, director Andrew Köttling is no storyteller, but the film exhibits so bold and singular a talent that it hardly matters.*

Only in the latter half does a semi-decipherable plot materialise. Yet the film is most powerfully visionary at its least coherent. There's a notable thinning in intensity once events begin to develop a logic, for Köttling is neither skilled at nor remotely engaged by conventional dramatic motives that slap a straitjacket on his wild poetic imagination.

There are also sufficient shots of shit, blood, rotting carcasses and other species of ordure to justify the title and then some. The screen hasn't beheld this amount of putrid ugliness since the glory days of Erich von Stroheim, yet it would be a mistake to write off Köttling as a gloating misanthrope. What's remarkable about the film (and here it cleaves most faithfully to Zola) is the blunt impartiality of the observation. Repugnant though they might appear in their greed, treachery and crude superstition, the rustics possess an elemental innocence that sets them beyond moral judgement. Köttling views his characters without horror, patronage or even sympathy because they are mere excrescences of nature - troglodytes who have only just deserted their caves and still cling narrowly to the earth.

Peter Matthews





Earthworks 1 Hercon

122





Joey (Kötting)



SCENE 11

Exterior. Village

Megan and Joey sit huddled together for warmth outside the bar. They are brother and sister, somewhere in their early twenties, wretched and muddled. Megan is skinny and tired Joey is bigger with a vacant cretinous grin on his face, his head moves from side to side he is trying to focus but he is blind. Someone comes and stands next to them, they cower as if they might be beaten at any moment.

Joey - Ryan Kelly is a Scottish born actor best known for playing the role of Jack 'Jazzer' McCreary in the BBC Radio 4 Soap Opera The Archers a part he has played since leaving the set of **THIS FILTHY EARTH** in 2000. On 22 November 2011 Ryan was the inaugural recipient of the Tyzack Award at the Ability Media International awards. The award recognises writers, producers and performers who "transcend the stereotypical"

*Fancied a holiday to go see my brother.
He was making a film.
I'd never been to Yorkshire before.
It was right dirty.
I was a parasite feeding from the leftovers.
Making new friends.
Picking mushrooms with Rob The Grip.
Getting right high.
And then I disappeared.*

Joey Kötting – Los Angeles USA February 2018









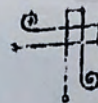






Photographs and paintings - Joey Kötting





LE NOUVEAU
TRAVAIL
de
BROTHERS KÖTTING

Some of the heretofore paintings and photographs were exhibited in the BROTHERS KÖTTING exhibition at LAC in Sigèan France in 2002.

Sean Lock and myself had invented words for the film – a language born of the earth, inspired in part by the work of the Théâtre de Complicité and in part by Russel Hoban's Ridley Walker. We then ran with ideas from the film and produced a pamphlet to accompany the exhibition. A three-screen monitor installation, découpage images, (produced by Pamela Owen) and costumes were also presented.

John Roseveare provided an essay; The Bog In Our Brains And Bowels, part of which is reproduced within and after the documentation hereafter:



€ 2

editions limite





Cette SALE TERRE



BROTHERS KÖTTING



UN PAMPHLET
complet
du JARGON de
BROTHERS KÖTTING

le
LANGAGE
de
CETTE SAL(L)E TERRE

Lieu d'Art Contemporain
Hammeau du Lac
11130 Sigeac
Corbières Maritimes
France



Published by BadBL&Od&csiBY1 2002



For Ronald Walter Kötting 1935 - 2000



The Bog In Our Brains And Bowels
Le Marécage Dans Nos Cerveaux Et Entrailles

It is in vain to dream of a wilderness
distant from ourselves. There is none such.
It is the bog in our brains and bowels, the
primitive vigour of Nature in us, that inspires that dream.

C'est vain de rêver d'extravagance
Loin de nous. Il n'y a pas tel.
C'est le cerveau dans nos cerveaux et entrailles,
la vigueur primitive de la nature en nous, qui inspire nos rêves.

Henry David Thoreau 1856

Late afternoon, the first autumn of the new millennium.
I am standing on a muddy hillside in the heart of the Yorkshire
Dales, northern England.

Il est tard dans l'après-midi, le premier automne du millennium.
Je suis debout sur une colline boueuse dans le coeur du Yorkshire, au nord
de l'Angleterre.

Arranged around me in haphazard fashion are the entrails of film
production: shivering actors, boom operators, and the odd animal
carcass. To my left Joey Kötting is a whirl of cameras, jokes, and
motion, as he follows Rob, erstwhile holder of grips, on his
mushroom picking journey, and onto whose back he has attached a
sensitive canvas. Up ahead, Andrew Kötting is busying himself
about his own canvas, chivvying, prodding and teasing the plant,
animal, and human materials he is using to interpret Emile Zola's La
Terre. In the distance Andrew's shaven headed photographer, Gary
Parker, feverishly chases a bemused sheep with a super 8 camera.



IT IS IN VAIN TO DREAM OF A WILDERNESS DISTANT
FROM OURSELVES. THERE IS NONE SUCH. IT IS THE BOG
IN OUR BRAINS AND BOWELS, THE PRIMITIVE VIGOUR
OF NATURE IN US, THAT INSPIRES THAT DREAM.

Henry David Thoreau 1856

The Bog In Our Brains

It is late afternoon, the first autumn of the new millennium. I am standing on a muddy hillside in the heart of the Yorkshire Dales, northern England. Arranged around me in haphazard fashion are the entrails of film production: shivering actors, boom operators, and the odd animal carcass. To my left Joey Kötting is a whirl of cameras, jokes, and motion, as he follows Rob, erstwhile holder of grips, on his mushroom picking journey, and onto whose back he has attached a sensitive canvas. Up ahead, Andrew Kötting is busying himself about his own canvas, chivvying, prodding and teasing the plant, animal, and human materials he is using to interpret Emile Zola's *La Terre*. In the distance Andrew's shaven headed photographer, Gary Parker, feverishly chases a bemused sheep with a super 8 camera. Both brothers are in their element: being elemental in the elements....

There are two very distinct temperaments at work here. We have Joey's contemplative yet strong-willed insistence, alongside brother Andrew's more urgent, hectoring voice. (Put another way, in a sporting contest, Joey will be winning and then let you catch up: Andrew will go for all out victory.) The brothers artwork can of course speak for itself, and both men expect visceral responses. But it is helpful sometimes to have a context for these complex readings of men and women journeying and busying themselves about their landscape....

Joey and Andrew Kötting grew up in a quintessentially suburban London dormitory, but now spend most of their time in the metropolises of New York and London respectively. For the past 15 years they have both been compelled to regularly journey south, deep into the French Pyrenees, where the teeming humming electronica digita of city life subsides, leaving space for their particular English ruminations.

This jumping between the wired helter-skelter city and the sparsely populated mountains gives us another clue about what might be going on. Where in the 19th century visual artists might spend weeks journeying into the remote wilderness armed with only a sketchbook, in the 21st century artists not only arrive 'in the wilderness' in a matter of hours, they arrive with a whole battery of digital machinery to sketch with. It seems to me that in dealing with this new set of tensions, both the Kötting brothers are intuitively reaching for new ways of expressing themselves. And in a world filling quickly to the brim with images and sound, this stubborn determination to be thoroughly modern in tools, techniques and ideas, while refusing to allow journeys and stories to be offered without feet, camera, and canvas firmly planted in the landscape, is refreshing.





This sense of being of the landscape, makes the choice of *La Terre* more obvious. Here you have a writer at the turn of the 19th century experimenting with his form – the novel – to offer a naturalistic, un-sentimental reading of peasant life. (There is a sweet irony in the chorus of disgust which greeted the release of **This Filthy Earth**: the publication of *La Terre*. elicited much the same response. We could call this ‘the puss factor’.)

At this point it is tempting to trawl through the various ‘isms’ and ‘ists’ for suitable labels for this emerging language. It is not long though, before you are struck by the uneasy feeling of having lost your way amongst the jumble of signposts. We might have for example ‘anti-stuckist’, Andrew Kötting’s own ‘ad-hocist’, ‘English absurdism’, ‘contemporary British’, and so on. As often as not critics arrive at the troublesome ‘post-modern.’

At first glance this seems to be appropriate, but my instinct is to agree with the British historian Norman Davies’ view of post-modernism. “It is all very well to deride the authority of all and sundry; but it only leads in the end to the deriding of Derrida. It is only a matter of time before the deconstructionists are deconstructed by their own techniques. We have survived the “Death of God” and the “Death of Man”. We will surely survive “The Death of History”.... and the death of Post-Modernism.”

I have no doubt the Brothers Kötting artworks can attract a battery of weighty ‘signifiers’ and ‘discourses’, and that this kind of analysis is not entirely useless. I’m sure it will keep a throng of undergraduates busy for a while yet. But with Andrew and Joey I have always found it helpful to steer clear of the cluttered tributary reaches of cultural criticism, and hope to make some common sense using simpler, less rarefied tools.

As we search for meaning, one form hoves clearly into view. It is an old one –as old as the hills themselves - the Arcadian Myth. Simon Schama, has traced this theme in his book *Landscape and Memory*. He suggests “There have always been two kinds of arcadia: shaggy and smooth, dark and light, a place of bucolic leisure and a place of primitive panic”. In England we seem often to have veered towards the smooth: the green and pleasant land. This may have something to do with the violent wrench of our industrial revolution, our love of gardening, or simply a response to overcrowding.

However we decide to mark the roots of the English pastoral idyll, one thing is for sure: it has a remarkably doughy persistence. It’s most recent depiction found its way onto our cinema screens this Christmas in the expensively rendered interpretation of JR Tolkein’s fantasy world, *The Lord of the Rings*.

In the early part of this overlong children’s film we spend time in the company of the diminutive Hobbits. With their big feet and determined moral fortitude, they frolic and gallivant about their beloved countryside, the Shire. It is a very English arcadia, of buttercup filled meadows, mischievous boys, and tables piled with rustic bread and ripened fruit, peopled by good, honest, down-to-earth country folk. In the Shire all is at one with the world.

For me, the brothers Kötting reject this sugary pastoral firmly, and with it the tired emotional clichés Hollywood uses to extend its life. They nod more obviously in the direction of the Arcadians of ancient Greek mythology, who’s defining characteristic was their bestiality. Pan – the presiding divinity of the original Arcadias, fucked goats, was himself half man half goat, and was taught to wank by his father Hermes out of pity for his unrequited love for the nymphs Echo and Syrinx.

“The quality that softened the brutishness of Arcadian life was not so much language as music. But the music was that of Pan’s pipes, the syrinx, and he could use its woodland and wilderness melodies to bewitch the hearer into states of panic, or pandemonium.” In this sense – as entertainers – both brothers are inclined to play the latter-day Pan, bringing music and mischief to explore the primordial vigour of the natural world. (Carefully worked soundscapes are important to both brothers.)



But while they refuse to flinch from the messy reality of our animal lineage, there is an equally insistent refusal to take all this mythologising too seriously. And so in the making – the filming, musicking, painting, and play-acting - there is a delightfully heady mix of passion, wonderment, and the good old English prank.

'Daft as a brush' is a phrase that will have resounded in both men's ears down the years. It can only be healthy to allow this kind of artwork to breath in a gallery space: the exacting temporal rigor of the cinema can leave the viewer little time for closer inspection. The curators should be applauded for this.

Arsene Wenger, the French coach of a football team in London, has said that when he first visited England, he immediately knew this was the country where football was created. I would urge French viewers to follow this understanding of the English in the work they see today, where passionate tomfoolery can outwit intellectual pretension, and irreverent cheerfulness plays through like a friendly dig in the ribs from a favourite uncle.

Oi Oi.

John Roseveare - March 2002



LES EXCENTRIQUES DU CINEMA ANGLAIS N°6

CETTA SALE TERRE

UNE FILME DE ANDREW KOTTING



136 Earthworks J. Fierdon



FABRICE LEROY

Dans Les Mots D'un Distributeur Français

IN THE WORDS OF A FRENCH DISTRIBUTOR

Our first encounter with Andrew's work was surprisingly enough at the Cannes' film festival market. His short film *Smart Alek* was playing as part of a BFI programme. It impressed us right away and left a durable impression. Watching it again today, I'm maybe even more impressed, especially by the way it is both innovative and accessible. You can watch it again and again and still feel the same excitement, as with music.

We then discovered *Gallivant* during the London film festival. We liked it but it was not the shock it became later. Andrew's films are very challenging for those who are not fluent in English. This is the main reason I suspect that his films are not selected in more festivals around the world.

Strong accents, cut-ups in the dialogue that lose you if you miss one word; and a strong artistic work on sound, where the dialogues are really part of the sound design and not put above the soundscape to be clearly audible. That makes a powerful sound material, but also a dialogue which is harder to distinguish. And what you get thanks to the effort you put in to understanding as much as possible is what you lose in being receptive to the powerful emotions that the film delivers.

So *Gallivant* grew in us and we finally asked the BFI for a vhs a few years later... and also for a dialogue list. This was when we could watch it and try to understand it at the same time. The film then became very important to us. A powerful artistic achievement, in the same way that *Smart Alek* was. But with something more: resilient human emotions through all of the people that we encounter, each of them being full of life; and of course through Gladys and Eden and their relationship.

Then we saw *This Filthy Earth*. What struck us right away was how bad the quality was. The sound was astonishingly poor and the texture of the image didn't fit. It sounded so strange coming from Andrew that we became suspicious and decided to go to London at the time of its theatrical release to see it on 35 mm.



LES EXCENTRIQUES DU CINEMA ANGLAIS N°6

(CETTE SALE TERRE THIS FILTHY EARTH)

..... ANGLETERRE 2001 ... COULEUR ... IHSI

Francine et Kath sont deux soeurs qui vivent seules dans une ferme isolée avec Etta, la petite fille de Kath. Buto, le père d'Etta, qui ne s'est jamais occupé ni de sa fille ni de Kath, demande cette dernière en mariage à présent qu'elle va avoir 21 ans et hériter officiellement de sa part de terre. Car pour Buto, la terre est tout ce qui compte. Kath accepte, si heureuse de cette proposition qu'elle n'attendait plus. Francine essaye en vain de lui faire prendre conscience des intentions de Buto.

Se dessine alors une histoire grotesque regorgeant de personnages exhubérants pris dans la démesure du mélodrame: Papa, le père de Buto, qui maudit son fils à qui il a légué sa terre de ne rien lui donner en retour; Armandine, la soeur de Papa, vieille irascible qui fourre son nez partout; Jésus-Christ, ivrogne paresseux, frère de Buto; Megan et Joey, qui vivent d'aumône et de ce qu'ils glanent; Lek, l'étranger récemment arrivé au village qui excite la superstition et la haine d'Armandine, mais qui fascine Francine.



Earthworks 1 Heron

cinéma sozia netit

THE INDEPENDENT

Kötting et Lock lancent avec *Cette sale terre* un défi qu'on aimerait bien voir relever par le cinéma britannique. Un film dont la sauvage brutalité est sans égale parmi les films britanniques de l'année - une œuvre qui déboule vers le néant telle une vache atteinte d'ESB.

UN FILM DE
ANDREW KÖTTING

UNE ADAPTATION DU ROMAN DE ZOLA PAR
LE REALISATEUR DE GALLIVANT

SIGHT&SOUND

Ceux qui s'attendent à une somptueuse et fidèle adaptation dans la lignée de *Germinal* de Claude Berri risquent un choc toxique. *Cette sale terre* est une pure fantasmagorie habitée par des monstres et des personnages grotesques, si arriérés qu'ils semblent préhistoriques. Ce film est une expérience inoubliable qui annonce l'ascension d'un des plus grands cinéastes anglais.



I don't remember why the sound was so bad on the vhs we got but I know why we were disturbed by the image: the video master was made before the transfer to print, so it didn't have the right texture, it looked too clean, so with Andrew's consent, we chose to make a French video master from a 35mm print. Spending more money to have a worse result on a technical point of view seemed a bit perverse, but getting the 'filthiness' was important for us if we were to really get into the film. So today, there are two DVD versions of the film and I guess that if someone was comparing both, ours would horrify them, but that's the way we love this film.

The two films were released in France within 18 months. They weren't very financially successful, but got (and still get) a strong enthusiasm from many. What we love with these films is that despite Andrew experimenting a lot, they also have a wide appeal and can touch people who are used to more commercial films.

A critic said about Gallivant: "If film can change your life, this will." This is totally relevant.

These films are not only for people who are already familiar with this kind of cinema or art. Their innovative dimension is not a barrier, but a window, a door to a brand new world populated with filmmakers who make films with a very different approach, and who also have a different way of living their life.

Distributing films that have these qualities is the most important goal in our work with ED Distribution. To show there is something else. We then made an Andrew Kötting DVD boxset with both feature films and most of Andrew's shorts. Andrew never stops working.

And it's not because a feature film is in the financing phase and he has to put his whole time into never-ending rewritings until the financiers are happy and then having to wait for their answer between each rewriting but because he is always on the move, and this keeps the energy alive. This energy you can then find in his films, his performances, his installations, his music and his books....

Then came the time of his feature film IVUL with great expectations from us. Andrew was in a situation where he would have to work with only French actors and wouldn't be able to get the handheld camera with b&w hand-processed film he wanted but instead two identical HD cameras. That would make it quite impossible for him to carry on with two of his trademarks: to play with language and to mix image textures. Constraints can be great when they compel you to find a new way through but they are bad when they are forced onto you and don't leave you enough time to find a solution, especially if you are a filmmaker where everything comes to life in the editing room.

For us, this is what happened with IVUL and we see it as the starting point to Andrew's artistic radicalisation. Above all, he wants to make films surrounded by people he is happy to spend time with. And to eradicate what is a burden in the production process. Andrew told us many times how IVUL was well received in the UK, much more than *This Filthy Earth!* I sometimes think that we weren't the right distributor for it.

In France, Andrew's fans among theatre programmers, the public and the press had great expectations, but expectations that were too different from what the film is, and the fact that ED Distribution were distributing the film might have made the confusion even stronger.

Andrew then started to make feature films that were similar to most of his shorts, which meant a far more experimental approach. The first one was *This Our Still Life* (Louyre, notre vie tranquille), an extraordinary example of cinema made with absolutely no money and a complete freedom. Then came *Swan Down*, the first of a trilogy of projects with Iain Sinclair. These were too experimental for a theatrical release in France. And, as far as *Swan Down* is concerned, too specifically English. We also passed on the two films, which followed; *By Ourselves* and *Edith Walks* because they were too far away from the work that we distribute.

Today, we are back with *Lek and the Dogs*, because the film really speaks to us and we think it's important to try and see what can happen in terms of distribution. It would be a shame for us to





pass on it, but we don't think it has this wonderful quality of being able to gather people in the same way that Gallivant, This Filthy Earth and Smart Alek did. It's more a film for an initiated audience.

We have just finished the French subtitling and are waiting for an answer from the first festival we sent it to. We are quite confident about festivals, but less about theatres for a commercial release in the France of today. So many films are released each week and it's not a good thing for a film that is too different. And art house theatres are in a complicated financial situation that makes them chose easier films, even when they would prefer to pick up more challenging ones. It is the same thing with the press and which of these numerous films it wants to criticise because they too have their own financial problems to face.

I sometimes think that the people that hand the money out should be punished for the crime of stupidity when not giving money to the few outstanding directors that are around and then allowing them to film with total freedom. Having to fight against the system can sometimes be a good thing but sadly too many film makers eventually become obsessed with fitting in to the system and therefore they end up losing their soul, or they stop making films entirely.

Hopefully this won't be Andrew.

Fabrice Leroy works with Manuel Attali, for E.D Distribution in Paris, France. Amongst others the company distribute the work of Guy Maddin, Patrick Keiller, Phil Mulloy, Harmony Korine and Patrick Wang.

INVUL

UN FILM DE ANDREW KÖTTING

Fabrice Leroy 2018





Where The Sun Never Shines

Où Le Soleil Ne Brille Jamais

Cock, cum, puss and piss are all in the opening shots of Andrew Kötting's Bruegelesque hard-core film 'This Filthy Earth' (2001). In the first few minutes the camera reels from one image to the other with Touretts like irreverence. Kötting cuts from a bull's pre-coital erect penis, to a woman rubbing his spunk into her hands, to puss spewing out of a boil on an old man's foot, to a close up of a man pissing.

Bite, sperme, pus et pisse sont dans toutes les premières prises de vue du film d'Andrew Kötting, film de pornography dure 'Cette Terre Souille' (2001). Durant les premières minutes la caméra débite d'une image à l'autre des 'Tourettes' comme des irrévences. Kötting coupe d'un gros plan sur le pénis d'un taureau en érection, à une femme qui se frotte les mains du sperme, à un vieil homme qui se fait sortir le pus d'un furoncle au pied, à un gros plan d'un homme en train de pisser.

So where the fuck are we? Like Bruegel's paintings the setting could be medieval, but as we know Bruegel's subjects are locked into those claustrophobically tight frames, wallowing in sewer water and vomit, not because they are sited in the middle ages but because they inhabit that terrible place, Bruegel's mind. Kötting's in your face grotesque subjects inhabit the same medieval hyperreality, that is, only this is contemporary Britain. A wedding sequence is uncannily reminiscent of 'A Country Wedding', only in Kötting's film the comically rustic ritual is overdubbed with reggae.

Alors où nous trouvons nous putain de merde? Comme dans une peinture de Bruegel nous pourrions nous trouver au temps médiéval, mais comme nous le savons les sujets de Bruegel sont contraints dans d'étroits cadres claustrophobiques, se vantrant dans des eaux d'égout et de vomis, non pas parce qu'ils sont situés dans le temps medieval mais parce qu'ils habitent dans cet terrible endroit, l'esprit de Bruegel.. Les grotesques sujets de Kötting habitent la même hyper réalité medievale, sauf que nous nous trouvons en Anglette contemporaine. Une séquence de mariage rappelle étrangement 'Un mariage de campagne', à part que le film de Kötting, le drôle de rituel rustique, est doublé de reggae.

The carnivalesque iconography picks at every possible repression and exposes it with the same glee with which a child reveals a newly produced turd. The fictional characters inhabiting Kötting's brutal, inter-bred, bestial world are not the protagonists. It is the camera documenting the unrelenting abject iconography, vampirically sucking at every conceivable fluid emanating from any possible orifice, exposing an organic orgy of endless rotting bestial corpses, showing every crevasse of decaying skin and of course there's the



sex.

This is 'Padre e Padrone' meets hard core porn. In the opening shot the central protagonist Francine holds on to the bull impregnating a cow as the camera cuts into the 'tsonda' (a Greek word for a hard-core pornographic close-up). 'Tsondas' are cut into softcore films in order to bypass censorship laws. The unexpected effect is much more provocative than standard hard core porn. As Francine watches Kath, her sister and Buto, her brother-in-law fucking, the camera moves in, first to fetishise the cellulite ridden flesh and then to the 'tsonda'. The depersonalised view of fat, shaking flesh ensures that the close-up becomes sucked into the horrors of the abject. The violence of this image is reminiscent of Reader's Wives porn. When Buto finally rapes Francine (or is she consenting?) the lack of abjection is poignantly conspicuous.

L'iconographie carnavalesque se saisit de toute répression possible et l'expose avec la même joie avec laquelle un enfant révèle une nouvelle crotte. Les personnages de fiction qui habitent le monde brutal, consanguin, bestial de Kötting ne sont pas les protagonistes. C'est la caméra qui documente l'implacable abjecte iconography, suçant comme un vampire n'importe quel fluide provenant de n'importe quel orifice, exposant une orgie organique de corps de bestiaux pourris, montrant chaque crevasse de peau décomposée et bien sur il y a le sexe.

C'est 'Padre e Padrone' qui rencontre la pornographie. Dans la première séquence, la principale protagoniste Francine se tient contre le taureau qui pénètre une vache comme la caméra coupe sur le 'tsonda' (mot grec pour un gros plan pornographique). 'Tsondas' sont coupés dans les films de "soft" porn pour éviter la censure. L'effet inattendu est beaucoup plus fort et provocatif que dans la pornographie dure. Comme Francine regarde sa soeur Kath et son beau-frère Buto, baisier, la caméra avance et fétichise d'abord sur la chair hanté de cellulite puis va vers la 'tsonda'. La vue de gras dépersonnalisée, de chair remuée assure que le gros plan se transforme en horreur de l'abject. La violence de ces images est caractéristique de la pronographie de 'Reader's Wives'. Quand Buto finalement viole Francine (ou est-elle consentante?) le manque d'abjection est visiblement poignant.

The narrative of the film, loosely based on Emile Zola's 'La Terre' is a ruse, which offers a sequence of events to hang on to. The story is narrated by Francine's voice that is the protagonist. Her sister's marriage disrupts the equilibrium leading to Megan's death. This unleashes a biblical storm (represented by archive footage) with apocalyptic consequences. Lek is a Russian farm hand who is blamed for the tempestuous weather and violently attacked as a result. Joey (the visionary blind brother of Megan) saves him. Armadine (the evil old matriarch) who instigated the attack is literally swallowed up by the mud. Joey kills Buto to protect Lek and they leave against a sublime landscape. A distraught Francine is left behind.

Le récit du film, vaguement basé sur 'La Terre' d'Emile Zola est une ruse, qui offre une séquence d'événements à qui s'accrocher. L'histoire est racontée avec la voix de la protagoniste Francine. Le mariage de sa soeur dérange l'équilibre et conduit à la mort de Megan. Cela crée un orage biblique (représenté par des séquences d'archives) dont les conséquences sont apocalyptiques. Lek est un fermier Russe qui est blâmé pour le mauvais temps et est attaqué violement en conséquence. Joey (le frère de Megan, visionnaire aveugle) lui sauve la vie. Armandine (la vieille patriarce) qui est derrière (l'instigateur de) l'attaque est presque avalée par la boue. Joey tue Buto pour protéger Lek et ils partent (disparaissent) dans un paysage sublime. Francine éperdu reste seule.

Kötting's formal rigour in his layering of sound and image is consistent with his previous films. In Gallivant (1996), Kötting documented his grandmother (Gladys) and his daughter (Eden who has Joyberts syndrome) travelling across Britain with him on a Road Movie. A scene from Gallivant, which shows Kötting at his best is of a closely framed Eden signing, as it opens up to reveal a terrifying expanse of space. The landscape absorbs her into its infinity. She is so small and fragile, suggesting a cruel sense of isolation.





Kötting's landscape becomes transmogrified into an inner place, Gallivant's psycho-geography. In 'This Filthy Earth' the landscapes are sublime, ranging from rural kitsch to apocalyptic vastness.

La rigueur formelle de Kötting dans son assemblage de son et d'image est consistant de ces films précédents. Dans Gallivant (1996), Kötting documenta le voyage à travers la Grande-Bretagne qu'il fit avec sa grand-mère (Gladys) et sa fille (Eden qui a le syndrome Jouberts). Une des scènes de Gallivant qui nous montre Kötting à son meilleur (plus fort) est une séquence rapprochée, d'Eden chantant, qui s'ouvre pour révéler une terrifiante étendue d'espace.

Le paysage l'absorbe dans son infinité. Elle est si petite et fragile, suggérant un sens cruel d'isolation. Le paysage de Kötting se transforme en une place intime et secrète, la psycho-géographie de Gallivant. Dans 'Cette Terre Souille' les paysages sont sublimes variant de kitsch rural à des étendues apocalyptiques.

A documenting roaming gaze reflexively investigates (jumping from extreme close ups to long shots) the subjects. Kötting's film intertextually references Phillip Trevelyan's documentary 'The Moon and the Sledge Hammer' by reproducing the same isolated 'Hill-Billy' community, with suggestions of interbreeding and a Romantic celebration of an agrarian pre-industrialised Britain.

Un regard errant, fixe, réfléchi scrute les sujets (passant d'un gros à un grand plan). Le film de Kötting intertextuellement fait référence au documentaire de Philip Trevelvan 'The Moon and the Sledge Hammer' en reproduisant la même communauté isolée et malade, en suggérant la consanguinité et une célébration romantique d'une Grande-Bretagne agraire pré-industrialisée.

In 'This Filthy Earth' the documentary effect is subverted by a proliferation inter-cutting of super 8, over-saturated images and the disjointed interplay between sound and image. These strategies disrupt the temporal and spatial continuity and challenge the possibility of complacent viewing, both in terms of the formal techniques employed as well as the iconography. Kötting's authorship comes crashing through the film as he assaults the





viewer with the unrelenting abjection. This is not a dispassionate meta-commentary on the post-industrial age, Kötting is raging here and the effect is violent and gut wrenching.

Dans 'Cette Terre Souillée' l'effet documentaire est bouleversé par une prolifération d'entre-coupe de super 8, saturé par des images et des effets entre son et image. Ces stratégies dérangent la continuité spatiale et temporelle et défie la possibilité d'un spectacle satisfaisant, en terme de techniques formelles employées aussi bien que de l'iconographie. La conception de Kötting se révèle tout au long du film quant il prend ses spectateurs à l'assaut par ses abjections implacables. Ce n'est pas un meta-commentaire sans passion de l'âge pre-industriel, Kötting est en rage ici et l'effet est violent et vous tourne les tripes.

This is a closed, narrow-minded, cruel, rural community, which refers to women's tits as 'paps' and immigrants as 'darkies'. The subtlety in this choice of language is particularly insightful, as appropriate racial insults have not yet been coined for new eastern European economic migrants. Instead Lek is referred to as a 'darkie' after colonial racism, reminding us Britain's postcolonial legacy while at the same time emphasising the horror of a newly emerging racism. Similarly the female characters in this film are oppressively locked into a pre-feminist world of incest, repression and taboo. They are either empowered evil decrepit old women or 'fucked over' victims. The term 'paps' insightfully connotes this attitude to gender and sexuality. This is a gruesome, violent representation of a community which is overwhelmed by the abject, the crude, the superstitious and prejudice. In this world there is no release from the mud, even when the rain stops.

C'est une communauté renfermée, fermée d'esprit, cruelle, rurale, qui appelle les seins de femmes des 'nichons' et les immigrants des 'bougnoles'. La subtilité du choix de langage est ici particulièrement perspicace parce que des insultes appropriées n'ont pas encore été trouvées pour les nouveaux migrants économique de l'Europe de l'est. Donc, Lek est appelé un 'bougloul' après le raciste coloniale, nous rapelant de l'Angleterre post-coloniale et en même temps accentuant l'horreur d'un nouveau racisme émergeant. De même les personnages féminins dans ce film sont oppressivement emprisonnés dans un monde pre-féministe d'inceste, de répression et de taboo. Elles sont soit de vieilles sorcières décrépits ou des victimes 'bafouées'. Le terme 'nichons' sousentend cette attitude de genre et sexualité. C'est une épouvantable, violente représentation d'une communauté qui est écrasée par le misérable, le brut, le superstitieux et le préjudice. Dans ce monde il n'y a pas d'échappatoire à la boue même quand la pluie s'arrête.

On the one hand this film is a deranged Bruegelesque vision, that draws on a Bakhtinian notion of the carnivalesque, where abjection is seen as the subversive consequence of bourgeois repression. On the other Kötting is raging against Blair's risible saccharine vision of a ubiquitously middle class Britain. How much dirt can a peasant have underneath his fingernails? In this film, clearly, never enough.

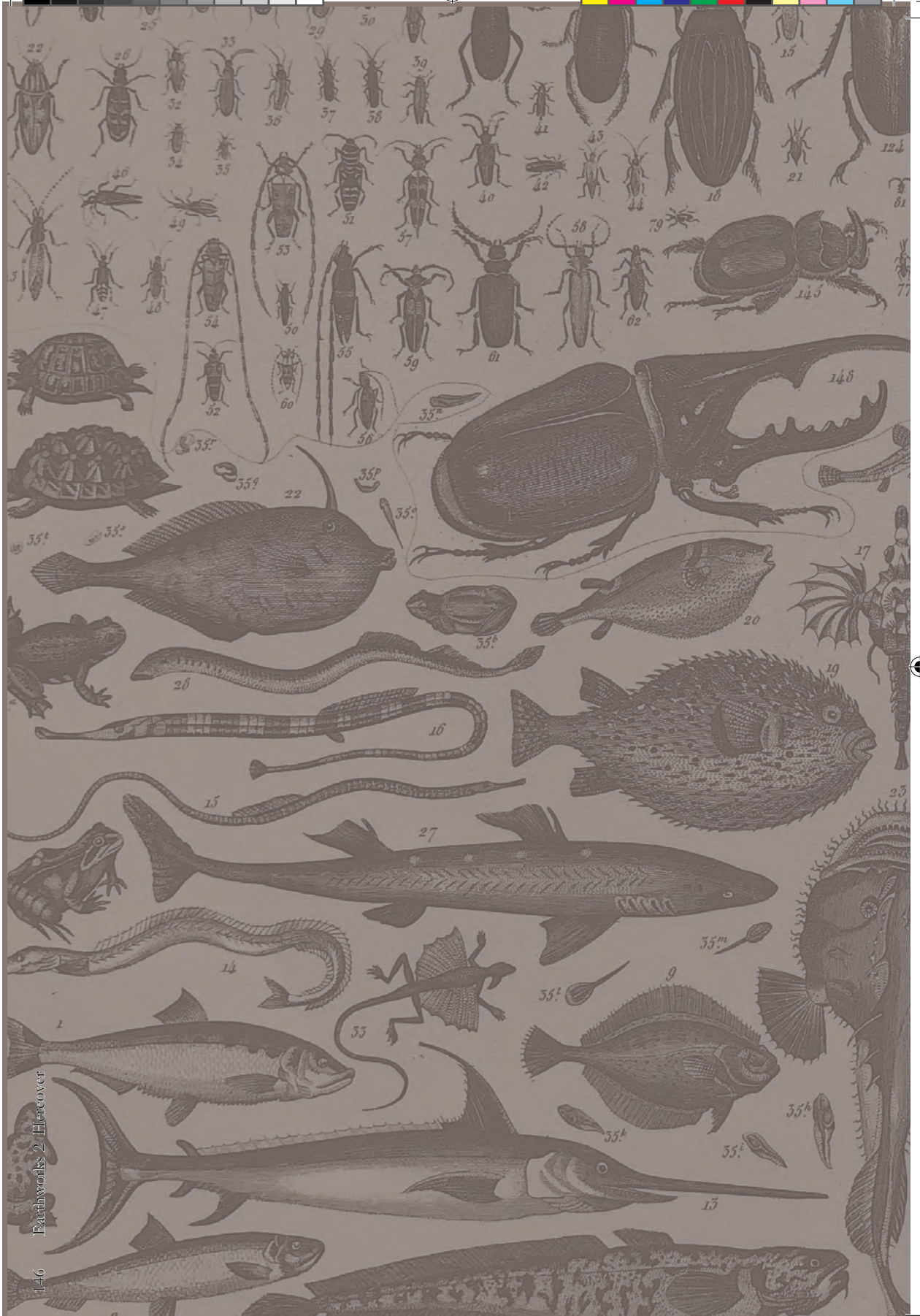
D'un coté ce film est une vision Bruegelesque dérangée, qui se nourrit d'une notion Bakhtinian carnivalesque, où le misérable est vu comme la conséquence de la répression subversive du bourgeois. D'un autre Kötting est en rage contre la vision saccharine et risible de Blair d'une Angleterre moyenne omniprésente.

Sophia Phoca 2002

Sophia Phoca is a writer/critic and Dean of Art at University of the Arts

Sophia Phoca est une écrivain / critique et Dean d'Art à University of the Arts





Earthworks 2_Hiercover

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CHAPTER 2

IVUL

HEREOVER

COME DOWN OFF GROUND HE IVUL - TREATMENT

IVUL SYNOPSIS AND BACKSTORY

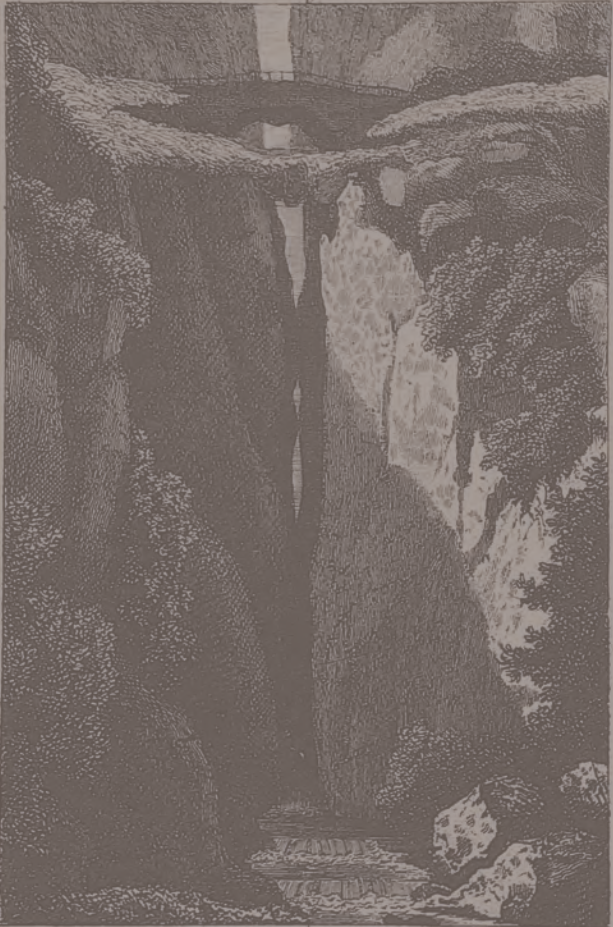
XAVIER TCHILI - IVUL JOURNAL

IVUL² NOTEBOOK

IVUL IS A TANTALISING DRAMA ABOUT THE HOPEFUL-
BUT-HAUNTED WAYS WE COME UP WITH TO STUMBLE
THROUGH LIFE

IVUL UNMADE

AN INVITATION TO LEK

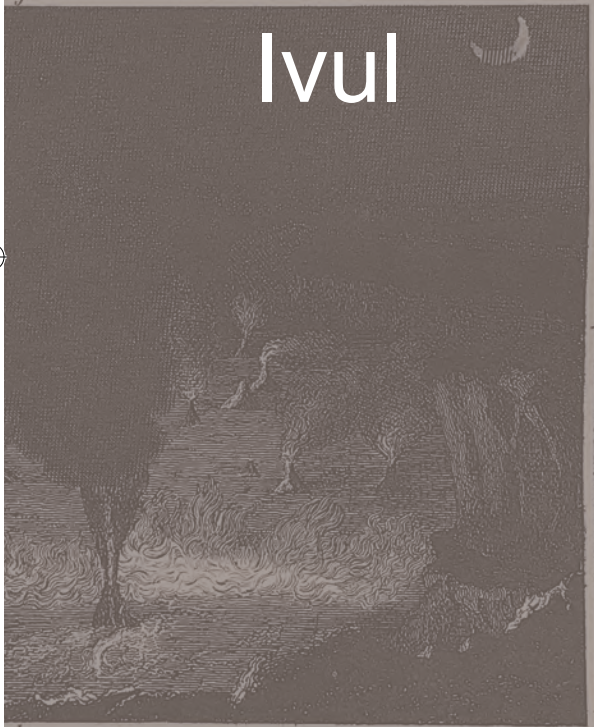


148 Earthworks 2 Hieroglyph





Comedown Off Ground He Ivul



Kotting's copy for

November 2001

+ The Reaction shot - No Boto wedding - Ben

comedown

off ground - he



By
Jonathan Cheetham
Andrew Kotting
&
Andrew Mitchell

1996
4th draft

Tall Stories Ltd.
Studio 40 Clink Street Studios
1 Clink Street London SE1 9DG
Tel: 0171 357 8050 Fax: 0171 357 0889

Is there snowway of bringing in the cow (or
worse words save from deadweight?)



SCENE: DAY

A well-kept mock Georgian Town House - Suburban garden - Elmstead Woods – Kent – England

A boy of about eight is attempting to pull his older brother up into an oak tree
From its size and rings it is over a hundred years long-standing.
The brother
Peter is short in stature but big in attitude.
Always has been.
Perhaps they were playing at Tarzan and Jane but then again Robin of Sherwood in those days was
probably the game.

We were planning an ambush in an attempt to recapture Maid Marion.
(Wendy Eastwood and Sarah Robinson).
We took it in turns to love them.
When if the truth be known
Which it isn't...
We were hiding from our father who was out to portion blame.
He was always a-rage.
We lived in fear of this him.
The oak tree was both safe haven and memory-maker.
I'm remembering it today.
I remembered it when I was reading Calvino's Baron in the Trees.
I was back up that tree.
It had had an effect on me.
I never stopped climbing trees.
Especially in the Pyrenees.
Looking down on that field where that cow had almost died.
There is always a connect and reveal to be had.
So there.
I've said it and now you have it...

SCENE: DAY

A room in Clink Street overlooking the River Thames – London - England

The dust has settled and Gallivant has seen the light of day
People are confident in me
I'm almost confident in myself
I'm busy with two young writers
Who always have plenty to say
We smoke and drink coffee and they help me write a screenplay
Provisionally titled COMEDOWN
It's a vestige of an idea that I had developed with Andrew Lindsay
Inspired by an Ian McEwan novel in which one of the characters climbs up a tree and refuses to
comedown.
It could have been me
Backup that tree.





THE PARADOX OF INTERNALISM:

INTERNALISTS HOLD THAT MIND AND WORLD ARE DISTINCT BECAUSE THE MIND EXISTS IN THE BRAIN AND NOT IN THE WORLD.

YET CLEARLY BRAINS ARE PART OF THE WORLD.

SO MIND AND WORLD ARE CONTINUOUS.

THE PARADOX OF EXTERNALISM:

EXTERNALISTS HOLD THAT MIND AND WORLD ARE CONTINUOUS BECAUSE THE MIND IS NOT CONFINED TO THE BRAIN BUT EXTENDS INTO THE WORLD.

YET MINDS ARE CONSCIOUS WHILE OBJECTS IN THE WORLD ARE NOT.

SO MIND AND WORLD MUST BE DISTINCT.

CONCLUSION: MIND AND WORLD ARE BOTH DISTINCT AND CONTINUOUS, OR NEITHER DISTINCT NOR CONTINUOUS. EITHER WAY, THE RELATIONSHIP IS PARADOXICAL.

Dr Robert Pepperell

I WOULD NOT WANT TO LIVE IN A WORLD DRAINED OF ALL RELIGIOUS FEELING. I AM NOT THINKING OF FAITH BUT OF THAT INNER VIBRATION WHICH, INDEPENDENT OF ANY BELIEF IN PARTICULAR, PROJECTS YOU INTO, AND SOMETIMES ABOVE GOD

E.M.CIORAN – DRAWN AND QUARTERED





Off Ground He

OFF GROUND HE is the extraordinary story of Alexander Ivul, a young man who climbs a tree and refuses ever to come back to earth. He lives out a brief and dramatic life in exile looking down on a world and family that he loves.

As a child I spent many hours hiding up trees. Our garden was a safe haven from the violence meted out to the family by a dictatorial father. There was one particular tree that was as old as London and this was my favourite.

High above the ground the rage that filled the family home seemed to evaporate, I could play at being Tarzan or Robin Hood safe in the knowledge that the trees would protect me.

A long time before Christ, the Celts planted trees in the names of their children to make sure of a connection between the divine and earthbound aspects of the soul.

*The planting of trees enabled the child's imagination to live both on the ground and **off the ground.***

The Tree Of Life stands at the centre of the Garden of Eden uniting heaven and earth, and opening a path to the Powers That Be.

Like the tree in my garden it is both young and old, it has its summers and its winters, its ups and its downs.

*Trees shelter and inspire me and these experiences have proved the catalyst for **Off Ground He.** My life in the French Pyrenees has proved vital to the development of the script and it is deep in these forests that the tragic story will unfold.*

The story is brutal in its splendour and haunting in its child-like fantasy. The film will transport an audience into a world of magical realism but it is firmly rooted in the chaos of everyday family lives.

*The film exists somewhere between the writings of **Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Ian McEwan and John Berger** or the films **Festen, Breaking the Waves and Julien Donkey Boy***



OFF GROUND HE

2nd draft

Is alex still monkey nuts?

by
Jonathan Cheetham
Andrew Mitchell
&
Andrew Kötting

© 1997

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The eldest hath borne most. We that are young shall never see so much or live so long.



ACT 1

Autumn

SCENE 1

Exterior. Day.

Silence. A dead foal falls end over end in slow-motion. We see that it has been launched off a cliff edge and is heading towards the rocks below.

SCENE 2

Exterior. Dura Coast. Day.

Three workmen approach the cliff edge, struggling with a handcart on which the corpses of a large dray horse and its foal are laid. One man, Donald, has had enough. He leaves the others to sit on a rock overlooking the sea. He pulls out a cigarette.

Donald: (shouting against the wind) I'll be fucked up the bumper if I'm fuckin' with that mincin' stink of hound food.

The wheel of the cart jars, bucking the body of the foal to earth. The other men, Jefferson and Boyle, have to retrieve the foal without letting the handcart roll back down the bank.

Donald: Fuck knows why we didn't leave all eight legs where they was.

Jefferson: It's the law now give us a hand.

Donald: Law - the Law's no more. He's out to graze and hobble his way to the bone-pit. The winds too strong for Donald's lighter.

Donald: Fuckin' thing! They're not even our dead. Boyle trips over the foal and lands on top of it in the back of the cart.

Boyle: Aghhhh to fuck with the plague and now he pushes me in with a sack full of hot guts...

Jefferson: Oi Donald! Give us a fucking hand will ya?

Donald chucks his lighter and returns to the others. They heave the cart up the muddy bank. Then they pick up the foal and carry it to the cliff edge.

SCENE 3

Exterior. Dura Coast. Day.

Silence. The foal from the opening sequence is still in free fall. Then, shockingly, a loud piercing screech as it is hooked momentarily by a cliff-face tree. It then continues its fall and smashes against the rocks before exploding into the sea.

Title: OFF GROUND HE

SCENE 4

Exterior. The Ivul Estate. Arboretum. Day.

William Ivul (68), dishevelled in tweed jacket and tie, climbs a ladder to the low-slung branch of an apple tree. In the background we see a large rundown manor house : the Ivul family home.





A rotten branch hangs above his head. He takes a hatchet to it, swinging with vigour despite his frailty. He stops to catch his breath, the ladder creaks. He attacks the branch again, until it falls to earth.

SCENE 5

Interior. Ivul House. Lounge. Day.

Alex Ivul (16) is lying on his back at the feet of his sister Freya (18). She sits on a sofa reading aloud from a book of Russian poetry. Connie and Felt (8), their young twin sisters sit close by, Chinese burning one another on the arms.

Alex is lost in the incredible sounds Freya is making. He looks up at her, and the strange shapes of her mouth. Freya doesn't notice. Alex gets to his feet, fidgeting. He goes to the window and sees Ivul returning across the lawn with shrubs and clippings.

Alex: (muttering) Fucking Russians...

He sits on the sofa next to his sister, she's absorbed by her recital. He leans over and burrows with his head until he rests on her lap. Freya ignores him.

Alex puts his head between Freya and the book. Freya's reading gets louder. Freya can't see the text and has to make it up. Alex replies in gobbledygook ; nonsense with a Russian accent. Freya hits him with her book, Alex is silent. She can't help laughing.

The twins land on their elder brother, tugging at the sleeves of his jumper.

Connie: Come on.

Alex: Piss off will yer.

The twins keep tugging. Alex looks to Freya again.

Freya: Kids huh?

Alex throws the twins off and pelts from the room with the girls whelping and snapping at his heels.

SCENE 6

Interior. Ivul house. Ivul's study. Day.

Ivul is hunched at his desk. A large volume open before him displays various grafting procedures. He uses a scalpel to remove the shoot of a shrub. The room is hugger mugger, crowded by plants and heavy tomes. In one corner a Grandfather clock ticks erratically. We hear the muffled sounds of child's play.

SCENE 7

Interior. Ivul house. Drawing Room. Day.

The four children are playing Off-Ground-He. Alex is 'it', the others scramble over furniture to escape. They must not touch the floor. Freya helps the twins to higher ground and safety. It's pandemonium, noisy and frenetic.

Their mother, Martha (42), puts her head round the door.





Martha: Hey!

The children freeze, innocent: Freya is lying across the back of the settee, Connie sits on the television and Felt is dangling from the large fireplace while Alex tickles her into letting go. Felt can't hold on and she falls the short distance to the floor.

Martha: (to Connie) Get off there for crying out loud.

Connie climbs down sheepishly.

Alex: We were just, you know, chatting.

Martha: I'll chat you.

The telephone starts to ring in the hall.

Martha: You know he needs peace, he's not... just keep it down. Martha has to answer the telephone. The children wait in silence until the ringing stops then Freya shuts the door.

Freya: I'm it.

Chaos resumes.

SCENE 8

Chaos theory is a branch of mathematics and it is focused on the behaviour of dynamical systems that are highly sensitive to initial conditions

The property of a complex system whose behaviour is so unpredictable as to appear random; owing to great sensitivity to small changes in conditions:

The formless matter supposed to have existed before the creation of the universe:

**THE POLITICAL FORM OF THIS POST-LIBERAL EPOCH
WOULD BE A UNIVERSAL EMPIRE.**

John Gray - Gray's Anatomy





READING IS A CONTACT SPORT.
 PHYSICAL AND STRENUOUS.
 A GRAPPLING WITH ANOTHER OF SUPERIOR
 STRENGTH TRICKERY AND SPEED.
 ANOTHER WHO MAY BECOME A CLOSE FRIEND.
 POSTMODERNISM ATTEMPTED TO REMOVE
 AUTHORS AND MAKE LITERATURE ONLY A SET
 OF 'TEXTS'
 BUT TRUE READERS AGREE WITH PROUST
 THAT READING IS FRIENDSHIP.
 WRITERS ARE SUCH FRIENDS
 A SECRET SOCIAL NETWORK EXTENDING
 THROUGHOUT TIME AND SPACE.

Michael Foley – The Age Of Absurdity

ABOVE ALL, GEOLOGY MAKES
 EXPLICIT CHALLENGES TO OUR
 UNDERSTANDING OF TIME. IT
 GIDDIES THE SENSE OF THE HERE-
 AND-NOW.

Robert Macfarlane – MOUNTAINS OF THE MIND

CONTEMPLATING THE IMMENSITIES OF DEEP TIME, YOU FACE, IN A WAY THAT IS
 BOTH EXQUISITE AND HORRIFYING, THE TOTAL COLLAPSE OF YOUR PRESENT,
 COMPACTED TO NOTHINGNESS BY THE PRESSURES OF PASTS AND FUTURES
 TOO EXTENSIVE TO ENVISAGE. AND IT IS A PHYSICAL AS WELL AS A CEREBRAL
 HORROR, FOR TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE HARD ROCK OF A MOUNTAIN IS
 VULNERABLE TO THE ATTRITION OF TIME IS OF NECESSITY TO REFLECT ON THE
 APPALLING TRANSIENCE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Robert Macfarlane – MOUNTAINS OF THE MIND





At which point **OFF GROUND HE**
was dropped.

Scottish Screen and the BBC
Had realised my lack of efficiency.
Along with the invention of BBC 3 and all things digital and non-binary
There was no more money in the coffers.
We were barking up the wrong tree..

This Filthy Earth had happened
And I'd been lost to the mire.
Installation was now my metier.
So
Let him lie.
Let him be.
That Baron In The Tree.

But if it *must* happen
Then it must happen in The Pyrenees.
Close to Montségur.
Close to me.
Close to us.
Us in our trees.

AS FOR DADA IT MEANS NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING.
IT MAKES THE PUBLIC SAY;
WE UNDERSTAND NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING.
THE DADAISTS ARE NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING AND THEY WILL CERTAINLY
SUCCEED IN NOTHING, NOTHING,
NOTHING.

Dada Manifesto – Francis Picabia







**IN THE END YOU WILL UTTER AGAIN.
YES I REMEMBER.
THAT WAS I.
THAT WAS I THEN.**

Samuel Beckett – Company





IVUL SYNOPSIS AND BACKSTORY

IVUL

HD transfer to 35mm | 96 minutes | Colour | 2009 | French with English subtitles

In association with BBC Films And the support of Film Council initially called **COMEDOWN** and thereafter **OFF GROUND HE** - Screenplay developed by Tall Stories, Ben Woolford & Dan Weldon

Written by John Cheetham Andrew Kötting Andrew Mitchell **Director** Andrew Kötting **Produced by** Emilie Blézat & SCIAPODE **Co-produced by** Elena Tatti & Thierry Spicher & BOX PRODUCTIONS **Cinematography** Nick Gordon-Smith **Additional cameras** Gary Parker **Editing** David Dusa, Baptiste Evrard **Music** Christian Garcia **Sound** Philippe Ciompi

CAST

Lek Tchili **Marie Ivul** Aurélia Petit **Andrei Ivul** Jean-Luc Bideau **Freya Ivul** Adélaïde Leroux **Alex Ivul** Jacob Auzanneau **Manon Ivul** Manon Aubriot **Capucine Ivul** Capucine Aubriot





OUR STORY

IVUL is the extraordinary story of Alex, a young man who climbs on to the roof of a house and refuses to ever come back to earth. He lives out a brief and dramatic life in exile looking down upon a family that he loves but is too stubborn to return to.

A crumbling manor house somewhere deep in the French Pyrenees and Alex is enjoying a boisterous carefree summer with his beloved sister Freya and their mischievous twin sisters, Capucine and Manon. The children inhabit a world of childhood games and romantic dreams. Andrei Ivul, their eccentric Russian father enjoys life through the lens of a microscope or by walking amongst the trees of his arboretum. His young wife Marie is proud of her family but wishes that just sometimes her husband might exert some control over his wayward offspring.

Keeping vigil on the family is Lek, the mysterious tongue-tied gardener and general dogs-body. He left Russia as a young child with Andrei and has followed him like a shadow ever since. Pressure builds for Alex as Freya prepares to leave for Russia.

When the brother and sister are discovered in a stolen moment of playful intimacy, their innocence is brought sharply to an end and the family is torn apart.

In a fit of rage, Andrei disowns his son and forces him out of the family home. Alex climbs onto the roof of the house and vows never to set foot on the earth again.

Winter sets in with no sign of Alex. Marie worries but tries to hold the family together, however it is all too much for Andrei and his state of mind begins to deteriorate. On Christmas day the twins read out a card from Freya and Andrei cracks, he takes a ladder out into the garden in a desperate attempt to find Alex. He falls to the ground and has a stroke.

Spring arrives and a remorseful Freya returns from Russia to look after her bed-ridden father. The twins seem to delight in Andrei's new predicament but Marie has started drinking and the family are reeling from the strain. They still have no idea of Alex's whereabouts. Lek is angry and sacrifices two lambs as a pagan offering to the curse that he feels has befallen the family. Deep in the forest Alex is a boy reborn a man. He has become feral and weather-beaten and moves with ease amongst his treetop kingdom. His new home is a caravan that he has managed to haul up a tree.

Freya has taken on the role of the mother and eventually has to rescue Marie from one of her many drunken bouts in the local bar. On the way home she is compelled by a powerful force to stop the car and rage at her brother who she knows is somewhere in the forest. Freya tries to remain strong but a new tension overcomes her as she revisits Alex's bedroom and begins to re-examine her past. She sets out to find him and is drawn into the night where she comes across Alex's incredible abode. There is a silent and emotional reunion for them after which they fall into a deep stupor.

Meanwhile Lek has followed Freya and sets about making a strange incantation. He lights a circle of fire underneath the caravan in an attempt to cleanse the children of their desire for one another. The fire gets out of control and Lek struggles to help Freya to safety.

Despite the pleading of both Freya and Lek, Alex refuses to come down and instead steps back into the blazing caravan. Through the pandemonium he surveys his kingdom one last time. We watch as the inferno destroys the caravan and the surrounding forest. We can only imagine that Alex has died but the smoke clears to reveal him atop of the castle at Montségur, he is still off ground and walking the ramparts.

Alex Ivul never did touch the earth.





SOME COLLAGED THOUGHTS FROM CALVINO BY WAY OF A FRAGMENTED KÖTTING CONTEXT.



HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE ONDARIVA GARDEN? YES BUT ALWAYS FROM ONE TREE TO ANOTHER, WITHOUT EVER TOUCHING THE GROUND. HE REALISED THAT, AS THE TREES WERE SO THICK, HE COULD MOVE FOR SEVERAL MILES BY PASSING FROM ONE BRANCH TO ANOTHER, WITHOUT EVER NEEDING TO DESCEND TO EARTH. SOMETIMES A PATCH OF BARE GROUND FORCED HIM TO MAKE LONG DETOURS BUT HE SOON GOT TO KNOW ALL THE NECESSARY ROUTES AND CAME TO MEASURE DISTANCES BY QUITE DIFFERENT ESTIMATES THAN OURS, BEARING ALWAYS IN MIND THE TWISTED TRAIL HE HAD TO TAKE OVER THE BRANCHES....

Italo Calvino - Baron In The Trees





SCENE 4

Exterior The Ivul Estate. Arboretum. Day.

William Ivul (68), dishevelled in tweed jacket and tie, climbs a ladder to the low-slung branch of an apple tree. In the background we see a large rundown manor-house the Ivul family home. A rotten branch hangs above his head. He takes a hatchet to it, swinging with vigour despite his frailty.

He stops to catch his breath, the ladder creaks.

He attacks the branch again, until it falls to earth.

SCENE 29

Interior. Ivul house. Kitchen. Morning.

Ivul paces around the kitchen, still breathless from his assault on Alex. He doesn't look at the sobbing Freya.

Ivul: (IN RUSSIAN). Filthy! You are whored....whored by your own brother.... filthy stinking animals....

His words choke him.

Freya: Please...

Ivul: You betray me, your own father. Get out. (RUSSIAN). I cannot say you are my daughter.

Freya runs out of the kitchen. Ivul continues to pace for a moment and then marches after her.





IT WAS ON THE FIFTEENTH OF JUNE, 1767, THAT COSIMO PIOVASCO DI RONDÒ, MY BROTHER, SAT AMONG US FOR THE LAST TIME. AND IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TODAY, I REMEMBER IT SO CLEARLY. WE WERE IN THE DINING ROOM OF OUR HOUSE AT OMBROSA, THE WINDOWS FRAMING THE THICK BRANCHES OF THE GREAT HOLM OAK IN THE PARK. IT WAS MIDDAY, THE OLD TRADITIONAL DINNER HOUR FOLLOWED BY OUR FAMILY, THOUGH BY THEN MOST NOBLES HAD TAKEN TO THE FASHION SET BY THE SLUGGARD COURT OF FRANCE, OF DINING HALFWAY THROUGH THE AFTERNOON. A BREEZE WAS BLOWING FROM THE SEA, I REMEMBER, RUSTLING THE LEAVES.

COSIMO SAID: “I TOLD YOU I DON’T WANT ANY, AND I DON’T!” AND PUSHED AWAY HIS PLATEFUL OF SNAILS. NEVER HAD WE SEEN SUCH DISOBEDIENCE.”

Italo Calvino - Baron In The Trees

It’s a film about improvisation: the higgledy-piggledy, bruised-and-abraded, hopeful-but-haunted ways we come up with to stumble through life and around our loved ones. Trying and failing.

Failing and trying.

Keeping on — until we topple.

3:48PM BST 22nd July 2010

Sukhdev Sandhu





**A SOCIETY GROWS GREAT WHEN OLD MEN PLANT
TREES WHOSE SHADE THEY KNOW THEY SHALL
NEVER SIT IN**

IVUL



SCENE 14

Exterior & Interior. Ivul Grounds. Day.

Alex rakes up leaves, piling them in the middle of the lawn. He stops, lolling against the rake for support to watch Lennox walk across the lawn and into the garden shed. Inside Ivul bundles lengths of bamboo together with twine.

Lek stands in the doorway, Ivul doesn't acknowledge him.

Ivul is eccentric, and exasperating in some ways, but I found something powerfully and unexpectedly real about the story's central conceit: that a single calamitous event, wounding a young man's pride, can metastasise into a family tragedy. That detail about never letting your feet touch the ground is, again, oddly plausible: a morbidly obsessive-compulsive challenge that is a metaphor for a painful need to rise above the family and the past, rise above the agony of unrequited love and mortification, and not to come down to the rough arena of pain. The movie will baffle and disconcert some. Others will find it a paradoxically realist visual poem about families and hurt feelings.

Thursday 22nd Jul 2010 22.43 BST

Peter Bradshaw





SCENE 16

Interior. Ivul house. Study. Night.

Ivul sits in an armchair by an open fire with Freya perched on his knee with her arm around his neck. She is reciting some Russian verb tables to her doting father. Freya finishes her declension.

Freya: Say you'll come and visit.

Ivul: You know this is not possible. But you will go. You will see our country.

Freya: I can look into the family tree, all those little secrets. How many bears you killed. Why my mother....

Ivul cuts her short.

Ivul: You are there to learn Freya, you are not there to ask so many questions. We left the country because I no longer had a family there.

A silence falls over the room.

Ivul cuddles Freya closer to him.

Ivul: The school will have everything for you to need. They will look after you.

The fire crackles and a log falls into the grate.

Ivul: The family are now dead.

He kisses her on the head and gets to his feet.

Ivul: I will go and check on the fiery one.

Freya: Goodnight dad. (In Russian)





HER BREAST WAS YOUNG, THE NIPPLES ROSY.
COSIMO JUST GRAZED IT WITH HIS LIPS, BEFORE
VIOLA SLID AWAY OVER THE BRANCHES AS IF SHE
WERE FLYING, WITH HIM CLAMBERING AFTER HER,
AND THAT SKIRT OF HERS ALWAYS IN HIS FACE....

Italo Calvino - Baron In The Trees





IMAGINE OTHER MURMURS, MOTHER MOTHER,
MOTHER IN HEAVEN, MOTHER OF GOD, GOD IN
HEAVEN, COMBINATIONS WITH CHRIST AND JESUS,
OTHER PROPER NAMES IN GREAT NUMBERS SAY OF
LOVED ONES FOR THE MOST PART AND CHERISHED
HAUNTS....

Samuel Beckett – All Strange Away

FOR THE FILM-MAKER MUST COME BY HIS
CONVENTION, AS PAINTERS AND WRITERS AND
MUSICIANS HAVE DONE BEFORE HIM.

Virginia Woolf



SO BEGAN THEIR LOVE, THE BOY HAPPY AND AMAZED, SHE HAPPY AND NOT SURPRISED AT ALL (NOTHING HAPPENS BY CHANCE TO GIRLS). IT WAS THE LOVE SO LONG AWAITED BY COSIMO AND WHICH HAD NOW INEXPLICABLY ARRIVED, AND SO LOVELY THAT HE COULD NOT IMAGINE HOW HE HAD EVEN THOUGHT IT LOVELY BEFORE. AND THE THING NEWEST TO HIM WAS THAT IT WAS SO SIMPLE, AND THE BOY AT THAT MOMENT THOUGHT IT MUST BE LIKE THAT ALWAYS....

Italo Calvino - Baron In The Trees

MY BRAIN HUMS WITH SCRAPS OF POETRY AND MADNESS.

Virginia Woolf





SCENE 28

Exterior & Interior. Ival house. Morning.

Freya: Because I'm leaving you I've decided to let you kiss me.

Freya lies down flat on the floor, legs together, arms by her side, like a patient on the surgeon's table. She lifts up her shirt, baring her tummy, but stopping before the bosom. Alex is nervous. He bends over to kiss her but Freya pushes him away.

Freya: No, not on the mouth - here.

She arches her back, offering up her navel. Alex leans over her and pecks her delicately.

Freya: I want you to kiss me properly, like you were kissing me on the lips.
Alex leans over again, obedient.

Freya: Make it wet first.

She takes Alex's hand, licks it and guides his fingers over her navel. Alex leans over and kisses her fully, but his action is squelching and clumsy. Freya pulls his head up.

Freya: Push your tongue in.

Alex ducks his head back down to her navel.





Lek is watching the siblings from the back of the kitchen. Freya throws her head back and closes her eyes. Alex is moving up her tummy towards her breasts. He tries to lift her shirt up but she holds it down, so he kisses her through the shirt. Tickled, she pushes him away. He sits up straight, banging his head on a low shelf. Freya laughs, Alex rubs his head. She pulls him back down to her navel. He kisses her again, this time moving down towards her knickers. Suddenly he twangs the elastic with his teeth.

Freya: (giggling) Don't.

Alex looks up, innocent. Freya smiles nervously. His fingers pull at the top of her pants, revealing a thin band of pubic hair.

Freya: What are you doing?

Alex is deaf to the question. With his head hovering above her waist, he cups his hand and begins to squeeze between her legs. Freya clamps her legs together.

Freya: Stop it. She pushes forcefully at his head, and tries to wriggle free but Alex is too strong for her. It makes her more distressed.

Freya: No... Don't Alex, pack it in...

The larder door slams back. Ivul stands at the threshold, Lek by his side.

Ivul: You animals. Filthy animals! (RUSSIAN expletives)

He drags Alex out of the larder, punching and kicking him as he goes.

Ivul: Get from out of my sight. Dirty! Outside! GO!

Ivul barges Alex all the way down the hall to the front door. Then he stops, exhausted. Alex turns to face his father with steely eyes.

Ivul: If I see you ever again.... (A barrage of Russian expletives) If you ever set feet on my land I'll, You'll.... You will die...Get Out!

Alex walks out of the house and across the lawn. He stops, turns around and stomps back towards the house.

Ivul: Away you filth! You greasy pigs....

It looks as though Alex will walk straight back into his father but instead he climbs the steps to the roof terrace and then using the brick-work, window ledges and ivy, he scrambles up the high sloping roof. It's a difficult climb but Alex's fury spurs him on.





AND WE USED TO COUNT THE HOURS AND THE DAYS
HE HAD BEEN UP ON THE TREES AND OUR FATHER
WOULD SAY; HE'S MAD! HE HAS A DEVIL IN HIM!

IVUL



“WHY DO YOU MAKE ME SUFFER?”

“BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.”

NOW IT WAS HIS TURN TO GET ANGRY. “NO, NO, YOU DON’T LOVE ME! PEOPLE IN LOVE WANT HAPPINESS, NOT PAIN!”

“PEOPLE IN LOVE WANT ONLY LOVE, EVEN AT THE COST OF PAIN.”

“THEN YOU’RE MAKING PEOPLE SUFFER ON PURPOSE.”

“YES, TO SEE IF YOU LOVE ME.”

THE BARON’S PHILOSOPHY WOULD NOT GO ANY FURTHER. “PAIN IS A NEGATIVE STATE OF THE SOUL.”

“LOVE IS ALL.”

“PAIN SHOULD ALWAYS BE FOUGHT AGAINST.”

“LOVE REFUSES NOTHING.”

“SOME THINGS I’LL NEVER ADMIT.”

“OH YES, YOU DO, NOW, FOR YOU LOVE ME AND YOU SUFFER.”

Italo Calvino - Baron In The Trees

I AM ROOTED, BUT I FLOW.

Virginia Woolf





WHILST AT OTHER TIMES, HE IMAGINED FLYING UP TO THE HEAVENS SO THAT HE COULD GAZE DOWN AND SEE HOW INSIGNIFICANT ALL HUMAN CONCERNS WERE FROM SUCH A DISTANCE. SENECA DID THIS TOO: PLACE BEFORE YOUR MIND'S EYE THE VAST SPREAD OF TIME'S ABYSS AND CONSIDER THE UNIVERSE; AND THEN CONTRAST OUR SO-CALLED HUMAN LIFE WITH INFINITY.....

LEK



THE ZONE IS A PLACE OF UNCOMPROMISED AND UNBLEMISHED VALUE. IT IS ONE OF THE FEW TERRITORIES LEFT – POSSIBLY THE ONLY ONE – WHERE THE RIGHTS TO TOP GEAR HAVE NOT BEEN SOLD: A PLACE OF REFUGE AND SANCTUARY.

Geoff Dyer – Zona





JANE: "Thank you for protecting me."

TARZAN: "Me?"

JANE: "I said, thank you for protecting me."

TARZAN: (Pointing at her.) "Me?"

JANE: "No. I'm only 'Me' for me."

TARZAN: (Pointing at Jane again.) "Me."

JANE: "No. To you, I'm 'You.'"

TARZAN: (Pointing at himself.) "You."

JANE: "No. I'm Jane Parker. Understand? Jane. Jane."

TARZAN: (Pointing at her.) "Jane. Jane. Jane."

JANE: "Yes, Jane! (She points at him.) And, you? (She points at herself again.) Jane."

TARZAN: (Pointing at her) "Jane."

JANE: "And you? (Pointing at him.) You?"

TARZAN: (Jabbing himself in the chest.) "Tarzan! Tarzan!"

JANE: "Tarzan!"

TARZAN: (Pointing at her and them himself.) "Jane. Tarzan."





NO I'M NOT COMING DOWN INTO YOUR GARDEN OR INTO MINE NEVER AGAIN. IT'S ALL ENEMY TERRITORY TO ME.

Italo Calvino - Baron in the Trees

TROTSKY DEFENDED SHOOTING HOSTAGES IN THE RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR, DISMISSING CRITICISM AS 'QUAKER-VEGETARIAN CHATTER'.

NEITHER LENIN NOR TROTSKY EVER QUESTIONED THE LEGITIMACY OF TORTURE, WHICH THE SOVIET REGIME USED ROUTINELY FROM THE TIME IT CAME TO POWER.

FOR THESE PROGRESSIVES TORTURE WAS AN ESSENTIAL WEAPON IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY.

AND THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN TODAY

LEK





EXILED THUCYDIDES KNEW
ALL THAT A SPEECH CAN SAY
ABOUT DEMOCRACY,
AND WHAT DICTATORS DO,
THE ELDERLY RUBBISH THEY TALK
TO AN APATHETIC GRAVE;
ANALYZED ALL IN HIS BOOK,
THE ENLIGHTENMENT DRIVEN AWAY,
THE HABIT-FORMING PAIN,
MISMANAGEMENT AND GRIEF:
WE MUST SUFFER THEM ALL AGAIN.

W.H. Auden – September 1st 1939



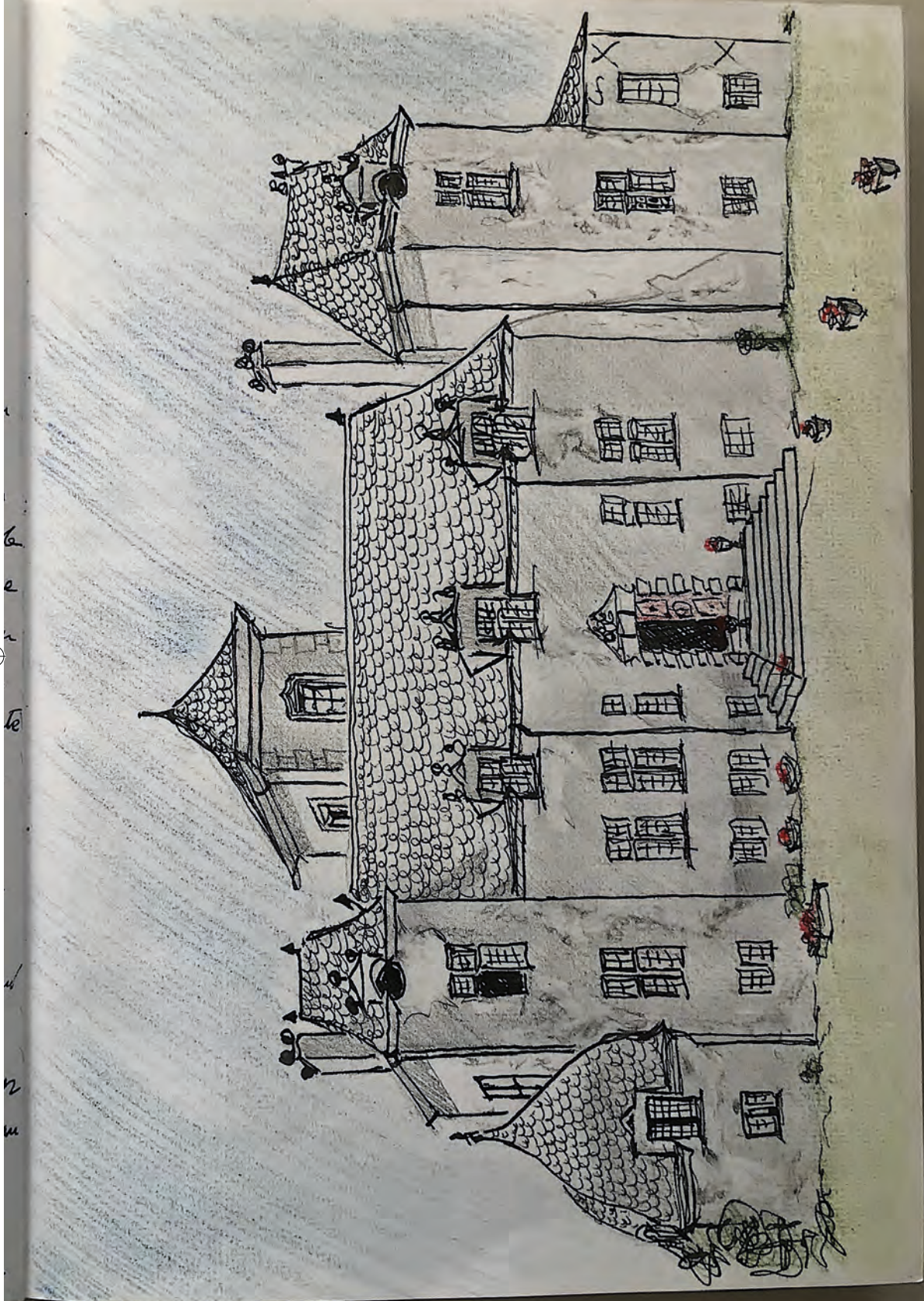
齐力的本子

九

3 juillet 2008
Sept 2009

Xavier Tchili
Journal 2009

Une bien belle journée. Nous amayons les costumes
préparés par Andrew. J'ai bord Adelaide puis c'est mon
tour. J'ai une vraie alme d'émigré russe, droit
dans les bottes en son costard. Dejeuné notre grande
tablee dehors, à l'ombre mais le soleil cogno. Puis
c'est le tour d'Estelle et les jumelles manon & Capucine
d'amayer leur belle robes, ayant appartenu à Lisa la soeur
d'Andrew quand elle était petite, jolie robes de princesses.
Je domine dans la pelouse pendant ce temps, à l'ombre d'un
beau chêne, tout à l'heure je tirais la montagne de l'ame
sous un Grumeaux(?) Calme et tranquile. Dans l'après midi
les quatre enfants tout sont filmé en train de jouer ensemble
et d'improviser, tous s'amuzent beaucoup avec le chien comme
manote. La complicité est parfaite. En suite c'est piscine pour
tout le monde, quel classe ce tournage... Enfin ce n'est pas
encore commencé mais l'ambiance est pour l'instant excellente
Nous jouons Andrew et moi à du lauer le manon et Capucine
dans la Piscine, ce qui me rappelle le fameux lauer de Louise
du temps jadis... Puis je suis eubauchi pour aller tourner un
plan en "time laps" j'seins pas comment ça s'écrit mais c'est
pas si facile. Tenir une pause puis un mouvement extrêmement
valent au près de 10 minutes, quasi immobile, pour arriver à
un plan final de maxi 25 secondes qui pourra avoiri bien durer
20, 15, 10 ou cinq secondes mais qui sera vraiment très beau
puisque l'on verra le soleil diminuer en accélérando sur le
manoir et le champ de maïs. Voilà une première
vraie et bien belle journée, que du bonheur





LEK'S SHOES AT
LOUYRE WINDOW



31.07.08

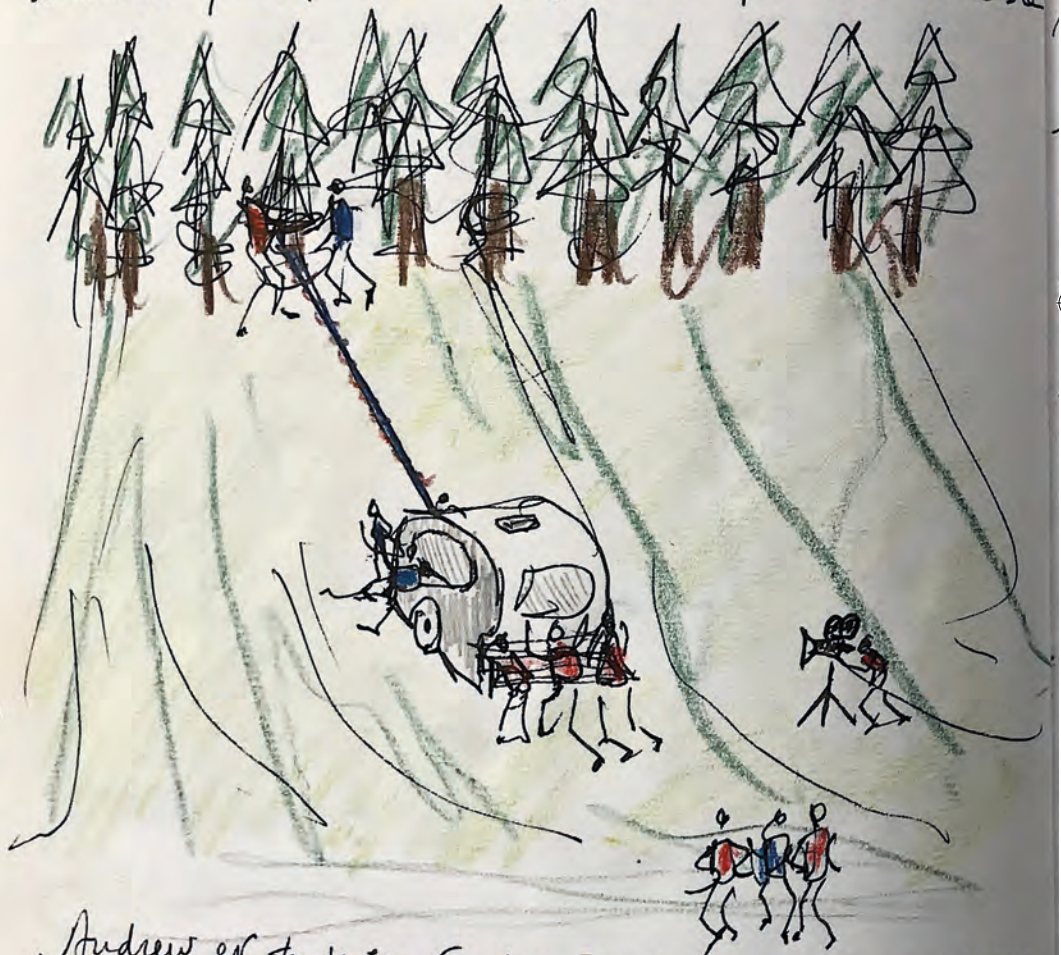


Tu es tranquille
Et finalement
Pas si tranquille
Tu cherches quoi ?
Tu ne sais pas
Des images vont
Et viennent
Tu te fabrique
Des scènes
Mais elles sont
Mal jouées
Non abouties
Tu reste planté là
Surtout faire .
Tu prend plaisir
Au chose
Et aux gens
Et tu n'ose
Qu'un instant.
Puis un autre
Viens et
S'en va
Avec une autre
Et ça va
Pas pour toi
Pourtant
Tu t'en fous
Vraiment
Au fond
C'est tout bon
Mais ça compte
Pour de bon

Nigel et Ute
T'accueillent
Dans leur maison
Magnifique
Perdue dans la montagne
En face d'autres
Montagnes
En haut, Montsegur
Domine la situation
Alors que cet après midi
Tu aurais pu mourir
Au milieu de ce lac de
Montagne
A te baigner trop vite
Après la balade
Chaud et froid
Tes jambes sont de bois
Te font un mal terrible
Impossible de te relever
Au milieu du lac
Et j'étais mort
Bizarre
De te retrouver le soir
Pendant un whisky
Avec Nigel dans son Bar
Devant Fitzgerald
L'étrange gentleman
A la figure de démon
Qui voue un culte ... A Carno .

Arnegors d'adoption
Kötting, un réalisateur en pays cathare
Le Parfum du Cinéma!

Comment on se met a plusieurs pour aider a monter la
Caravane on the top of the hill. On n'a pas bien haut
mais on tente de faire le maximum. J'ai pas très
confiance dans la corde, puis lorsqu'on lâche le moulin,
à cause du poids, le moulin n'est pas très contrôlable



Andrew est très puissant, et contrôle la caravane presque
à lui tout seul pour la descente. Ungers qui se donne
les moyens. Un dimanche, il a débroussaillé derrière l'arbre
pour aller un peu feu avec pompiers. Il y est allé la même

Un dévoué griffant ses bras et ses jambes aux trois
nombreuses roues. Nick est blessé à l'œil sans être trop
grave est embêtant. Nous le rejoignons en fin d'après-midi
avec Nigel mais il faut avouer que nous manquons de
motivation. Ça est un support moral surtout.

Les Anglais là sont des durs, Andrew est très dur.
Excessivement généreux, et émotionnel sur le tournage, tout le
monde l'apprécie énormément, mais son différend et la
querelle avec Emily et David l'oblige à être encore plus dur
avec eux pour faire la morale à leur maladresse, tristesse et
mauvaise humeur et protéger l'équipe. Quelle force!

Il ne veut pas être contaminé par la "productivité" comme
me il la donne et sa force de résistance lui permet de
conserver une équipe soudée autour de son projet que
tout le monde aime. Il a beaucoup de ces amis ici
auprès de lui. Nick, Gary, Amélie et moi, il se blottit
et nous étreint mais c'est un champion qui garde son
enthousiasme et ne renonce jamais.

Je regarde ce film me disant "mais que puis-je faire
de mieux?" mais je ne peux rien faire de mieux! Je suis en
attente de ce que je pourrais participer à ce film et tout
change, je n'ai pas l'impression de faire l'acteur, mais d'être
juste une présence. Je suis bien dans la maison de Loupe
c'est déjà ça "like au théâtre en Suisse" Ho Ho !!!
Et les dents délectables qui mangent leurs pain blanc dans
mon estomac et qui comme des démons cherchent à
m'arracher pour faire bouillir de mon âme noire et non
endurait aux expériences de ma vie. Je me nome l'itin,
et avance masqué. Mais enfin, je me pèle sans après
jours et malgré la résistance du moi fêlé de perdre le besoin
de gloire et de reconnaissance et cherche la paix.



Caravannaldo

En l'air avenue
Tout les gars
Mais des filles
Aussi
Montent la Caravane
D'Heys
Moi je dors
Et comme par
Magie
meveille
A temps
Puis vous dans
l'allec
Pour la rejoindre
Et l'on pousse
Pousse Pousse et Pousse
Jusqu'à se retrouver
En haut
Enfin
Calme et tranquille
Première étape
Posée.
maintenant, il faut
la ville
Caravané,
la montée
Dans le vieux
mais solide
Noyer.
Dont la Branche
Attend
Bien fortifiée.

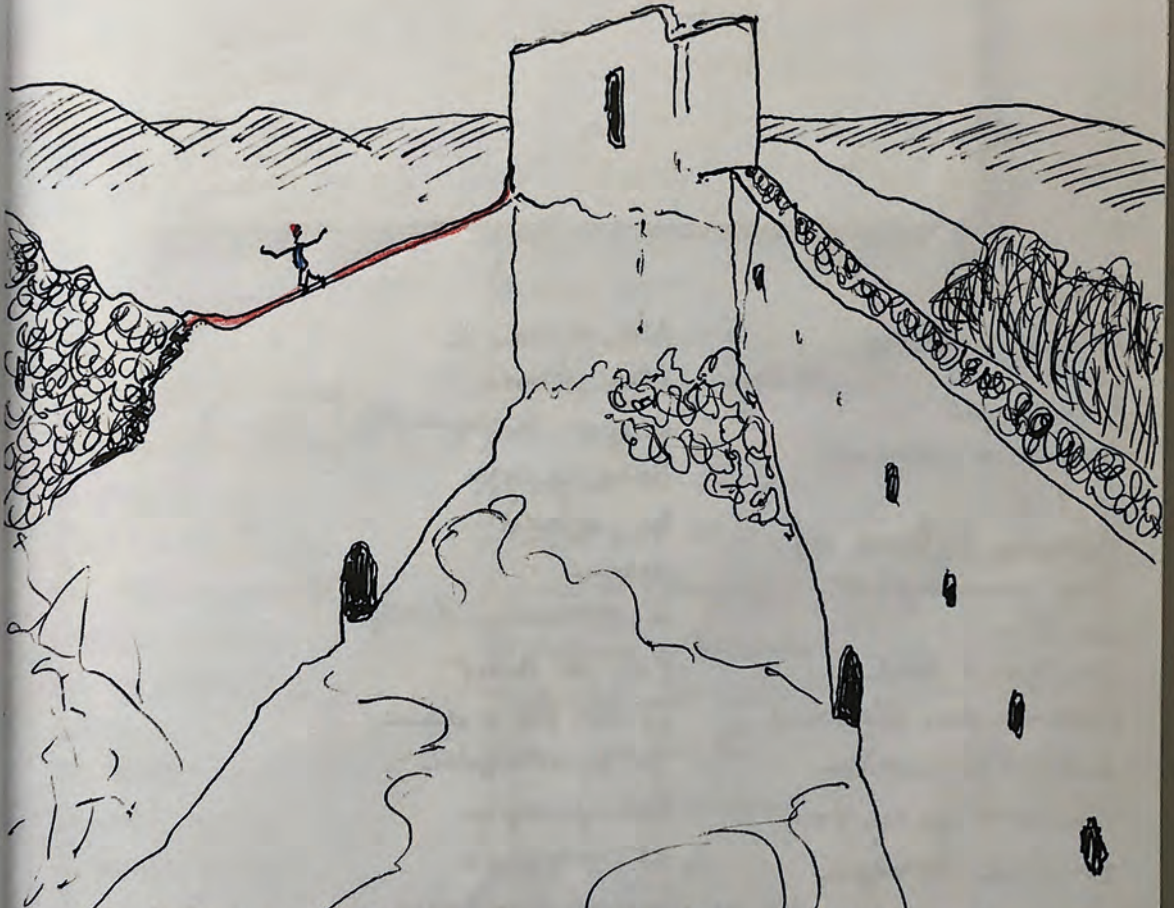
Palant, Poudre
Corde, acier
Marmite et mouquetous
Amour
Tous trous
Maintenant
A fond
Puis dégageous
l'Avant
loigné dans la Tène
Qu'elle doit
Quitter.
Mais d'un coup
Crac
Corde vieille
Lache
Nous unies en fouettant
David
Le Premier
Au sol
Lui, nous, tous
Et elle
la Caravané
Patate Badaboum
Chute et redchute
Boule et se couche
En le flam
En son côté droit
Elle est la
maintenant
calme et tranquille
Posée,

The last scene

Cela tente d'étendre
Le feu
Qui il a déclanché
Mais qui
Malgré lui
Dans la caravane
A pû
Et tout brûlé
Alex aussi
Disparu
Dans les flammes
De l'enfer
C'est les autres...
Ravard du grand
Brasier d'acier
Où nous avons brûlé
La caravane
C'est Jordan
Qui a tout tu bien
Installé
Pour faire un grand
Piranca
Qui brûle fort
Et longtemps.
Dans la nuit
Silencieuse de la forêt
Le Noyer
Majoritaire
A fermé le coup

Mais des branches
Et un tronc
Étaient pleins de feu
De braises
Et brâient tout rouge
L'arbre à mort
Grave
Puis au bout de vingt
minutes
Le plan fut long
Intensément les papyrus
L'eau jaillit
Puisante des lances
Gonflées d'eau
Contre l'incandescence
Lutte à mort
Pour enfin se faire
En fumée
Épaisse et grise
Hommes du feu
Dans les lieux
De la nuit
Américaine
Cinema
L'arbre a souffert
La caravane
N'est plus que
Cendres

Le dernier plan



Une équipe réduite se retrouve à Montseron pour accompagner
Jacob dans son dernier plan et fêter ensembles, le dernier
plan du film. Nous sommes au sommet du monde de Kaitiaki
Battu par les vents, heureux, partageant deux bouteilles de Glauquette de Limoux
et deux paquets de Shims. Le film se termine comme il a commencé, dans
une scène symbolique, comme la première où toute la famille se réunissait
accueillant J.L. Bideau. On a tous un peu froid sous cette nuit torrante,
la nuit, au lieu de cette chaleur de pyramides qui s'étend à l'infini, mais nous
sommes pleins d'écarts dans la tête et le cœur, pleins d'émotion qui nous a été
donnée par Andrew pour faire ce film ensemble, c'est beau, vraiment beau.



WRAP Party
Fête de dernière
ou
dernière fête
de qui se retourner
la Tête
Ailleurs
ou à l'envers
Sans poser les pieds
Par terre
Musique à fond
Personne aux alentours
de Nigel la maison
Plus isolée qu'une tour
en face montagne
et à perte de vue
forêts, arbres et vallées
Montagnes pour le plus
Hautes
"Les Montées"
Sont très haut
Très beaux

Nous vi nous là
Deux jours
De quoi se regonfler
Dans ce coin
De paradis
Unique
Le morceau d'aviège
Fier et Dext.
Quelle fête à danser
Boire et rigoler
Poter pingue
Et relâcher
Le feu qui brûle
En baxero
Tout si candescent
Gin tonno
Et tout en haut
faire la même
Au temps qui file
Comme les étoiles

Dans ce ciel d'Asut
ça fuse et ça flic
Dix par minute
Je les regardais
Plus tard
En attendant
C'est Marilyn
La Star
"Asphalte jungle"
Mais ça
c'est le lendemain
Après la gueule
de bois
toutes ces gueules
De cinema
tu veux tu
en voilà
Gribet ds sardines
Patates au curry
Encore du Gin
Dernière ballade
En caisse pourie
Petites routes
Et lavela net
Courses
Et BNP
Demain aprim'
Il faut rentrer
Mais avant
Tranquille et calme
Take your time
Bon les amigos
Before you leave
English Breakfast
Before you go
To Blagnac

Aerqueto
De Toulouse
C'est pas d'la loose
C'est Paris
Only
Où douc et du
Pani mon amour
Toujours
Galère de x i'houer
Ou joue à cache-cache
ou quoi?
Notre blues bar
Est à quatre heures
Derrière moi
C'est pas si loin
Mais c'est un monde
Entre les deux
Aérogare et Athon
Grand air et Nuages
Rivières et Canyon
La France à travers
Tourne sol et raves
Champs et cités
fleurs et canaux
Mais ça y est
maintenant on est
Rentré
Et par de bon
La descente
Est consommé
Regarde les photos
C'est énorme

VIA. L'équipe du film « Ivul » a quitté le château de vignes à Sault-de-Navailles, après avoir aidé sa propriétaire à réparer les dégâts de la tempête

Une tornade en clap de fin

Tardiveau

C'était le dernier jour de tournage, samedi 26 juillet, vers 1 heure du soir. Il se souvient Thais de Lambert des Granges. « Le réalisateur avait de finir une scène en disant qu'il aurait voulu que le temps se gâte pour mieux habiller le scénario à cette fin du mois de juillet. Mon souhait a été exaucé, là de ses espérances. Heureuses, la comtesse se précipita, dans le fracas d'une tornade qui ébranla le château. « Le coup de vent a été terrible. Les fenêtres de la tour se sont battaient à se rompre. Les câbles plus ni téléphone, ni télévision. Et des trombes d'eau sont abattues. » Malheureusement, le cinéaste Andrew Kottling et son équipe n'étaient pas venus en profiter, puisqu'ils étaient allés au lycée Francis-Jametz.

l'équipe a aidé. Au lever du jour, la châtelaine est désolée. Son parc de trois hectares est sinistré. De gros arbres sont tombés et autres débris jonchent les alentours. Des débris jonchent l'escalier de la tour carrée du XIX^e siècle.

L'équipe du film est venue spontanément leur offrir son aide. Chacun s'est chargé d'une tâche. L'actrice, Aurélien Balay, a marché après la pluie de l'escalier, la comtesse, Émilie Blézat, s'est précipitée d'une tronçonneuse pour couper les bois. Au final, tous ont obtenu un grand secours. »

Il était assez cocasse de voir des morceaux sur le sol. Le film n'en était pas très loin. Avec Jean-Pierre en tête d'affiche, il raconte la histoire « assez spé-



Thais de Lambert des Granges a passé un mois de juillet plutôt mouvementé grâce au tournage d'un film qui a utilisé comme décor le cadre de son château à Sault-de-Navailles

PHOTO BERTRAND

cialité », racontant les vicissitudes d'une famille d'émigrés russes.

« **Je me suis régalée.** » Malgré les ennuis, Thais de Lambert des Granges ne mâche pas son plaisir d'avoir accueilli toute la troupe d'« Ivul » tout au long

du mois de juillet. « Cela a été créé beaucoup d'animation. » Bien que n'étant pas cinéphile, elle a goûté la frénésie qui préside à un tournage : « Je me suis régalée ». Avant de partir dans l'Ariège pour terminer ses prises, l'équipe d'Andrew

Kottling est restée une semaine de soirée dans le château pour remettre de ces péripéties de pot de départ qui a rassuré tous les artisans de la région avec en guise d'adieu, un dîner improvisé mêlant des plats russes, italiens et béarnais.

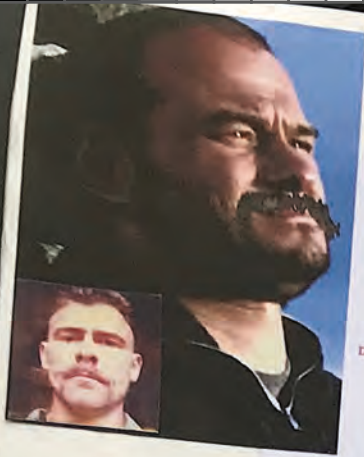
Andrew Kötting Ivul Notebook 2008

SPIRAL BOUND – A3 DALER – as with the THIS FILTHY EARTH NOTEBOOK the notes hereunder became vital pre/during/post the shooting of the film. The script pages to the left were printed onto white paper and those on the right onto yellow paper. Collaged notes, images and ideas drift throughout.

Alexander Ivul
(Dögstar Bög)

2008





Scene 1

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, IN THE FRENCH PYRENEES.

1 EXT. FALAISE LAVELANET DAY

A man approaches (OLD SUIT AND COLLARLESS SHIRT) a cliff edge dragging a trailer on which the corpses of two LAMBS are laid.

He heaves the cart up a muddy bank, catching his breath, he picks up the foal and carries it to the cliff edge.

DOG BARKING ON THE SOUNDTRACK

Scene 2

2 EXT. FALAISE LAVELANET. DAY

The LAMB falls end over end in slow-motion and silence. Then the second dead animal and shockingly, a loud piercing screech as it snags momentarily on a cliff-face tree.

It continues its fall, smashing against rocks, exploding AS IT HITS THE GROUND.

TITLE:

ALEXANDER IVUL
(DOG STAR BOY)

Scene 3

3 EXT. IVUL ESTATE. ARBORETUM - DAY

It's late summer, the trees are impossibly green, the air is still, syrup-thick.

ANDREI IVUL (68), (OLD SUIT AND TIE) handsome, thick-haired, vigorous despite the years, climbs a ladder to the low-slung branch of an apple tree. In the background we see a large rundown manor house: the Ivul family home.

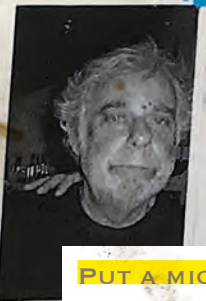
A rotten branch hangs above his head. He takes a hatchet to it, swinging with real venom. He stops, catches his breath, the ladder creaks.

Handing in a state to support a rotten tree.

front of house popping up free. summer high stakes to support it.



Mic up carcasses?



PUT A MICROPHONE INTO THE CARCASSES - THROW THEM FROM THE CLIFF TOPS - LET'S HEAR IT LAND - THE NOISE SHOULD BE PAINFUL AND DIFFICULT.

Stan Brakhage DOG STAR BOY

198 Earthworks - Herover

Scene 1

dogs looking at the
sandtract

SCENE 1. EXT. JOUR - FALAISE DE LAVELANET

Un homme chauve et solide arrive au bord d'une falaise, il tire une remorque dans laquelle reposent les corps de deux agneaux.

Il pousse la remorque jusqu'à un talus boueux, reprend son souffle, s'empare d'un agneau et le porte au bord de la falaise.

Scene 2
SCENE 2. EXT. JOUR - SOMMET DE LA FALAISE

Silence. L'agneau dégringole au ralenti ; puis le deuxième poulain. Puis soudain, un cri strident retentit, lorsqu'il est momentanément retenu par un arbre à flanc de falaise...

Il continue sa chute, frappe la roche, et explose au contact du sol.

Alexander
TITRE: IVUL

(Dog Star Boy)

Scene 3

SCENE 3. EXT. JOUR - DOMAINE DES IVUL - ARBORETUM / FORET DE BELESTA - PYRENEES

C'est la fin de l'été, les arbres sont incroyablement verts, l'air est immobile, presque palpable.

ANDREI IVUL (68 ans), bel homme, à la chevelure épaisse, vigoureux malgré les années, monte à l'échelle sous la branche tombante d'un pommier. En arrière plan, on distingue un grand manoir décrépit : la demeure de la famille Ivul.

Au-dessus de sa tête, une branche pourrie est suspendue. Il se sert d'une hachette, se débat avec véhémence. Il s'arrête, reprend son souffle, l'échelle craque. Il attaque la branche de nouveau, mais elle est trop épaisse.





TWINS



The twins might also be playing the copying game w/ Jonathan burrows - hands & feet etc on chairs

192?

Lek's moving the lawn *
Lek's moving the lawn *

Scene 4

4 INT. IVUL HOUSE. LOUNGE - DAY

ALEX IVUL (15) (JEANS AND T SHIRT AND SHIRT) is lying on his back at the feet of his sister FREYA (18) (DRESS AND BUNCHES IN HAIR) who's sitting on a sofa reading aloud from a book of Russian poetry.

CAPUCINE and MANON (8), (DRESSES) their twin sisters, sit on the floor close by, taking it in turns to make Chinese burns on each other's wrist.

Alex is lost in the incredible sounds Freya is making. Looking up at her: the strange shapes of her mouth, the complicated furrows on her forehead. She doesn't notice him.

Alex returns to the sofa, burrows his head onto Freya's lap. Still she ignores him.

① Alex copies her Russian sounds!

Now he lifts his head so it's between her and the book, she can't see the poem, he has to make it up. Now he can join in the recital, nonsense in a Russian accent...

She cracks him with the book, he falls to the floor. She carries on reading.

Moments later he's still lying there... The twins are sucked in.

He's dead. CAPUCINE

MANON I can make the dead talk.

MANON drops her weight on to Alex's stomach, winding him, but he doesn't move or make a sound. She takes his finger and bends it backwards. Still no reaction.

Meanwhile CAPUCINE hovers above his face, staring hard into his open unblinking eyes. She lets a bead of spit fall from her mouth; it bobs and hovers an inch above his eye...

It falls as Alex springs to his feet with a roar. The twins run out screaming. Alex looks to Freya.

Kids huh? FREYA

Alex chases after the twins.

SPIT?

All 3
still
while
Freya
reads
Alex watches
Freya +
twins watch
Alex
- she pretends
to be older

Scene 5

5 INT. IVUL HOUSE. IVUL'S STUDY - DAY

The room is huggy muggy, thick with botanical paraphernalia; there are plants, clippings, anatomical sketches, all manner of seeds in mounted glass cases, and here and there a dash of Russia; a bearskin rug, a broken balalika, a painting of a Cossack battle. AN OLD PROJECTOR AND BOXES OF OLD CINE FILMS. In one corner a Grandfather clock ticks erratically.

Ivul is hunched at his desk, (SAME SUIT AND TIE) a large tome open before him with diagrams of various grafting procedures. He uses a scalpel to remove the shoot of a shrub.

Below we hear the muffled sounds of child's play.



Earthworks 2: Heaveover

Scene 4

SCENE 4. INT. JOUR – MAISON – SÉJOUR

ALEX IVUL (15 ans) est allongé sur le dos, aux pieds de sa sœur FREYA (18 ans) qui est assise sur le canapé, en train de lire à haute voix un livre de poésie russe. Ils ont l'air de vivre cloîtrés: la peau pâle, les cheveux à hauteur d'épaule, frangés, pantalons de velours élimés, pull-overs étriqués.

CAPUCINE et MANON (8 ans), leurs sœurs jumelles, sont assises par terre près d'eux, elles jouent à se faire des «tortures chinoises» sur les poignets.

Alex est absorbé par les sons incroyables que fait Freya.

Il a les yeux levés vers elle; la forme étrange que prend sa bouche, le plissement compliqué de son front. Elle ne prête pas attention à lui.

Il se lève, nerveux, va à la fenêtre; Ivul est dans la pelouse, il rentre en traversant la pelouse avec un panier de branches coupées. ~~Les sœurs vont prendre la suite.~~

Elle lui assène un coup avec le livre, il tombe par terre. Elle se remet à lire.

Quelques temps plus tard, il est toujours étendu par terre. Les jumelles sont fascinées.

CAPUCINE
Il est mort.

MANON
Je sais faire parler les morts.

Manon s'étale de tout son poids sur l'estomac d'Alex, se laisse aller complètement, mais il ne bouge pas et reste muet. Elle lui tord le doigt. Toujours pas de réaction.

Pendant ce temps, Capucine est penchée sur son visage, le regard plongé dans les yeux grands ouverts d'Alex. Elle laisse une perle de salive s'échapper de sa bouche; la salive est en suspension à quelques centimètres de son œil...

Elle tombe lorsque Alex se redresse en poussant un rugissement. Les jumelles prennent la fuite en hurlant. Alex regarde Freya.

FREYA
Des gamins, hein ?

Alex se lance à la poursuite des jumelles.

Scene 5

SCENE 5. INT. JOUR – BUREAU

La pièce est en pagaille, remplie de matériel de botanique; il y a des plantes, des boutures, des croquis d'anatomie, toutes sortes de graines dans un tas de boîtes en verre, et ici et là, quelques touches de Russie; une peau d'ours, une balalaïka cassée, un tableau représentant une bataille à l'époque cosaque, un portrait de Pouchkine, un vieux projecteur et des boîtes contenant de vieux films. Dans un coin, une vieille horloge comtoise émet un tic-tac fantaisiste.

Ivul se tient penché à son bureau, un gros ouvrage devant lui, avec les diagrammes de divers procédés de greffe. Il se sert d'un scalpel pour ôter la pousse d'un arbuste.

On entend le bruit étouffé des enfants qui jouent.

Alex regarde le canapé, blottit sa tête sur les cuisses de Freya. Elle continue à l'ignorer. A présent, il fixe la tête pour l'intercaler entre Freya et son livre, elle ne voit plus le poème et doit relever le livre. Maintenant il peut participer à la récitation, des mots absurdes prononcés avec un accent russe.

ALEX IS LOST IN THE INCREDIBLE SOUNDS THAT FREYA IS MAKING

- ALEX COPIES HER: ОН СМОТРИТ В РОТ СВОИХ СЕСТЕР И НЕ

ВИДИТ НИЧЕГО, КРОМЕ ЛЮБВИ

(RUSSIAN WORDS)

THE TWINS DROP THEIR WEIGHT ONTO ALEX'S STOMACH AND

WIND HIM.

Capucine
It's out of date. That's illegal → continue

All gathered
around the
fill.

MARIE (EMBARRASSED)
CAPUCINE!

JOSEPHINE
Quick, call the police. ✓

MANON
We'll take it for ten pence. ✓

CAPUCINE
Silence costs more. ✓

MARIE
What do you know about silence?

Marie gives Josephine some money for the ice cream and ushers the twins out of the shop. ✓

c/v
MONK + GRAME
no

Mon and Marquis's other daughter are behind
the counter watching... maybe one of them
is @ the meat counter. ✓

A (Coun Project
and Screen has
been set up.

16 INT. IVUL HOUSE. STUDY - NIGHT

Ivul (SAME SUIT AND TIE) sits in an armchair by an open fire with Freya (NIGHT DRESS AND DRESSING GOWN) perched on his knee. She's looking through a photo-album OR POSSIBLY SOME ARCHIVE FOOTAGE ON AN OLD PROJECTOR

FREYA
How big was the estate? ✓

IVUL
Most of it had been carved up by the time I was born. There was a farm and an orchard and a tiny lake. ✓

FREYA
And serfs? ✓

IVUL (Chuckling)
Serfs, no. Only Lek's parents and they were like a part of the family until... ✓

Ivul is pensive as his sentence trails off. ✓

FREYA
Tell me more. ✓

IVUL (hesitating)
He's followed me everywhere, since he could walk... like a shadow. . . . ✓

He takes the album from her. There's a photograph of a giant winter forest. ✓

IVUL (Changing the subject CONT'D)
Look - A whole forest of silver birch, a hundred thousand of them, more. ✓

FREYA
Was that ~~over~~ ? ✓

IVUL
No. It wasn't far away though. If you see one you can bring me a clipping home. ✓

He kisses her on the forehead. ✓

IVUL (CONT'D)
I better check on our 'man'. ✓

FREYA
(in Russian)
Good-night dad.



Ivul cries *
alone after Freya has
gone to bed

→ contd 15

CAPUCINE
Elles sont périmées, c'est illégal.

MARIE (Génée)
Capucine !

JOSEPHINE
Vite, appelle la police.

MANON
On te l'achète à 10 centimes.

CAPUCINE
Le silence, ça coûte plus cher.

MARIE
Qu'est-ce que tu sais du silence, toi ?

Marie paie la glace à Joséphine.

JOSEPHINE
Elles vont te manquer quand elles iront à l'école.

MARIE
Ça ira.

Elle sort du magasin avec les jumelles.

SCENE 16. INT. JOUR - MAISON - BUREAU

Ivul est assis dans un fauteuil près de la cheminée, Freya est appuyée sur ses genoux. Elle regarde un album de photos ou visionne un film d'archives sur le vieux projecteur.

FREYA
C'était une grande propriété ?

IVUL
La majeure partie a été vendue avant ma naissance.
Il y avait une exploitation, un verger et un tout petit lac.

FREYA
Et des serfs ?

IVUL
(Avec un petit rire)
Des serfs, non. Seulement les parents de Lek,
ils faisaient partie de la famille jusqu'à...

Ivul termine sa phrase d'un air songeur.

FREYA
Dis moi en plus.

IVUL
(hésitant)
Il me suit partout depuis qu'il sait marcher... comme une ombre.

Il lui prend l'album des mains.
Il y a une photo représentant une énorme forêt, en hiver.

IVUL
(changeant de sujet)
Regarde - Une forêt entière de bouleaux argentés,
des centaines de milliers, voire plus.

FREYA
C'était à nous ?

IVUL
Non. Mais ce n'était pas loin.
Si tu en vois un, ramène-moi une pousse.

Il lui dépose un baiser sur le front.

IVUL
Je ferais mieux d'aller voir ce que fait notre «homme».

FREYA
(En russe)
Bonne nuit, papa.

ROTTEN A

GO

THE FLORI
ANNET

TH



Christmas decorations
by bed? very simple.
twins with a stocking
each?



71 EXT. FOREST - DAY

The trees have been pillaged by the winter. Nothing moves, nothing makes a sound.

Far away from the village, high in an old gnarled oak, there's a tarpaulin stretched loosely over a crooked wooden frame. It looks like a collapsed tent. The surrounding branches are festooned with stringed tin cans, rope, nylons, bright orange polythene bags, all manner of detritus, arranged so haphazardly it looks like it's been blown up there by a powerful storm.

72 INT. IVUL HOUSE - DUSK

Lek (SUIT AND COLLARLESS SHIRT) is outside Ivul's study. He just stands WITH HIS EAR AGAINST THE WALL and looks at the door. From inside we hear Ivul playing Russian music on the record player.

73 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The sky is clear, the moon a sharp-pointed crescent. The striking silhouette of a dead tree.

Alex is huddled like a bat in a crow's nest at the very top, his breath like smoke in the night air. He looks perilously thin and drawn. His hair's matted. He's shivering.

74 INT. IVUL BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

Marie is fast asleep on her own. The door opens slowly: CAPUCINE and MANON (PYJAMAS) bolt through and dive on to the bed. Marie yelps.

CAPUCINE
Merry Christmas Mummy!

She kisses her.

MARIE
What time is it?

MANON
Where's daddy?

Marie realises she's slept alone.

MARIE
He's finishing the wrapping.

CAPUCINE
He should have done that yesterday?

MARIE
Yes he should, but it's difficult to wrap a pony - oops.

The twins bash Marie with a pillow.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Enough.

The girls snuggle up to Marie.

CAPUCINE
All in all it was the best Christmas they ever had.

MANON
Shut up.

75 EXT. FOREST -- CHRISTMAS DAY

A rusting empty paint can on the forest floor. Something falls inside it, rattling the tin. And again, like the start of rain.

Forty feet above Alex hanging upside down, legs wrapped around a branch, eyes shut, spitting and then waiting for the metallic rap.



Christmas lights?
in lounge

Marie has done her
hair in a top-knot.
Scandinavian style
the same as Freya

76 INT. IVUL HOUSE. DINING ROOM - CHRISTMAS DAY

It's Christmas day. Ivul, Lek (SUIT AND SHIRT WITH A TIE SAME AS IVUL'S TIE FAROESE) and the twins (SMART OUTFITS) sit round a grand table in the drawing room set especially for Christmas dinner. Ivul's dressed in his best suit, a Christmas cracker hat perched ridiculously on his head. 360°

He can't take his eyes off the twins, watching their antics like a jealous classmate. CAPUCINE practices with her new bat with-elastically-attached-ball; disaster is moments away. MANON puts her feet up on the table, admiring her new white trainers. Lek looks to Ivul; Ivul just stares at the shoes.

Confused →

Earthworks 2 - Hencover

SCENE 71. EXT. JOUR - FORÊT

Les arbres ont été pillés par l'hiver.
Rien ne bouge, il n'y a pas le moindre bruit.

Loin du village, tout en haut d'un vieux chêne noueux, une bâche est étirée lâchement sur une armature de bois toute tordue. On dirait une tente écroulée.
Les branches environnantes sont ornées de toutes sortes de débris attachés à l'aide de bouts de ficelle, des boîtes de conserve, des bas nylon, des sacs en plastique orange vif : le tout est arrangé de façon tellement incohérente qu'on pourrait croire que le lieu vient d'être balayé par un ouragan.

SCENE 72. EXT. TOMBÉE DE LA NUIT - MAISON

Lek est dans le couloir. Il colle l'oreille contre le mur et fixe la porte du bureau d'Ivul. De l'intérieur, on entend de la musique russe.

SCENE 73. EXT. NUIT - FORÊT

Le ciel est clair, la lune, un croissant acéré.
La silhouette marquante d'un arbre mort.

Alex est accroché comme une chauve-souris dans un nid de corbeaux, tout en haut, son souffle fait comme de la fumée dans l'air nocturne. Il semble effroyablement mince et a les traits tirés. Ses cheveux sont emmêlés. Il tremble.

SCENE 74. INT. AVANT LE LEVER DU JOUR - CHAMBRE

Marie est presque endormie, seule.
La porte s'entrouvre : Capucine et Manon arrivent à toute allure et plongent dans le lit. Marie crie au secours.

CAPUCINE
Joyeux Noël, maman.

Elle l'embrasse.

MARIE
Quelle heure est-il ?

MANON
Où est papa ?

Marie réalise qu'elle a dormi seule.

MARIE
Il finit d'emballer les cadeaux.

CAPUCINE
Il aurait dû le faire hier.

MARIE
C'est vrai, mais c'est difficile d'emballer un poney - zut.

Les jumelles donnent des coups d'oreiller à Marie.

MARIE
Ça suffit.

Les filles se blottissent contre Marie.

CAPUCINE
Après tout, c'est le plus beau Noël qu'ils aient jamais eu...

MANON
La ferme.

SCENE 75. EXT. JOUR DE NOËL - FORÊT

Un vieux pot de peinture vide sur le sol. Quelque chose tombe dedans, et martèle le fer. Et de nouveau, comme le début de la pluie.

Douze mètres au-dessus, Alex est pendu la tête en bas, ses jambes enserrent une branche, ses yeux sont clos, il crache et attend le tintement métallique.

SCENE 76. INT. JOUR DE NOËL - SALLE DE RÉCEPTION

C'est Noël. Ivul, Lek et les jumelles sont assis à une grande table dans la salle de réception dressée spécialement pour le dîner de Noël. Ivul porte son plus beau costume, un bonnet de Noël ridicule planté sur la tête.

Il ne peut quitter les jumelles du regard, craignant pour ses antiquités, comme un écolier jaloux. Capucine s'entraîne avec sa nouvelle batte munie d'une balle reliée à un élastique ; la catastrophe est imminente.

Manon pose ses pieds sur la table, elle admire ses nouvelles baskets blanches. Lek adresse un regard à Ivul; Ivul regarde les chaussures.

Captived →

Contd: Scene 53

Madame Ivul

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
It's important ~~here~~. It's like that bit on aeroplanes when the hostess tells you that the plane's gonna crash and you've got children, when the oxygen masks drop out of the ceiling you make sure yours is on first...

A bear with a man's legs walks into the living room

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
... and then you help the kiddies with...

Suzanne stops talking. Marie turns to see Ivul WEARING A BEARS DRESSING UP COSTUME

MARIE
(Matter-of-factly)
What are you doing?

gizzly bear:



The bear puts a finger to his ferocious mouth.

IVUL
SSSHHH!

At that moment the twins burst through the front door. The bear springs on them: shrieks of terror, the chase is on. (TWINS WEARING OUTSIZE DRESSING UP CLOTHES)

Suzanne gets to her feet, a little graver now.

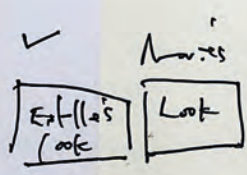
SUZANNE
Is that your husband?

MARIE
Yes.

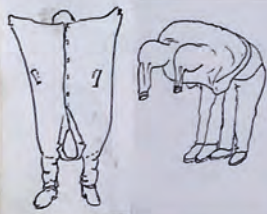
She hands Marie a card.

SUZANNE
If you want to talk, about anything.

She touches Marie on the arm.



Sound Design:
Noise of the monkey getting order and order - fairs a little hysterical.



DOG STAR BOYS

clean cut + English girlfriend

54 EXT. COVERED MARKET. FOGAX (NIGHT)

Late after noon -

The older kids are back in their huddle smoking, looking at each other's shoes, singing along to the ghetto blaster. Every so often a boy and a girl will lock mouths in an almighty bout of smooching; those left out pretend not to notice but can't help watching.

Another kid is doing wheelies on his bicycle but keeps falling off.

Meanwhile the younger kids are CHASING EACH OTHER OVER THE BENCHES. Alex is UP IN THE ROOF GABLES, sorting through a bin liner of garbage. There's tin cans, women's tights, a length of rope - he looks over each thing carefully, storing what might be useful, discarding the rest.

(ALEX WEARING A COUPLE OF JUMPERS MAYBE ONE ROUND HIS WAIST AS WELL)
Two of the young kids, MICHEL(10) and CLAUDE(10) are watching him.

MICHEL
So do you get cold at night?

CLAUDE
What about the bats?

MICHEL
Do you get hungry?

CLAUDE
Do you eat bats?

ALEX
I don't eat. I've shut my system down.

MICHEL

Young kids from v. large brother/sister?

Michel } younger gang from fogax
Claude }
Louise }

I COULD NOT STOP MY THOUGHTS AND OFTEN FAILED TO KEEP THEM TILL NIGHT SO WHEN I FANCYD I HAD HIT UPON A GOOD IMAGE OR NATURAL DESCRIPTION I USD TO STEAL INTO A CORNER OF THE GARDEN AND CLAP IT DOWN...

John Clare - My first attempts at Poetry etc etc

Earthworks 2 - Hereover

Continued Scene 53

SUZANNE

C'est important, Marie... C'est un peu comme dans l'avion, lorsque l'hôtesse vous annonce qu'il va s'écraser et que vous avez des enfants, quand le masque à oxygène tombe du plafond, vous faites en sorte d'être la première à l'attraper...

Un ours avec des jambes d'homme traverse le salon.

SUZANNE

...et puis vous aidez les petits à...

Suzanne se tait. Marie se retourne et découvre Ivul vêtu d'un costume d'ours.

MARIE

(D'un ton neutre)
Qu'est-ce que tu fais ?

L'ours met son doigt devant sa féroce bouche.

IVUL

Chut !

A ce moment, les jumelles font irruption par la porte d'entrée. L'ours leur saute dessus : cris de terreur, la poursuite commence.

Suzanne bondit. Elle a l'air plus sérieux, à présent.

SUZANNE

C'est votre mari ?

MARIE

Oui.

Elle tend sa carte à Marie.

SUZANNE

Si vous voulez me parler, de quoi que ce soit.

Elle pose sa main sur le bras de Marie.

SCENE 54. EXT. MARCHÉ COUVERT - NUIT

Les plus âgés des enfants ont reformé leur petit groupe, ils fument, comparent leurs chaussures, accompagnent le radiocassette de leurs chants...

A chaque fois qu'un garçon et une fille se mettent à l'écart pour se bécoter à loisir, les laissés pour compte font semblant de n'avoir rien remarqué, mais ne peuvent s'empêcher de les observer.

Pendant ce temps, les plus jeunes se poursuivent les uns les autres, courant sur les bancs. Alex est posté sur le toit, il fouille dans un sac d'ordures. Il y a des boîtes de conserves, des serviettes périodiques, une ficelle... Il examine soigneusement chaque objet, met de côté ce qui pourrait lui être utile et se débarrasse du reste.

Deux des plus jeunes enfants, MICHEL (10 ans) et CLAUDE (10 ans) le regardent

MICHEL

T'as pas froid, la nuit ?

CLAUDE

Et les chauves-souris ?

MICHEL

T'as pas faim ?

CLAUDE

Tu manges des chauves-souris ?

ALEX

Je mange pas. J'ai coupé mon système.

MICHEL

Quel système ?

CLAUDE

Je pourrais jamais. Pas ces saloperies de chauve-souris...

Alex sort un couteau à fileter rouillé du sac.

MICHEL

T'es à quelle école ?

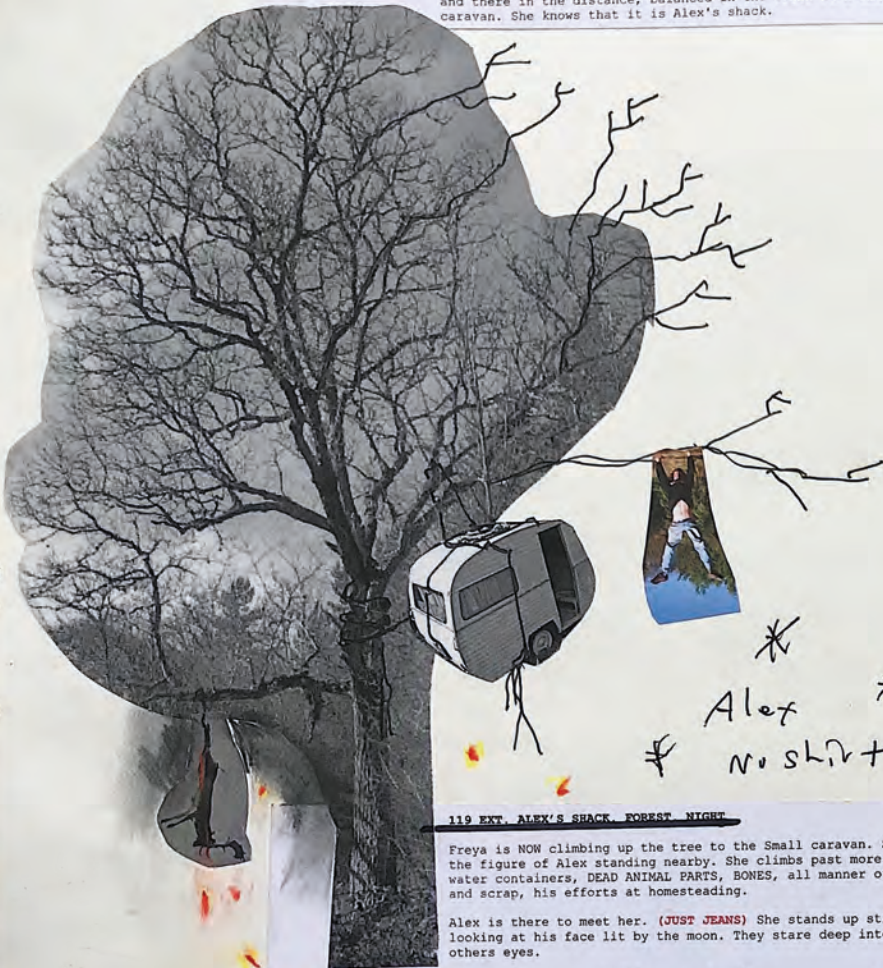
LOUISE

Saint Luc.

Continued →

118 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Freya's (JUMPER NIGHT DRESS AND SHOES OR BOOTS) exhausted, her face and arms are scratched. She has climbed high into the trees and there in the distance, 'balanced in the trees is a small caravan. She knows that it is Alex's shack.



Alex
No shirt

119 EXT. ALEX'S SHACK - FOREST - NIGHT

Freya is NOW climbing up the tree to the small caravan. She sees the figure of Alex standing nearby. She climbs past more traps, water containers, DEAD ANIMAL PARTS, BONES, all manner of junk and scrap, his efforts at homesteading.

Alex is there to meet her. (JUST JEANS) She stands up straight looking at his face lit by the moon. They stare deep into each others eyes.

FREYA
Hello.
She strokes his cheek, his chest.

FREYA
You fucking prat.
She pulls his head towards her - kisses his forehead. He remains enigmatic, aloof even. She leads him into his home.

120 INT. ALEX'S SHACK - NIGHT

Freya lays down on the mattress and Alex lays down beside her. She kisses him very gently on the lips. And again.

ALEX
I knew you'd come.
He kisses her back. She giggles, strokes the down on his top lip. XXXX

121 EXT. ALEX'S SHACK - NIGHT

Lek (SUIT AND COLLARLESS SHIRT AND A CAN OF PETROL) is sitting at the foot of a tree watching. His face is so expressionless it looks like it's frozen.

A murder of crows takes flight from a tree nearby.

PATRICK
JOLLEY
FIRE FILM

Freya's saved
- by Lek

LEK BREAKS BITS
OF A BLOCK OF FIRE
LIGHTER AND SPREADS IT AROUND
UNDER TREE
LIGHTING IT AS HE GOES ALONG AND ANOTHER FLARE -

two fakes
1st bed
2nd
dis. loge
ss. thing
down

SCENE 118. EXT. NUIT - FORÊT

Freya est épuisée, elle a des égratignures sur le visage et les bras. Elle parvient à se hisser en haut des arbres, et de là, au loin, elle aperçoit la caravane en équilibre. Elle sait que c'est celle d'Alex.

burn - acetone and pyrogel. it was shot in Brooklyn where they sell acetone by the gallon in paint stores - and pyrogel you get online both these things burn very cool - so you get a couple of gos before real burning starts acetone is better but evaporates quickly pyrogel lasts much longer but leaves a white residue. the other thing we used was a long copper pipe with holes in hooked up to a gas cylinder - thats ok for foreground flame but starts looking samey quite fast otherwise keep control of the materials you use for build and decor - i used to ask pyro guys when i had questions - they always want to be paid but are so buzzed by what they do that key information often comes out in the first couple of sentences ..and we had good fire extinguishers

Weed Killer d.3pense for acetone.



SCENE 119. EXT. NUIT - FORÊT - REFUGE D'ALEX

Freya escalade l'arbre jusqu'à la caravane. Elle distingue la silhouette d'Alex, à proximité.

Elle continue à grimper, passe devant d'autres pièges, des bidons d'eau, des morceaux d'animaux morts, des os, un tas de bric-à-brac, tous les efforts de maître de maison d'Alex.

Elle arrive sur la plateforme devant la caravane. Alex est là pour l'accueillir. Elle se tient juste devant lui, et contemple son visage éclairé par un rayon de lune. Ils se regardent droit dans les yeux. Ils restent en silence, puis...

FREYA
Salut.

Ses yeux s'emplissent de larmes. Elle caresse sa joue, sa poitrine.

FREYA
Espèce de crétin.

Elle tire sa tête contre elle - embrasse son front. Il reste énigmatique, presque distant. Elle le conduit à l'intérieur.

Lek les observe, caché derrière un arbre tout proche.

SCENE 120. INT. NUIT - REFUGE D'ALEX

Freya s'allonge sur le matelas et Alex s'allonge près d'elle. Elle l'embrasse très délicatement sur les lèvres. Et encore.

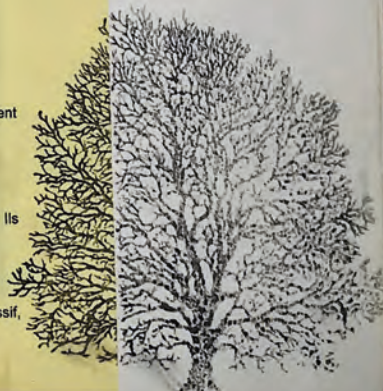
ALEX
Je savais que tu viendrais.

Il lui rend ses baisers. Elle rit, caresse le duvet au-dessus de sa lèvre supérieure. Ils s'embrassent réellement.

SCENE 121. EXT. NUIT - FORET / REFUGE D'ALEX

Lek est assis au pied d'un arbre, et fixe la caravane. Son visage est tellement inexpressif, qu'on le croirait figé par le gel.

Un nuage de corbeaux s'envole d'un arbre voisin.





Le Fresnoy (c/o

N.ice

and could be Alex stop
Mo n + se gur
- alive and well.

*
wa fre
telephone?
Le Fresnoy

* A transfer to collage -
Collage of words from
Alex's dialogue

The voice of Alex
- automatic writing

Gertrude Stein:



il est il est il est
parce qu'il est -

% Bright & David:
Francis bebun

"I wish I
was a little
birdy" -

"The mother and the whale"

As visual
poem?

"Thus we are condemned in
action, to be blind slaves of instinct -
the life force pushes us on from
behind, restlessly and unceasingly."
- BERGSON.



LANDSCAPE IS SUCH AN IMAGE - A CONSTRUCT OF MIND
AND OF FEELING...



I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT FASCINATING THAT, UNLIKE HIS PREDECESSORS, BEETHOVEN WAS ONE OF THE FIRST COMPOSERS TO WORK FREELANCE.



TO ME, THE GENIUS OF EMANUEL KANT CONSISTED OF HIS REMARKABLE ABILITY TO COMBINE ABSTRACT ARGUMENT WITH AN IMAGINATIVE AND EMOTIONALLY CHARGED VERSION OF THE HUMAN CONDITION.

Ribāul dry (Nēt vulgar) grivoiserie

THE MOON AND THE SLEDGEHAMMER

Director: Phillip Trevelyan 65mins colour 1971



THE MOON AND THE SLEDGEHAMMER is Phillip Trevelyan's remarkable portrait of the Page family - a real family who live in near isolation in woodlands in Sussex. They have no gas, electricity or running water and they build steam engines. Hear their seemingly eccentric philosophies about steam power - now ringing eerily true today, and see their story unfold as their idyllic self-sufficient lifestyle reveals their humanity with all its advantages and flaws. Now re-released on DVD and showing at the BFI Southbank on Friday 25th May 2007.

To order a DVD copy please visit

www.themoonandthesledgehammer.com

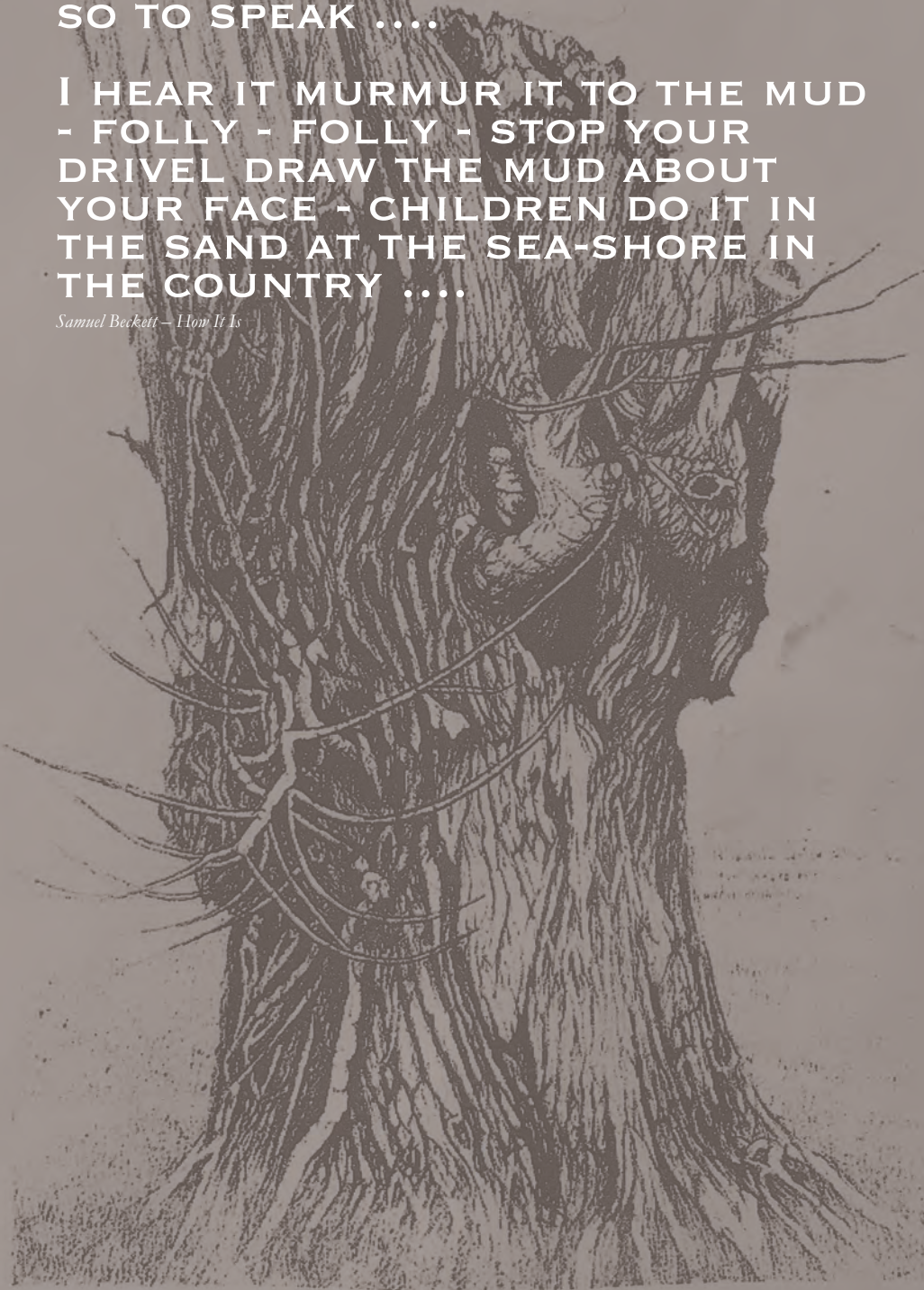





WE DO NOT OWE OUR VALUES
TO GOD OR NATURE BUT FREELY
CREATE THEM OF OUR OWN FREE-
WILL — WE WILL THEM IN TO
EXISTENCE — IF WILL HAVE YOU
SO TO SPEAK

I HEAR IT MURMUR IT TO THE MUD
- FOLLY - FOLLY - STOP YOUR
DRIVEL DRAW THE MUD ABOUT
YOUR FACE - CHILDREN DO IT IN
THE SAND AT THE SEA-SHORE IN
THE COUNTRY

Samuel Beckett — How It Is





PAST MOMENTS
NOT NOW
LONG GONE
FRESHBACK
LIKE THOSE THINGS
THOSE THINGS
MEMORIES
I HEAR THEM AS I SAY THEM
I MURMUR THEM IN THE TREES AND AT THE MUD
NOW

Samuel Beckett – How It Is

GERTRUDE STEIN AND HER HERMETIC WORKS -
NOVELIST, POET, PLAYWRIGHT, ART COLLECTOR,
VISIONARY LIFE-PARTNER TO ALICE B TOKLAS: SHE
WAS A GOLDEN BROWN PRESENCE, BURNED BY THE
TUSCAN SUN AND WITH A GOLDEN GLINT IN HER
WARM BROWN HAIR. SHE WAS DRESSED IN A WARM
BROWN CORDUROY SUIT. SHE WORE A LARGE ROUND
CORAL BROOCH AND WHEN SHE TALKED, VERY LITTLE,
OR LAUGHED, A GOOD DEAL, I THOUGHT HER VOICE
CAME FROM THIS BROOCH. IT WAS UNLIKE ANYONE
ELSE'S VOICE — DEEP, FULL, VELVETY, LIKE A GREAT
CONTRALTO'S, LIKE TWO VOICES.....

LEK



IVUL IS A TANTALISING DRAMA ABOUT THE HOPEFUL-BUT-HAUNTED WAYS WE COME UP WITH TO STUMBLE THROUGH LIFE.

There is no one quite like Andrew Kötting working in British cinema today. Actually, there's no one quite like Andrew Kötting in cinema anywhere.

Perhaps there's no one like Andrew Kötting full stop. He's a one-man awkward squad, a restless energy-magician who makes other film makers, arthouse or mainstream, seem like lily-livered dilettantes. His work, whether in films such as *Gallivant* (1996) and *This Filthy Earth* (2001), his 2004 sound piece *Visionary Landscapes* (created alongside Jem Finer), or in his extraordinary book *In The Wake of a Deadad* (2006), is sinewy, bloody-minded and spry: a series of antic and visceral journeys through real places and head spaces, maniacal traipses in pursuit of fierce joy.

The ability to embody ideas fully, to embed them in topography, to think of the intellect as a muscle rather than as a mere analytical device: it's these impulses that make Kötting something of a fringe figure in Britain, one forced to seek funding from Europe.

Ivul, his first feature since *This Filthy Earth*, was shot in France, is in French, and stars a mainly French cast. This is no handicap. It's actually a blessing: not only does it underscore what a fundamentally unparochial film this is, but it adds another dimension of beguiling, mysterious estrangement to a story that is already tantalizing and ensnaring.

Ivul is named after the family who live in a secluded and rather crumbling country house lorded over by a Russian patriarch (Jean-Luc Bideau) and tended to by a mute bruiser of a groundsman called Lek (Xavier Tchili). Wood is chopped, machines tinkered with, hair washed in sinks. For dinner, the Ivuls eat roasted crow and stroganoff. This could be, in its vigorous, sometimes sensual, largely self-sufficient fashion, a family at ease: parents (the wife is played by Aurélia Petit) who playfully liken each other to "a coy carp" and a "degenerate smelly old ram"; an artistic daughter Freya (Adélaïde Leroux) who reads poetry and dreams of marrying moustachioed versifiers.

One afternoon, though, the father walks in on his son Alex (Jacob Auzanneau) kissing — at her bidding — his sister's navel. Furious, he orders him to "get off my land", an injunction Alex takes literally, promptly clambering onto the house's rooftop and from then on, weeks turning into months turning into wintry seasons, confining himself to trees, portable wheelie bins and raised caravans.

It's aerial resistance in the spirit of the young hero in Italo Calvino's 1957 novel *The Baron in the Trees*, or even Simeon Stylites, the Christian saint who lived on top of a pillar for 37 years. But it causes heartache for the family: the mother starts drinking, the father is stricken and confined to bed, his sister howls at him to stop being so selfish.

Auzanneau, a trained acrobat, is fascinating to watch as he climbs and moves across slippery surfaces and brittle branches.

This isn't *Man on Wire*: there's nothing balletic or that romantic about his actions; being a refusenik, or an internal exile — for him just as much as it has been for his family — is a matter of labour and graft. And while it can be celebrated — even the father initially applauds his son's energy as an antidote to the hamburger-chomping, television-fixated habits of other teenagers — it's a form of violence, too.



Ivul is much more than a character drama. It deploys artful sound design, timelapse photography and archival footage of families larking about to create cinema that seems pickled in memories — some of them with the bluntness and darkness of personal experience, some refracted through off-kilter gems such as Philip Trevelyan's *The Moon and the Sledgehammer* (1971) about a hermetic family living just outside London.

It's a film about improvisation: the higgledy-piggledy, bruised-and-abraded, hopeful-but-haunted ways we come up with to stumble through life and around our loved ones. Trying and failing. Failing and trying. Keeping on — until we topple.

Sukhdev Sandhu - 3:48pm BST 22 July 2010

Fig.2

Fig.9

DESPITE THE HARDIHOODS, HE REFLECTS, THERE IS STILL A BEAUTY TO BE FOUND IN THE LANDSCAPE; THE SHADOWS OF THE CLOUDS SMUDGING THE PLAINS, THE BLUENESS OF THE FAR DISTANCE, AND THE SUBTLE SHADES OF RED, YELLOW AND BROWN ON THE NEAR HILLSIDES.

Robert Macfarlane – MOUNTAINS OF THE MIND











**AND THEN I VANISHED, ABSORBED INTO THE WORLD OF
FORGETFULNESS**

LEK

IMAGES from IVUL UNMADE by Matt Hulse

A SUPER 8 FILM by by Matt Hulse





An Invitation To Lek

EMAIL TO XAVIER TCHILI IN PREPARATION FOR PERHAPS THE THIRD PART OF THE TRILOGY – THE IDEAS FESTER

Et voilà – des idées pour le dernière part de trilogy!

LEK (LIEU DE CONFRONTATION)

Un **LEK** est un rassemblement d'hommes, de certaines espèces animales, aux fins de la parade nuptiale concurrentiel. Lek's montons métré avant et pendant la saison de reproduction, sur une base quotidienne. Le même groupe d'hommes se rencontrent à un endroit traditionnel normalement profondément dans la terre et de reprendre les mêmes positions individuelles sur une arène, chacun occupant et à défendre un petit territoire, ou au tribunal. Intermittence ou en continu, ils Espar individuellement avec leurs voisins ou mis sur les écrans extravagantes visuelle ou phonétique (accouplement «danse» ou la gymnastique, affiche un plumage, des défis vocaux, etc.)

Le terme dérive du lek suédois, un nom qui désigne généralement agréable et moins respectueux des règles des jeux et des activités liés ("Play", comme par les enfants). Plus précisément, l'étymologie du mot «lek» est de 1871 et les moyens de s'engager dans des parades nuptiales (de certains animaux); probablement du Leka suédois "à jouer". [3] Une hiérarchie stricte des accords au sommet le plus souhaitable mâles classement le territoire centrale la plus prestigieuse, avec les candidats non classés et moins varié à l'extérieur. Femmes comme les Francine, Marie et Freya viennent dans ces arènes de choisir camarades lorsque la hiérarchie des mâles (Buto, Papa, Ivul, Perry et Gibbon) s'est établi, et le second de préférence avec les dominantes dans le centre.

La montre public que le jour se déverse dans de révéler que ce n'est pas le monde de l'Hadès, mais bien le monde de LEK!

A plus
Andrew

X

LEK (MATING ARENA / PLACE OF CONFRONTATION)

A **LEK** is a gathering of males of certain animal species, for the purposes of competitive mating display. Lek's assemble underground before and during the breeding season, on a daily basis. The same group of males meet at a traditional place normally deep in the earth and take up the same individual positions on an arena, each occupying and defending a small territory or court. Intermittently or continuously, they spar individually with their neighbors or put on extravagant visual or aural displays (mating "dances" or gymnastics, plumage displays, vocal challenges, etc.).

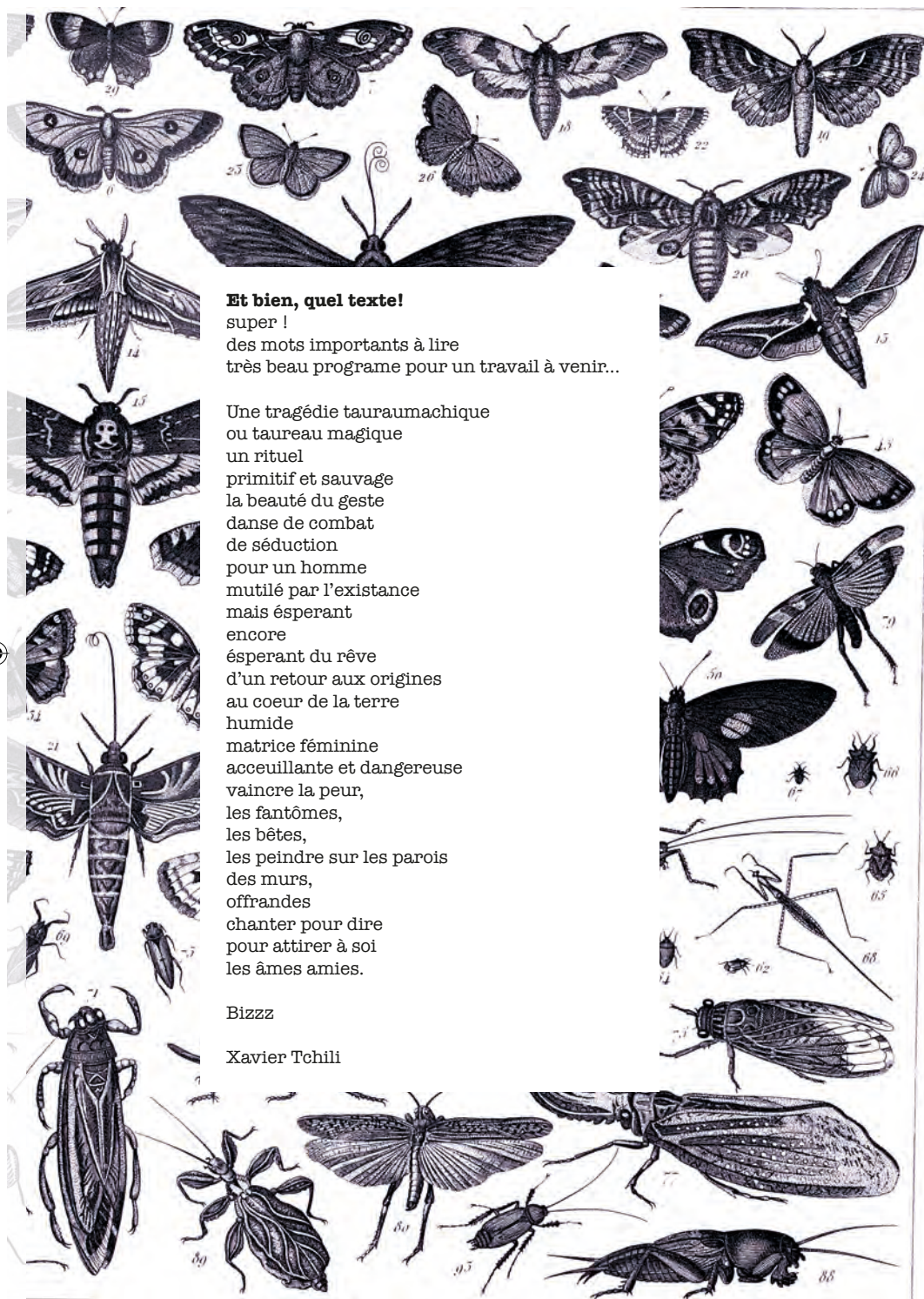
The term derives from the Swedish lek, a noun, which typically denotes pleasurable and less rule-bound games and activities ("play", as by children). Specifically, the etymology of the word "lek" is from 1871 and means to engage in courtship displays (of certain animals); probably from the Swedish leka "to play". A strict hierarchy accords the most desirable top-ranking males the most prestigious central territory, with ungraded and lesser aspirants ranged outside. Females such as Francine, Marie and Freya come to these arenas to choose mates when the males' hierarchy (Buto, Papa, Ivul, Perry and Gibbon) has become established, and preferentially mate with the dominants in the centre.

The audience watch as the daylight pours in to reveal that this is not the world of Hades but indeed the world of LEK!

Farewell for the now
Andrew

X



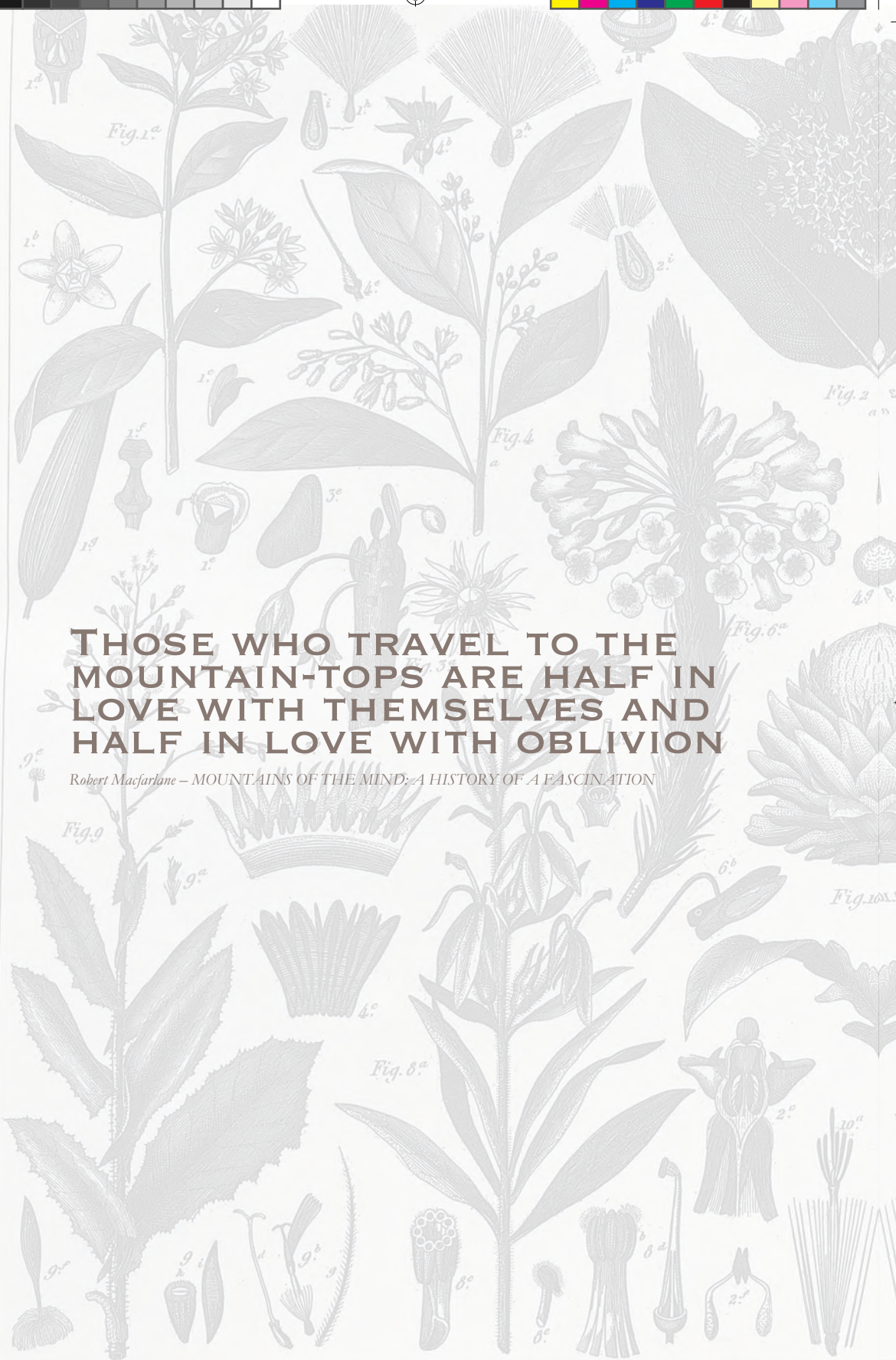


Et bien, quel texte!
 super !
 des mots importants à lire
 très beau programme pour un travail à venir...

Une tragédie tauramachique
 ou taureau magique
 un rituel
 primitif et sauvage
 la beauté du geste
 danse de combat
 de séduction
 pour un homme
 mutilé par l'existence
 mais espérant
 encore
 espérant du rêve
 d'un retour aux origines
 au coeur de la terre
 humide
 matrice féminine
 accueillante et dangereuse
 vaincre la peur,
 les fantômes,
 les bêtes,
 les peindre sur les parois
 des murs,
 offrandes
 chanter pour dire
 pour attirer à soi
 les âmes amies.

Bizzz
 Xavier Tchili

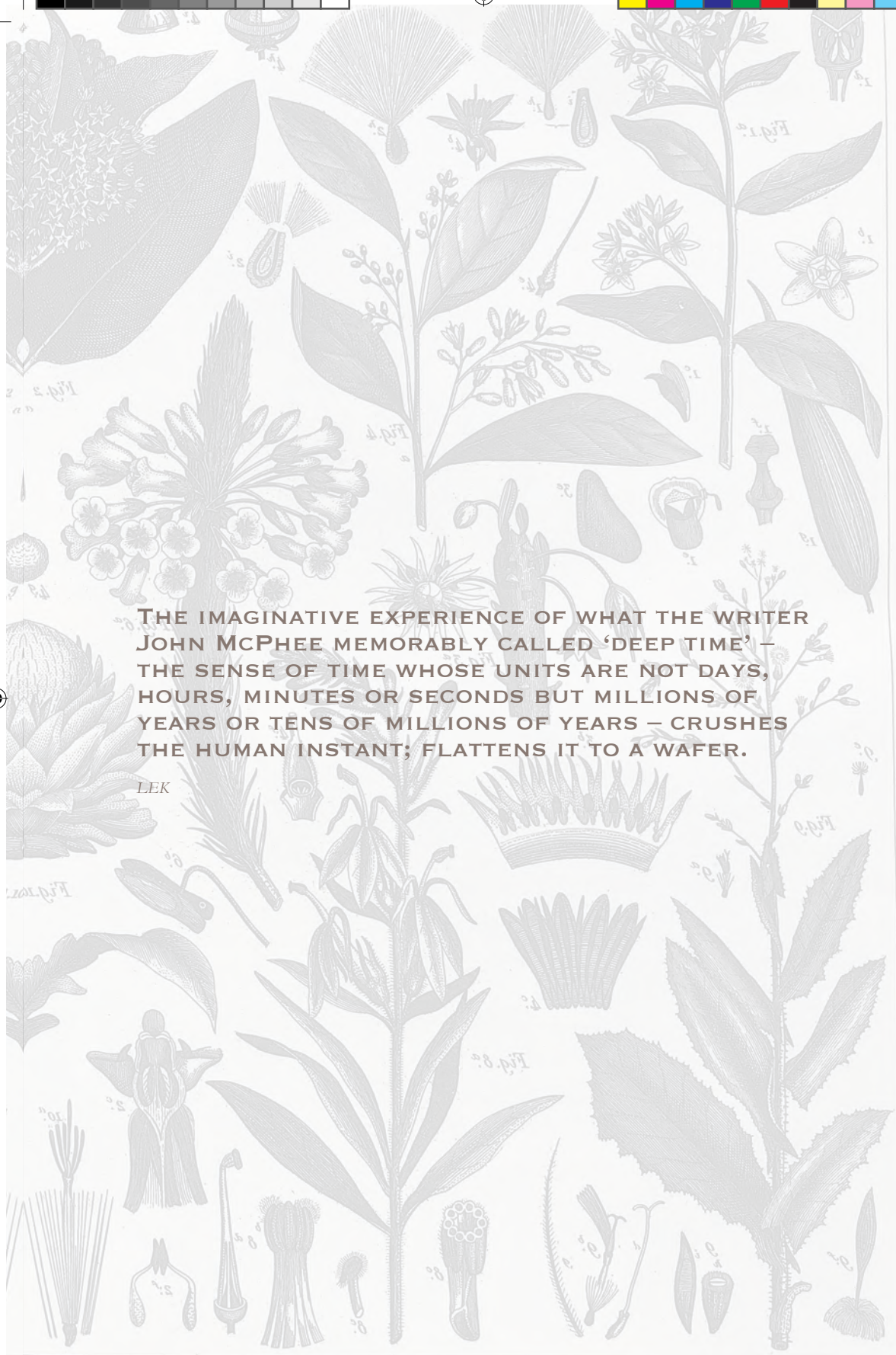




THOSE WHO TRAVEL TO THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS ARE HALF IN LOVE WITH THEMSELVES AND HALF IN LOVE WITH OBLIVION

Robert Macfarlane – MOUNTAINS OF THE MIND: A HISTORY OF A FASCINATION





THE IMAGINATIVE EXPERIENCE OF WHAT THE WRITER JOHN MCPHEE MEMORABLY CALLED 'DEEP TIME' — THE SENSE OF TIME WHOSE UNITS ARE NOT DAYS, HOURS, MINUTES OR SECONDS BUT MILLIONS OF YEARS OR TENS OF MILLIONS OF YEARS — CRUSHES THE HUMAN INSTANT; FLATTENS IT TO A WAFER.

LEK





Earthworks 3 Hereunder

226





CHAPTER 3

LEK & THE DOGS

HEREUNDER

LA BAS - DOWN THERE

LEK SYNOPSIS & A BACK STORY

NOTEBOOKS FOR IVAN AND THE DOGS

IVAN AND THE DOGS

SCRIPT REPORT

TCHILI - LEK JOURNAL

SOME IMPLICATIONS AND HYPOTHETICAL
RAMIFICATIONS

SASE ARCHIVE

TCHILI FAMILY ARCHIVE

KÖTTING FAMILY ARCHIVE

HUMBERSTONE - ATACAMA DESERT

THE MATTER OF MIND

QUANTUM ENTANGEMENT



La Bas Down There

**MEN NEVER COMMIT EVIL SO FULLY AND JOYFULLY
AS WHEN THEY DO IT UNDERGROUND OR THROUGH
SOME HAND-ME-DOWN CONVICTION**

**МУЖЧИНЫ НИКОГДА НЕ СОВЕРШАЮТ ЗЛО ТАК ПОЛНО И
РАДОСТНО, КАК КОГДА ОНИ ДЕЛАЮТ ЭТО ПОД ЗЕМЛЕЙ ИЛИ
ЧЕРЕЗ КАКОЕ-ТО УБЕЖДЕНИЕ**

LEK

LA BAS

DOWN THERE





30/-

LA BAS

Illustrations by Felicien Rops

DOWN THERE





Norbert Casteret, author of *Ten Years Under The Earth* and *My Caves*, was born in 1897 in the Pyrenees, and has devoted nearly all his life to the exploration of caves, abysses, and subterranean rivers. He is a champion swimmer and athlete, and has perfected his own instruments and methods of underground exploration.

He has explored more than 500 caverns; he discovered in a cave at Montespan the oldest statuary in the world; he has descended the deepest abyss in France, and discovered a vast underground lake in the Pyrenees which is named after him. He has also altered the map of South-West Europe by discovering the true source of the river Garonne.

Ten Years Under the Earth was first 'crowned' by the French Academy, and has been translated into six languages. An English edition was published in 1939, and of *My Caves* in 1948. His *Cave Men, New and Old* has also been published in England recently.

NOT FOR SALE IN THE USA AND CANADA

PENGUIN
BOOKS

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

TEN YEARS
UNDER
THE EARTH

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

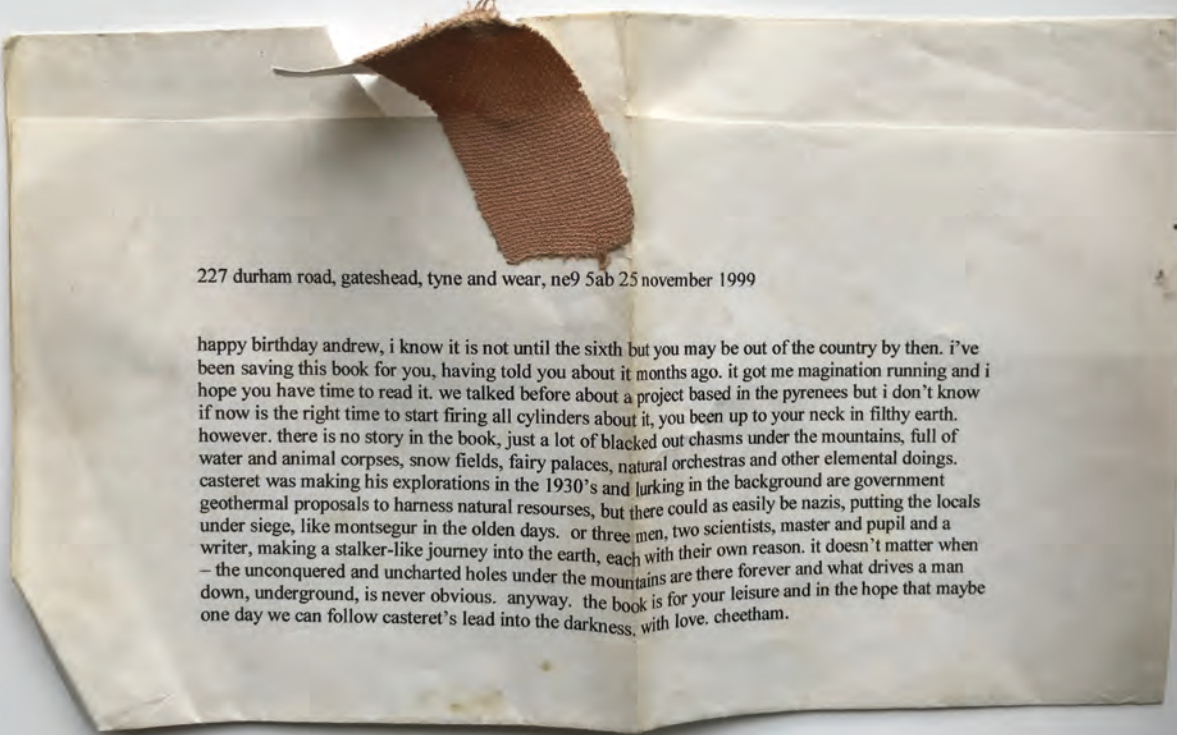
NORBERT CASTERET

COMPLETE



UNABRIDGED

2/6



227 durham road, gateshead, tyne and wear, ne9 5ab 25 november 1999

happy birthday andrew, i know it is not until the sixth but you may be out of the country by then. i've been saving this book for you, having told you about it months ago. it got me magination running and i hope you have time to read it. we talked before about a project based in the pyrenees but i don't know if now is the right time to start firing all cylinders about it, you been up to your neck in filthy earth. however. there is no story in the book, just a lot of blacked out chasms under the mountains, full of water and animal corpses, snow fields, fairy palaces, natural orchestras and other elemental doings. casteret was making his explorations in the 1930's and lurking in the background are government geothermal proposals to harness natural resourses, but there could as easily be nazis, putting the locals under siege, like montsegur in the olden days. or three men, two scientists, master and pupil and a writer, making a stalker-like journey into the earth, each with their own reason. it doesn't matter when - the unconquered and uncharted holes under the mountains are there forever and what drives a man down, underground, is never obvious. anyway. the book is for your leisure and in the hope that maybe one day we can follow casteret's lead into the darkness, with love. cheetham.

In 1999 John Cheetham sent a copy of Norbert Casteret's 'Ten Years Under The Earth' to me. We had been writing **Off Ground He (IVUL)** together and he thought I might like it. We had often spoken about a new collaboration. The caving systems that Casteret describes are located very close to where I have spent a lot of my life in the French Pyrenees.

It stuck and when my research proper began on **Lek And The Dogs** and the book fell from a shelf and onto my lap along with my dear friend **La Bas**, I knew that The Angels of Happenstance were at it again.

Shortly after this occurrence I re-read **Krapp's Last Tape** and the bedrock of a concept to expand on Hattie Naylor's story **Ivan And The Dogs** had begun.

My own investigations into the caving systems that Casteret explored in the Ariège eventually led me to **Labouiche**, the mesmerising and labyrinthine subterranean kingdom in which we filmed with Xavier Tchili and Nick Gordon-Smith in 2016.

**ZONA - A BOOK ABOUT A FILM ABOUT A JOURNEY TO
A ROOM. LEK AND THE DOGS - A FILM ABOUT BOOKS
THAT JOURNEY INTO THE MIND OF A MAN IN A ROOM
UNDERGROUND**

Lek



un peu d'

Histoire

La première exploration de la Rivière Souterraine de Labouiche est faite en 1908 sous la direction d'un médecin de Foix, le docteur Durac, accompagné de ses deux fils et de deux autres officiers, Legallier et Rochette. Saisire le mineur La Faidit qui s'engage sous la voûte au lieu de "Agge Pied-deux", ils pensaient que ce réseau s'apparentait à quelques centaines de mètres plus loin au lieu de "Agge Nochet", mais ils s'arrêtant en fait le creux d'un puits avec un cours d'eau souterrain plus important qu'ils appellent Rivière Souterraine de Labouiche. Ils sont arrêtés par un siphon au bout de 300 mètres dans leur descente vers "Agge Nochet". Cette résurgence n'étant plus très éloignée, l'exploration vers l'aval fut considérée comme terminée. À la fin de cette même année, Edouard Alfred Martel (1859-1938) précurseur de la spéléologie et fondateur de la Société de Spéléologie, accompagné de Mrs Fauveau, Jéronot et Rudouas, pèlerine pour la première fois à Labouiche et explore la rivière vers l'amont. Quelques jours plus tard le Docteur Durac et ses amis la reconstituent sur environ 350 m.

En août 1909 une importante expédition regroupe les membres des équipes Martel et Durac. Elle va mal se terminer : le cours d'eau est rapide, ventricose de laves d'irruption et de grès, sur lesquels les caracs poutouriques courent les uns après les autres, 150 tonnes de pierres sont déversées. Mais la retraite avec un seul canot est difficile et c'est le naufrage où Martel meurt et se noie.

Les explorateurs se déçoivent, la Grande Grotte éclate et ce n'est qu'en 1935 que Labouiche est tirée de l'oubli par le jeune Lagarde s'inscrivant à la S.S.C.F.

En partant par hasard dans la caserne pour la réorganisation "Agge Nochet", il a la chance de découvrir une galerie jusqu'alors inaccessibles. Elle permet de circuler à pied sec au dessus du cours souterrain et d'éviter ainsi le siphon qui avait jusqu'alors empêché la jonction entre "Agge Nochet" et "Agge Pied-deux". Fort de ce renseignements, et aidé par M. Mandement, préhistorien amateur, ils mènent le siphon.

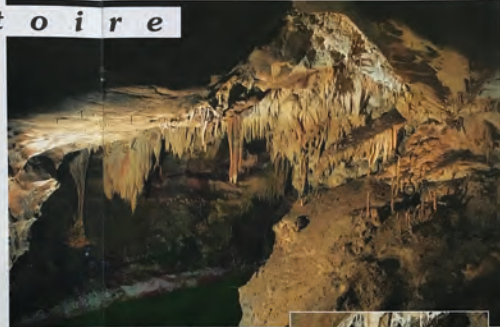
Sous l'impulsion du Docteur Chénouffe, de M. Paul Salette, pharmacien à Foix, et de Mandement, les explorateurs reprennent et 800 m de rivière sont à nouveau découverts. Ils atteignent la cascade (système appelé "Salette"), la franchissent, trouvent un grand bassin d'eau profonde et se heurtent à un premier siphon.

Cette série d'explorations fut capitale pour l'avenir touristique de la rivière. Elle a permis de s'assurer que l'arrangement était possible jusqu'à la cascade Salette. En dépit de l'avis de Martel qui l'avait fermement déclarée "trop instable et dangereuse", elle offre un parcours navigable de 1500 m, et permet de découvrir la splendide Salle Royak, à terme une possibilité de sortie directe vers la surface.

M. Paul Salette poussa avec succès l'exploration et l'aménagement avec l'électrification, la suppression de toutes les sources de danger, la construction d'une plate forme d'embarquement et d'une digue permettant d'élever le plan d'eau, la pose d'un câble pour le balage des bûches et la connexion sur place de ces embarcations.

Par ailleurs un pont artificiel est prévu, permettant d'accéder directement à l'embarcadere à partir de la route Foix-Vernouil-Berles.

La Rivière Souterraine de Labouiche est ouverte au public en 1938.



Le pont du photographe



Le Chandelier

Parallèlement, Norbert Casteret, célèbre spéléologue et le héros Joseph Daboul continuent la recherche de l'origine de la rivière.

Finant par les galeries supérieures, ils trouvent le siphon qui avait arrêté l'expédition et découvrent 600 m de galeries supplémentaires jusqu'au siphon terminal actuel profond de plus de 20 mètres. Les tentatives successives par le britannique Dines et par l'expédition franco-anglaise de 1955 n'ont pas permis la franchissement de ce siphon terminal. La nature guide ainsi le secret de son origine.

2

3

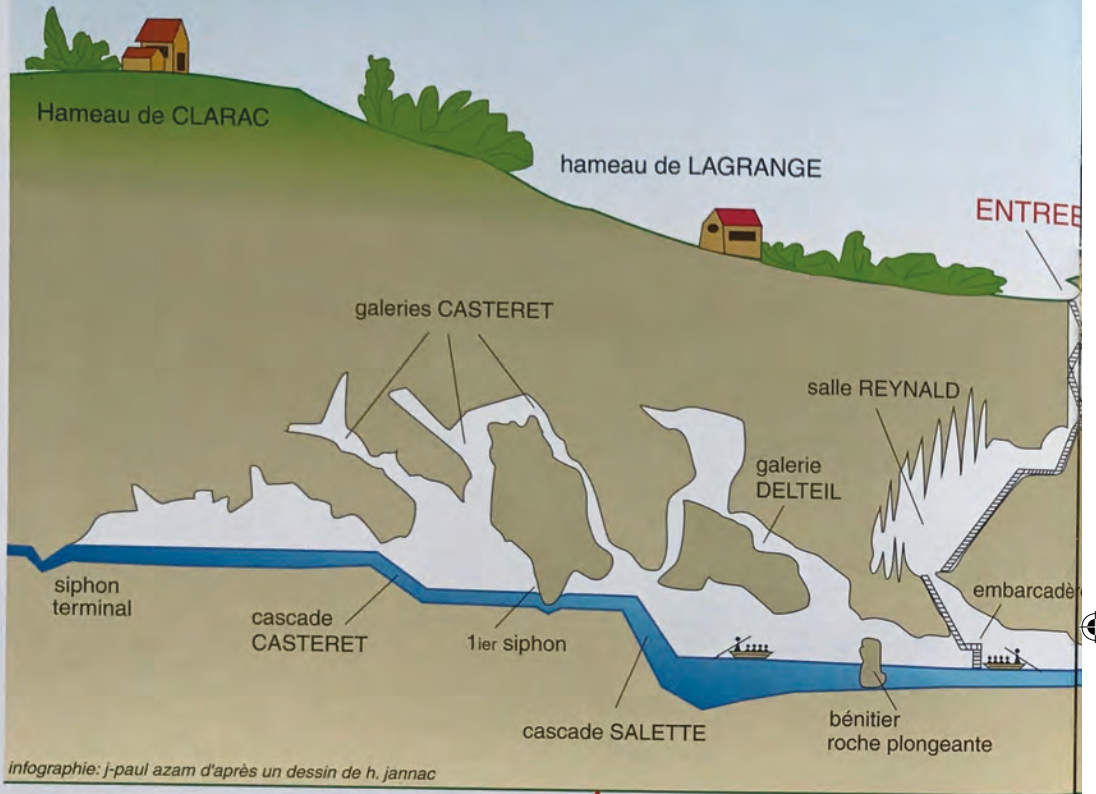


LABOUICHE

Rivière Souterraine de Labouiche



VUE en COUPE du RESEAU S



900 m

visite en

LABOUICHE EN QUELQUES CHIFFRES

Galerie explorées : 3800 mètres

Cours d'eau exploré : 2500 mètres

Durée de la visite en barque : 75 minutes

Température de l'air : 13°

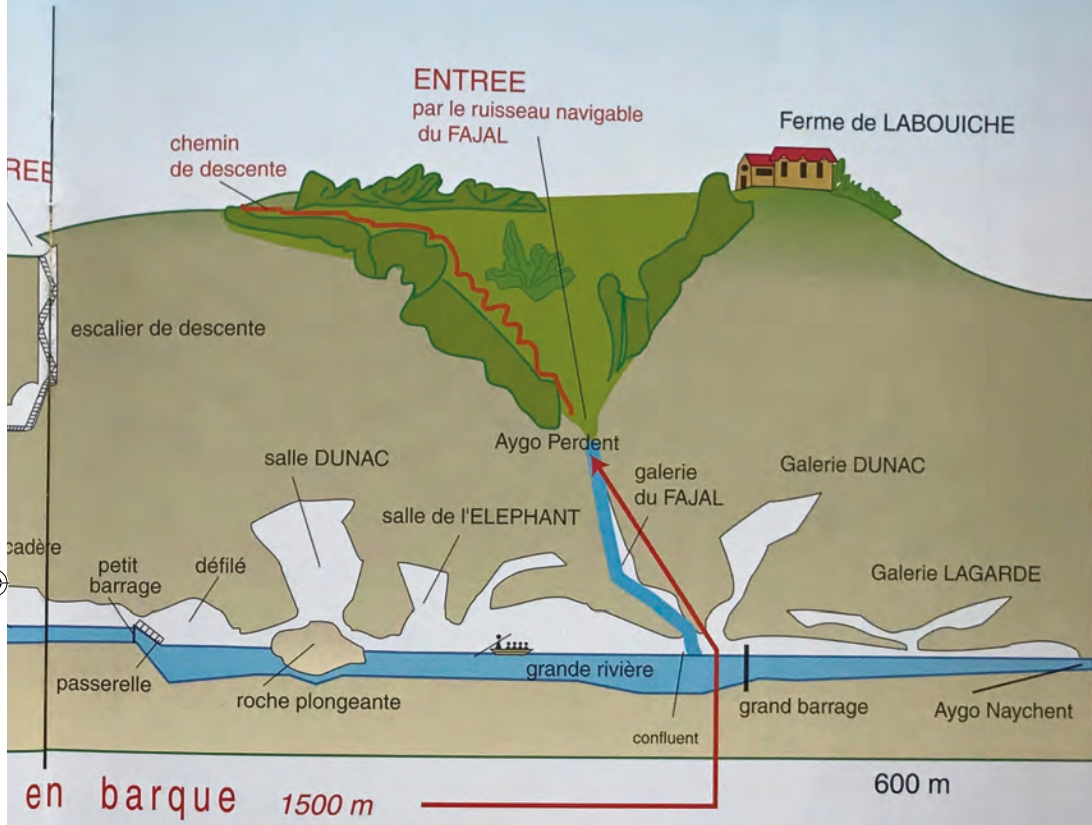
Température de l'eau : 11°

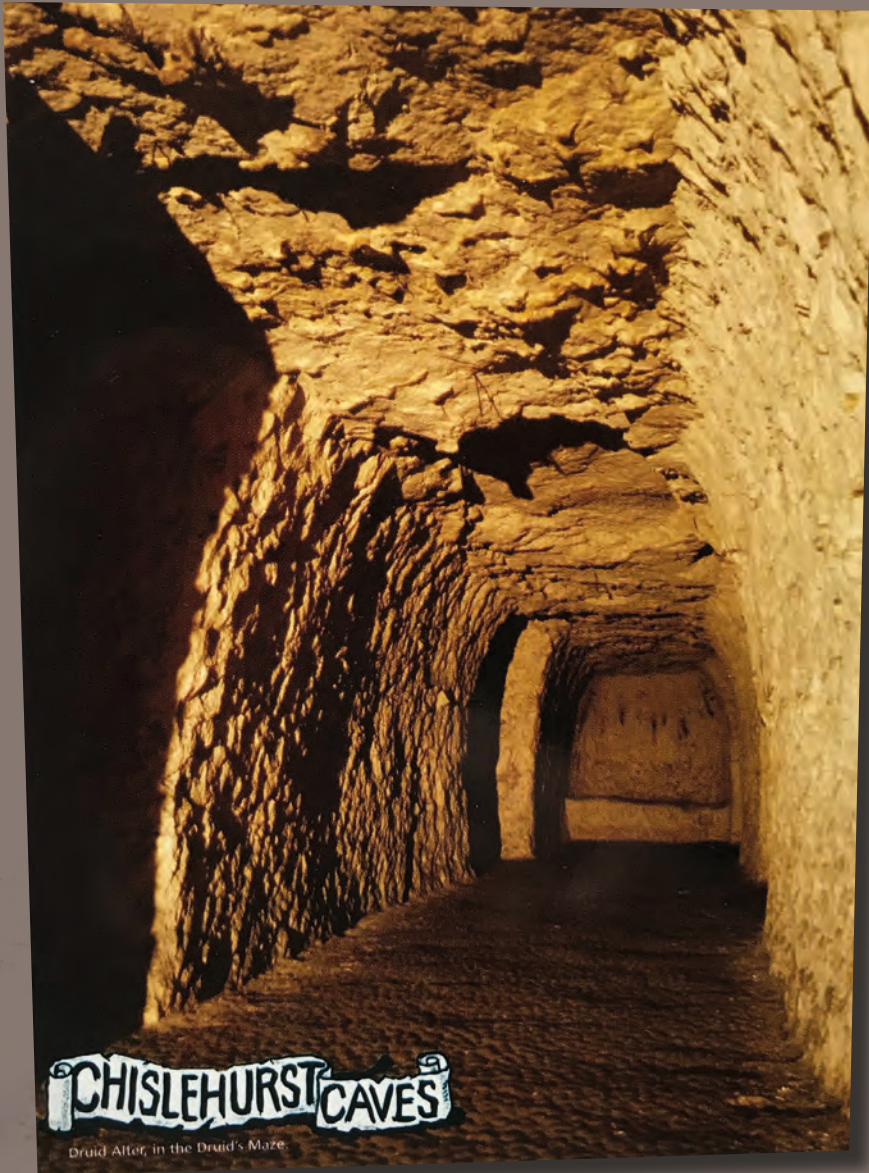
Débit moyen : 150 litres / seconde

*Débits extrêmes : maximum : 1500 litres / seconde
minimum : 5 litres / seconde*

Profondeur moyenne des eaux : 1m à 1,5 mètre

SOUTERRAIN de LABOUICHE





WITH HIS LAMP HELD OUT BEFORE HIM THE REVEREND LED THE WAY, OUR FOOTFALLS COMING RIGHT BACK AT US FROM THE COLD AND STINKING ROCK. WE HAD COVERED HARDLY ANY DISTANCE WHEN THE TUNNEL BEGAN TO SHRINK AROUND US.


A MOST UNPLEASANT FEELING.

BUT WE KEPT ON CREEPING, DEEPER INTO THE EARTH, ONE TENTATIVE STEP AFTER ANOTHER.

I WAS UTTERLY LOST IN THE DARKNESS AND BUMBLING ALONG SO CLUMSILY

Mick Jackson – Underground Man





ILLUSIONS ARE TO THE SOUL WHAT
ATMOSPHERE IS TO THE EARTH. ROLL UP THAT
TENDER AIR AND THE PLANT DIES, THE COLOUR
FADES. THE EARTH WE WALK ON IS A PARCHED
CINDER. IT IS MARVEL WE TREAD AND FIERY
COBBLES SCORCH OUR FEET.

BY THE TRUTH WE ARE UNDONE. LIFE IS A
DREAM. 'TIS WAKING THAT KILLS US.

Virginia Woolf

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT WITHOUT GOD, PEOPLE WOULD GIVE
THEMSELVES PERMISSION TO DO ANYTHING. [YET] ONLY WITH GOD,
ONLY WITH THE VIEW THAT GOD'S ON YOUR SIDE, CAN PEOPLE GIVE
THEMSELVES PERMISSION TO DO THINGS THAT OTHERWISE WOULD BE
CALLED SATANIC.

Christopher Hitchens

WHAT'S DEAD IS GONE -
FOREVER. WHAT DID'ST THOU
SAY? WHAT, HOW, WHERE,
WHEN?
IS THIS LOVE - NOTHING IS
NOW - OR ALL?
WATER? FIRE? GOOD?
EVIL? LIFE? DEATH?

W.G. Sebald

WE ARE SO LONELY IN LIFE THAT WE
MUST ASK OURSELVES IF THE LONELINESS
OF DYING IS NOT A SYMBOL OF OUR
HUMAN EXISTENCE.

Emil Cioran – The Trouble With Being Born



NB THE MIND IN THE CAVE

As a child we lived just round the corner from Chislehurst Caves in Elmstead Woods. I visited as a boy scout and later as a desperate teenager, hoping for kisses from Philippa (Stephens) who lived up the hill beyond the station.

There were discos in the cave and sometimes she would visit. I lost touch with her but not the shirt that she had wetted with her lips after I ran through the stinging nettles for her as a dare.

In 2016 I returned with a mind to filming some cave sequences thereunder – a trip down memory lane - for a project that was then called **Ivan And The Dogs**. But with little to no interest in my endeavor from the people behind the counter I left determined more than ever to head deeper underground and into the caves of **Labouiche**, more about that hereabove.

NBB THE CAVE OF CONFLICT

In Plato's The Republic, Socrates invites a devoted pupil, to envisage an underground cave dwelling, with a long entrance reaching up towards the light. In this cave are prisoners who have been kept there since they were born and who can only see the shadows of objects that their guards carry across the entrance to the cave.

These shadows fall on the wall and the prisoners glean the world only as shadow play. Their reality is nothing but shadow play. The pupil concedes that if one of the prisoners were to escape and return with news that there was more to the world than just shadows that his fellow prisoners would abuse him. They would damn him as liar and non-believer for having seen the light.

I once proposed to make work in the cave that is buried deep in the Mountain of Fear (Montagne de la Frau) in the Pyrenees. I wanted to live there for forty days and forty nights in the pitch black. I wanted Iain Sinclair to visit me once a week with food and stories of his world beyond that I would then listen to and attempt to mistranslate.

The idea has preoccupied me for many years and the fact that the mountain looks down in one direction upon Montségur, a Cathar stronghold from the 12th Century, rich in its own stories as well as in the other direction, onto the village of Fougax-et-Barrineuf, which Samuel Beckett mentions in his play Happy Days, meant that the cave was always pregnant with possibility.

We had filmed **Ivul** in the forests that abound, the story of Alex who never did touch the ground

Moreover because of Plato, the cave has become a metaphor for both enlightenment and ignorance. The latter, in particular when it belongs to the hand-me-down-made-up-words of prophets. Men who continue to sit in their own dark caves and wantonly mistranslate the words of their shadow gods.

ACCORDINGLY, STOIC AND EPICUREAN THINKERS SPENT MUCH TIME DEVISING TECHNIQUES AND THOUGHT EXPERIMENTS. FOR EXAMPLE: IMAGINE THAT TODAY IS THE LAST DAY OF YOUR LIFE. ARE YOU READY TO FACE DEATH? IMAGINE, EVEN, THAT THIS VERY MOMENT – NOW! – IS THE LAST MOMENT OF YOUR EXISTENCE. WHAT ARE YOU FEELING? DO YOU HAVE REGRETS? ARE THERE THINGS YOU WISH YOU'D DONE DIFFERENTLY? ARE YOU REALLY ALIVE AT THIS INSTANT, OR ARE YOU CONSUMED WITH PANIC, DENIAL AND REMORSE? THIS EXPERIMENT OPENS YOUR EYES TO WHAT IS IMPORTANT TO YOU, AND REMINDS YOU OF HOW TIME RUNS CONSTANTLY THROUGH YOUR FINGERS.

Sarah Bakewell - How To Live





I AM LED TO THE CAVE, THE DOG AT THE THRESHOLD, AND THE HUMAN INSIDE. THEY ARE A POWERFUL RIPOSTE TO PLATO'S CAVE. THERE, WE ARE GIVEN ONLY THE SHADOW OF THE ULTIMATE FORM OR IDEA, AND WE KNOW OURSELVES BENIGHTED. HOW PERNICIOUS HUMAN IDEALISM HAS BEEN. IT GIVES US REALITY ONLY INSOFAR AS IT RELATES TO WHAT LIES BEYOND IT.

Colin Dayan – With Dogs at the Edge of Life

RELIGION IS THE OUTCOME OF UNRESOLVED CONTRADICTIONS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD. IF YOU MAKE THE ASSUMPTION THAT IT'S MAN-MADE THEN VERY FEW THINGS ARE MYSTERIOUS TO YOU: IT WOULD BE OBVIOUS TO YOU WHY THERE ARE SO MANY RELIGIONS; YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY IT IS THAT RELIGION HAS BEEN SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT TO OUR SPECIES - THAT DESPITE INNUMERABLE REVIVALS, INNUMERABLE ATTEMPTS AGAIN TO PREACH THE TRUTH, INNUMERABLE ATTEMPTS TO CONVERT THE HEATHEN, INNUMERABLE ATTEMPTS TO SEND MISSIONARIES ALL AROUND THE WORLD - THAT THE SAME PROBLEMS REMAIN WITH US. THAT NOTHING IS RESOLVED BY THIS. IF ALL RELIGIONS DIED OUT, OR WERE ADMITTED TO BE FALSE, ALL OF OUR PROBLEMS WOULD BE EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE NOW: HOW DO WE LIVE WITH ONE ANOTHER? WHERE, INDEED, DO MORALS AND ETHICS COME FROM? WHAT ARE OUR DUTIES TO ONE ANOTHER? HOW SHALL WE BUILD THE JUST CITY? HOW SHALL WE PRACTICE LOVE? ALL THESE QUESTIONS WOULD REMAIN EXACTLY THE SAME. EMANCIPATE YOURSELF FROM THE IDEA OF A CELESTIAL DICTATORSHIP AND YOU'VE TAKEN THE FIRST STEP TO BECOMING FREE.

Christopher Hitchens





Lek Synopsis And Back Story

LEK AND THE DOGS

Standard 8 - Super 8 - 16mm and HD transfer to DCP / 98 minutes B/w & Colour 2017 English and Graelot with subtitles

Written by Hattie Naylor & Andrew Kötting **Director** Andrew Kötting **Produced by** Nick Taussig & Paul Van Carter @ Salon Pictures **Cinematography** Nick Gordon-Smith **Additional cameras** Andrew Kötting **Editing** Andrew Kötting **Music** Jem Finer **Sound** Andrew Kötting & Philippe Ciompi **Executive producers** Lizzie Francke, Ian Berg & Christopher J Reynolds

CAST

Lek Xavier Tchili **Black dog** Kobi McCannon

VOICES

Lek as a young boy Clay Barnard **Body Psychotherapist** Sarah Lloyd **Child psychologist** Antonia Beamish **Animal Behaviorist** Schneider **Wizard and Eternalist** Alan Moore

STORY

Lek And The Dogs was conceived as a crossover project between narrative film, contemporary art piece and documentary. The narrative was inspired by the award-winning play Ivan And The Dogs by Hattie Naylor, based on the true story of Ivan Mishukov, who walked out of his apartment at the age of four and spent two years living on the city streets where he was adopted by a pack of wild dogs.

In a recession-ravaged city, Ivan's human world was dominated by deprivation and violence; his only hope was to turn to feral dogs for company, protection and warmth. His is a story told of survival in a world of decay as seen through the eyes of a child.

The film draws on a range of techniques, including home movies and archive, interviews and voiceover to produce a montage essay on the state of the world.

Lek, is played by the French performance artist and actor Xavier Tchili and who starred in two of the earlier feature films, This Filthy Earth and IVUL. He returns here as a man with a voice, somewhat close to the edge and buried under the weight of his own existential terrors.





WITH TRACE ELEMENTS OF TARKOVSKY'S STALKER AND SAMUEL BECKETT'S KRAPP'S LAST TAPE THE FILM SENDS THE PROTAGONIST, LEK INTO A ZONE DEEP UNDERGROUND ONLY TO SEE HIM SURFACE IN THE ATACAMA DESERT IN CHILE.

ULTIMATELY THE FILM INHABITS A FOGGY NO-MAN'S LAND BETWEEN DOCUMENTARY AND FICTION, BETWEEN ESSAY AND NARRATIVE WHILST AT THE SAME TIME PROBING FOR ANSWERS TO THE UNIVERSAL QUESTIONS OF;

WHERE NOW?
WHO NOW?
WHEN NOW?

CONJECTURE - THE FILM EXPLORES THE SOUND OF THE HAUNTOLOGICAL USING THE GHOSTS OF THE REAL FROM THE LANDSCAPE OF THE PAST, A PLACE IN WHICH MEMORY AND LOSS ARE MOTORS FOR MELANCHOLY AND GUILT.

CONTAGIOUS - MEN (MALE OF THE SPECIES) AND THEIR FRIGHTFUL HISTORY OF VIOLENCE, INFECTING AND CONTROLLING THROUGH THE FEAR OF SUPERSTITION, WHEN ONLY NOW MIGHT WOMEN BE LET INTO THE INNERS SANCTUMS.

CONCLUSION - THERE IS AN UNQUIET SPACE BETWEEN BEING AND NOTHING IN WHICH A LOT MIGHT HAPPEN. THE GHOSTS THAT DWELL HERE ARE NOT SUPERNATURAL ONES AND IVAN MISHUKOV, LIKE LEK LIVES ON REGARDLESS OF HIS APOCALYPTIC PAST. HOME IS WHERE THE HAUNT IS. HAUNTED BY A FUTURE THAT NEVER FAILS TO HAPPEN.

“Russian nihilism meets apocalyptic science fiction in an incredible story about a 4-year-old boy, who grew up among homeless dogs in Moscow. When Ivan Mishoukov was four years old, he ran away from home and lived for two years among wild dogs who looked after him on the streets of Moscow. An incredible story, which first became a stage play and has now been adapted as a dark and apocalyptic essay film in the spirit of Tarkovsky. The myth of ‘the wild child’, (un)spoiled by civilisation, is given an almost science-fiction-like twist in the eccentric British filmmaker Andrew Kötting’s visionary version, where the today 40-year-old Ivan himself plays the lead role, based on cassette tapes with his own recordings from his childhood. Dark, raw and delirious, with the collapse of the Soviet Union as its historical backdrop. Kötting illustrates the story of Ivan’s childhood as an outsider with a bleak motif of the now adult man, naked and on all fours in a barren desert landscape – and with a virtuously orchestrated use of strange and gloomy archive materials with nihilistic connotations from today’s Russia. An unforgettable work from an uncompromising filmmaker.”

THERE IS NO PRESENT OR FUTURE, ONLY THE PAST, HAPPENING OVER AGAIN, NOW.

Eugene O'Neill

(O'Neill's plays were among the first to include speeches in American vernacular and involve characters on the fringes of society. They struggle to maintain their hopes and aspirations, but ultimately slide into disillusionment and despair.)





HOW IVAN AND THE DOGS THEN BECOMES IVAN AND THE DOGS (UNDERLAND) BECOMES LEK AND THE DOGS (LEK HAVING INITIALLY BEEN THE NAME OF ONE OF THE DOGS)

OWNERS OF DOGS WILL HAVE NOTICED THAT, IF YOU PROVIDE THEM WITH FOOD AND WATER AND SHELTER AND AFFECTION, THEY WILL THINK YOU ARE GOD. WHEREAS OWNERS OF CATS ARE COMPELLED TO REALISE THAT, IF YOU PROVIDE THEM WITH FOOD AND WATER AND SHELTER AND AFFECTION, THEY DRAW THE CONCLUSION THAT THEY ARE GODS.

Christopher Hitchens

Hattie Naylor and I had reconnected after many years.

We were at the Slade together.

I love her work.

I love Bluebeard.

I love the way she adapted the Samuel Pepys diaries.

I love the fact that I used to live on The Pepys Estate in Deptford.

I love the fact that she helped name a theatre company GALLIVANT.

I love the fact that she forgave me when I said NO to her suggestion that we adapt W.G Sebald's Rings of Saturn for cinema.

I've loved all the writers I've worked with.

Sean Lock

Mark Wheatley

John Cheetham

Andrew Mitchell

Helen Paris

Leslie Hill

And

Iain Sinclair

They bring structure and order and wisdom to the chaos that is my mind.

USING DICKENS, ONLY SIMPLE WORDS, SIMPLE CONCEPTS, TO CREATE SIMPLE VOLUMES AND SURFACES AND LIGHTS AND SHADOWS; CREATING THEREBY A CITY OR FANTASY WHICH EVERYONE COULD RECONSTRUCT OUT OF HIS OWN MATERIALS, USING THE THINGS HE KNOWS TO RECREATE THE DESCRIBED THINGS HE DIDN'T KNOW

W.G. Sebald The Enigma of Arrival



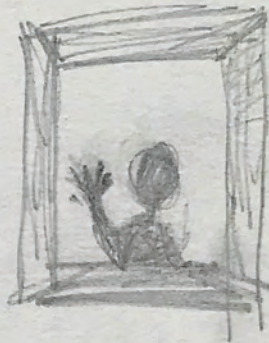


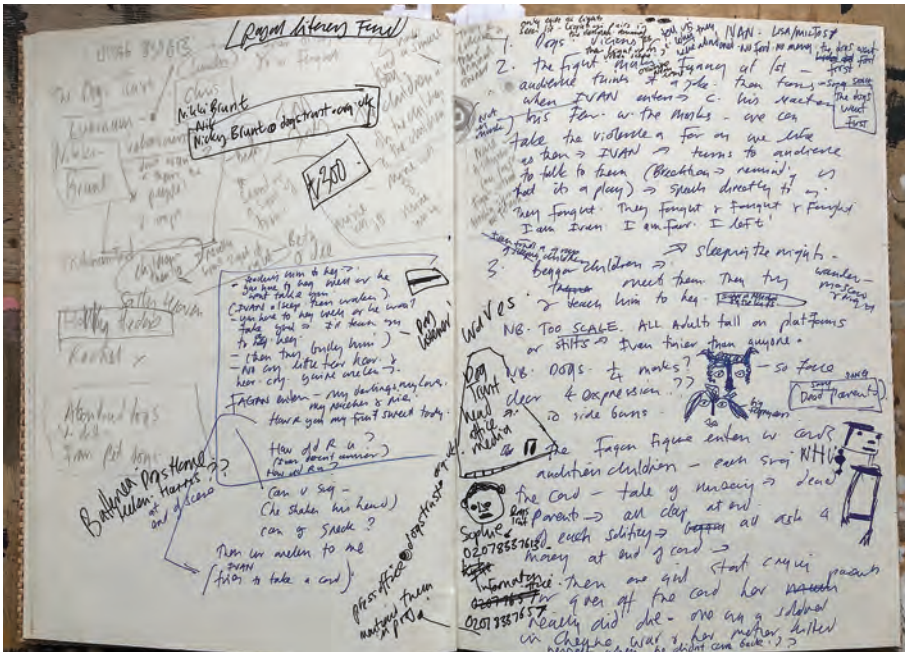
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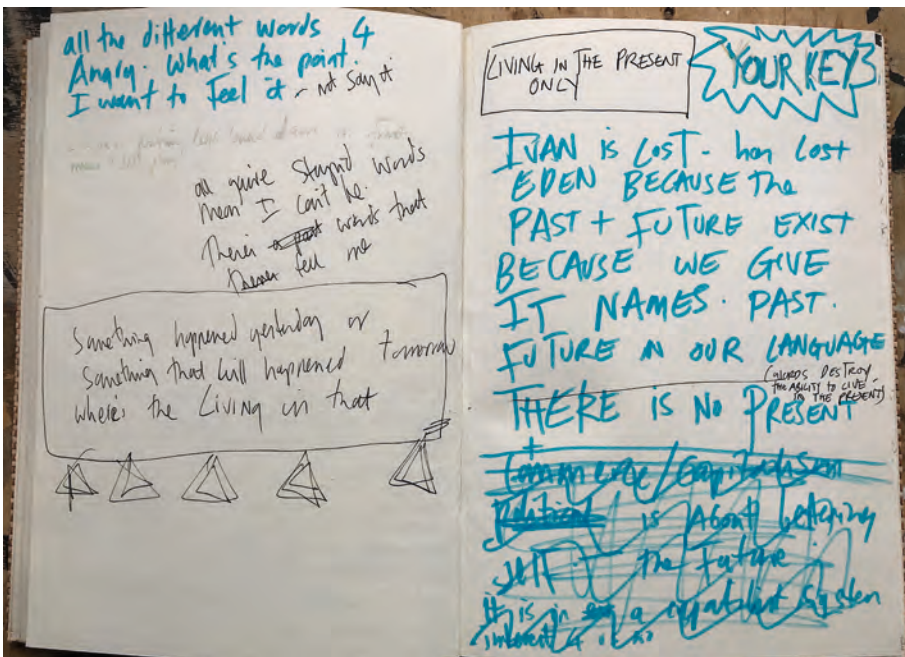


HATTIE
NAYLOR
NOTEBOOKS
FOR IVAN
AND THE
DOGS





How old R u? Ivan doesn't answer How old R u? He shakes his head.... Can he speak.... All adults on platforms or stilts.... Ivan tinier than anyone....



all the different worlds.... What's the point.... I want to feel it and not say it....

Ivan is lost.... Has lost EDEN because the past & future exist.... Because we give it names.... There is no present....



ivan & the dogs

Hattie Naylor



methuen | drama





Ivan Mishukov was found begging on the streets of Moscow with a pack of wild dogs in 1998. He had been living there for two years and had survived the harsh Russian winters by snuggling up to the dogs at night. He begged for food, for the pack, and they protected him, becoming his family. He left or was thrown out of his arguing parent's apartment in 1996 when Soviet Russia collapsed and the country went into free fall: savings were lost overnight, supermarkets were emptied, and Russia virtually ground to a halt. A bloodbath was only avoided by Yeltsin's intervention with the army.

Once apprehended Ivan was placed in an orphanage and eventually fostered.

I stood at the back of a restaurant off Tverskaya Street, Moscow, where Ivan had begged, in a very different Russia in 2005. Later that day we visited

two orphanages: one filled with grim dormitories where children lay lifeless on the bunks and a small abandoned five year old ran giggling through the dark corridors; and one 'enlightened' orphanage with bright colours where the staff separate the children into family groups of mixed ages. A discussion followed with the staff at the second orphanage concerning adoption. It was explained to me that orphaned or abandoned children in Russia are not adopted but, if they are lucky, fostered, because such children, it is believed, are cursed.

Andrew came to me after he had seen my play *Ivan and the Dogs* at its premiere at the Soho Theatre. He brought a copy of the text and mullered. We had shared a studio at the Slade School of Art in the nineties in the postgraduate studios, after my three years of messing about with sound and text had finally alienated the majority of my undergraduate tutors. Andrew and I would laugh together, and argue over equipment, and a shared passion for sound and image was forged. Then he came to me with a plan to turn *Ivan and the Dogs* into a film. He wanted to create a soundscape of an imagined Eastern-European like language and then use the text from the play like a subtitle.

I thought this bonkers, but as it was Andrew I went along with it. And a beautiful and moving creation of sound and image is the result. He expanded the play, used interviews and documentary elements, as well as found imagery.

The extraordinary central performance by Xavier Tchili, the captivating cinematography by Nick Gordon-Smith and the evocative music and sounds by Jem Finer, and Andrew's direction have created an apocryphal tale of loss and time that leaves a dark lingering taste in the mouth.

They have created something I could never have imagined and something I am so very proud to have been a part of.

Hattie Naylor March 2018



Ivan and the Dogs

by Hattie Naylor

Cast and Creative Team

Ivan

Rad Kaim

Director
Designer
Lighting Designer
Composer and Sound Designer
Movement Director
Dramaturg
Casting Director
Video Artist
Voice Coach
Production Manager
Company Stage Manager
Technical Stage Manager/Relighter
Audio Visual Consultant

Ellen McDougall
Naomi Wilkinson
Katharine Williams
Dan Jones
Joanna Croll
Nina Steiger
Nadine Rennie CDG
Simon Dinsett
Sarah Stephenson
Nick Ferguson
Martha Mamo
Rowan Pashley
Paul Swarbrick

Set construction

Steel the Scene

Unseen characters

Max Bollinger, Oleg Dzhabrailov,
Marusiya Kalinina, Oleg Kalninh,
Anastasia Mara, Basher Savage,
Andrei Zayats

Children's voices

Pupils from Russian School
Druzhba and Russian
Association Sputnik

With thanks to:

Carl Miller and Tony Graham from the Unicorn Theatre. Emily Gray from Trestle Theatre. Jeremy Howe and BBC Radio 4. Peter Hoare, Dave Thomas, Jane Ellison and all at Pier Productions. Ben Tavener and Masha Slonim. Nadia Taylor and Toby Rushton. Lee Lyford, Tom Wainwright and Tom Glenister. Sharon Clark, Kate Yedigaroff and all at Bristol Old Vic. And with special thanks to Mr Paul Dodgson.

Lucy Maycock, Nick Quartley and all at The North Wall Arts Centre, Caroline, Will Tuck, Karla, Rosamund Bartlett, Oxana Gouli, Charlotte Hobson, Davina Kateb, Justin Salinger, Evgeny Shirkin, Bijan Sheibani and Dr Emma Widdis.

Collaborators who have supported the development process:
Sam Booth, Sam James, Rhys Rusbatch, Jonah Russell,
Sophie Scott and Rebecca Whitehead.

Hattie Naylor (Playwright)

Hattie was studying painting at the Slade School of Art when her first play was accepted in the BBC Radio Young Playwrights Festival. She then went on to study mime, and set up and ran the art club Puzzle Club with David Ellis, before concentrating on writing.

She has won several national and international awards for her plays and has had a number of her short stories broadcast on Radio 4, including *Mathilde*, which opened the Bath Literary Festival in 2008. Recent broadcasts for BBC Radio include *Solaris*, *The Making of Ivan the Terrible*, based around an archived conversation between Eisenstein and Stalin, *Ivan and the Dogs*, and her adaptation of Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa* for the Classic Serial.

Theatre and opera work include *Mother Savage* for Travelling Light, the opera *Odysseus Unwound* for Julian Grant and *Tête à Tête*, and *The Nutcracker* for Theatre Royal Bath. Current projects include *Ben Hur* for the Theatre Royal Bath, *Alice Through the Looking Glass* for The Egg, Theatre Royal Bath, *Samuel Pepys' Diaries* for BBC Radio 4, and an opera with Will Gregory (Goldfrapp), conducted by Charles Hazlewood, for the Southbank in March 2011.

Rad Kaim (Ivan)

Theatre credits include *The Tempest* (Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre), *Guernica* (Oval House), *Serenade* (East River Comedia, New York), *Victory*, *Romeo and Juliet* (Contemporary National Theatre, Poland). Film credits include *The Empty Plan* (Kirshner & Panos), *Some Dogs Bite* (Kindle Entertainment), *Patagonia* (ITV WALES), *Harry Brown* (Marv Films), *Eastern Promises* (Kudos Pictures Ltd), *It's a Free World* (Sixteen Films). Television credits include *Waterloo Road* (BBC), *Na Dobro i Na Zle* (TVP), *Taggart* (SMG productions), *Waking the Dead* (BBC), *Dalziel and Pascoe* (BBC), *Blue Murder* (ITV), *The Bill* (ITV), *Doctor Who* (DW Productions for BBC). Rad was voted Poland's Best Newcomer in 2004 in Poland's equivalent to the Oscars.

to Mr Kithney
who write on my
play. love flat-x..



252 Earthworks 6 Hierarchical





OCTOBER 2015

IVAN AND THE DOGS (UNDERLAND)

SCENE 1

(Although I'd propose to be working with Jem Finer on the musical elements of the soundtrack, one could do a lot worse than to listen to William Basinski's Disintegration Loop on YouTube whilst reading this script: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qYOr8TlnqsY>)



Archive: A Phantomic image of a child with some dogs on a disintegrating glass plate. A satellite, deep in space. Another dog running and yet another copulating with the thin air.

Intermittently the hereunder text appears on top of the archive :

Terror is in the atmosphere about us....

A consuming passion like that of jealousy....

It sits like a blight upon life....

And the air holds ghosts....

All joy is dead....

And the sun is black....

The mouth is parched....

The mind is in tatters....





SCENE 2

A dog scavenges amongst a litter-strewn landscape. It is hard to tell where the landscape is. It might be Eastern Europe, South America or India.

Soundscape: *Intermittent short wave radio interruptions. They are very crackly. It is very hard to decipher what is being said. They might be confused for EVP's (Electronic Voice Phenomena) or Voices of the Dead. We hear a voice. Possibly speaking russian*

SCENE 3

Archive: Shanty towns and streets. Dogs and people scavenging amongst rubbish. Markets.

A late evening in the future. A Voiceover subtitled into English throughout presents a monologue, which sounds as if it might be Russian, Romanian or perhaps even Finnish. It's a man's voice.

Voiceover: All the money went and there was nothing to buy food with.

Parents couldn't feed their children or their animals.

They tried all sorts of things to find money.

To buy food.

But there wasn't any because the money was all gone.

So they found things they could get rid of.

Things that ate, things that drank or things that needed to be kept warm.

They looked about their apartments for these things.

The dogs went first.

They took them to the other side of the city and left them there.

But still there was no money.

So they looked for other things that ate, and drank.

Things that needed to be kept warm.

Some children were taken to other side of the city and left.

Then I was 4.

I was 4.

SCENE 4

This is our **Voiceover**. A lay figure or refugee. A man narrating from deep within a shadowscape. Shaved head and torn clothes. This is the heart of darkness.

The image echoes that of Kurtz from Francis Ford Coppola's Apocalypse Now.

He is called Ivan.

Soundscape: *The quiet hum of traffic coming from somewhere outside the room.*

Ivan: I don't remember everything

Because I was small.

I was very small.





But I will tell you as much as I can.

I will tell you as if it's now.

Now.

And this is now.

This really is now.

This is where I am now.

This is how I am.

This is how I have to live now.

Look at me.

Look at me.

SCENE 5

Archive: Abstract images of the earth spinning. Dark outer space. The universe in motion.

Soundscape. *Man muttering and shouting incoherently. Rummaging in a kitchen. The sound of bottles being broken. The atmosphere is charged and very violent. We can hear a child crying. A man and woman are arguing. We cannot understand their language. The atmosphere is tense. It peaks and troughs.*

No voiceover just the subtitles, they sit amongst a somewhat disturbing soundscape:

This is my Mother and my Stepfather

Every night is like this.

In the morning he will beg her to forgive him.

And he will promise on his Mother's life that he will never hit her again.

And she will say it is because we have nothing.

She will say it is because he has not been paid.

And then they will both cry

And then she will tell him that he has a soft heart

And she will kiss his face all over.

And he will promise on his Mother's life.

But he is lying.

And they both cry again.

And he says that all I do is eat and drink.

It will always be like this.

And I can't even say stop.

Distorted voices (they sound as if they might be coming from far out in space):





SCENE 6

Archive. Ice floats. Winter landscapes. Bleak.

Soundscape. *Abstract crackle. The movement of ice flows. A wind. People are milling around a lift. We hear the echo of footsteps coming up a stair well. Someone is shouting. Somebody else laughs. The atmosphere is empty.*

Voiceover: And outside there are the other children.

The ice on the river has broken.

I put bread and pickles in my pockets.

I put on my thick coat and my gloves.

And when I come back into the kitchen

They are curled around each other on the floor.

They are holding hands.

Asleep.

The door down stairs is really thick.

I can't open it.

I hide behind the thick door and wait.

And when it opens I go.

SCENE 57 A REOCCURRING SCENE

Archive: A naked boy stands staring at a dog in the woods. The dog at first seems unconcerned and then approaches the boy. They sniff and lick each other, happy in their meeting. The dog runs off into the forest. We follow it.

Voiceover: It never goes away.

Only the smell changes.

There is a new sound in the air

I think I can hear birds.

So I shave. I cut my nails.

I wash my mouth in the water of the caves.

I am maybe fifty- years old.

I will go up ground.

Soundscape. *A dog barks*

But then.

Then they are singing to me.

I'm in a clearing and it's very bright.

It never.

It never goes away.

I'm in a clearing.





She's there.

Lek is there.

Suddenly she barks and I run

I run into the wild.

Into forever.

Into now.

Archive: We can now see hundreds of dogs, spreading across the landscape. Wild dogs. Wolves.

SCENE 58

Ivan speaks into the old microphone. His voice sounds as if it is being broadcast through a tannoy somewhere outside.

Ivan: And this is now.

Running with my dogs.

Running in the falling sun.

And this is now.

Ivan's voice continues as we cut into the next scene, looping through the tannoy system.

SCENE 59

The camera moves through familiar tunnels and derelict industrial interiors. A pair of hands pull aside a manhole cover. It is Ivan. He clammers out slowly.

The camera pans up to reveal a ghost town. It is completely deserted. There is not a soul about. We are high up in the Atacama desert. Humberstone.

The camera continues to lift higher and higher. Ivan is squinting into daylight? Or is it twilight? Tatty clouds spread out like a clan of dogs hunting, scudding low beneath the leaden sky, each with a heavy black belly bearing a small flurrying sandstorm.

It is as if Ivan has come from the centre of the earth. And then dogs start to appear. Slowly at first but then more and more of them. From amongst the ruins. Ivan is the pied piper and they start to follow him. Hundreds of them.

Voiceover: And this is now.

Running with my dogs.

Running in the falling sun.

And this is now.

Ivan is almost a pin-prick within the frame.

The dogs around him.

Soundscape. *dogs panting and yelping. Wind blowing. The tannoy cackling incoherent and fractured music.*

END



NB In amongst the end credits would appear a photograph of Ivan Mishukov and the text:

"This film was inspired by the extraordinary story of Ivan Mishukov who in 1996 walked out of his mother's apartment at the age of four and spent two years living on the city streets where he was adopted by a pack of wild dogs."





VICKI JUNG

Script Report

www.script-editor.co.uk

PROJECT TITLE: Ivan And The Dogs
WRITER: Screenplay by Andrew Kötting, based on a radio play by Hattie Naylor
FORMAT: Feature Film (Rough Draft/March 2015)
GENRE: Drama
LENGTH: 36 pages
LOCATION: Urban unspecified
PERIOD: Unspecified
READER: Vicki Jung
DATE: 27.3.15

LOGLINE:

When a homeless young boy is adopted by a pack of wild dogs he discovers the true nature of the soul, helping sustain him during his epic battle for survival.

SYNOPSIS:

Desperate to escape from a life of domestic violence and neglect IVAN (4) leaves home but as he searches for refuge on the streets he is frightened by the wild dogs and ignored by the adults. When he seeks the company of other homeless children their glue-sniffing vacant stares disturb him and a bully beats him, steals his food and evicts him from their hideout. As he wanders alone through the night he becomes aware of a white dog watching him. Desperate for food he approaches a group of drunks gathered around a fire but when one man gives him a potato a fight breaks out and Ivan flees with the dog until he reaches a place of safety near a factory.

Ivan shares his food with the dog but she refuses to eat directly from his hand. He sleeps comforted by the knowledge that the dog is watching over him. The next morning Ivan hides from the men working in the factory but after lunch steals the left over scraps of food from the bins, carefully laying some on the ground for the dog. That night when he shares his stolen potatoes with the dog she finally takes the food from his hand. Ivan is happy to have found a friend and names her LEK...

Ivan and Lek scavenge for food together from the restaurant bins. Lek always shares her food with the other dogs but at night she refuses to let Ivan inside their den. One day Ivan begs for money in the market and when a man tries to drag him away he barks, sending the dogs running to his aid until the man lets him go. They run back to the den and Ivan is delighted when Lek finally lets him touch her. Ivan learns to growl and howl. Now he is one of the dogs. They sense when danger is near and watch out for each other, but Lek still won't let him in the den. Ivan lives on scraps from the bins and sometimes a man who works in a restaurant gives him food to share with his dogs.





One day the bully tries to attack him again and Ivan barks for his dogs, which come running and surround the big boy, leaving him crying on the ground. Ivan goes back to visit his mother and is shocked to discover she has died. He waits outside with the dogs for his stepfather to come home and attacks him in act of revenge...

One day while Ivan waits outside the restaurant for the kind man to bring him food a militiaman grabs him but Ivan barks and the dogs rush to his protection until the frightened militia lets him go. He discovers the bully has turned into a drunk and fears this is the only thing one can grow up to be. That night when Lek refuses to let him into the den again, he curls up into a ball and cries. Ivan returns to the restaurant with his dogs begging for food but this time the militia are waiting and drag him into a van. Lek comes running to the rescue and bites the men until they let Ivan go. That night Lek finally lets Ivan into the den and he sleeps curled up amongst the warmth of the dogs. He knows that Lek loves him and the world is a safe place now he is dog. It grows cold and Ivan and the dogs are hungry all the time. They go back to the restaurant and as the dogs hide behind the bins the kind man brings Ivan chocolate and milk but this time when the militiamen come the dogs fail to come to his rescue. Ivan howls in despair as they throw him into the van and tell him his dogs have been trapped and killed....

Ivan is taken to an orphanage and struggles to endure the bullies and young children who cry through the night. He goes to church and learns he has a soul inside him but when he tries to imagine the soul, it is dog shaped. Journalists visit and take photos, fascinated by his tale of survival among dogs but Ivan refuses to talk to them. A kind woman ERINA tries to befriend him but Ivan sends her away because she is not dog. One day he hears her telling the journalists to leave him alone and agrees to let her take him home. When Erina gives him a music box and sings to him, Ivan decides to stay with her. Erina has a dog but Ivan refuses to play with him because he is too tame until one day a man breaks into the flat and the dog leaps to their defence, sending the intruder fleeing. Ivan looks into the dog's eyes and sees Lek's soul and understands Lek is in all dogs. That night he sleeps curled up with the dog, safe in the world again...

A new fear fills the air, there are more break-ins and hoards of masked men invade the streets, leaving a trail of devastation in their wake. One dreadful night Erina is killed and Ivan escapes in terror with her dog, running through the ruined city back to the safety of the old den. As destruction rages above ground, Ivan hides below ground and waits for the danger to pass, scavenging for food in the tunnels. As time passes and Erina's dog dies, he waits only for death until one day he notices new sounds and smells in the air. Ivan is now fifty-one. He thinks

He hears his dogs and dreams of returning above ground, where he will run into the wild with Lek forever. The next day he emerges from the bowels of the earth into the bright light of a deserted landscape. As a band of wild dogs appear from among the ruins and follow him into the desert, he is finally reunited with his true soul mates...

COMMENTS:

PREMISE:

This poignant tale of survival is inspired by the true-life events of a young homeless Russian boy who is adopted by a pack of wild dogs. The stakes are suitably high as the protagonist endures supreme hardship in his struggle to stay alive but the story is elevated by moral concerns, which offer a powerful comment on the pressing need for spiritual survival to give meaning to endurance. The story serves as a potent modern day parable in the face of growing conflicts between religious faiths, whose over-riding desire for supremacy threaten widespread societal upheaval. The main concern is that the decision to frame the story through the eyes of the protagonist as a middle-aged man, who has survived alone for such a lengthy period underground with little access to food, may undermine plausibility.





SETTING:

The location and time period of events appears intentionally obscure – it could be past, present or a vision of a dystopian future, and the narrator’s use of an indecipherable mixture of languages, combined with imagery from around the world, resists pinning events down to a single geographical location. The bleak, harsh world of this timeless, stateless story is clearly established through haunting sound and poignant imagery, offering a fitting backdrop to explore contemporary concerns about the threat to our civilised way of everyday life.

THEMATIC IDEAS:

The opening quote, ‘terror, the most abject terror, is in the atmosphere about us...’ effectively taps into current concerns about the spread of terrorism. Thematic concerns with terrorism arising from religious conflict are reinforced by the arrival of ‘men in dresses’ destroying everything in their wake and the sound of church bells competing with the ‘call to prayer’. The final quote, ‘The man who belongs, belongs to a civilisation that cannot identify the nature of the disease which undermines it...’ offers a possible response to the opening quote, issuing a warning about the decline of civilisation if mankind is unable to identify the true root cause of this malign terror. This quote however seems less aptly linked to the culmination of Ivan’s journey. It appears that Ivan has never ‘belonged’ to civilisation and the final phrase ‘he spares the civilisation out of egoism’ feels like the wrong end-note for everything he has gone through.

Or is that the point? I.e. That the quote is at odds with Ivan’s journey and serves to provide an oblique comment on it, suggesting that Ivan has survived because he is not like other men?

The prevailing state of fear ‘the most awful of human phenomena’ is reinforced by the constant threat of death, destruction and notions of sacrifice that permeate the story. But why is the donkey suddenly butchered (Sc. 32)? Is it to do with the foreign invaders e.g. a form of ritual sacrifice?

Or is it because people are so hungry? Are the domestic break-ins at Erina’s home, which leads to her death, connected to the ‘demonic’ foreigners who infiltrate the streets, or are these separate events, born of desperation amongst the local poor?

Religious themes underscore Ivan’s journey, as he learns that he has a soul and that the end of civilisation will be marked by the absence of God. The idea that the soul ‘is dog’ is nicely reinforced at the end, as the deserted landscape fills with the pack of wild dogs, the only living souls left, while Ivan’s departure from the action leading a donkey, with its Christian symbolism, confers on him a Christ-like quality, offering hope that God has not departed from the world...The survival of the dogs who don’t ‘make up stories’, or seek to impose those ‘stories’ on others, serves as a powerful indictment of religious tyranny - but there is also the danger that concluding dramatic events could be read as a message that Christianity has prevailed over Islam!

IVAN’S JOURNEY:

The protagonist immediately engages our sympathy as an innocent young child who is a victim of domestic violence and poverty, and we admire his independent spirit and courage when he leaves home and is forced to survive alone on the streets. We feel empathy for his plight as he faces numerous obstacles to find food and shelter in a harsh, alien world and must overcome a series of aggressive opponents. His gradual struggle to find companionship and acceptance from his new allies, the pack of wild dogs, is nicely developed, revealing his generosity as he shares his hard won food, and this relationship forms the strong heart at the centre of the story.



We spend real time with the main character until Sc. 29, exploring his daily struggle for survival, helping us to engage in his plight. From this point onwards his journey is viewed through a series of brief snapshots stretched over long periods of time, lending an episodic feel to events that may dilute the viewer's engagement. Ivan's journey is at its most compelling when he is actively driving narrative events and there is a loss of momentum when he is placed in a passive state of waiting, e.g. during his time in the orphanage, in the foster home, and in his final waiting place underground. Could we see him take greater charge of his fate as he continues to face a series of challenges to survive?

Ivan's time on the streets with the dogs is inevitably the most unusual and compelling aspect of his journey but could some of the pivotal moments chosen to recount his tale after this point be mined for greater dramatic effect?

E.g. Ivan faces a serious setback when his dogs are trapped and he is taken to the orphanage but could we learn more about his struggle to re-adapt to the human community after living with a pack of dogs? How does Ivan's 'dog like' mentality and behaviour help or hinder him in this new environment? E.g. does he have to relearn to use language instead of barking? Does he struggle to sleep in a bed instead of curled up on the ground? Does he sniff his food before eating? How is status established between the boys and where does Ivan stand in the pecking order etc.?

It is uplifting that despite the death of his mother and his beloved dogs Ivan eventually finds a new source of support and companionship from his kindly foster mother who offers him refuge from the orphanage, and her dog, when he reveals his Lek-like soul. All hope appears lost again when his foster mother is killed and he is forced to go it alone once more, but more time could be spent exploring this pivotal relationship before she succumbs to her tragic fate, strengthening engagement in their shared plight. If the intruders killed Erina, why was Ivan left untouched? Could more tension be exploited from his struggle to avoid detection when the bad men enter his foster home? His inability to speak about these traumatic events might be elevated if he is forced into hiding in the flat, trying to make sense of what is going on from what he overhears?

Ivan's journey is narrated through the eyes of the protagonist as an old man looking back on his life until past and present finally collide. This narrative device adds weight to the climactic ending as we enter the true 'now' but the final revelation that he has survived alone underground for about (40?) years, waiting for the danger to subside, may strain plausibility. Is it possible that he could have survived so long by scavenging for food in the tunnels – unless perhaps he finds a hidden store of food? Or lives on rats? If so let's hear about his battle to catch and kill one. Concluding events are ambiguous as Ivan finally re-emerges from the bowels of the earth – Has he emerged into the sunlight as the soul survivor of the human race or has he died and gone to heaven? Either way, his journey ends on an uplifting redemptive note to reveal that he has finally been rewarded for his act of endurance and innocent, generous spirit, to be reunited with his true soul mates.

The diverse array of supporting characters is vividly drawn and serves the story effectively as allies and opponents to help and hinder the protagonist on his mission to survive. The loyal protective dogs provide welcome contrast to the aggressive bullies and militiamen, while the kind foster mother offers heart-warming contrast to the downtrodden neglectful mother, helping to restore faith in human nature. The demonic intruders serve as a powerful force of antagonism, whose encroaching shadowy presence forms a fitting symbol of the elusive face of terrorism.

Throughout it all, it is Ivan's enduring bond with the dogs, who share the simple, primal essence of soul, that elevate his journey from a triumph of physical survival against the odds into a quest for spiritual meaning.





DIALOGUE:

It will help to maintain the central conceit that the story is being recounted as if 'it is now' by ensuring that the speech always remains in the present tense; there are a few slips into past tense e.g.

Sc.11 - 'I got water from the melting snow' – I get water

Sc.29 – 'those were hard days' – these are hard days

A couple of words seem to be missing e.g.

Sc.10 – 'I go to a place (where?) there is only rubbish'

Sc.16 – 'she thinks I might hurt (her?)'

STYLE:

The expressionistic style of sound and imagery works effectively to conjure up the chaotic, disintegrating world of the story and offer insight into the protagonist's emotional journey. The use of archive images from a range of cultural settings lends a gritty, authentic, documentary feel to events while reinforcing the idea that the protagonist is struggling with issues of universal concern.

FORMAT:

NB. After scene 36, scene numbering returns to 35 and 36.

The story assumes a clear shape in its current form but at 36 pages the script appears to fall short of a feature length film - unless the use of atmospheric elements of sound and imagery will significantly extend the running time of narrative elements? Is it intended to be a long, short film, or to be developed into a more conventional feature length film? If so opportunities may need to be found to open up the story.

As previously explained one option would be to re-instate the story element with the ideal fantasy mother figure Svetlana, e.g. linking to the thought expressed in Sc. 10 'maybe there's somewhere on earth where there's a kind mother'. Other options include exploring Ivan's struggle to adapt from his newly acquired 'pack like' mentality back into the world of humans at the orphanage (from Sc.29), or his period of respite in the foster home (from Sc. 31), or his lengthy time in isolation underground (from Sc. 33).



LEK AND THE DOGS

INTRODUCTION – ANDREW KÖTTING

The attached ‘script’ is loosely based on Hattie Naylor’s stage play **Ivan and the Dogs**. However it is important to know that the voice-over that will run throughout the film isn’t designed to tell the whole tale. It mustn’t be read as a theatrical monologue or operatic libretto, but more as a guide or road map. I suspect that some of the dialogue would be cut at the edit stage of the film and the audience would be left with an atmospheric after taste.

Cinematic points of reference that might be useful to consider are Derek Jarman’s **Blue**, Simon Pummel’s **Body Song**, Guy Maddin’s **Forbidden Room** and Bill Morrisson’s **Decasia**.

The use of archive throughout is not there just to illustrate but more to transport the audience into a world of allegory and intrigue. A world of memory and abstraction. It might also be helpful to think of the deft way in which Adam Curtis uses newsreel and archive in his **The Power of Nightmare** to tap into the zeitgeist.

A lot of the sequences would work in an oblique way, pushing against the obvious grain. The telling and explaining is designed to beguile rather than just inform, which is why the text has been written in the first person present tense, despite the retrospective nature of the narrative.

One of the themes of the film is an investigation into the notion of the ‘now’ or the ‘present’. Because there is no clear and real ‘present’ but only a distant past, the work might also be experienced within the context of Samuel Beckett’s **Krapp’s Last Tape**. The use of the cassette player in our ‘story’ encourages the audience to veer away from reflex sentimentality and towards an existential melancholia.

A vision of endlessness, the habit of mind and the habit of survival, perhaps even a paranoid acceptance of the way things are, in this the first chapter of the 21st Century with the spread of viruses, the fear of terrorism, the waves of migration and the breakdown in civilization.

A public confession by a man who has cut himself off from the world. Lek has nothing left but language and memories of the past to fiddle with and this is what enables him to survive. Keeping-going is his only job. **Lek And The Dogs** is not just a conventional adaptation of an existing story, but rather a launch pad for a meditation on the state of the world today, offering strong contemporary resonance.

**THERE IS NO PRESENT OR FUTURE, ONLY THE PAST
HAPPENING OVER AND OVER AGAIN, NOW.**

Eugene O’Neil





Earthworks 3 Hereunder



meur juste sur leur nez, ça aussi c'est surréaliste pour nous, mais tout à fait normal pour un Chilien, que de partager la voie publique avec ces gros marinières de mers qui ont l'air de timbales une grande mélancolie et un mal de vivre évident.

Puis on rentre dejeuner un morceau avec Nick, les autres sont sortis. Je suis également après pour une dernière balade dans la ville où j'ai d'ailleurs avec mon pauvre appareil photo les ultimes et belles observations du voyage et en particulier, les couleurs, le soleil, les façades de maisons, les rues, l'activité et la diversité. Un pays de couleurs et plein de vie, l'Amérique latine dans toute sa splendeur.

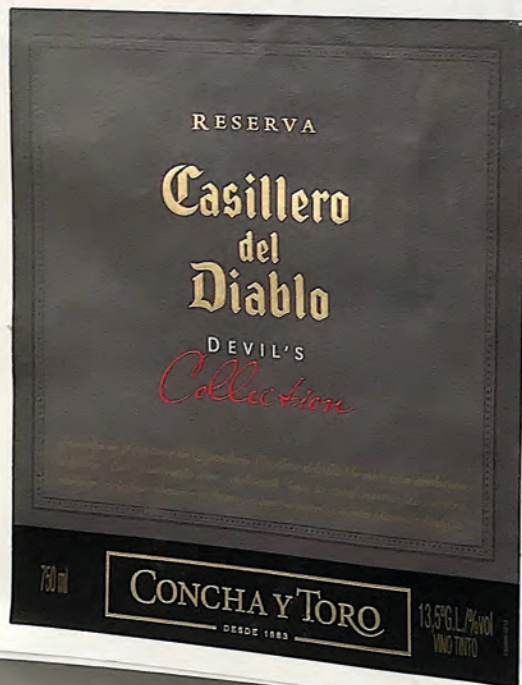
On se retrouve tous à 18h sur la plage pour un bain de pacifique, quel plaisir de nager dans cet océan. Cette fois les courants ont fait, et la nage est plus difficile mais c'est toujours bon la grande piscine salée, et les milliers de gens autour qui jouent dans l'eau, toutes les familles et les jeunes, toute cette vie insouciance de vacanciers en quête de plage, de vague et de soleil.

Et puis c'est la wrap party. Carlos avec l'aide de Peter nous prépare un BBQ de poissons achetés ce midi sur les quais, de magnifiques gros poissons dont je ne sais le nom mais qui, une fois grillés, préparés, assaisonnés marinières sont un délice. Petits patats sautés et ailés arrosés de blanc du Chili c'est la fête à la maison pour le dernier repas de nos amis, les chiens amis du lek et ses dogs à l'unique Chile. On va dormir pas trop bouffi mais l'estomac bien rempli et des rêves embrumés qui s'allument de nos têtes.

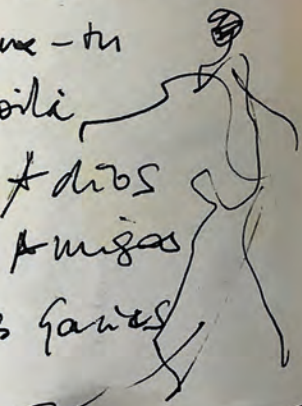
Et puis après on trouve un vieux fantôme en skai noir
tout défoncé on le prend et attend que le soleil
disparaît à l'horizon.

Calmes et tranquilles, rien à faire que d'être
là affalés en plein désert, sur un ton de détritus,
dans un vieux fantôme défoncé et de regarder, au loin,
l'air vif et large, éclairé dans une lueur pâle par
Dieu lui-même, chef électro, directeur de la photo
hors pair.

Aller à Naïson, comme toujours, préparé par le
chef en chef Andrew avec ses seconds en nous-
chefs qui font petites mains pour que tout soit
merveilleusement bon. Ça tombe, aperçu et
plat excellent, poulet, légumes, patates au four. Le
Voie des grandes maisons.



Et bien sur
pour moi
c'est vins chiliens
en verre - tu
en voilà,
et #dros
Amigos
Buenas tardes





ça valait le coup d'être insistants, deux rendez-vous en mairie et un six de coup de fils, parés par J. Peller et voilà, enfin le tournage a pu se faire.

Par contre la vété ne ~~me~~ souhaite pas être remerciée ni même citée au générique, elle préfère que tout ça reste discret. Il semble que ce chenil n'ait pas bonne presse et fasse l'objet de pas mal de tracasseries, pourquoi et les quelles? paraît qu'ils ne savent pas bien vu par les sociétés protectrices des animaux car ils préparent des chiens...? No lo se.

On rentre,
douce

Unb cinéma, on va voir Sir Di Caprio se faire défonner à coup de griffes et de dents par un ours mal léché. Là c'est violent et la première demi heure du film est sacrément féroce. Les états unis est un pays - continent qui s'est construit sur la violence, et dans une extrême brutalité, le film le montre à nouveau à sa façon. Avec les

longquistados pour le sud, et Colombiens pour le nord, les indiens avaient fait à faire pour préserver leur territoires, bon on connaît la suite.

LEK
Aimé par
Les chiens
chiliens



apocalyptique, avec, au milieu de ces ruines,
après être resté d'un surpan en ciment qui pousait le
sol au milieu des gravas, un lek abasourdi, qui
tente de reprendre ses esprits au milieu du désastre
et des restes de toute civilisation.

Je fais le job, pendant que soit le camera de Nick,
soit le drone qui plane sur ma tête, capture la image
d'un lek en homme nu, abasourdi et seul, ps
trajons joyeux, mais je tray difficile comme boulot.
J'arrive avant ça, m'adapter à ce qui se passe autour,
supprimer, à moi des éléments.

Ça tourne bien, le deuxième Spot ou "location" de
la journée, après l'avoir chercher longtemps en conduisant
lent sur la route, bientôt au delà de l'aéroport, ~~mais~~
finalement nous tend les bras comme par un heureux
hasard, sous le forme d'un ~~petit~~ chemin de terre qui
penètre un petit bout dans le désert, avec au fond,
la haute falaise du plateau. Andrew cherchait une
entrée, un bon endroit, un coin de désert avec cette
vue magnifique au fond, mais beaucoup de fermiers
qui gardent cette route sont complètement stupides
d'acier et nous même protégés de longues clôtures
en ~~totos~~ pshier de béton et barbelés. Le chaos
combien au hasard ou à notre bonne fortune
à encore une fois fait très bien la chose
Car cet endroit donne encore lieu à de magnifiques
plans, éclairés d'une lumière naturelle rose-
orangée majestueuse, qui rend tout, beau!

c'est bien d'être un peu fidèle car cette fois le
Kölning me fait jouer à 101



Le
NU
DANS LE
DESERT
ATTEND
UN DOG
HYPOTHÉTIQUE







Dr Andrew Mitchell

SOME IMPLICATIONS AND HYPÖTHETICAL RAMIFICATIONS FROM A NEURODEVELOPMENTAL AND PSYCHOPATHOLOGY POINT OF VIEW for Professor Andrew Kötting from Doctor Andrew Mitchell in early 2016

- When there is malnutrition, there is microcephaly - intellectual abilities are reduced, also language, memory diminished.
- But there's macrocephaly? No cortical pruning between ages 6-8 - normal development - brain grows and then reduces in size as significant connections are made, pathways become more efficient....but if there was no 'pruning' because of a deficit in critical period - then you'd have a big brain that couldn't make connections...what might that be like?....
- With dogs as only form of socialisation in critical period and a 6-8 year olds language - there would be disruption to syntax and semantics, and praxis - the way in which you get language to do things for you....
- Also disruptions to the development of Theory of Mind and incipient executive skills... planning, organising, delaying gratification, abstraction etc.....
- Missing a critical period of Theory of Mind - may lead to acquired sociopathy, or autistic-like presentation.
- But in compensation one would take on doggish attributes and incorporate these - some pack-think, nuanced hierarchy, 'mindless behaviour', restricted emotional repertoire - 'impulsivity'.... hyper acuity of senses?... A myth? Certain critical periods are over stimulated - sight, smell sound.... Whereas language is undercooked.
- Precocious puberty? An adult aged 8?
- With dogs - all you do is eat and drink and fuck.... civilisation had already been destroyed in him, before the world outside was ruined.... he fitted in well.
- But there would be a strange choreographed solidarity amongst the dog pack even though they are radically independent alone.... Stimulus and responses.





À La Pavlov - with no black box to mediate.



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- Early family experience: Romanian orphan studies - little food and no socialisation - ruined emotionally and cognitively for the rest of their lives - small hippocampus, magnified amygdala - meaning poor memory and overblown fear response system - constant panic attack
- Early Trauma: child is always in Post Traumatic Stress Disorder - disrupted conscious memory but involuntary flash backs, can't form meaningful attachments.
- Extreme liability - parent is violent then tender then violent and children are exposed: the smallest disruption is the end of the world and the actual apocalypse barely stirs the self....
- Post Traumatic Stress Disorder could be borderline Personality Disorder - or Histrionic Personality Disorder: all sense of emotional scale is lost - you get this in Krapp's Last Tape a little...
- All you do is eat and drink - he was already a dog in the minds of his parents before he became a dog, before his parents became dogs... again the internal world predates the external changes, he's already psychically conformed.
- Early experience of hunger - parents never attuned to this catastrophe - nothing will ever fill or soothe - Ovid: Tantalus - or Pituitary patients - eat themselves to death without ever being sated.... Then there's Kafka's Hunger Artist - who starves to death and nobody is there to watch.
- Emotional and cognitive changes disrupt sense of episodic memory - no linear chronology - but multiple presents invading each other....
- And then, like Herpes Simplex Virus (which you might catch from fucking a dog) and eats the hippocampus altogether - there is only a NOW - nothing new can be learned explicitly - there are only implicit unconscious memories.



All glass plates - Circa 1900 - H G SMITH





SASE Archive

SCREEN ARCHIVE SOUTH EAST

is a public sector moving image archive serving the South East of England. The archive's collections of magic lantern slides, films, video, and associated materials capture the many varied aspects of life, work and creativity from the early days of screen history to the present day and serve as a rich and invaluable historical resource.

screenarchive@brighton.ac.uk

Fragments of memory, triggering associations which are not necessarily one's own but an accumulation of all and sundry – like reels of home movie found at a jumble sale or in a charity shop – they feel as if they belong but are working as orphaned memories that need a home – I attempt to provide this for them – the projects as containers and vessels - calling upon the skills of a regurgitator to send them back out into the world.

Screen Archive South East has provided a treasure trove of possibilities these ever-so-many-years, it covers me in succor and inspiration – films donated and bequeathed from along the south coast – families grieving and cleaning out the past offering up for those futures unknown. They transport me and inspire me and invariably become a glue that holds the work together. A 'meta' made possible through reconfiguration and mediation.

NB none of the hereunder archives were shot in Russia nor the 'Eastern Block' – all footage from Kent and Sussex



Even today nobody can tell what is right and what is wrong. It will be the same in the future. The relativity of such expressions means little; not to be able to dispense with their use is more significant. I don't know what is right or what is wrong and yet I still attempt to divide actions into good and bad. If anyone asked me why I do so I couldn't give an answer, easier to sit here underground, pondering.

Lek

At street level – outside a vehicle – all modern cities are violent and tragic. The violence of which the media and police reports speak so much, is partly a reflection of this more continuous but unregarded and older violence.

The violence of the daily necessity of the streets – of which the traffic is a symbolic expression – to obliterate (run over) even the recent histories of those who lived and live in them.

John Berger – About Looking





Someone once said that it is easier to imagine the end of the world than to imagine the end of capitalism. We can now revise that and witness the attempt to imagine capitalism by way of imagining the end of the world.

Frederic Jameson

We're all idealists, all materialists; and the final judgment or label is simply a matter of ideology, or, if you prefer, of political commitment.

Frederic Jameson

That is God

Hooray! Ay! Whrrwheel!

What? Mr Deasy asked.

A shout in the street, Stephen answered.

James Joyce Ulysses

There are no pessimists; there are only realists and liars.

Paul Virilio

This pitiless century, the twentieth

Albert Camus





The Bible contains a warrant for trafficking in humans, for ethnic cleansing, for slavery, for bride-price, and for indiscriminate massacre, but we are not bound by any of it because it was put together by crude, uncultured human mammals.

Christopher Hitchens

Religious exhortation and telling people, telling children, that if they don't do the right thing, they'll go to terrifying punishments or unbelievable rewards, that's making a living out of lying to children. That's what the priesthood do. And if all they did was lie to the children, it would be bad enough. But they rape them and torture them and then hope we'll call it 'abuse'.

Christopher Hitchens





Religion is man-made. Even the men who made it cannot agree on what their prophets or redeemers or gurus actually said or did.

Christopher Hitchens

Without the vigilance of irony how easy it would be to found a religion! Merely allow the gawkers to collect around our loquacious trances and encourage some new dances – here we go round the Mulberry Bush....

Lek

The monotheist religions expelled the gods through the front door with a lot of fanfare, only to take them back in through the side window. Christianity, for example, developed its own pantheon of saints, whose cults differed little....

Yuval Noah Harari – Sapiens – A Brief History of Humankind



AND GOD REACHED OUT AND PUT THE LIGHT IN HIS HANDS AND GOD ROLLED THE LIGHT AROUND IN HIS HANDS UNTIL THE SUN AND HE SET THAT SUN A BLAZING IN THE HEAVENS AND THE LIGHT THAT WAS LEFT FROM MAKING THE SUN, GOD GATHERED IT UP IN A SHINING BALL AND FLUNG IT AGAINST THE DARKNESS ANGLING THE LIGHT WITH THE MOON AND STARS. THEN DOWN BETWEEN THE DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT HE HURLED THE WORLD.

LEK AND THE DOGS

HERMENEUTICAL EXPERIENCE IS CONCERNED WITH TRADITION. THIS IS WHAT IS TO BE EXPERIENCED. BUT TRADITION IS NOT SIMPLY A PROCESS THAT EXPERIENCE TEACHES US TO KNOW AND GOVERN; IT IS LANGUAGE – IE IT EXPRESSES ITSELF LIKE A THOU. A THOU THAT IS NOT AN OBJECT; IT RELATES ITSELF TO US.

Hans-Georg Gadamer – TRUTH AND MENTHOD



Earthworks 3 Hereunder

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Who would have thought that something so tragically absurd could be possible?

Sam Harris – The End of Faith

I had viewed them as merely a monument – a Leaning Tower Of Pisa to the ignorance and superstition of our forefathers. But I now knew that Jesus, the Buddha, Moses and Mohamed as well as all the other saints of history had not all been epileptics, schizophrenics, frauds and fabulists. When I surfaced I realised that their intellectual disaster areas there were still truths buried there somewhere in the rubble....

Lek

Life without utopia is suffocating, for the multitude at least: threatened otherwise with petrification, the world must have a new madness.

E.m. Cioran

Faith is the surrender of the mind; it's the surrender of reason, it's the surrender of the only thing that makes us different from other mammals. It's our need to believe, and to surrender our scepticism and our reason, our yearning to discard that and put all our trust or faith in someone or something, that is the sinister thing to me. Of all the supposed virtues, faith must be the most overrated.

Christopher Hitchens

Do not seek to have everything that happens happen as you wish, but wish for everything to happen as it actually does happen, and your life will be serene.

Epictetus

IN THIS WORD
WHERE ALL THE CHARACTERS ARE SO MUCH OF
THE EARTH
EARTHY
SO MUCH PART OF THE SOIL
SOILED
LABOURED AND SWEATY
NOT AIRY FAIRY

Lek





Earthworks 3 Hereunder

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I pissed and shat another
image in my crib never so
clean since

Samuel Beckett – HOW IT IS

How easy it is to be deep - just
let yourself sink into your own
flaws and float away....

Lek

Meantime as the wind blows hard and the ice begins to melt
- only superficial minds approach an idea with delicacy....

Lek

Whilst the pessimist is busy inventing new reasons to live
every day - he like me has become a victim of the meaning
of life....

Lek

Wisdom - to understand with dignity the
humiliation inflicted upon us by the depths
to which we have sunk and the holes in which
we find ourselves....

Lek

All these words are made
using the flash of imitation -
borrowed from other minds
with studied shudders stolen
ecstasies and the end of faith:

Lek





WHILE IN TRUTH THE ENTIRE CONFLICT IS BORN OF AN OVERWHELMING SENSE OF DUTY TO EMBRACE MYTH AND MAKE IT 'REAL' EACH NEW GENERATION OF BELIEVERS IS CONDEMNED TO INHERIT THE SUPERSTITIONS AND TRIBAL HATREDS OF ITS PREDECESSORS – ENOUGH NOW ALREADY.

NOT ONLY DO WE STILL EAT THE OFFAL OF THE ANCIENT WORLD; WE ARE POSITIVELY SMUG ABOUT IT.

LEK

We are entering an era where a single person can, by one clandestine act, cause millions of deaths or render a city uninhabitable for years....





Tchili Family Archive

EMBABOUYNÉ – ENCHANTED

Shot on standard 8 and super 8 by father and then son.

D'aussi loin qu'il m'en souviennne j'ai toujours été filmé. Sous le regard de sa caméra super huit ou devant l'objectif de son appareil photo, mon père très tôt passionné et adepte des images fixes ou animées, n'a cessé d'immortaliser l'existence de la famille en la gravant sur pellicule argentique ou celluloïd.

As far back as I can remember I've been filmed. Under the gaze of my father's Super 8 camera or in front of the lens of his stills camera, his early passion was for the moving image, and he has immortalised our family's existence on film or moving image.

Nouveau né, enfant, adolescent jusqu'au jeune adulte je peux tracer les étapes de ma vie, celles de mes frère et sœur aussi et nos diverses évolutions grâce à lui. Son décès survint bien trop tôt.

From new born, child, teenager to young adult I can trace the various stages of my life, and those of my brother and my sister too as well as our various evolutions thanks to him. His death came much too early.

Je « récu-père » alors sa caméra et l'appareil photographique. Je fais rapidement mes premières images filmées lors d'un voyage avec ma compagne au Japon où notre fille fut conçue, films couleurs, l'émotion de filmer me gagne.

I then "fathered" his camera. I quickly made my first film on a trip with my girlfriend to Japan, where our daughter was conceived, all in color the emotion of filming won me over.





THE CITY BECAME PART
 DOCUDRAMA, PART CARNIVAL
 OF THE GROTESQUE IT
 PRODUCED LIFE- THREATENING
 FEAR RATHER THAN
 FLANEURIAL FRISSENS. A
 SELECT FEW FOXTROTTED
 IN THE FACE OF IMMINENT
 APOCALYPSE, MANY MORE
 DESCENDED INTO THE LONDON
 TUBE TO SLEEP ALONG
 THE PLATFORMS, BUT THE
 STREETS WERE BLACKENED
 FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER
 A CENTURY AND THE AIR
 THICK WITH THE ACRID SMOKE
 OF TORCHED HUMANS AND
 DEVASTATED FACTORIES AND
 BUILDINGS.

Sukhdev Sandhu – NIGHT HAUNTS





Retour, naissance de Louise, je filme notre enfant à trois mois, pellicule noir et blanc, nous sommes en Normandie en vacances chez des amis, j'aime faire ce geste, atavique on dirait, d'accompagner les balbutiements de l'être cher par ceux fébriles de la caméra, je sens bien que la vie comme le cinéma c'est le mouvement et la recherche de sa plénitude.

Back home, and with the birth of Louise, I film her in black and white as a child of three months, whilst in Normandy on holiday with friends. I like doing this, it is the beginnings of a feverish filming of my loved ones, I feel that life as cinema can be the movement towards the search for happiness.

Je retrouve ainsi sans m'en rendre bien compte, l'habitude prise par mon père et son père encore avant lui, de filmer les premiers émois de nos enfants, de fixer ces moments heureux en famille, d'être le réalisateur des séquences familiales importantes, de devenir le représentant de cette nouvelle vague, réalisateur de nos films de famille.

I thus find without realising it, that I have acquired my father's habit and his father's before him, of capturing the first emotions of our children, and fixing these happy familial moments, by becoming the director of important family events, and becoming the representative of this new generation, as director of our own home movies.

Une fois le goût pris, d'autres tentatives bien sur s'en suivront. Notre premier et dernier court-métrage réalisé avec Catherine ma femme, une histoire Dadaïste de 3mn, le temps d'une bobine, tourné-monté en une journée. Catherine tiendra aussi la caméra pour immortaliser le premier concert live de notre groupe de rock de l'époque « Deprisa-Deprisa », là aussi trois minutes furieuses et muettes, ce qui est un comble pour un groupe de funk-métal bruyant.





Once the taste is acquired, there is always more to follow. Our first and last short film directed with Catherine my wife, is a Dadaist story of 3minutes, the length of a cartridge and all shot in a day. Catherine also immortalises the first live concert of my rock band of the time “Deprisa-Deprisa” by filming it; three furious and silent minutes, which is a shame for a group of such noisy funk-metal.

Pour nous alors, pas de réunions de famille sans cinéma et pas de cinéma sans familles. J’ai beaucoup de chance d’avoir trouvé un frère de l’autre côté de la Manche qui a su exhumer ces patchworks de vie « d’avant », toutes ces premières fois et les révéler dans une oeuvre artistique, des boîtes obscures à la lumière, alors un grand merci à lui.

For us then, there are no family reunions without cinema and no cinema without families. I am very lucky to have found a brother on the other side of the Channel who was able to exhume this patchwork of life “from timesgone”, all those moments revealed in an art-work, archive recovered from abandoned boxes now up in bright lights, so a big thank you to him.

Xavier Tchili 2018

CONFUSION AND SUFFERING WAS A BIRTH RIGHT BUT
WISDOM AND HAPPINESS WAS AVAILABLE

THE DOGS HELPED ME FIND IT

EVEN IF I HAD TO DIG DEEP INTO THE GROUND TO GET
AT IT

LEK







290 Earthworks 3 Hereunder

Kötting Family Archive

LESLIE KÖTTING

Uncle Leslie Kötting – brother to my Deadad and keen Super eightist and chronicler of family life - a BIG influence on me whilst I was growing up – Leslie as antidote to the erratic ebbing and flowing of a somewhat berserk father - see *IN THE WAKE OF A DEADAD* – ISBN 1-870-522-451

The positivists believed that all societies would gradually discard their traditional attachments because of the need for rational, scientific and experimental modes of thought, which a modern industrial economy involves but this is an old faith, widespread in the 19th century, that there must be a step-by-step convergence on liberal values, on 'our values'. But like many of the hopes of the Enlightenment, it is perhaps just a fleeting shadow on our cave of dreams, so I hunker down and let them unfold above me.

LeK



NASTY VICIOUS FANATICAL OLD MEN, NOT HUMAN EMOTIONS, WERE MAKING THE DECISIONS AND DECIDING THE DAYS AND THE HOURS OF DEATH. AND THE HYSTERICAL ULULATING STREET CELEBRATIONS WHEN SUCH A MISSION WAS SUCCESSFUL DID NOT SIGNIFY DESPAIR AT ALL BUT A CREEPY FORM OF RELIGIOUS EXALTATION IN WHICH RELATIVES WERE ENCOURAGED TO MAKE A FEAST OUT OF THE DEATH OF THEIR OWN CHILDREN AS WELL AS THOSE OF OTHER PEOPLE. TO HAVE ADDED THE PROMISE OF PARADISE TO THIS POGROM IS TO HAVE MADE SPIRITUAL AND MENTAL SICKNESS COMPLETE; TO HAVE MADE IT A SEXUAL PARADISE IS OBSCENE INTO THE BARGAIN – WOMEN MARTYRS ARE OBVIOUSLY NOT OFFERED THE SAME LEVEL OF BLISS AND PROMISCUITY

Christopher Hitchens – Offshore Accounts





If liberalism has a future, it is in giving up the search for a rational consensus on the best way of life.... It cannot show us how to live together in societies that harbour many ways of life.... all we can do is cross our fingers and hope for the best.

Lek

EXHILARATION AND GROANING.

FRUSTRATION AND FREEDOM.

INSPIRATION AND UNCERTAINTY.

ABUNDANCE AND EMPTINESS.

BLAZING FORTH AND MUDDLING THROUGH.

THE DAY-BY-DAY REPERTOIRE OF OSCILLATING DUALITIES THAT ANY TALENT WITHSTANDS.

Philip Roth

.... HE REMOVES VOICES FROM BIOGRAPHY AND NARRATIVE, TRANSFORMING THEM INTO FLUTTERING, FLICKERING ABSTRACTIONS, ANGELS LIBERATED FROM THE HEAVY WEIGHT OF PERSONAL HISTORY.

Mark Fisher on Burial aka William Emmanuel Bevan



A call to realism and humility, asking us to accept our inability to create a harmonious present or a melodious future and settle for the abysmal past in all its fallibility.

FALLIBILISM = pragmatist term (coined by Charles Sanders Pierce) – or John Stuart Mill's theory of knowledge = rejecting INDUCTION and settle for scepticism.

Lek

**STILL HE KEPT WRITING,
ADDING HIS LAST
FANCIES AND ANECDOTES,
INCLUDING HIS FINAL
THOUGHTS ON THE ART
OF LIVING IN HARMONY
WITH ORDINARINESS AND
IMPERFECTION. HE LOOKED
MORE AND MORE LIKE A
MAN WHO HAD LEARNED
HOW TO LIVE; OR PERHAPS
IT WAS JUST HIS USUAL
NONCHALANCE, DEVELOPED
TO A MORE MASTERLY
DEGREE THAN EVER.**

Sarah Bakewell – How To Live

Conclusion: Mind and world are both distinct and continuous, or neither distinct nor continuous. Either way, the relationship is paradoxical.

Dr Robert Pepperell





Organización de las Naciones Unidas para la Educación, la Ciencia y la Cultura

Oficinas salitreras de Humberstone y Santa Laura inscritas en la Lista del Patrimonio Mundial en 2005



PATROCINADOR

Compañía Minera Doña Inés de Collahuasi desde que inicio sus operaciones se propuso desarrollar su actividad en base a políticas y prácticas que contribuyan al bienestar de la sociedad, su economía y medio ambiente, tomando en cuenta las necesidades de los grupos de interés con los cuales se vincula. En base a ello es que uno de los valores que con mayor fuerza ha impulsado, es su compromiso con el patrimonio regional, entendiendo que para construir un mañana mejor, es necesario rescatar hoy la historia, la identidad y las tradiciones de la comunidad.

Es por esa razón que en año 2002, en remate público, Collahuasi financia la compra de la infraestructura de las ex oficinas salitreras Humberstone y Santa Laura, para que la Corporación Museo del Salitre quedase como la propietaria. Posteriormente, en el año 2003, el Ministerio de Bienes Nacionales entrega en comodato el terreno de ambas ex salitreras a la misma Corporación, de esa forma se logra resguardar parte del patrimonio cultural e histórico del país.

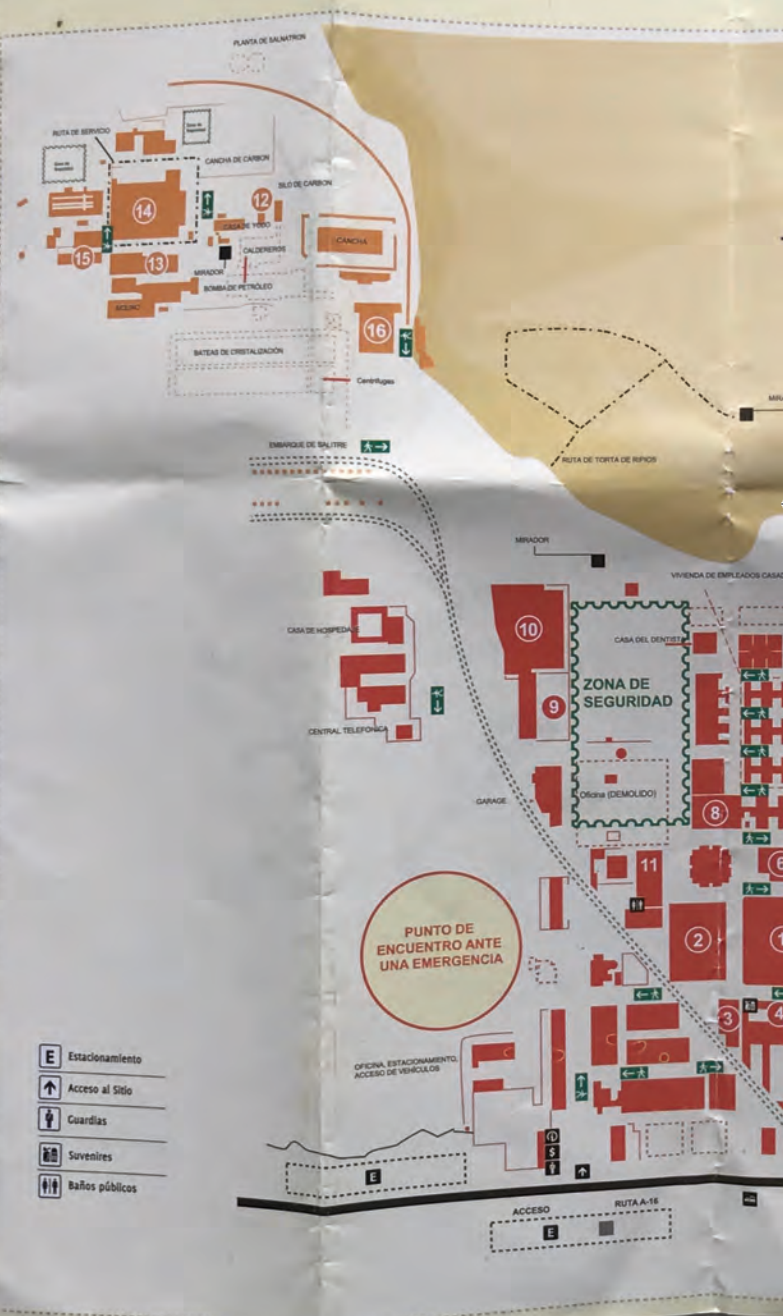
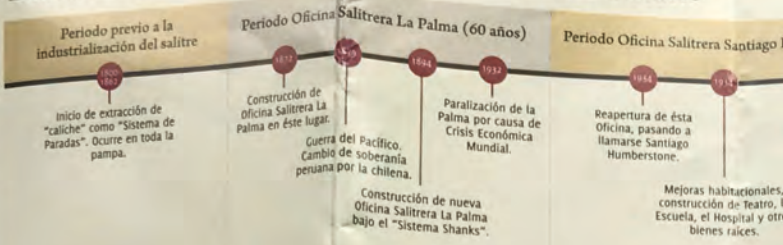
SECTOR URBANO. SITIOS DE INTERES

- 1 Plaza
- 2 Pulpería
- 3 Iglesia
- 4 Mercado
- 5 Hotel
- 6 Teatro
- 7 Piscina
- 8 Hospital
- 9 Cancha de tenis
- 10 Casa de Administración y Rancho de Empleados
- 11 Escuela
- Sector Urbano

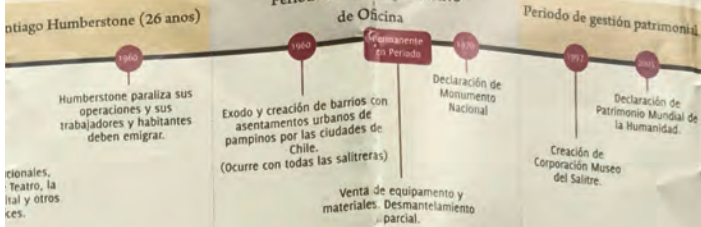
SECTOR INDUSTRIAL. SITIOS DE INTERES

- 12 Chimenea
- 13 Taller eléctrico y Oficina de mantención de líneas ferroviarias.
- 14 Bodega, maestranza y fundición
- 15 Oficina de Líneas ferroviarias
- 16 Casa de Fuerza
- Sector Industrial

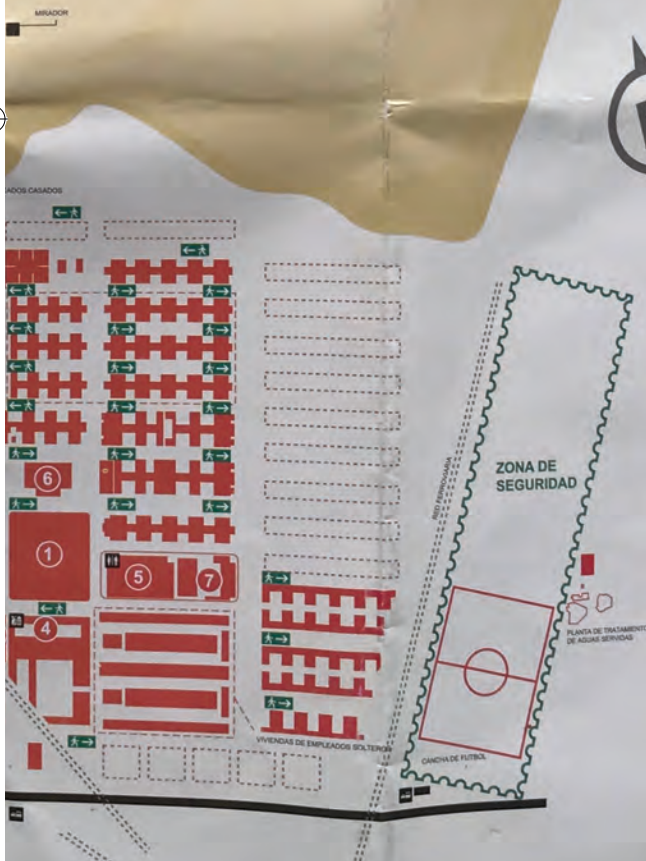
Datos Históricos de la Oficina Salitrera Humberstone



Earthworks 3 Hereunder



TORTA DE RIPIOS



UNESCO. SITIO PATRIMONIO MUNDIAL - 2005

Los criterios de valor universal excepcional, definidos por UNESCO, para su declaración de Sitio Patrimonio Mundial, fueron:

Criterio (i): Ser testigo de un importante intercambio de valores humanos durante un tiempo concreto o en un área cultural del mundo en particular, en los ámbitos de la arquitectura o la tecnología, las artes monumentales, la planificación urbana o el diseño del paisaje.

El desarrollo de la industria salitrera refleja el conocimiento, las habilidades, la tecnología y la inversión financiera de una comunidad diversa de inmigrantes procedentes de América del Sur y Europa. La industria del salitre se convirtió en un enorme sistema de intercambio cultural donde fueron absorbidas y aprovechadas ideas rápidamente. Las dos salitreras representan éste proceso.

Criterio (ii): Contribuir con un testimonio único, o al menos excepcional, de una tradición cultural o de una civilización que continua viva.

Los Yacimientos del salitre y sus asentamientos industriales asociados se han desarrollado para convertirse en una extensa comunidad urbana y muy particular, con su propio idioma, organización, costumbres y expresiones creativas, además de exhibir sus emprendimientos técnicos. Las dos salitreras representan esa cultura diferente.

Criterio (iii): Ser un ejemplo eminente, representativo de un tipo de construcción o de un conjunto arquitectónico o tecnológico, o de paisaje que ilustre uno o varios periodos significativos de la historia humana.

El conjunto de oficinas salitreras del norte de Chile se convirtió en el mayor productor de salitre natural del mundo, transformando la Pampa e, indirectamente, las tierras agrícolas que eran beneficiadas con el fertilizante que ellas producían. Las dos oficinas representan éste proceso de transformación.



La Corporación Museo del Salitre (CMS) es una institución sin fines de lucro, administradora de las Salitreras Santiago Humberstone, Santa Laura y Peña Chica. Su misión es "Preservar, recuperar, investigar y difundir el patrimonio cultural y natural, tanto tangible como intangible, proveniente del periodo de exploración del salitre en Chile".

Fui constituida en 1997 por centenares de socios y antiguos trabajadores pampinos que también son miembros de otras agrupaciones herederas del salitre, bajo el deseo de recuperar el patrimonio histórico-cultural que significó la vida de los pampinos y la producción del "oro blanco".

Más información:

Teléfono: (56) 57-2760626
www.museodelsalitre.cl



Un Aporte al Patrimonio de la Región de Tarapacá





Humberstone

THE ATACAMA DESERT AND A DOG CEMETERY IN CHILE

I walked into the Atacama desert in 1986 with my lover, Leila, after a severe bout of amoebic dysentery and a liver lacerating train ride through the Andes from Bolivia to Chile.

I was convinced that the town was an hallucination, a shimmering on the horizon. We had given up on trains and were hitch-hiking back to the Pan American Highway coastal civilization and upwards to Colombia.

A lawyer picked us up, let us stay the night and the next day drove us out towards the mirage that was Humberstone. A ghost town and remnant of a long-forgotten industry that once pulled people from all over the world to her bosom.







It was one of the most valuable places in the world and businessmen flocked to bleed her of her vast saltpetre deposits.

She was full to overflowing with the potassium nitrate things that people wanted.

The potassium nitrates were used as fertilizer but more importantly for gunpowder in Europe and North America. Profits from the desert mineral helped build palaces and follies in cities like Iquique, where later we lived for two weeks on a beach, downwind of a fishmeal factory. Water was pumped up from the coast or the intermittent oasis that scattered the landscape.

It was dry and had not rained in living memory.

Within the city grid were schools and hospitals, theatres and cinemas, basketball courts and football pitches, railways and bus services, prostitutes and pimps.

Film-stars and politicians.

But in 1878 the War of the Pacific broke out between Chile, Peru and Bolivia, five years later Chile was declared the winner. She then seized all of the nitrate territories.

It might have been a bright future but synthetic nitrates were on their way out and by the late 1950's only a couple of mines remained of which Humberstone was perhaps the largest but by the early 1960's she too was dead.

We were safe with our lawyer but much of the population were not.

Augusto Pinochet was in power and he made thousands disappear with his Caravan Of Death.

We left.

But Humberstone and the desert still pulled me to her bosom, she lacerated my dreams year after year, I wanted to go back.

So in 2017 I found myself nestled into her corrugated cleavage to film sequences for *Lek And The Dogs*.

We watched as the sun bounced onto the rusty roofs creating a specter of slag-heaped saltpeter.

The smell.

A day of exorcised memories.

As we drove back to Iquique, upwind of the fishmeal factory, we noticed a cemetery bathed in long shadows.

Crosses and mounds and plastic flowers and funeral detritus for as far as the eye could see. It was a cemetery, a pet cemetery, a dog cemetery.

I was mindful of walking into the Atacama desert in 1986 with my lover, Leila.

Suddenly I was mindful of the lawyer, he was a human rights lawyer had he Disappeared as part of the Caravan Of Death.

The memory.

Photographs – Andrew Kötting





THE PAST CANNOT BE FORGOTTEN - THE PRESENT CANNOT BE REMEMBERED

TAKE CARE IT'S A DESERT OUT THERE

BURIAL MAKES THE MOST CONVINCING CASE THAT OUR ZEITGEIST IS ESSENTIALLY HAUNTOLOGICAL. THE POWER OF DERRIDA'S CONCEPT LAY IN ITS IDEA OF BEING HAUNTED BY EVENTS THAT HAD NOT ACTUALLY HAPPENED. FUTURES THAT FAILED TO MATERIALISE AND REMAINED SPECTRAL. BURIAL CRAVES SOMETHING HE NEVER ACTUALLY EXPERIENCED FIRSTHAND. SNATCHES OF PLAINTIVE VOCAL SKITTER THROUGH THE TRACKS LIKE FRAGMENTS OF ABANDONED LOVE-LETTERS BLOWING THROUGH STREETS OF UNNAMED CATASTROPHE. THE EFFECT IS AS HEARTBREAKINGLY POIGNANT AS THE LONG TRACKING SHOT IN TARKOVSKY'S STALKER (1979) THAT LINGERS OVER SUBLIME OBJECTS-BECOME TRASH.

Mark Fisher On Burial AKA William Emmanuel Bevan

JUDAISM HAS SOME ADVANTAGES OVER CHRISTIANITY IN THAT, FOR EXAMPLE, IT DOES NOT PROSELYTISE — EXCEPT AMONG JEWS — AND IT DOES NOT MAKE THE CRETINOUS MISTAKE OF SAYING THAT THE MESSIAH HAS ALREADY MADE HIS APPEARANCE. HOWEVER, ALONG WITH ISLAM AND CHRISTIANITY, IT DOES INSIST THAT SOME TURGID AND CONTRADICTORY AND SOMETIMES EVIL AND MAD TEXTS, OBVIOUSLY WRITTEN BY FAIRLY UNEXCEPTIONAL HUMANS, ARE IN FACT THE WORD OF GOD. I THINK THAT THE INDISPENSABLE CONDITION OF ANY INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY IS THE REALISATION THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING.

Christopher Hüchens

WORST OF ALL, HE WAS NEXT TO USELESS. HIS HEART BURNED AS HE LAY AWAKE IN THE DEN THINKING ABOUT IT. HE COULD SEE IN HIS MIND'S EYE THE FOUR, NOSES TO THE GROUND, KNOWING THINGS HE COULDN'T SEE OR SMELL. HE SAW THEM, CURIOUS, DELIGHTED, INTRIGUED, DOUBTFUL, FRIGHTENED, WORRIED, ELATED; SAW THEM SLOW DOWN, DEVIATE, TURN BACK OR SPEED UP, STOP AND LISTEN IN REACTION TO WHAT THEIR NOSE COULD PICK UP. HE SAW THEM HUNT, TRACKING SOMETHING UNTIL THEY FLUSHED IT OUT, AND HE COULD SEE ON THEIR BODIES THE MOMENT THEY CROSSED A BOUNDARY INTO CLOSED PATHS TO DO IT.

Eva Hornung — Dog Boy



THE MATTER OF MIND

THE WAR HAS STARTED, SAID MARIUS.

THE MASSACRE OF THE WORLD HAS BEGUN, SAID LA MÉLANIE.

WOMEN USUALLY KNOW BETTER THAN MEN THE EXTENT OF CATASTROPHE. THE MAYOR DELIVERED THE MOBILIZATION PAPERS. MOST OF THOSE CALLED UP WERE IN HIGH SPIRITS. NEVER AGAIN, NOT ONCE, WERE THE CAFÉS IN THE VILLAGE TO BE SO FULL AS ON THE EVENING BEFORE THE MOBILIZED MEN LEFT.

John Berger – The Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol



WE ARE ON THE THRESHOLD OF A HIDDEN WORLD THAT ONE SUSPECTS IS IMPLICIT IN THIS WORLD.

THE THRESHOLD IS A THIN LINE AND YET IT IS ALSO UBIQUITOUS.

STALKER MUST KNOW IF WE ARE IN THE ZONE – HE AFTER ALL HAS BEEN THERE MANY TIMES BEFORE.

Geoff Dyer

THE SOUND IS BLUE IN THE SUN AND THE SKIES ARE NAKED AND ALONE

LEK





THE SCUFFED TRACKS OF THEIR EFFORTS ARE ERASED UNDER MY FEET, WALKING THROUGH
THE FEW OCCUPIED REMNANTS OF COMMUNITY.

B. Catling – THE VORRH

YOU CANNOT FIND PEACE BY AVOIDING LIFE.

Virginia Woolf

LAUGHTER AND WEEPING
LOVE AND MERRIMENT
SUFFERING AND ANGER
HATRED AND SPITE
HEROISM AND COWARDICE
HEARTBREAK AND LONELINESS
AND TIMES OF GENTLE HAPPINESS....

LEK





OUR IMAGINATIONS, OFTEN FALSELY CONFIRMED BY MEMORY, CAN CROSS MANY BORDERS,
BUT THESE ESCAPES ARE DOOMED AND FREEDOM ALWAYS LIES JUST BEYOND.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE

HAPPY IN THIS, THAT I WITH NATURE WALKED
NOT HAVING A TOO EARLY INTERCOURSE
WITH THE DEFORMITIES OF CROWDED LIFE....

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ABOVE ALL, GEOLOGY MAKES EXPLICIT CHALLENGES TO OUR UNDERSTANDING OF TIME.
IT GIDDIES THE SENSE OF THE HERE-AND-NOW.

Robert Macfarlane – MOUNTAINS OF THE MIND

ILLUSIONS ARE TO THE SOUL WHAT ATMOSPHERE IS TO
THE EARTH.

ROLL UP THAT TENDER AIR AND THE PLANT DIES, THE
COLOUR FADES.

THE EARTH WE WALK ON IS A PARCHED CINDER.

IT IS MARL WE TREAD AND FIERY COBBLES SCORCH
OUR FEET.

BY THE TRUTH WE ARE UNDONE.

LIFE IS A DREAM.

IT IS WAKING THAT KILLS US.

Virginia Woolf

THE DESERT IS PERHAPS THE MOST HEAVILY CODED OF LANDSCAPES IN ITS
OBVIOUS BLANKNESS.

IT IS A PLACE OF ABSTRACTION
PROJECTION AND CONTEMPLATION
A PLACE NOT FIT FOR SETTLEDOWN
A PLACE FOR MAKEBELIEVE AND SETUP
A PLACE OF QUIET

Lek

GALILEO AND HIS FOLLOWERS DISCOVERED, AND SUBSEQUENT CENTURIES HAVE
AMPLY CONFIRMED, THAT YOU GET MUCH BETTER PREDICTIONS BY THINKING
OF THINGS AS MASSES OF PARTICLES BLINDLY BUMPING INTO EACH OTHER
THAN BY THINKING OF THEM AS ARISTOTLE THOUGHT OF THEM – ANIMISTICALLY,
TELEOLOGICALLY, AND ANTHROPOMORPHICALLY. THEY ALSO DISCOVERED THAT
YOU GET A BETTER HANDLE ON THE UNIVERSE BY THINKING OF IT AS FINITE,
HOMEY, PLANNED, AND RELEVANT TO HUMAN CONCERNS.

Richard Rorty – Consequences of Pragmatism





ONCE I WAS A MAN, WITH A SOUL AND A LIVING BODY AND NOW I AM NO MORE THAN A BEING....
 I HEAR AND SEE, BUT NO LONGER KNOW ANYTHING....
 I NOW LIVE IN ETERNITY....
 THE BRACHES SWAY ON THE TREES, OTHER PEOPLE MIGHT COME AND GO BUT FOR ME TIME NO LONGER PASSES.

Merleau-Ponty

WHEN WE DIE THAT IS THE DEATH OF THE PLANET, THAT IS THE DEATH OF OUR PLANET, THAT IS THE DEATH OF THE WORLD THAT WE CONSTRUCTED INSIDE OUR HEADS. SO, THE PERSONAL APOCALYPSE AND THE OVERALL END OF THE WORLD APOCALYPSE I THINK THAT THEY'RE THE SAME THING. AND THAT WE ENCODE ONE ONTO THE OTHER PERHAPS BECAUSE IT'S EASIER TO TALK ABOUT POTENTIAL ENDS OF THE PLANET THAN IT IS TO TALK ABOUT THE PERSONAL ENDS OF OUR OWN LIVES.

Alan Moore – LEK AND THE DOGS

WHEN I RISE IN THE MORNING
 I SEE ONLY THE GREY FIELDS,
 WHERE THERE IS TOIL AND ANGUISH
 AND THE SOIL ITSELF ALMOST SPLITTING
 WITH THE MURDEROUS HEAT OF THE SORE SUN.
 TOIL, HUNGER FAINTNESS, SHAME,
 THOSE WERE THE PORTION IN FATE FOR ME;
 AND NEVER MAY I REACH A HORIZON

Sorley MacLean



NO PLANES DARED FLY OVER IT. ITS UNPREDICTABLE CLIMATE, DIZZYING ABNORMALITIES OF COMPASS AND IMPOSSIBILITIES OF LANDING MADE IT A PILOT'S AND NAVIGATOR'S NIGHTMARE. ALL ITS PATHWAYS TURNED INTO OVERGROWTH, JUNGLE AND AMBUSH. THE TRIBES THAT WERE RUMOURED TO LIVE THERE WERE BARELY HUMAN – SOME SAID THE ANTHROPOPHAGI STILL ROAMED.

CREATURES BEYOND HOPE.

HEADS GROWING BELOW THEIR SHOULDERS.

HORRORS.

B. Catling – THE VORRH

OUT OF THE ARMCHAIR - THE WIND HOWLS TOO

DAD(A) = DISORDER ADDICTION DISORDER (AGE) = AN UNCONTROLLABLE COMPULSION TO CLASSIFY ALL UNDESIRABLE HUMAN BEHAVIOUR AS DISORDERS.





THAT DOES NOT NECESSARILY IMPLY AN AUTHOR, IT MAY BE THAT THIS EXTRAORDINARY STORY HAPPENING IN FOUR DIMENSIONS HAS JUST SPONTANEOUSLY EMERGED INTO BEING. BUT, IT'S THE ONE THAT WE'RE IN AND I THINK THAT THE NARRATIVE ASPECT OF THINGS, THE WAY THAT EVENTS UNFOLD AND THE FACT THAT OFTEN WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN ENTIRELY NEGATIVE SITUATION IS WHAT TURNS OUT TO BE NECESSARY FOR A DIFFERENT SITUATION TO OCCUR THAT PERHAPS ALL OF THE, THE MOMENTS THAT WE MOVE THROUGH ARE IN A SENSE, YEAH THE BEST OF TIMES AND THE WORST OF TIMES.

Alan Moore – LEK AND THE DOGS



NEVERTHELESS, AS AN INDIVIDUAL, I MAY BE PERMITTED TO SAY THAT I CANNOT CONCEIVE INFINITY, AND AM CONVINCED THAT NO HUMAN BEING CAN.

Edgar Allan Poe – EUREKA

PROGRESS IS THE INJUSTICE EACH GENERATION COMMITS WITH REGARD TO ITS PREDECESSOR.

E.M.CIORAN – THE TROUBLE WITH BEING BORN







I CAN SMELL THEIR BREATH. THEY ARE STILL WITH ME. THEIR WARMTH AROUND ME. THE WARMTH OF THEIR BODIES. I TOLD HER TO COME WITH ME. THE DOGS WOULD HAVE COME. MY DOGS WOULD ALWAYS COME. THEY WOULD... NEVER HAVE LEFT ME. BUT HUMANS... THEY NEVER HEAR. I CLOSE MY EYES... I... I STILL SMELL THEM. BUT I... I LEFT THEM. I NEVER KNEW SUCH SILENCE... WITHOUT THEM, WITHOUT MY FAMILY, WITHOUT MY DOGS, WITHOUT MINA AND MY CHILD, MY DOGS UNDERSTOOD FEAR. MY DOGS WOULD BE WITH ME NOW. THEY COULD SMELL DANGER.

LEK

HOW WE GOT TO THIS STRANGE TIME OF GREAT UNCERTAINTY AND CONFUSION WHERE THOSE WHO ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN POWER ARE PARALYSED AND HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TO DO....DO I, WHO'VE READ FREUD, KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION REALLY IS AND KNOW THAT RELIGIOUS BELIEF IS INERADICABLE AS LONG AS WE REMAIN A STUPID, POORLY-EVOLVED MAMMALIAN SPECIES, THINK THAT SOME CANADIAN LAW IS GOING SOLVE THIS PROBLEM? PLEASE. NO, OUR PROBLEM IS THIS: OUR PRE-FRONTAL LOBES ARE TOO SMALL, AND OUR ADRENALIN GLANDS ARE TOO BIG, AND OUR THUMB-FINGER OPPOSITION ISN'T ALL THAT IT MIGHT BE, AND WE'RE AFRAID OF THE DARK, AND WE'RE AFRAID TO DIE, AND WE BELIEVE IN THE TRUTHS OF HOLY BOOKS THAT ARE SO STUPID AND SO FABRICATED THAT A CHILD CAN - AND ALL CHILDREN DO, AS YOU CAN TELL BY THEIR QUESTIONS - ACTUALLY SEE THROUGH THEM. AND I THINK IT SHOULD BE (RELIGION) TREATED WITH RIDICULE AND HATRED AND CONTEMPT. AND I CLAIM THAT RIGHT.

Christopher Hitchens





Quantum Entanglement And Disengagement

**FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS NOBODY KNEW
WHAT TO BELIEVE.**

**BUT GRADUALLY, THE GEOGRAPHERS SORTED OUT THE TRUTH, AND WHEN
THEY DID THEY FOUND IT WAS EVEN MORE EXCITING THAN THE CLERICS
HAD TOLD US.**

I mull it as Lek pushes me into his cave of the mind.

I mull it as Adam Curtis intrigues and confuses me with his power and how it works in our society.

His

The Living Dead

The Century Of The Self

The Power Of Nightmares

And in particular

Bitter Lake

The good versus evil narrative has failed us and we are left with just this:

THAT DOES NOT NECESSARILY IMPLY AN AUTHOR, IT MAY BE THAT THIS EXTRAORDINARY STORY
HAPPENING IN FOUR DIMENSIONS HAS JUST SPONTANEOUSLY EMERGED INTO BEING. BUT,
IT'S THE ONE THAT WE'RE IN AND I THINK THAT THE NARRATIVE ASPECT OF THINGS, THE WAY
THAT EVENTS UNFOLD AND THE FACT THAT OFTEN WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN ENTIRELY NEGATIVE
SITUATION IS WHAT TURNS OUT TO BE NECESSARY FOR A DIFFERENT SITUATION TO OCCUR,
THEN PERHAPS ALL OF THE MOMENTS THAT WE MOVE THROUGH ARE IN A SENSE, YEAH THE
BEST OF TIMES AND THE WORST OF TIMES.

Alan Moore – LEK AND THE DOGS

Better to hide underland and mull all
that is going on above ground.

LEK





AS THE CROW FLIES:

He takes off his crow's head, and sighs, a very human sigh, turns to the audience and smiles and then speaks.

Alfie: So migration. Let's talk about quantum entanglement. This the ability for two entwined particles moving away from each other to stay connected so that even at opposite ends of the universe if you alter one the other will immediately and identically be affected.

Many animals, you too in fact, possess a protein called cryptochrome, it is this chemical that reacts with the blue ray spectrum from the sun within the eye of a bird that releases these two entwined particles. They spin away from the bird, measuring the magnetic field of the planets as they do so, over vast distances, whilst still connected to each other and informing me. Einstein dismissed it as 'spooky action'. But not anymore, like much of the weird world of quantum mechanics, and such ideas as multiple universes, similar yet slightly different, quantum entanglement though perhaps not yet fully understood by your species has been proven. These two particle are, you might say, outside of time, moving faster than light, so much so that you cannot say which is ahead in time and which is behind, they exist instantaneously, guiding me as I migrate. Something very clever that I can do, and you, well you, you really can't.

Alfie caws and puts his head back on and is about to exit, maybe even leaves, leaving the performance space empty for slightly too long a time.

Hattie Naylor – As The Crow Flies

Randomness - openness to accident and serendipity, spontaneity; artistic risk, emotional urgency and intensity, reader/viewer participation; an overly literal tone, as if a reporter were viewing a strange culture; plasticity of form, pointillism; criticism as autobiography; self-reflexivity, self-ethnography, anthropological autobiography; a blurring (to the point of invisibility) or **quantum entanglement, quantum entitlement.**

NB Quantum entanglement is a physical phenomenon that occurs when pairs or groups of particles are generated or interact in ways such that the quantum state of each particle cannot be described independently of the others, even when the particles are separated by a large distance— instead, a quantum state must be described or the system as a whole, which is and of itself difficult to describe, but given Lek's state of mind and his acute sense of smell, hereunder he at least attempts A DESCRIBE (perhaps in gramelot/gramlöt perhaps not).







PAUSE. KRAPP'S LIPS MOVE. NO SOUND.

PAST MIDNIGHT. NEVER KNEW SUCH SILENCE. THE EARTH MIGHT BE UNINHABITED.

PAUSE.

HERE I END THIS REEL. BOX

(PAUSE)

THREE, SPOOL

(PAUSE)--FIVE.

(PAUSE).

PERHAPS MY BEST YEARS ARE GONE. WHEN THERE WAS A CHANCE OF HAPPINESS. BUT I
WOULDN'T WANT THEM BACK. NOT WITH THE FIRE IN ME NOW. NO, I WOULDN'T WANT THEM
BACK.

KRAPP MOTIONLESS STARING BEFORE HIM.

THE TAPE RUNS ON IN SILENCE.

Samuel Beckett

HE WHO FOLLOWS ANOTHER WILL NEVER OVERTAKE HIM

Lek

STILL (VERY STILL), AT THE HEART OF LITERARY CULTURE IS THE BIG, BLOCKBUSTER NOVEL
BY MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD WRITERS, THE RUN-OF-THE-MILL FOUR-HUNDRED-PAGE PAGE-
TURNER. AMAZINGLY, PEOPLE CONTINUE TO WANT TO READ THAT.

David Shields Reality - Hunger

SEEING ONE'S DECLINE WRITTEN ON BODY AND MIND, ONE ACCEPTS THAT ONE IS LIMITED AND
HUMAN. BY UNDERSTANDING THAT AGE DOES NOT MAKE ONE WISE, ONE ATTAINS A WISDOM
NEVERTHELESS....

УВИДЕВ СВОЕ УПАДЕНИЕ, НАПИСАННОЕ НА ТЕЛЕ И РАЗУМЕ, ЧЕЛОВЕК ПРИЗНАЕТ, ЧТО
ЧЕЛОВЕК ОГРАНИЧЕН И ЧЕЛОВЕК. ПОНИМАЯ, ЧТО ВОЗРАСТ НЕ ДЕЛАЕТ ОДНОГО МУДРЫМ,
ЧЕЛОВЕК ВСЕ ЖЕ ДОСТИГАЕТ МУДРОСТИ

LEK

FAITH IS THE SURRENDER OF THE MIND; IT'S THE
SURRENDER OF REASON, IT'S THE SURRENDER OF
THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES US DIFFERENT FROM
OTHER MAMMALS. IT'S OUR NEED TO BELIEVE, AND TO
SURRENDER OUR SCEPTICISM AND OUR REASON, OUR
YEARNING TO DISCARD THAT AND PUT ALL OUR TRUST
OR FAITH IN SOMEONE OR SOMETHING, THAT IS THE
SINISTER THING. OF ALL THE SUPPOSED VIRTUES,
FAITH MUST BE THE MOST OVERRATED.

Christopher Hitchens







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CHAPTER 4

HEREAFTER

LEK BY LEK

SARAH LLOYD EARTHWORK MINDWORK

EARTH TRILOGY IN THREE CONVERSATIONS

WAVING MICROPHONES AT WINDMILLS

OBSERVATIONS OF A CINEMATOGRAPHER

VARIETIES OF MANKIND

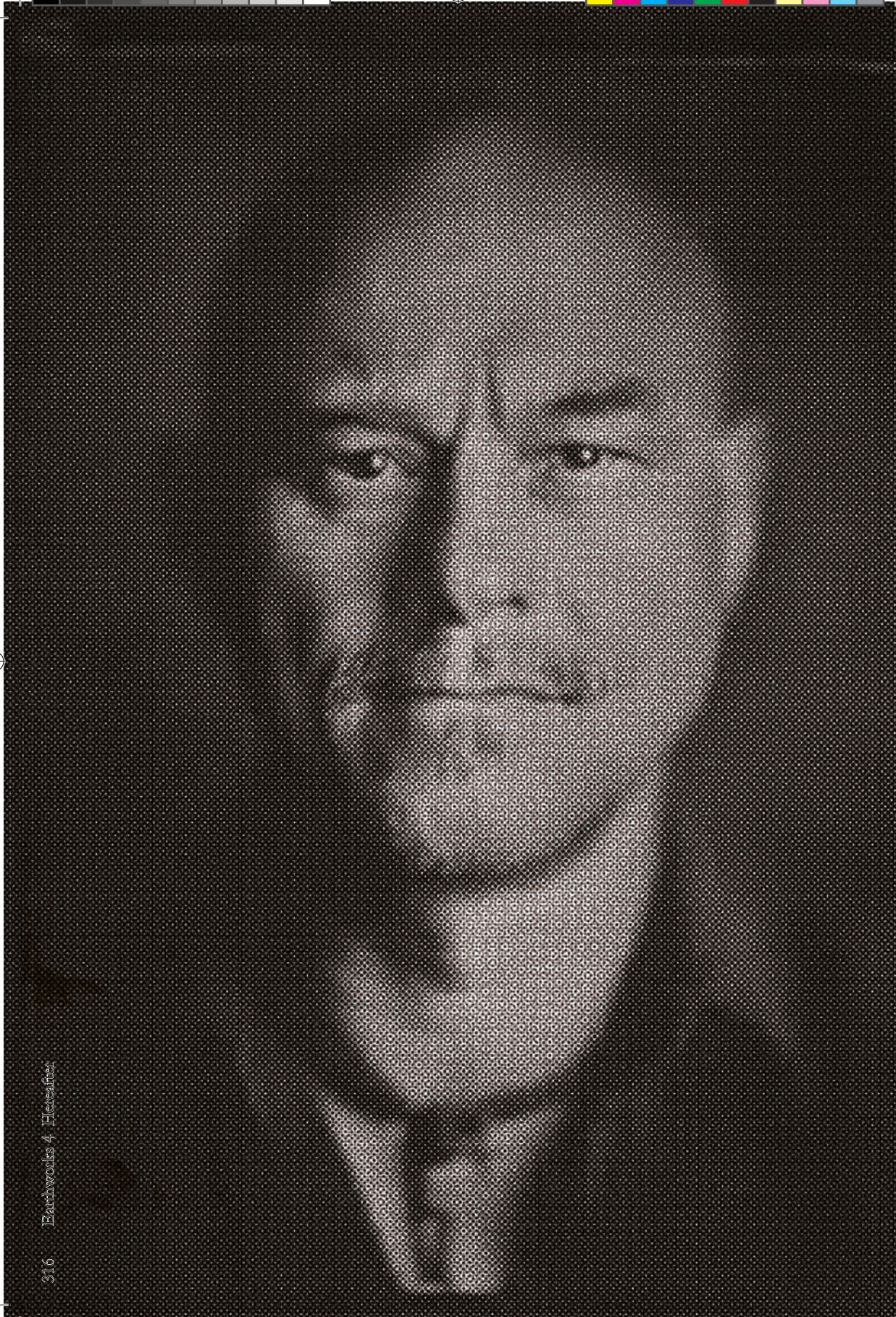
THE SCRIPT EDITOR

THE HEAT OF PEOPLE

THE UNNAMABLE NAMED

XAVIER TCHILI

CONCLUSION



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Lek

(UNE VIE DE CHIEN) LEK DE LEK PAR TCHILI

Tout a commencé quand cet étranger venu je ne sais d'où, a frappé à ma porte.

Il était devant moi, dans son vieux costume noir élimé, une chemise qui fut blanche autrefois avec son col façon russe sortant en partie du pantalon et recouverte d'un gilet noir à demi boutonné. Aux pieds, ses vieux godillots à semelles de bois recouverts d'un cuir brun, épais et rêche avec aux extrémités, une plaque de métal, des souliers d'une autre époque, rudes et peu confortables. Coiffé d'un chapeau mou, noir lui aussi et tant usé qu'il en avait perdu sa forme initiale. A la main une petite valise en molesquine verte qui se tenait encore et tranchait avec le reste sans pourtant donner aucun signe de luxe mais plutôt l'idée d'un bagage de fortune récupéré en bon état dans la rue, au pied d'une poubelle ou dans le surplus d'une boutique de charité.

Et tout de suite ce sourire étrangement neuf et enfantin, éclairant son visage doux d'apparence, hâlé et encore peu marqué en âge malgré la fatigue qu'on pouvait distinguer dans ses yeux presque clos, deux fentes aigües, comme entaillées à la lame du couteau entre les cernes épaisses et bleutées, deux preuves du chemin parcouru, deux signes de l'appartenance à quelque peuple des steppes ou des montagnes sauvages et arides d'un de ces pays du centre de l'Europe ou de son extrême Est, à la lisière de l'Asie, de l'ailleurs, là-bas, loin.

Je regarde cet homme debout sur le pas de la porte, se tenant là, comme une évidence, comme si je l'avais toujours connu, saisi par sa présence, touché au plus profond, au cœur du tronc.

Nous restons plantés un moment, l'un en face de l'autre.

Il rompt en premier le silence et balbutie quelques mots prononcés tout bas dans sa langue qui m'est étrangère et avec une politesse timide, me semble formuler une demande fraternelle en me tendant un morceau de papier froissé sur lequel était inscrit une seule phrase en français : Monsieur, Madame je m'appelle LEK .

Sans comprendre ce qui pouvait paraître une question et sans parole en retour je repousse la porte du dos dégageant ainsi le passage et pour toute réponse lui propose avec un signe de la main d'entrer à l'intérieur. Pourtant non, LEK décline en faisant modestement un mouvement de la tête. Il refuse de passer le seuil et préfère me faire comprendre que c'est à moi de venir et d'un subtil geste du menton, me fait la proposition de le suivre.

C'est ainsi que LEK est entré dans ma vie ou bien est-ce moi qui suis entré dans la sienne?

Nous voilà parti sur les routes à bourlinguer en complicité immédiate. Nous marchons côte à côte, je l'observe discrètement, réglant mon pas sur le sien. J'apprends à vivre à sa manière, découvrant ses gestes simples, guidés par une sagesse personnelle toute emprunte de connaissances empiriques. Il se débrouille pour tout, apprivoise la nature et les techniques simples à l'aide du maigre savoir en sa possession, pourtant patient et calme il vient à bout des situations, improvisant des solutions.

LEK est bon de nature et propose de l'aide autour si le besoin s'en fait sentir. Je vois les gens profiter de lui, mais il garde le sourire et accomplit consciencieusement la tâche qu'il s'est fixé ou qui doit être effectuée. Cette gentillesse lui joue des tours. Parfois roulé dans la farine par des personnes peu scrupuleuses ou des groupes d'individus pervers qui lui veulent du mal, les conséquences peuvent s'avérer désastreuses.





Pourtant LEK se relève; toujours. Parfois, après un choc émotionnel plus violent que de coutume, je le surprends à psalmodier pour lui-même des prières, mystérieuses méditations lancinantes et continues qui résonnent dans le refuge que l'on s'est trouvé pour la nuit. Je le laisse alors à sa transe et m'endort bercé par les scansion de sa voix blessée.

Nous vécûmes quelques temps dans la seule compagnie des chiens à qui nous fournissions la nourriture contre fidélité et protection. Exclus, étrangers non désirables nous fûmes contraints à survivre dans les caves, les souterrains, les sous sols obscurs, fouillant notre subsistance dans les décharges, ou glanant ce qu'on pouvait trouver dans les champs fraîchement récoltés.

J'ai marché de longues journées en sa compagnie, bien calé sur son rythme. J'ai appris à ses côtés à ne pas craindre les gens. Il m'a montré le courage, la bonté, la gentillesse, le don de soi, et le souci des autres qu'il contemple longuement, paisiblement. Il connaît le langage des plantes, parle aux arbres et aux animaux. J'ai, grâce à lui, vu ce que l'homme a cru voir, LEK aussi sait se faire poète. Nous sommes tous deux tombés amoureux d'une femme rebelle et sauvage, qui trop fière, n'a pas voulu de notre amour.

J'ai couru avec lui pour sauver une vie qui malgré nos efforts s'est envolée, emportant avec elle les cris désespérés de LEK. Je l'ai vu alors, traumatisé par le choc, perdre la parole, et finir par adopter son propre langage en inventant ses mots, sa grammaire et son vocabulaire.

Nous avons voyagé en train, en bateau, en avion, en voiture, en camion, en car et autobus, à pied ou à dos d'âne, en charrette ou à vélo. Nous avons emprunté des routes de toutes sortes et des sentiers de la non gloire, des fleuves et des canaux, survolé les vastes étendues de sables ou d'eau. J'ai vu des montagnes, des plaines, des mers et des déserts, j'ai eu froid, chaud, puis très froid de nouveau. J'ai mangé n'importe quoi et parfois comme un roi. S'il m'est arrivé d'avoir des ennuis à cause de LEK j'ai rencontré aussi beaucoup d'amis, des âmes fortes et généreuses. Mais le plus souvent c'est la solitude qu'il fallait partager et le maigre festin se résumait à ne manger rien.

LEK, chaman sur les bords, m'a appris à jeter des sorts à qui nous fait du tort et m'a confié quelques secrets. Je suis bien avec lui, c'est un ami, on se connaît, il a fallu du temps, mais maintenant on dirait des jumeaux ou presque, à la vie à la mort, alter-ego de vadrouille.

Grâce à LEK j'ai chanté dans des châteaux en ruines, hurlé dans des grottes et des tours de gué abandonnées aux quatre vents, tournées vers la mer. Pour gagner notre vie nous avons coupé et rangé du bois, retourné la terre et taillé des pierres, ramassé les fruits et fait le potager chez des bourgeois.

LEK surveillait tout dans leurs maisons, gardait un œil sur les troupeaux, en prenant soin que rien n'advienne d'incontrôlable dans les familles qui nous accueillait.

LEK très efficace dans ce job de gardien de la paix du foyer, exécutait toutes les tâches le mieux possible et dans la discrétion. Se faire oublier, devenir imperceptible, LEK était fort pour cela.

Ensemble nous connûmes tempêtes et inondations où nous devons lutter contre la détresse et secourir ceux qui souffraient, il a fallu affronter la maladie et la folie. Apprendre auprès de LEK à soigner, réconforter mais aussi se battre, se défendre et mordre quand il le faut, comme un chien, LEK savait devenir un chien quand la nécessité le demandait et attaquer, sa douceur alors devenait fureur.

LEK marche, marche, marche, tente de recoller les morceaux d'un monde disparu, seul dans cette immensité où toute trace humaine semble dévastée, en marge, laissée pour compte. Nul endroit où poser ses maigres bagages.

D'où vient LEK?



Quelle langue parle-t-il ? Personne ne le sait, personne d'autre à ma connaissance n'utilise ce langage, on se comprend par signes, sons et borborygmes. J'apprends à parler comme lui, retourne ma langue maintes fois dans ma bouche et cherche à ma façon, un lexique de sonorités qui conviennent.

Qui est LEK ?

Un marin ? Un regard ? Un concept ? Une île ? Une ombre ? Mon jumeau ? Mon double ? Une page blanche sur laquelle on écrit une histoire, celle d'un être cassé et maladroit, lavant son handicap sous les intempéries tombées du ciel. Avec lui nous connûmes le vent, la pluie, la nuit comme si LEK se promenait sans cesse avec un nuage au dessus de la tête qui le suit partout, flottant entre les couches de temps et d'éternité qui nous emportent tout deux.

Où est LEK aujourd'hui ?

Nul ne le sait. Personne ne l'a vu récemment. J'ai perdu sa trace. Il est parti pendant mon sommeil. A mon réveil au petit matin, sa place était vide, le peu qu'il gardait avait disparu avec lui. Dehors le soleil levait ses rayons pour un nouveau jour. Les ombres portées des bâtiments détruits d'où j'émergeais éblouis par la luminosité, alignés à perte de vue autour de moi, ne m'inspiraient aucune direction.

J'étais orphelin de mon copain. Comment faire alors ? Derniers survivants d'une humanité défaite, nous étions liés par nos destins de vagabonds. Avait-il disparu dans un trou du grand désert qui nous entoure ? S'était-il enfoncé à jamais dans une profonde cavité de cette terre brûlée par le soleil ? Seul maintenant, qu'allais-je bien pouvoir faire de cette histoire ? A qui raconter la vie d'errance, étrange et brouillée du pauvre LEK ?

Il ne me restait plus qu'à continuer d'arpenter le territoire à la recherche de survivants, à la découverte de nouveaux compagnons, toutefois l'espoir d'en trouver quelque part se faisait maigre, car autour de moi, tout n'était plus que désolation. J'avais au hasard, tenant un carton sur la tête pour me protéger de l'astre doré et de sa chaleur écrasante. Je finissais de gravir une haute colline de sable et de cailloux lorsqu'au loin, en bas de l'autre versant, je vis un chien qui dès qu'il m'aperçut stoppa sa progression. Le pelage noir et de taille moyenne il ne semblait pas surpris de me voir.

Nous restons interdits face à face, une grande distance nous séparait mais l'animal que n'habitait aucune peur semblait me regarder avec intensité. Soudain je fus pris du désir de l'attirer à moi et dans le même mouvement, de m'en approcher tranquillement.

Je marche doucement dans sa direction et pose précautionneusement les pieds l'un devant l'autre, le corps légèrement courbé, un bras en avant et la main détendue en signe de paix, pour rassurer la bête. Sa tête penche sur le côté, son cou s'avance, ses yeux étonnés sont grands ouverts.

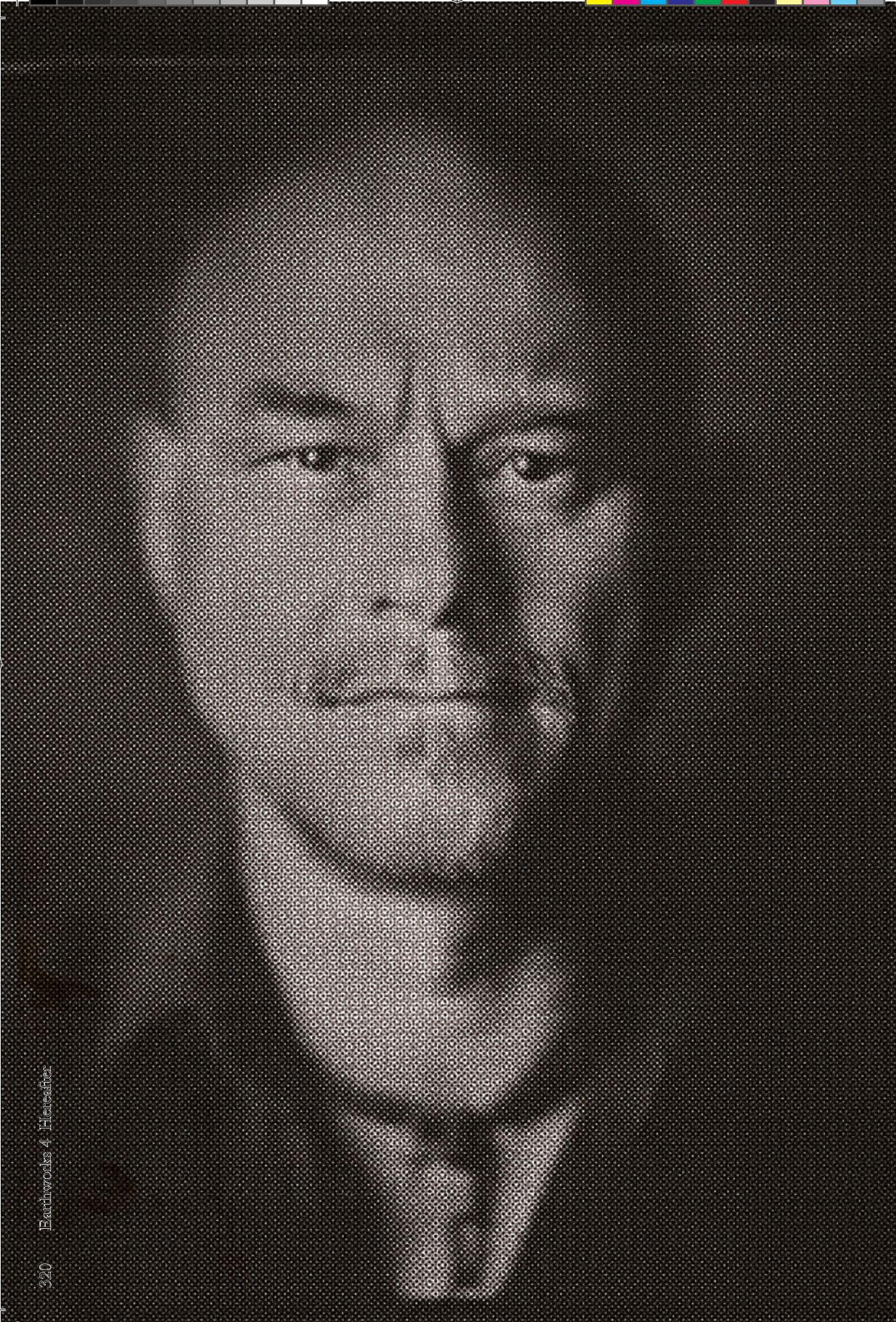
Peu effrayé il reste là à attendre, scrutant ma démarche et mon pas qui se rapproche. Je ne sais d'où me vient cette idée soudaine, incontrôlée et je me surprends moi-même à entendre ma voix sortir de la gorge et appeler : LEK ! Viens LEK !

Alors en quelques foulées sautillantes mon nouvel ami arrive près de moi puis, en guise de cadeau pour sceller notre rencontre, offre sans retenue sa tête, son dos et son museau à mes caresses généreuses.

Aller LEK, on y va.

X.TCHILI le 8/10/2017





320 Earthworks 4 Hicreafner





LEK

(A DOG'S LIFE) LEK ON LEK BY TCHILI

It all began when this stranger came into my life from Christ-knows-where. He came knocking on my door.

There he was in front of me in his worn-out black suit, his old-fashioned Russian collarless shirt hanging out of his trousers and his knackered black waistcoat. On his feet old leather clogs with wooden soles and metal toecaps. They were shoes of another era, rough and uncomfortable. He was wearing a soft black hat, which was so worn out that it had lost its' original shape. In his hand a small green moleskin suitcase with very little sign of anything luxurious in its' demeanour but more a suitcase that might have been discovered in amongst the rubbish or from the surplus of a charity shop.

And at once that strangely beguiling childlike smile, illuminating his gentle face, quite tanned yet still not marked by age, despite the tiredness that could be seen in his almost closed eyes, those two sharp slits, as if scored by the blade of a knife between the thick heavy lids, proof of the path they had travelled, two signs of belonging to someone from the steppes or the wild arid mountains of central Europe or perhaps even its' extreme east, the outskirts of Asia; from the elsewhere, from the far-away.

I am looking at this man on the doorstep, standing there, as if I have always known him, seized by his presence, touched deeply, to the pit of my stomach.

We remain planted for a moment, one in front of the other.

He breaks the silence first and stammers a few words spoken in his own language which is foreign to my ear and then with a timid politeness he hands me a piece of crumpled paper on which is inscribed a single sentence in French: Sir, Madame, my name is LEK.

Without understanding what the question might mean and without saying a word I push back the door and by way of an answer suggest that he comes inside. Alas no, LEK declines modestly with a movement of the head. He refuses to cross the threshold and seems to want me to understand that I must follow him, he gesticulates that I must follow him.

That's how LEK entered my life or should I say that's how I entered his life?

We head off towards the roads of complicity. We walk side by side, me observing him discreetly, whilst trying to keep in step. I try to learn to live in his way, discovering his simple gestures, guided by a wisdom borrowed from empirical knowledge.

He manages everything, he has tamed nature through simple techniques using the meagre knowledge that he possesses, always patient and calm he overcomes situations by improvising solutions.

LEK is good-natured and offers to help whenever the need arises. I see people taking advantage of him, but he keeps smiling, conscientiously accomplishing the tasks he sets himself. This kindness can play tricks on him. Sometimes he is rolled in flour by unscrupulous individuals or groups of evil people who want to cause him upset. The consequences can be disastrous.

Yet LEK gets up and carries on, he always carries on. Sometimes, after a more painful emotional shock than usual, I catch him chanting to himself, prayer-like, mysterious incantations or continuous meditations that resonate within the refuge that we have found for the night. I leave him to his trance and fall asleep soothed by the tone of his injured voice.





We lived for some time in the company of dogs, to whom we supplied food for sustenance and protection. Excluded, unwanted strangers, we were obliged to survive in the basements, the underground, the dark underground, scavenging food from dumps, or gleaning what we could find in the freshly harvested fields.

I walked long days in his company, well adjusted to his rhythm. I learned from him not to fear people. He showed courage and kindness and great concern for others whom he contemplated at length, he was always peaceful. He knew the language of plants and could speak to trees and animals. I have, thanks to him, seen what man ought to see. LEK was also a poet. We both fell in love with a rebellious and wild woman, who was too proud to want our love.

I ran with him to save a life, which despite our efforts, passed away, carrying with it the despairing cries of LEK. I saw him traumatized by the shock, at a loss for words, and ended up adopting his language by inventing words; his grammar and his vocabulary.

We travelled by train, boat, plane, car, truck, coach and bus, on foot or by donkey, in a cart or on a bicycle. We took roads of all kinds and paths without knowing where they might lead, rivers and canals, over-flowing vast expanses of sand or water. I saw mountains, plains, seas and deserts. I was cold, hot and then very cold again. I ate nothing and then sometimes like a king. If I happened to have trouble because of LEK I also met many friends; strong and generous souls. But most often it was loneliness that had to be shared or meagre feasts, which consisted of eating nothing.

LEK, a shaman on the edge of life, taught me to cast spells that might harm and secrets that might cure. I am happy with him, he is a friend, we know each other, it took time, but now we almost look like twins, from life to death, my alter-ego and mop.

Thanks to LEK I have sung in ruined castles and howled in caves and fjords abandoned to the four winds whilst turned towards the sea. To make a living we cut and stacked wood, turned the earth and piled stones, picked fruit and made vegetable gardens for the bourgeoisie.

LEK guarded their homes, kept an eye on their flocks, making sure that nothing untoward happened to the families that welcomed us.

LEK was very effective in this job of peacekeeper in the home, performing all tasks well and with discretion. To be forgotten, to become imperceptible, LEK was always good at that.

Together we experienced storms and floods and we had to struggle against distress whilst rescuing those that might be suffering. We had to face disease and madness. LEK learnt how to care, comfort, fight, defend and bite if necessary, like a dog. LEK knew how to become a dog when it was needed and if attacked, then his sweetness became a sweet fury.

LEK walks and walks and walks, whilst trying to recollect the pieces of a forgotten world, alone within this landscape where every human trace seems full of devastation, beyond the margins or left behind. With nowhere to put down his meagre burden.

Where does LEK come from?

What language does he speak? No one knows, no one else to my knowledge uses this language, none understand the signs, the sounds and the rhythms. I learn to speak like it, turn my tongue many times in my mouth and search in my own way for a lexicon of noises that might suit

Who is LEK?

A sailor? A thought? A concept? An island? A shadow? My twin? My double? A blank page on which one writes a story, that of a broken and awkward being, washing his disability under the weather falling from the sky.





When I was with him I understood the wind, the rain, the night. It was as if LEK were constantly wandering around with a cloud above his head, a cloud that followed him everywhere, floating between the layers of time and eternity, carrying us both.

Where is LEK today?

No one knows. Nobody has seen him. I've lost track of him. He left when I was sleeping. When I awoke he was gone and the few things he kept had disappeared with him. Outside the sun lifted its rays for a new day. The shadows cast from the destroyed buildings from which I emerged dazzled by the luminosity, continued for as far as the eye could see, but I wasn't pulled in any one direction.

I was lost without my friend. What was I to do? The last survivors of a defeated humanity, we were bound to our destinies like vagabonds. Had he disappeared into a hole within the great desert that surrounds us? Had he buried himself forever in a deep cavity of this land burnt by the sun?

And now, what was I going to do with this story? To whom can we relate the strange, confused life of lowly LEK?

All that remained for me was to continue to survey the territory in search of survivors, to discover new companions, but the hope of finding somewhere was small, for around me everything was nothing more than desolation. I walked at random, holding cardboard over my head to protect myself from the golden star and its crushing heat. I ended up climbing a high hill of sand and pebbles, and then in the distance, at the bottom of a slope, I saw a dog.

As soon as it saw me it stopped in its' tracks. Medium in size with a black coat it did not seem surprised to see me.

We were face to face, despite the great distance that separated us. The animal showed no fear and seemed to look at me with intensity. Suddenly I was seized by the desire to draw him to me and in the same movement, he approached me quietly.

I walked gently in his direction, carefully placing one foot in front of the other, my body slightly bent and my leg forward, and then I offered him a hand, relaxed as a sign of peace, to reassure the beast. His head leant to the side, his neck up, his eyes were wide open and astonished.

A little frightened he remained there waiting, scrutinizing my step and my advances. I do not know where this sudden, uncontrolled idea came from, but I found myself listening to my own voice calling: LEK! Come on LEK!

Then in a few jumping strides my new friend arrives near me, as a gift to seal our encounter, he offers without restraint his head, his back and his muzzle for my generous caresses.

Come on LEK, let's go.

Tбили – Maison Alforts – France - Autumn 2017

Photograph: Christian Chambenoit





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Water colour: Xavier Tibili







SARAH LLOYD

Earthwork Mindwork

YOU CANNOT FIND PEACE BY AVOIDING LIFE

Virginia Woolf

Duration and journeying have something important in common. They happen in lived time, by breath and by step, by a variably focused bodymind in small increments. Living awareness, as any artist working, child playing, athlete training or meditator meditating will describe to you, is not embedded in clocktime. It is made of attunements and absorptions, of vital charged impulses, small movements, intentions and couplings of felt activated sensing, of alignments of feeling, imagining, thinking, posture, energy flow and focus.

It is in these repeated attempts to connect, express, respond, perceive, externalise, translate, describe, touch that we exist most directly together. In these small impulses and durations suspended in wider lived cycles of stopping and starting, going away and returning, blood warming and cooling, excitement, exhaustion, food being eaten, waste excreted, days and nights passing.

EARTHWÖRK

Andrew Kötting's 'EARTHWÖRK' is a trilogy of films that explore how subjectivity is constituted, subsumed and negated in webs of social relation. They probe the mise-en-scène of how living subjects are staged within complex cultural, bodily, symbolic and representational layers.

They are unusual in being solely concerned with power between humans and not with all the issues of technology and identity formation in the virtual. And this makes the raw corporeal and affective attachment patterns, the dark internalised and projected scripts and instrumental dynamics that much easier to read. And thus, to cognise the dominating, avoidant patterns of much of 20th century intimacy and social relations. By not migrating into hybrid techno-space, Kötting reveals the rhizome roots of much 21st century social dysfunction as simply tendrils sprung from older forms.

'This Filthy Earth' tracks what happens to subjects under macho hard-body socialisation in competitive rivalry and fixed objectification only. 'Ivul' traces a more sophisticated Freudian, Lacanian path through the possessive libidinal territory of the 'law of the father'. And in 'Lek and the Dogs' we encounter phallic capitals broken subject, literally in retreat underground.





I recommend watching all three films in close conjunction, as they insightfully track the differences between stereotype and identity-led subjectivity, linguistic deferred, representation-led subjectivity, and phantasy and affect-led subjectivity. They pose too, important questions about the right to self-narration in the corporeal and affective registers. And actually in all moral, religious, social and symbolic systems where we are forced to uncouple mind and body to different symbolic realms, in fear of punishment.

Kötting's take on subjectivity, shares existential threads with Beckett's 'Krapp's Last Tape', and Tarkovsky's 'Stalker'. He cites Philip Trevelyan's 'The Moon and the Sledgehammer' as formative too. We encounter visceral, oneiric images, edgy psychic lives in turmoil, held within difficult contexts, looking for a way out or a way in.

Kötting's masterstroke in my view, is to give us these three very different but related takes on where subjectivity does its processing. He helps us cognise inner psychic process as relational and situated even though interior. Inner lives are constituted in relation to people, beliefs and living environments and those environments, people and beliefs can be welcoming or full of conflict and confusion. Whether we relegate it, implicate it, or isolate it, psychic processing exists and creates tangible affects, even as its being shamed, disciplined, brutalised and ignored.

We can watch these patterns with 21st century eyes and with a great deal more psychological and analytic language available, and even more scientific insight into how living subjectivity is constituted 'now'. But still it's challenging to apprehend how the same projected power abuses and excluding representations, bind subjects into dysfunction now as then in so much of the world. Subjectivity manifests first as received affective, sensational and sonic interjects, realised in how we are handled, talked to, perceived and connected with as small infants and children.

'This Filthy Earth' sees us plunged into a remote rural community with relentlessly bludgeoning sensibilities at the core of the everyday. It shows human beings at their most disrespectful, territorial, sadistic and fucked up. Kötting gives us a tiny community, just about surviving in a harsh, physically demanding landscape, leaning heavily into hard-body hysteria, alcohol and outsider scapegoating. Everything is orchestrated to highlight the exuberant, self-confident abusiveness, passing itself off as normal, and getting away with it. We watch the whole community become complicit in violence towards Lek, the migrant farmer, when the harvest is lost to an unusually extreme storm.

Kötting focuses us on how space, territory, privilege and power are etched with mocking sadistic psychotic cruelty onto corporeal, mental and material space, to make a spectacle of power-ordering in dysfunctional hierarchies. He shows us too the sickening pay-offs, the compromises tolerated to avoid loss, violence, starving and worse. And simultaneously he underscores the impotence of organised religion to offer anything reparative in these scenarios. With no imaginable role for difference, spiritual, political or ethical autonomy, held under word law only, all bodies become a shared site for the psychopathic, volatile, dangerous, abusive and insular to project upon.

Kötting presents us with the question; what are subjectivities formed by and for whom? He shows us what 'no-boundaries' looks like, incestuous, violent, merged, reactive, phantasy laden. He makes us view the unfolding horrors when no one knows how to make violence stop, or unthink fucked-up projection, violent transference, pathological scapegoating. We see what happens when group and religious identities offer no mercy, forgiveness or compassion to outsiders. How they offer ritualised pathways to pass blame and hatred on into the next generation instead.

Humans like helpless scorpions, stinging themselves to death from fear of their own shared, violent urges.



MINDWÖRK

We see too our long reluctance to examine what power in its shadow aspect creates in civil and religious societies and culture. Hidden beneath the image display of virtue and word-based moralising, underneath the default screensaver, is all the hating and blaming and killing of the world. Kötting puts us up close with the real-time consequences of 'kill-or-be-killed' thinking, with the defensive all-or-nothing binary mind, thoroughly uncoupled from any empathic body recognition, in schizoid, either/or fantasy time. He makes us watch it, think about it, feel it. No outsiders, no resistance and no escape allowed. It is claustrophobic in the extreme, but also compelling, disturbing and thought provoking.

The second of the Earthwork trilogy, is 'Ivul', staged in sophisticated rural beautiful France. Here Kötting drills us down into a cultured, comfortable, aristocratic family. We witness their domestic dynamics, their sexual tensions and disciplining struggles. And bit by bit their moral and erotic sensibilities, the ways the various members manage who they are to each other and in themselves. Then domino-effect catastrophe unfolds, the sexual experimenting of the teenage siblings is witnessed by Lek, the family's adopted migrant and speechless gardener. The events then triggered by Alex, the inventive use of his own bodymind to leverage creatively around the wordlaw of his father, are initially amusing, then poignant and then go unimaginably wrong.

Kötting implies that resistance and mastery are both ineffective, founded on symbiotic, narcissistic relations of defiance and charisma only. That we remain simultaneously bound within other complex fields of singular, historical and cultural misunderstanding. That the imposition of authoritarian wordlaw cuts, onto bodies without love or respect for the evolving rhythms of difference, spawn malevolent cuts, contagious law disturbances and violence everywhere. That social and symbolic space literally arises out of these missed understandings. That exorcisms and excommunications will infer and confer wild imaginings and violent representations. And in time, these will refer and defer dark interjects and projections into real bodies and into the interactive permission screens of moral consciousness.

In 'Lek and the dogs', we see what addiction, neglect and violent do when they cant be brought stopped, all the chaos and dissociation, how perceptions and emotions run too fast to bind into any grounded somatic or psychic integration. But become instead trauma, powerful, uncoupled, ungrounded affect, foreboding or strong anxiety that is viscerally tangible in shared spaces. The repeating compulsive thoughts and fear laden imagery easily becomes dark orderings in the shared unbound. Old scripts, expectations and dark emotions that mysteriously activate back into the now, poisoning experience over and over.

Compulsivity and traumatic repetitions block the release of grief, pain, anxiety, need, anger, despair, mourning, love and desire. It blocks our capacity to feel open spontaneous alive vital connection. Without connection there is no secure attachment to oneself or others, no comfort, no being helped, no safe touch or place. Just isolated pain and anxiety on repeat. No containment, no assistance, no time without the threat of impending dread and panic.

In other words, no process to heal or repair loss, danger or failure. No good-enough self, no sense of autonomy, no evolving self with capacities for choice, action, self-care. Without speakable, shareable, embodied contexts for inner life, humane connection and unshamed disclosure, the forming social self cannot know or experience itself in safe relation, and is left alone with overwhelming fantasy affects and ungrounded emotions.

Flesh and blood bodies with felt-sensing subjectivity emerge from living relations. Sensitive bodyminds activated by needs, demands, desires, longings and imaginings. That imprint and are imprinted in shared resonance fields long before language begins. We grow from the outset within another body, a womb embedded in a real woman. And she embedded in a field of external and internalised lived relations. Implicated with present or absent partner, father, mother, income, career, extended family that may be largely warm, calm, kind and supportive, or violent, unstable





and dominating. We are slowly making more sense of how human subjectivity becomes embodied within complex verbal and non-verbal, sign and value systems, but there is much to learn, comprehend and contextualise still.

Ideas about human identity were heavily entangled last century with theories of psychoanalysis, that themselves sat awkwardly on older religious ideas. Because of this, we've had a model through most of the 20th century, of the unconscious as somewhere inaccessible deep inside that is completely uncivilised. And because we imagined ourselves as made already civilized by science, culture and transcendental religions, we left the uncivilised contents in the living body of women or displaced it onto other cultures. We didn't otherwise feel the need to concern ourselves too much about it, just use those ideas for defining others and for protocol analysis but rarely as subjects ourselves. Only to discipline, restrain, interrupt and educate others, with their lack of civilised respect for our property laws, fences and with their strange lifeworld and social values that potentially threaten our capacity to prosper.

In this we have sold ourselves the idea that western society's notion of 'civilised values' are the top ones in a world hierarchy of moral and administrative systems and this consequently gives western property and sovereign law based administrations, a sense of themselves as more advanced and hence more entitled, to rule, regulate, violate and dictate how others live, think and act.

Or conversely to the ideas we have now, that core respect for life has no place in the weaponised power struggles and global relations of leveraging capitals. That these domains can only be thought modern and progressive in so far as they exclude the spiritual completely, and rest on a conscienceless secularism that can effortlessly, liquidise people, cities, species and ecospheres to protect its profits and values.

This too allows the Western mind to historicise and revisit the entire history of empire and colonisation, of stolen and excess capital accumulations, of enforced borders and war unleashing, without guilt. as a benign patriarchal sovereignty over the less civilised, as glorious intervention even. The violence wrought on whole regions, species, landscapes and cultures in the places we called 'Terra Nullius' are scenes of civilisation in progress and collateral damage only, regrettable but necessary to think too deeply about. Unless it affects us personally its too big, too old, too complex, too expensive. But like violence and trauma in the personal, the toxic affects of violence in the cultural and over lands don't go away easily either.

Kötting shows that word law hair-splitting is never going to constitute a sane humanely shareable environment that can repair us after traumatic violent events. That violent entitled perception and behaviour, within inadequate fields of cognition, with insufficient comprehension of how affect works is a social and psychic-time bomb.

That dark affects, even hidden and split away from, will nevertheless plant dark seeds. Where we can't imagine humanely, grieve or acknowledge deep existential significances for on going life, we are left with only cold, hard defensive body-politic to couple our self-interested indifference to. But still a fast network to share it on and plenty of shopping, so hey, what the fuck. Kötting's pushes us to notice that for all our fast speak showy, fast image groovy techno-couplings, this stark ethical weakness remains largely unaddressed in our metaphoric and discursive frameworks.

So lame, so outdated, so regressive anyhow, to simply wish the drawbridge up and retreat into castles of networked screens that connect us straight back again anyway to everything we fear.





BODYWÖRK

Let's return now to that model of the unconscious that we inherited from the 20th century. The human unconscious imagined as full to the brim with perversions, sexual urges, violence that all were under oath to restrain at drive level, in order to be seen as civilised.

Obviously the virtuous and holy practiced fidelity, chastity and sublimation, but common people, the uncivilised, the foreigners and women were all untrustworthy, they needed civilising and disciplining by their superiors and betters, their husbands and fathers, so they learn to be good and civilised in good, civilised society.

So with the dark contents of the lived unconscious safely framed as 'other' by Freud the rational language-based version of morality became dominant. From this American Ego psychology developed, where behaviour was seen as more significant than processing complex perceptions and feelings. Conscious was good, normative, normal, unconscious was bad, mad and dangerous, with nothing much in between. And those we don't understand or who resist good civil ordering are clearly mad, bad and just in need of firm discipline.

The unconscious becomes the repository for holding bad violence, bad sex, and bad desires, all those dark qualities that would lead us to become bad citizens, bad people. Yet we remained unresponsive to thinking through where this badness first came from? Badness was clearly just caused by an absence of virtue or courage, or disobedience, lack of faith, sin etc, but also people believed that badness came from outside them, from the outsider, from Johnny Foreigner or from women. So religion solved this crisis of patriarchal ordering by gendering authority, creating guilt and sin and putting all the bad cruel stuff in other people's bodies, territory or places.

This drive/instinct iceberg model is widely seen as still accurate.

And in fact we've been sold this interpretation for a very long time, in numerous other forms that we will return to later. Since that post-war rise of advertising and popular culture, we have had an idea that desirable objects can fulfil all our fantasies and make us happy. And that personal happiness is all. That to seek insights beyond lifestyle marketing and project-self is un-amusing, over-intellectual or just plain unnecessary.

We feel we should be political, anarchic, outwardly revolutionary, pursuing all kinds of dynamically displayed actions towards social justice. If we are taking our politics seriously, anything less would be lame, narcissistic, right? But this misses the important point that we've modelled the unconscious dishonestly from the beginning, in the mono-cultural and personal, and are still proceeding with this false model inadequately critiqued into the ethical and cultural again.

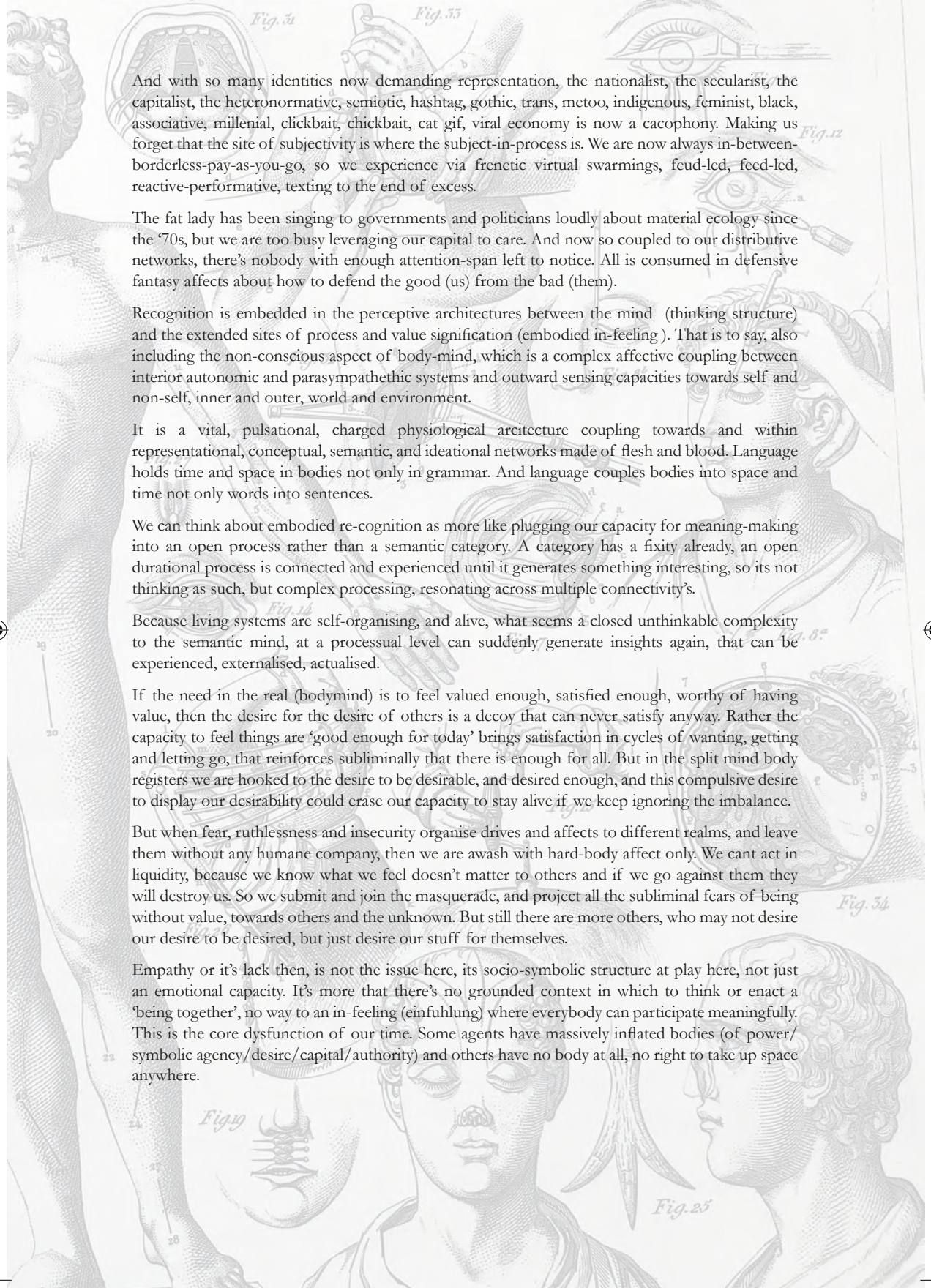
Living an anarchic mischievous courage and not being defined by authoritarian discourses, without desiring to kill anyone, is my favourite thing about Andrew Kötting, and a longstanding theme in his work.

He makes us look at violence not only as a civilised/uncivilised dichotomy but as a system-wide psychic register, and as a shared symbolic social and cultural apparatus. And in my opinion, we urgently do need to do this, if we are to stay alive on a habitable planet.

We traded every body's right to exist for vectored cash rewards in a virtual universe in the 20th Century, and for the promise of a chin tucked, shiny free-market future for ourselves only. Now we are trumping the lifeworld in the 21st Century for capital relations that ascribe no metaphor to social mobility and mobile affect, beyond cash accumulation and twitter updates.

We know that the brand-laden cash registers are always already prioritised over human worth. So we cut ourselves to fit instead, to stem the anxious ungrounded hysterical information overloads. Social exclusion and indifference are sad but just necessary stages of compassion fatigue, not symptoms of anything really important or deeper.

Earthworks 4 | Hereafter



And with so many identities now demanding representation, the nationalist, the secularist, the capitalist, the heteronormative, semiotic, hashtag, gothic, trans, metoo, indigenous, feminist, black, associative, millennial, clickbait, chickbait, cat gif, viral economy is now a cacophony. Making us forget that the site of subjectivity is where the subject-in-process is. We are now always in-between-borderless-pay-as-you-go, so we experience via frenetic virtual swarmings, feud-led, feed-led, reactive-performative, texting to the end of excess.

The fat lady has been singing to governments and politicians loudly about material ecology since the '70s, but we are too busy leveraging our capital to care. And now so coupled to our distributive networks, there's nobody with enough attention-span left to notice. All is consumed in defensive fantasy affects about how to defend the good (us) from the bad (them).

Recognition is embedded in the perceptive architectures between the mind (thinking structure) and the extended sites of process and value signification (embodied in-feeling). That is to say, also including the non-conscious aspect of body-mind, which is a complex affective coupling between interior autonomic and parasympathetic systems and outward sensing capacities towards self and non-self, inner and outer, world and environment.

It is a vital, pulsational, charged physiological architecture coupling towards and within representational, conceptual, semantic, and ideational networks made of flesh and blood. Language holds time and space in bodies not only in grammar. And language couples bodies into space and time not only words into sentences.

We can think about embodied re-cognition as more like plugging our capacity for meaning-making into an open process rather than a semantic category. A category has a fixity already, an open durational process is connected and experienced until it generates something interesting, so its not thinking as such, but complex processing, resonating across multiple connectivity's.

Because living systems are self-organising, and alive, what seems a closed unthinkable complexity to the semantic mind, at a processual level can suddenly generate insights again, that can be experienced, externalised, actualised.

If the need in the real (bodymind) is to feel valued enough, satisfied enough, worthy of having value, then the desire for the desire of others is a decoy that can never satisfy anyway. Rather the capacity to feel things are 'good enough for today' brings satisfaction in cycles of wanting, getting and letting go, that reinforces subliminally that there is enough for all. But in the split mind body registers we are hooked to the desire to be desirable, and desired enough, and this compulsive desire to display our desirability could erase our capacity to stay alive if we keep ignoring the imbalance.

But when fear, ruthlessness and insecurity organise drives and affects to different realms, and leave them without any humane company, then we are awash with hard-body affect only. We cant act in liquidity, because we know what we feel doesn't matter to others and if we go against them they will destroy us. So we submit and join the masquerade, and project all the subliminal fears of being without value, towards others and the unknown. But still there are more others, who may not desire our desire to be desired, but just desire our stuff for themselves.

Empathy or it's lack then, is not the issue here, its socio-symbolic structure at play here, not just an emotional capacity. It's more that there's no grounded context in which to think or enact a 'being together', no way to an in-feeling (einfuhlung) where everybody can participate meaningfully. This is the core dysfunction of our time. Some agents have massively inflated bodies (of power/symbolic agency/desire/capital/authority) and others have no body at all, no right to take up space anywhere.





Andrew Kötting's *Earthwork Trilogy* tracks us through the spaces of indifference, in-between possession and effective being-in-the-world. He tracks the signage between objectified and co-created, between symbolic and lived-time. He shows too, how quickly morphing layers of reality can collide and become traumatic unthinkable horrors that no one can think through or past. How we over and over reconstitute brutality, because we don't know how to think the shareable. That when power believes it's own stories, objectified subjects and objectifying states are unavoidable.

We must keep trying together then, to join up the dots, between representational, symbolic, discursive and metaphorical mappings of the subject in social space constitution. And we need more than flow diagrams and computational capacity to make humane in-sight out of all these potentially dehumanising flows of mobile information.

The drive towards violent power and pride in hierarchically organised patriarchal relations manifests as heroism, competitiveness, arrogance, ruthless display culture, delight in being the most powerful, the top thing that is most desirable and leaves lacking in others.

Lacan's idea that desire is the desire for the desire of the other can be seen clearly. For if the others desire is also to see displayed how much they are desired, then the cycle can never end. No one can feel satisfaction beyond the continual trading of images, affects, status and capital. Those at the top feel pride in being top and hence desirable, with a surfeit of attention (affect) that makes them able to identify as desirable and hence successful (in a narcissistic culture) but still this does not translate into being satisfied in the psycho-corporal register, because continually desiring the desire of others is not equivalent with actually feeling satisfied.

I'm put in mind of Eve with her apple, and Pandora with her box, the body, women and the earth itself narrated as the signifying ground of fallen mortals, ascribed responsibility in different ways for mankind's fall into sin and chaos.

Both women failed to obey the dictates from on high, and did as we know, eat the apple and open the box respectively. And the story goes that because of Eve, we have fallen into duality, where we must now manage knowledge ourselves; deal on our own with all the powers of creativity, naked, in and by our own efforts.

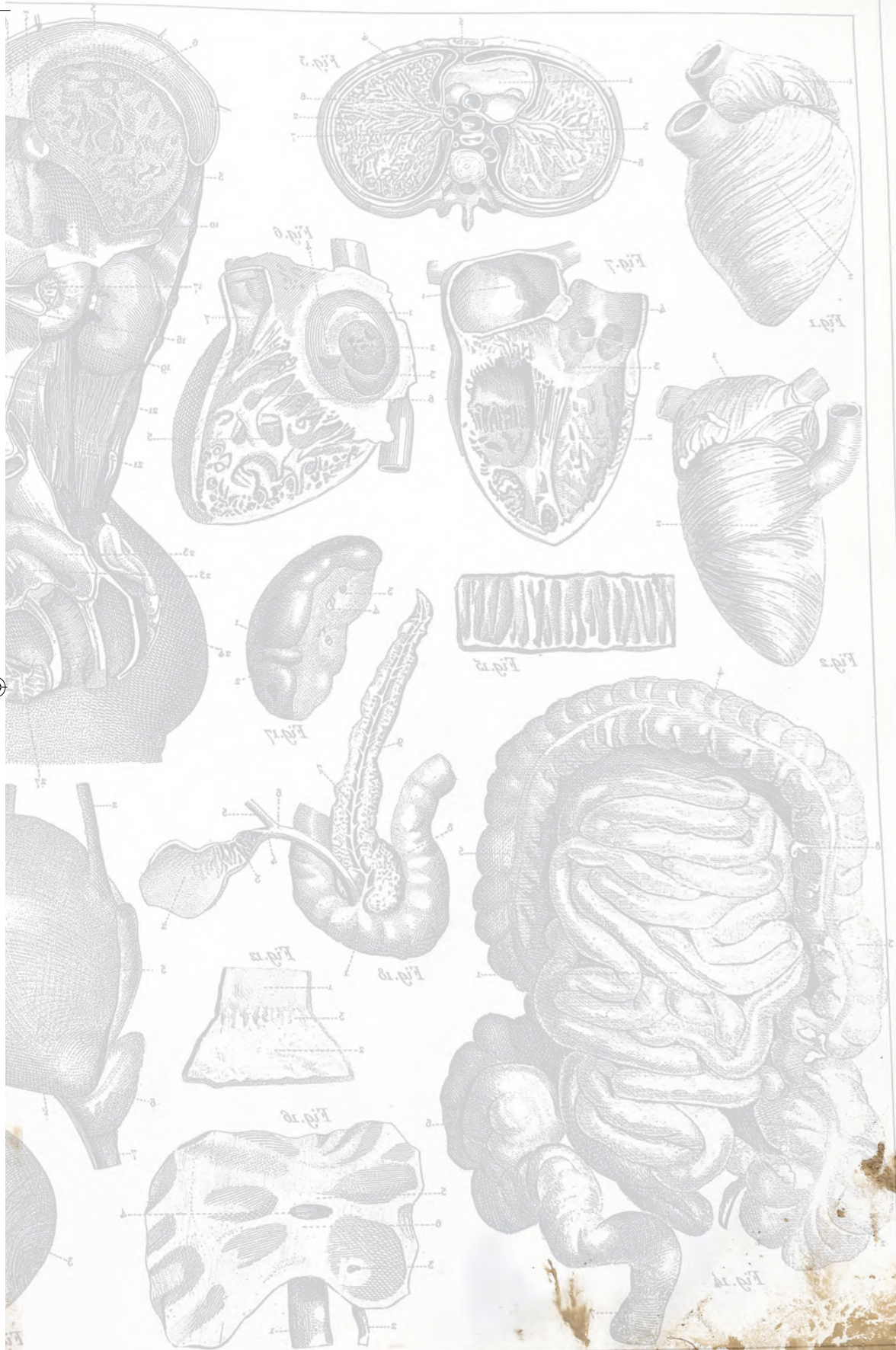
Similarly when Pandora's box opened, all the forces of affliction and chaos were released across the whole earth, apparently only leaving hope there alone. The word 'hope' in the old Greek, translates closer to the idea of expectation.

It would be a supreme irony of missed understanding, if the ancients had actually been trying to say all along; you all are now responsible for shared reality and the shared durations of your life on the earth. And the chaos will become, only by your own will, by the hopes and expectations you extend into your value systems.

Whatever your hope and expectation is for the world to become, it will become. I could live with that as a spiritual maxim for a shared signifying ground.

Sarah Lloyd 2018







JASON WOOD

Earth Trilogy In Three Conversations

ECHOES: ANDREW KÖTTING'S 'EARTH' TRILOGY IN THREE CONVERSATION

I first came to the work of Andrew Köttling through *Gallivant*, the Artist/Filmmaker's remarkable feature-length debut. *Gallivant* acted as a seemingly jovial jaunt along the coast and managed to paint a picture of a British Isles that incorporated its past, its present and a glimpse into its future. The same could be said to apply to the film's approach to family, in which even those who are or will soon be absent remain remarkably present. Köttling's subsequent works are all to some degree haunted by the aesthetic, textural and thematic ghosts of *Gallivant*: Gladys and Eden in the echo chamber. Köttling tore up many of the British filmmaking maps in existence (this is all pre Google), offering a signpost to a new type of British cinema that was home grown, but never parochial; experimental and risk taking, but never po-faced.

Having discovered Köttling's work and crammed up on his pre-*Gallivant* activities, no small ask given his prodigious capacity for creative outpourings, my first actual interaction with him occurred down a crackly telephone line when I interviewed him for the Film4 release of *This Filthy Earth* back in 2001.

This was the first film in the 'Earth' trilogy. I found him to be very much like his output, that is to say, restless, passionate, voracious and endlessly inquisitive and intelligent. We connected, and so when I made the similar journey from South London to the South Coast we sought each other out. Our professional relationship deepened when as part of an advisory team at Artificial Eye I suggested that we distribute and then exhibit on our cinema screens *Ivul*, the second instalment in the 'Earth' trilogy. And now, as part of the Artistic Directorate at HOME, Manchester, I will be involved in distributing *Lek And The Dogs*, the final entry in the 'Earth' trilogy. We have been thinking and talking together about these films now for 16 years. That is quite a passage of time.

When I was asked to contribute to the volume that you hold in your hand I considered a number of approaches. In the end I decided on a method that hopefully gives an insight both into Köttling's thought process and aesthetic approach and to the evolution of the 'Earth' trilogy itself and how, as the gap between each project shows, the sense that an artist, no matter which discipline in which she or he toils, is invariably hostage to certain market forces and frequently hostile funding environments. My conversations with Andrew in the past have frequently contained a term, all his own, that I have grown very comfortable with and that is 'spillage', a reference both to the aforementioned echoes of the past and the notion of projects blending and bleeding with each other. *This Filthy Earth*, *Ivul* and *Lek And The Dogs* all form part of a distinctive and separate trilogy concerned with the land and how humanity finds its place on, above and below it. But they are also part of a wider continuum and will no doubt engage in a dialogue with and inform whatever Andrew makes next. More 'spillage'. Hopefully the conversations below with all their links, fissures and moments of happenstance are reflective of this.



TRILOGY 1 - CONVERSATION 1: THIS FILTHY EARTH

(FILM AND CONVERSATION BOTH FROM 2001)

Jason Wood: Despite the often unforgiving elements and the way in which you present the physical hardship of rural existence there is a lyrical beauty to *This Filthy Earth*, specifically the summer harvesting sequence. Did you want these scenes to exist in any kind of opposition to the other 'spunk and bones' moments? Also, did you draw on any cinematic references? I was reminded of Malick's *Days Of Heaven* (1978) and Alexander Dovzhenko's *Earth* (1930)

Andrew Kötting: I haven't seen *Earth* but I was definitely influenced by Terence Malick and that magic hour light that can sometimes seem so surreal. Roman Polanski's *Tess* (1979) also cast a shadow. The harvesting does read as somewhat elegiac, but there is also something ominous forever present, and of course the message of the old versus the new.

JW: What kind of atmosphere was it on the shoot and when and where did the majority of the shooting take place?

AK: We shot in Dentedale in North Yorkshire for everything other than the girls' abode, which was shot in Dent in Cumbria. The atmosphere on set was that of one large, dishevelled, spunk stained family. The cast were always around even if they were not required for many of the days of shooting. Peter Hugo-Daley aka Jesus Christ would wander the Yorkshire Dales in costume, spirit bottle in hand ready to cure the afflicted.

JW: Visually, the film has certain timelessness to it but it still manages to deal very effectively with concerns that affect modern communities. I'm thinking specifically of the racial abuse suffered by Lek. Were you keen for the film to have contemporary resonance?

AK: Absolutely, we never wanted to write it large but it was very important.

JW: You draw fantastic performances from a naturalistic and relatively inexperienced cast. Are there benefits to working with non-actors and could you talk a little bit about some of the qualities each of their principals brought to their roles?

AK: I was casting intuitively. I had help from casting agents who were responsible for drawing my attention to Rebecca Palmer and Dudley Sutton but it was a process of pushing and probing at interview stage. It was also about 'look' and how genuine I thought the actors were when I confronted them with the REAL that I was after. We were hoping to cast at the city farm but this proved problematic so we had sides of beef and buckets of blood delivered to the studio instead. Shane Attwooll is from Deptford, like myself, and it was always his look that I had been interested in. I found his picture in *Spotlight* years before I cast him and it was this image that informed the Buto character. He was always there looking up at me.





JW: Is improvisation something that you encouraged?

AK: I am always on the look out for the happenstance, whether that be from the landscape or the cast or the crew or the props or whatever, so trust in the cast and their ability to improvise is always part of the process.

JW: You take quite a 'sculptural' approach to filmmaking, having described it as a 'hunting and gathering process'.

AK: Yes it is very much a sculptural process. Contingent. never set in stone, always an approximation of what you set out to do and therefore I'm far less likely to be disappointed or dependent on numerous takes. Albeit that we stuck very closely to the final script I was always on the look out for the OTHER. It can however create no end of problems at the edit because of all the new possibles but it just makes you work harder as a filmmaker.

JW: You obviously work in a variety of media. What kind of possibilities do these formats present and how do you see digital filmmaking as influencing the future of film production, particularly in terms of the possibilities it affords those working on limited budgets.

AK: The impact of the new technologies is profound. I think that a lot of the control is now back in the hands of the filmmakers. The power of the labs has been undermined and the industry as a whole is losing its monopoly. It is all very positive, but as far as the different formats within This Filthy Earth are concerned it is as much about texture and atmosphere as it is about being cost effective. I also use mini DV throughout in a symbolic way, it is meant to represent the 'Eyes Of The Landscape' as seen through the eyeless character of Joey, the feral vagabond. It is used as an animistic presence throughout and in the wake of Joey's sister's death, Megan, the film goes into a berserk and somewhat apocalyptic freefall where madness is never that far away.

JW: How unforgiving is the current filmmaking climate for innovate directors such as yourself?

AK: The paradox is that although it might be cheaper and easier to produce films it is becoming harder to distribute anything at all wayward or unfamiliar. This is not necessarily true of World Cinema but certainly of British cinema. Output seems to be genre driven, generic and rather limp. Filmmakers always erring on the side of caution or accommodation. However, for a few years now there are new arenas opening up which are more about the gallery space or viewing context. I am very inspired to see the works of people like Issac Julian, Tacita Dean and Shirin Neshrat so well disseminated.

TRILOGY 2 - CONVERSATION 2: IVUL

(FILM AND CONVERSATION BOTH FROM 2009)¹

Jason Wood: There's been a long hiatus between This Filthy Earth and Ivul.

Andrew Kötting: It's par for the course I guess with the kind of work that I make. Gallivant came out and did relatively well and certainly got a lot of people interested in it after it's initial screening at Edinburgh Film Festival. Even when I was making This Filthy Earth the idea behind Ivul certainly existed but I didn't really know what form I wanted it to take. John Cheetham, Andrew Mitchell and I wrote the first drafts together and the BBC committed to it but then it went into turnaround whilst they developed their digital channels.

¹ Reproduced with kind permission of Columbia University Press. An edited version of this interview originally appeared in Last Words (CUP, September 2014).





Then *This Filthy Earth* came out and I think people thought ‘Blinking Heck, do we really want another one of those?’ For me in a perverse way this was quite reassuring and there was a slight sense of relief that I wouldn’t have to make it and I could get on with some of the other stuff that I wanted to do. Then three years ago E.D. Distribution who distribute my work in France were approached by a young producer, Émilie Blézat who expressed an interest in producing the film after reading the script. Various meetings took place in Paris and the French Pyrenees – an area I know well – and suddenly the project took on a new life. The catch of course was that I had to translate the script into French and transpose the story to a completely different landscape

JW: You are amongst a recent group of British filmmakers including Ben Hopkins² and Thomas Clay³ who having found it difficult to get their work financed in the UK have relocated abroad. How did shooting outside of the UK in the French Pyrenees feed into the sensibility of the film?

AK: An huge pleasure. I love language and I love to play with language. I also have a large archive – both sonic and visual – which in itself is another ‘language’. Inevitably elements from the archive find their way into my work, whether it is in the films or the other media piece. There is a sensibility inherent within this collaging of voices that has always interested me although the nuance of spoken French still escapes me, which means that I tend to simplify things and not let them get too complicated.

I kept the story and the images simpler and made a point, not something I often do, of trying to remain faithful to the script. I think the UK audiences are more forgiving of *Ivul* because it is in French. I have a feeling that people were less forgiving of *This Filthy Earth* because it was located in the Yorkshire Dales and people spoke a reconstructed feral English. People seem to be attributing to *Ivul* a fairytale element or ‘otherness’, which was there in *This Filthy Earth* yet less accessible.

JW: Landscape is tremendously central to your work, which often attempts a dialogue with your environments.

AK: Every film I have ever made from *Klipperty Klöpp* (1984) onwards has involved my confronting the landscape in some way. I love the idea of getting my hands dirty and even allowing elements such as rain to come into the lens. For me it’s very corporeal and I like to convey that within the fabric of the film, which is why sometimes the work is bizarre and has its own strange rhythms or logic.

JW: *Ivul* is dedicated to your mother, who you credit with keeping the family together. The notion of family is another central element of your work. It was the core of the recent *In The Wake Of A Deadad* project for example.

AK: I draw on my life for inspiration and feed that back into the work. In *The Wake Of A Deadad*⁴ was an exorcism in many ways. The father in *Ivul* is the kind of dad I wished I’d had, eccentric and strange and loveable. My mother, like many others of her generation, really did hold the family together and had to make tremendous sacrifices to do so. Even as an adolescent growing up I would be astonished at what she would do to keep us together as a unit. Marie, the mother in the film is obviously very different to my mother and she reaches a moment where she has simply had enough. My mother never reached that point albeit she had every reason to give up and walk away. Her fortitude and strength of character still moves me today, a humility and innate understanding that is sadly lacking in many.

² After Simon Magus Hopkins made *The Nine Lives of Thomas Katz* outside of the UK. He continues to work abroad, his most recent film being the documentary *Hasret*.

³ Thomas Clay relocated to Thailand to make *Soi Cowboy* after making *The Great Ecstasy of Robert Carmicheal* on the South Coast of England.

⁴ *In The Wake of a Dead Dad* was Kötting’s 2005 pondering of family and fatherhood that incorporated a book, a film and an installation.





JW: Jacob Auzanneau is remarkable as Alex. It's less a performance and more a performance piece.

AK: He was actually much less intimidated by the physical acts he had to perform, many of which were filmed the winter before we actually started official production on the film, he was more fearful of having to act. He was only sixteen when he came down to the Pyrenees to climb trees and it was just a tiny crew working with him at this time. The following summer, when the money came through and work on the film proper began, the thought of having to scale houses didn't worry him at all as he is a trained acrobat who has worked with the likes of Cirque de Soleil. It was definitely the acting that worried him. What I tried to communicate to him, and something I carry with me for all the films, is that 'it is only a film'. Of equal importance to everyone involved is the journey of making it. They are free to improvise and act spontaneously and often it is these unguarded and unscripted moments that find themselves central in my films.

JW: You work across various disciplines and allow these various practices to feed into one another. Ivul contains experimental elements, from the archive footage and the various sonic experiments but I was impressed by your relative restraint in these regards this time round.

AK: There was a lot of pressure on me at the post-production stage for instance this was the first time that I was subjected to test audience screenings. It was also done very much in a collaborative spirit, both with the actors and technicians and the producers and financiers. I did put a certain amount of pressure on myself to actually tell the story, or at least keep to it as best as I could. Ivul is more about telling a story, creating tension and making sure that it's structure is sharp.

JW: What kind of influences did you draw upon?

AK: The Moon and The Sledgehammer⁵ (1971) by Philip Trevelyan is a key work for me and I used the film as a companion piece when making Ivul. I made sure that I showed it to everyone working on the film, especially the two cameramen, Gary Parker and Nick Gordon Smith and then looked to them to capture that film's sense of spontaneity and vision. Ben Rivers is another filmmaker who does something similar and there are probably elements of Ben's work in Ivul. In a more visual or spectacular sense I am drawn to Matthew Barney's work. You can almost smell and taste his films. Werner Herzog is another filmmaker who is always in the back of my mind. Herzog is primal and elemental.

JW: Ivul is the second of a planned trilogy.

AK: This Filthy Earth was the first. That film was set on the ground, Ivul is obviously partly set above the ground and the third part of the trilogy will take place underground. Xavier Tchili who plays Lek will arrive underground and meander through the underworld. There are some beautiful cave structures that I have been exploring in France, Cornwall and the Faroe Islands. Xavier is a classically trained actor and of course in Ivul he doesn't get to speak. I've promised that when he arrives in the underworld he'll have dialogue. The intention is that he'll meet some of the characters from the other two films. There's no script as yet, just ideas and a landscape.

TRILOGY 3 - CONVERSATION 3: LEK AND THE DOGS

(FILM AND CONVERSATION BOTH FROM 2017)

Jason Wood: The third film in the 'Earth' trilogy, Lek and the Dogs is adapted from the play by Hattie Naylor. What elements most attracted you to the play and how did the elements and the themes fit with some of the other concerns you have expressed and explored in the trilogy?

⁵ Celebrated American artist perhaps best known for his Cremaster cycle.



Andrew Kötting: Hattie was an undergraduate at the Slade when I was doing a Post Graduate in Fine Art there. We both loved being in the sound studios, which were located in the bowels of University. We conducted many experiments down there and by the time we reconnected many years later she had already become an established playwright and had even helped set up a theatre company called Gallivant. So I knew that we were bound to work together, it had been foretold by the Angels of Happenstance.

I had heard her radio adaptations of the Pepys diaries for Radio4 and was also compelled by her play *Ivan And The Dogs*. Then a few years later when I saw it performed on stage at the Soho Theatre I knew that it might make a great film. She had already suggested that we collaborate on a version of WG Sebald's *Rings of Saturn* but I was more interested in the isolationism of the *Ivan* story. It fitted with the plans I had for trying to tell a story set under the ground. But perhaps the biggest connection was with Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape*, a monologue set in an 'elsewhere, which I felt had some tangential connection to Hattie's story.

JW: Similarly, *This Filthy Earth* was adapted from Zola. Ivul was an original screenplay. And now we return to an adaptation. Was there a clear thought process at work in terms of original/adapted material or is this a case of characteristic Kötting happenstance?

AK: There was a semblance of design behind the decision to 'adapt' or 'respond' to *Ivan And The Dogs*, based more on the idea of investigating a story that could ostensibly take place under the ground.

This Filthy Earth, which as you suggest was adapted/hewn from Zola's *La Terre*, was set very much ON the ground and *Ivul*, inspired by Italo Calvino's *Baron of the Trees* and *Tarzan* was set ABOVE the ground, so it seemed fitting/interesting to set the final part of the trilogy UNDER the ground.

In that sense happenstance had no part to play at all, which is a little antithetical to much of my practice BUT moreover it offered a brilliant launch pad for conjoining ideas of a narrative with those of a 'journeywork'.

In the film *Lek And The Dogs* I'm constructing and deconstructing the story as it unfolds. Interviews with Alan Moore and Sarah Lloyd were vital to the development of this idea and by the time the home movie footage and archive came on board we were quite a long way from any sense of adaptation.

JW: The theme of the relationship between the human figure and nature is of course central to the trilogy. It's arguably a facet of your work in general. How did you seek to approach this theme this time around and did you allow any other references or parallels to come into play? Watching *Lek* I was reminded a number of times of Herzog but there are also elements of *Tarkovsky* at play, perhaps most specifically, *Stalker* (1979).

AK: *Tarkovsky's Stalker* had a profound effect on me when I saw it in the cinema many moons back and I've re-watched the film on numerous occasions but not in its entirety, usually on a TV or computer screen, but that first experience; the pacing and the metaphysical impact had me entranced and bewitched. The atmosphere was butted onto the brain. It had a similar effect for me as watching David Lynch's *Eraserhead* (1977) or Derek Jarman's *Sebastiane* (1976). They were unforgettable, yet more importantly, they all felt as if they were attainable or 'do-able' as an aspiring filmmaker. The role of *Lek* and his position within the worlds that I try to construct has trace elements of all three films; *Lek* is an outsider struggling to come to terms with his own angst and inner turmoil, enigmatic and alone.





y of points of nourishment.' The vision of Montaigne's lips
stranger:



JW: As with *Swandown* (2012) and *By Ourselves* (2015) and *Edith Walks* (2017) there is also a sense of mythology with *Lek and the Dogs* and the drawing upon myth and fairytale. I often thought of Rome and the legend of Romulus and Remus. Did you retain this interest from the aforementioned films? I always enjoy the way you bring the past into the present in the films.

AK: The past invariably enters the work through my interests in literature or the use of archive, whether it be sonic or moving image. There's something about the incorporation of these disparate elements that enables the structure of the film to change and become less linear or predictable. I think that their textures afford a different reading or understanding of the work and therefore they often feel like ruptures whilst at the same time serving to underpin the 'meta' within the work. The 'stuff' that can only really be hinted at or implied but the 'stuff' that also lends itself to the mythic or 'other'. The here-and-now underpinned and undermined by the 'has-been'.

I'm mindful of the way Iain Sinclair works with his prose and how often within a single page one might be transported to Christ knows where because of his seamless melding together or collaging of thoughts and points of reference, the tangents and cul-de-sacs might even become the very fabric of his writing.

JW: Can you talk a little about the location in which you film? You relocate the material from Moscow to the deserts of Northern Chile. What was the reasoning behind the switch? Was it as simple as following the pattern of each film in the trilogy being on the earth, above the earth, beneath the earth....





AK: Indeed. Although I had had it in mind for over thirty years to return to the Atacama Desert at whatever cost. I had travelled for almost a year overland throughout South America with my lover Leila⁶ when we were wooing each other. We had stumbled upon Humberstone whilst hitch-hiking across Chile when a civil rights lawyer had picked us up and made a significant detour to show us this remarkable ghost town. I think he might even have suggested that some of the 'disappeared' had ended up being buried close by.

The abandoned streets and buildings, the schools and hospitals, the basket ball courts and swimming pools had a profound effect on me. There was something post apocalyptic about the place, it had an atmosphere that would thereafter haunt me. Infecting my dreams. I was slightly obsessed by the place and so it made perfect sense for my character Lek to surface somewhere like Humberstone. Most of all I wanted the landscape to be barren and fantastic, empty and mythic and I wanted to be back in its dry arid bosom, a place where everything is mummified and preserved, a place of memory and nostalgia.

JW: You work again with Xavier Tchili. A real force of nature and a figure that reminds me of Denis Lavant⁷ for his ability to combine acting with physical performance. Was Xavier always in your mind for the role of Ivan and how do you marshal his incredibly energy?

AK: Xavier Tchili had to be in the film. We had swum the channel together and walked the Pyrenean mountains together. He is corporeal and intellectual, gentle and believable. He had been in the other two parts of the trilogy and it made perfect sense to work with him again. Besides I kept promising him that in the final part of the trilogy he would have a script with lines to learn and a trajectory for his character.

In *This Filthy Earth* and *Ivul* he had very little to say. I wanted him to be a mystery. I wanted his physicality and benign presence to pique the curiosity of an audience, inspired in part by both the *Stalker* and also Krapp from Krapp's Last Tape.

As far back as 1999 we had toyed with the idea of inventing a language for him and we had rehearsed it at length as part of his character study for both previous films but with Lek And The Dogs at last he had a voice. We still have conversations in public using the language. Tchili has been a real delight to work with, as were Clio Barnard's⁸ two sons Clay and Seth, my Dog sons, who improvised with the language when we were recording the young Lek sequences in voiceover.

Interestingly enough Tchili played opposite Denis Lavant last year in the production of *Duc De Gothland* in France. Peas from the same pod.

JW: You have established what seems to be a very productive, conducive and productive working relationship with a key technical team. Can you say more about how the relationship functions in general and what particular sensibilities did you wish to bring to the material this time round?

AK: Most of my collaborations are about friendship and trust. Whether it be Jem Finer or Nick Gordon Smith, Philippe Ciampi, Anonymous Bosch, Cliff West, Claudia Barton, Vicki Jung or Leila McMillan and especially my daughter Eden; they are all people that I love. They bring their genius and generosity of spirit to the projects, the financial reward is not their motivation, they are patient and understanding and convincing. I feel as if they are my audience and that I don't want to disappoint them, they help me and make me 'do it', the work exists because of them....

JW: As with *Ivul* there is a good balance between narrative and the love of experimentation that has peppered your work. How do you achieve the balance of telling the story and taking the spectator on a journey in a more aesthetic sense?

⁶ Leila McMillan is an artist and fiddlesmith. A brilliant woman who puts up with Andrew.

⁷ Lavant is perhaps best known for his performance in *Beau Travail* (1999) by Claire Denis. He has also collaborated with Leos Carax, most recently on *Holy Motors* (2012).

⁸ Clio Barnard is the director of *The Arbor* (2010), *The Selfish Giant* (2013) and *Dark River* (2017).





AK: The balance between narrative and experimentation is always difficult. I sometimes wince when I'm with an audience looking back at *This Filthy Earth* or *Ivul*, where the story is/was paramount. I can see the flaws and my wanton disregard for the conventions of the three act structure or the ideas behind; 'Whose story is it?'

The clichés around central characters or story arcs used to irritate me; I was more interested in 'implied narratives' or 'fragmented narratives' but ultimately the language of story telling within the remit of cinema or television is a tried and tested formula, the rules exist because they work, so when I pull them apart without resolving the ruptures or fissures that I have created or forget to put them back together again I am deeply ashamed, however this is all part of the experiment.

It's the 'not-knowing' that I'm fascinated by, the experimentation is all part of the ambition, and when sequences work within the films it is almost as a result of their own volition, there is something alchemical at work that I might have instigated but quite often I'm just there fiddling or reverse engineering meaning or feeling. I'm sat in my garden shed watching it all 'happen'.

With *Lek And The Dogs*, in collaboration with the 'experts', whether they be child psychologists, animal behaviorists, psychotherapists or eternalists, I attempt to unpick and then rebuild the story as it unfolds. The film is ultimately a hybrid in which a narrative structure is deconstructed and then reconstructed using the language of documentary.

A collage of ideas and textures is held together initially through Hattie's powerful story about a boy being brought up by a pack of wild dogs but ultimately the film disintegrates into a fragmented inquiry into the nature of civilization and its' downfall.

A post-apocalyptic and somewhat nihilistic portrait of a place-past, as seen through the dusty lens of a man's gaze whilst heard through the sound of his hissy memory.

JW: The film was described by the London Film Festival⁹ as a montage essay on the state of the world. Do you see the film, released in very troubled times, as having an explicit social and political function?

AK: Yes. BEWARE the fundaMENTALists, whether they be religious, political or pharmaceutical....

JW: Finally, how tall are you?

AK: FOUR FEET AND EIGHT INCHES - A LITTLE SMALLER THAN YOUR CAR¹⁰

Jason Wood is The Artistic Director: Film at HOME Manchester and Visiting Professor at Manchester School of Art. He is the author of numerous books on cinema and the co-director (with Simon Barker) of the Ballard inspired experimntal film *Always (crashing)*. *WAVING*

⁹ *Lek and the Dogs* premiered at the 2017 BFI London Film Festival.

¹⁰ I'd put him at around five feet ten.





PHILIPPE CIOMPI

Waving Microphones at Windmills

LINGUIST . SOUNDSMITH AND TRAVELLER





I PREHISTORY

2001

Discovering Gallivant, I fall in love with British cinema again.
Thank you.
There are people here.
They make work.

2006

In midst of a shoot in China, a phone call from London, enquiring about becoming Andrew Kötting's picture editor for Ivul.

Disbelief - excitement - amazement.

After numerous production emails and clashing schedules, that plan is dropped, but will do the sound post instead.

Overwhelming.

II IVUL

First direct meeting, after a typical, arranged marriage resulting from intricacies of production.

Going to be working with the unknown - unknown person, unknown place: a few days of sniffing around, banter and provocations, looking out for signs, recognising, territorieof like-mindedness.

THE PLACE

A monastery-like, deserted labyrinth, Le Fresnoy.
Hi-tech art school planted right next to the French-Belgian border, Roubaix Tourcoing.



An area mostly known as a run-down desolated former textile and mining region destroyed by post-industrialization.

North African former factory workers, seedy bars, cold and damp days, lugubrious beauty of the derelict.

Exiting the narrow monk cell's single bed towards the sound studio.

Stairwell door slams shut with an endless, cathedral-catacomb-like echo, later put to use in a few recordings.

Good morning.

Intuitively and obviously I need to invent different methods.

The man who made Gallivant would never let me sort out all the location sound methodically, by the book.

Then layer by layer progressively constructing the sound fortress or embroidery I envisage.

Immediate decision: not to start at the beginning, jump straight where there's an inspiration.

Do the exciting stuff while you're excited, and the boring stuff during the long evenings when you're lost.

Create poles of sound, constellations, dots, elements linked by tension and release, weaving this dynamic, multi-layered network.

Decide later whether to link the elements, and what to leave unheard, implied.

Creating and discovering the ways at the same time as the work.

Bliss, freedom, liberation.

And slowly getting to grasp and comprehend the unique intricacies of tragedy and gargantuan laughter at work in the Kötting universe.

A love of humans thinly veiling troughs of despair.

Acute awareness of the disasters of the human condition.

Can't stop making sound jokes at the most tragic moments.

Metronome sounds delayed after the father's monstrous stroke.

The twins playing with the hospital bed's remote control.

Inventing the mother's memory of her children's playroom.

Adding a passing fly to the crying of this disintegrating human endeavour.

The family.

Regular Skypes with Eden from the sound cutting room.

Glimpses into a life of acceptance, rebellion, laughter, exhaustion.

Eden as a path to love of humans, and to growing human.

Five weeks of ant-like labour.

Edit suite time capsule.

Motorbike trips to pallid superstores.

Battlefield sound stage taken over by Foley artist Florian Fabre.

Sound area under superb motherly supervision of ex-nuclear engineer Blandine Tourneux.

Sharp contrast and cross observation, at the canteen, between Bruno Dumont's mixing crew, silent and worried, and ours, laughing, loud and slightly mad.

Final mixing in Bern with old master Hans Künzi.

The soundscape as vehicle to unite producers, co-producers, director and everyone in a common, lively auditory vision.

End of Northern France adventure.

Andrew starts off towards Hastings, on foot over 200 km with the master tapes.

I leave Roubaix Tourcoing and Le Fresnoy with some nostalgia, numerous life and filmic wisdoms.

Many new dots and stations in my extended family.





III INTERMEZZO

3RD APRIL 2013

Never again Pizza Express.

Food with Andrew at Pizza Express after his performance at The School of Sound:

“He Was A Big Man, Man”

He sets off to Hastings on his motorbike.

Kiss kiss copain.

Then they tell me that he’s been saved from bleeding to death by a Polish police woman who stuck her finger in his leg artery.

He’s been met by a car in South London.

The last friend to see him before that event, never again will I enter that Pizza Express, or any other one.

IV LEK

A few projects later - Swandown, By Our Selves.

A few more mixes, and an expanding circle of fellow travellers, seekers and questioners.

Ten years have passed.

Sporadically we receive cryptic emails and photos from the Atacama desert.

Underground caves in France.

Fragments of news that the new film is brooding.

By then, long-established working relationship, mutual bricolage.

DIY and joking fearlessness build ways to shaping and kneading the organic.

The fluid pulse of the work.

Andrew edits picture and sound at the same time, assembling complex, baroque puzzles that unfold in time.

Intrinsically tied, they breathe, breed and fight.

Together and each other.

The cross-references and sound bites circulating through various films.

Snippets of voices, bits of archive, distant thumps, melody fragments.

And the voices.

Always the voices.

Reassembling that hazardous edifice, rattling it, re-articulating the complexity, clarifying and giving weight and tones.

I am in disbelief that Lek’s cod Russian, subtitled voice poetry actually carries the dark, desperate, sharp vision of human and earth’s tragedy.

Later translating the film into French, I revisit the entire range; the depth, the currents, the anger, the struggle and the warmth.

And come to the same conclusion as our eternalist: *So there, I think, is hope.*





NRG Smith

OBSERVATIONS FROM A CINEMATOGRAPHER

A Kötting film is made in opposition to conventional filmmaking. There is no classic construction of master shot followed by close up and reverse. Usually there is no rehearsal and recently no script. The actors are given freedom to perform and the performance is recorded. There is nothing to justify having a film crew as they tend to be perfectionist to their craft and will invariably slow the process down.

THERE IS SPECIAL PROVIDENCE IN THE FALL OF A SPARROW

IF IT BE NOT TO COME IT WILL BE NOW

IF IT BE NOT NOW YET IT WILL COME

IF IT BE NOW IT IS NOT TO COME

THE READINESS IS ALL





THIS FILTHY EARTH

Surprisingly on 'This Filthy Earth' we had a film crew, there was a script and there was a production team that made sure we were in the right place at the right time. Serendipity and happenstance seem to occur as a counter balance to when there is an absence of production control over a film and a lack of production control will only occur with a lack of finance.

This scene never made the final film.

SCENE 58

EXTERIOR. FIELDS. NIGHT.

The hailstorm has passed, there is still the sound of distant thunder and every now and then the lights of an electrical storm. Buto, Kath and Francine are out in the fields with lanterns checking for damage. They are about thirty yards apart and shout to each other above the wind.

Buto: (Shouting up at the heavens) You missed us! You missed us! Missed!

Buto carries on up the field swinging his lantern, he stops and looks over a wall at the sloping meadow that Jesus Christ is renting to Mr Holt. He clammers over the wall and starts stamping down the crops, his lantern swinging wildly. Francine sees the flickering light and goes over to investigate.

Francine : Buto! Stop it Buto! What are you doing?

This Filthy Earth was shot on Super 16 aaton cameras, shooting on Kodak 7279 500T film stock with 16mm Zeiss Superspeed lenses.

The description at the top of the scene is of most value for a cinematographer:

Exterior. Fields. Night.

In pre-production, in preparation for this scene, we had got the lighting company to fabricate 3 lanterns with peanut bulbs to run on 12 volts. A cable from each lantern would be run up the sleeve of the actor and then plugged into a battery belt hidden underneath their costume. These lanterns would provide the key light for the scene, which would be augmented with a couple of Lightning Strikes! fixtures run from a generator to replicate the flash of lightning.

If my memory is correct we didn't rehearse the scene but roughly worked out in which direction the actors would go and from which side the Lightning Strikes! would be set. Then, like an improvised dance, everyone just went for it and let what happened happen.

Rebecca Palmer, Demelza Randall and Shane Atwooll who played Francine, Kath and Buto respectively, were rigged up with their lanterns and then, like an improvised dance, played the scene as the cameras followed them around the field, lanterns swaying and lightning flashing.

Most night scenes in This Filthy Earth were cold and wet because we filmed under rain machines on exposed hills in the Yorkshire Dales as autumn turned to winter but this scene was filmed in comparative comfort in that it was in a cornfield on the lowlands and was dry with only a wind machine and the Lightning Strikes! to create the atmosphere of a storm.





I watched the scene on the vhs rushes tape a few days after we had shot it and I remember thinking how beautiful it looked but also thinking that as a cinematographer if you invest too much liking for a scene it will invariably end up on the cutting room floor. The scene remains on a vhs tape kept in a fusty cardboard box somewhere on the south coast of England.





IVUL

Ivul was shot in France. The shooting was in 2 parts, the first in a crumbling Manor house outside Orthez in the Pyrénées-Atlantiques the second part around Lavelanet in the Pyrenees of the Ariège.

I had suggested that we shoot the entire film in black and white on a 35mm hand cranked camera to give it the feel of early cinema, instead, maybe sensibly, we shot on a cheap digital system with Sony EX1 cameras and dispensed with focus pullers. The time-lapse sections were shot on an old Arri 35mm film camera.



A timelapse scene from IVUL which didn't get into the finished film.

We had free rein to shoot anywhere in the manor house except for the two rooms the elderly owners had encamped into. We took over the rest of the house, the roof and the gardens for around 3 weeks. We would work the most productively in the mornings until breaking for our long French lunch, served with wine on long tables under the trees. Invariably our work in the second half of the day always seemed to be a little slow.

This scene **did** get into the finished film.

It is set in Ivul's study in daylight where Ivul, played by Jean Luc Bideau, bedridden after suffering a stroke, is visited by his wife, Marie, played by Aurelia Petit.

Kötting had had an electrically operated hospital bed installed in the room that was serving as Ivul's study, Jean Luc was to lay motionless and speechless, his only action to occasionally dribble from his mouth, this for an actor, so filled with gesture and action was a source of perverse pleasure for the others in the room.

We had filmed an earlier scene where the twins, Manon and Capucine had played with all the electrical functions of the bed, generally oblivious to the presence of Jean Luc, who, in character, was powerless to intervene and which sorely tested his patience.

The scene was very simply lit with an old LTM HMI set in the garden to light through the window of the room and onto the bed. What I wanted to achieve with this warm diffused light was to create a sense of the vitality of the day and the mobility of his absent son, the things that Ivul was now unable to enjoy. We had set two cameras on the same side of the bed, again without a rehearsal but with an inkling of what might happen, we filmed the performance.



If everything is meticulously planned it is very easy for something to go awry but when the actors are given the space to perform with freedom and confidence and the direction for the camera is just as creative you always find scenes that surprise and challenge. It is the opposite of painting by numbers and the process of getting another part of the whole into the can.

The scene starts with Ivul, motionless, lying on the bed, Marie enters the room, drunk, having spent the morning in the local bar, she stands over the bed looking at the wreck that is her husband, she produces a pair of latex gloves and theatrically puts them on. I can remember when filming being intrigued by Aurelia's performance and thinking, where is she going to go? Marie then undoes Ivul's shirt and produces a tube of white grease which she proceeds to smear in a drunken domineering fit all over Ivul's exposed torso as if she was nursing an injured Joseph Beuys back to life after his aeroplane accident.

In recalling the scene what stays with me is how only Aurelia Petit and Andrew Kötting knew what might happen while everyone else, including Jean Luc Bideau were kept in the dark. Something to surprise us.





LEK AND THE DOGS

I never came across a film script for *Lek and the Dogs*. There was a statement with a description of the backstory and the intentions of the film. Hattie Naylor had written a radio play and a stage play but it only ever informed the film in a roundabout way. Instead I spent my time preparing by watching online videos of Russians and their dogs.

The crew was very small, sometimes just Kötting and myself with Xavier Tchilli, reprising his character in *This Filthy Earth* and Ivul, playing the role of Lek.

We had three major locations.

The first on Grain Fort, at the mouth of the Medway River, where we tramped through the mud at low tide, climbed a rickety ladder onto the structure and spent 8 hours filming in the dark recesses of the concrete fort as the high tide cut us off from the shore.





The second location was in the Atacama Desert in the north of Chile and the third both in the caves of Labouiche and the basement of Louyre (Kötting's ramshackle farmhouse) in the French Pyrenees, the same area that we had shot parts of 'Ivul' some years earlier.

Before we went to Chile, Salon Films, the production company presented us with a DJI Phantom 4 drone that they thought might be useful. I unboxed it in the apartment that we had rented in the town of Iquique, read the instructions, got it going and tried not to break it.

Kötting's intention was that we would head up into the desert and film in the deserted mining town of Humberstone, a place he had visited some 30 years before.

Before we filmed in Humberstone though we thought it would be a good idea to test the drone. Most of the film was being shot on a Sony camera in 4K xavc codec, while the image from the drone would give us a highly compressed 4K image, heavily sharpened and liable to moiré patterns, it could look surprisingly good for such a miniature camera.





Northern Chile in January is in the height of summer and so for most of the day the sun is overhead creating a flat uninteresting image when trying to film in the landscape. The only time to shoot would be before 9 am in the morning or after 4pm in the afternoon. We could research locations and chase up a much-needed pack of stray dogs during the middle of the day. Shooting when the sun was low in the west also gave us the added advantage of avoiding the shadow of the drone as we flew it overhead.

After driving up into the Atacama Desert somewhere between Iquique and Humberstone, we came across a turn off onto a dirt track, which unusually did not have any 'Privado' signs and looked an ideal spot to test the drone. The place was some kind of dump for the city. We flew the drone over a pile of broken concrete and detritus and it proved easy to fly from an iPad and would automatically comeback to you and land itself when you pressed the Return Home button.

Tchilli went off over the sand dunes looking for holes in the ground to disappear into while we filmed him on the main camera; always on a long 80-200mm lens which we hardly took off for the whole shoot in Chile. As we repositioned ourselves for another shot we found ourselves standing in a huge pile of discarded shoes and as Tchilli walked back to us, Kötting shouted out directions for Lek to come towards the camera and look through the shoes to see if any fitted him.

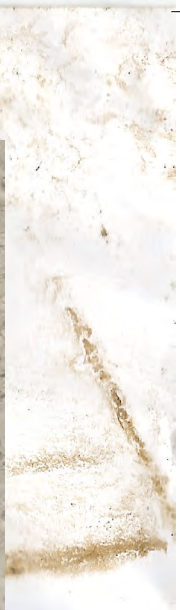
As Tchilli's costume shoes, which he had been wearing on and off for twenty years, were extremely uncomfortable and were making his feet bleed, he must have thought that with any luck he might be able to get some comfortable shoes for the rest of the film. We then did a second shot with the drone, Kötting, over my shoulder, imploring me to get the drone closer and closer to Tchilli until it was only inches above his head.

Later we found out that this was a dump for the debris left from a Tsunami that had hit Iquique two years before. This like so many became a totally unexpected scene, unplanned, and for us a special providence.

And

Bits of this scene did get into the finished film.

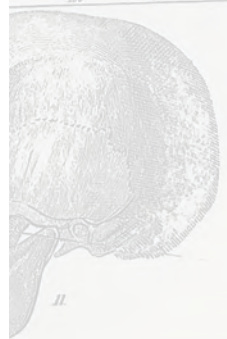
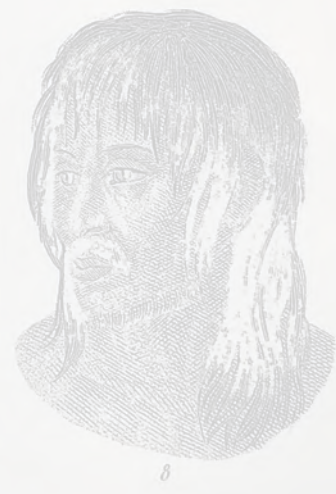
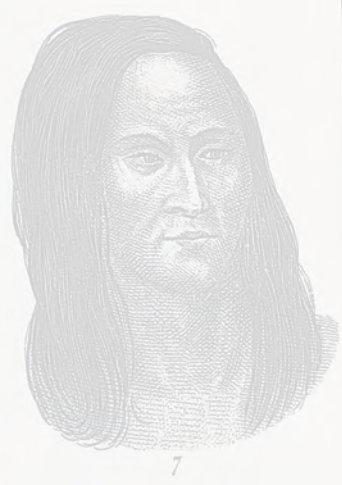
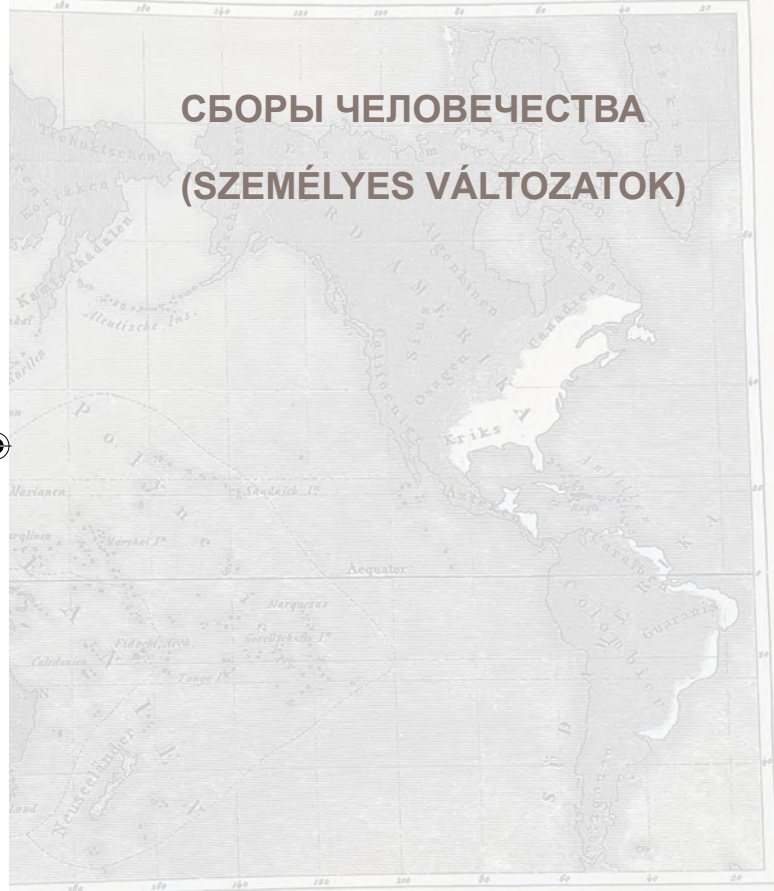
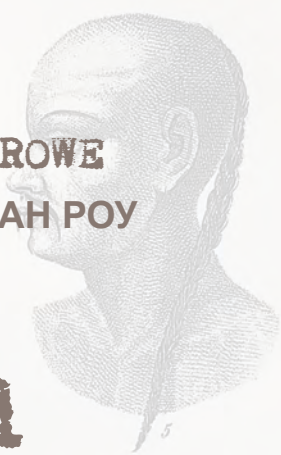
NRG Smith - London - February 2018





DR TERRY PERK & JULIAN ROWE
 ДОКТОР ТЕРРИ ПЕРК И ДЖУЛИАН РОУ

Varieties Of Mankind



*F. 1 bis 4. Grundzüge (Typus) der Kaukasischen Race
 Figur 5. Grundzüge der Mongolischen Race
 Figur 6. Grundzüge der Aethiopischen Race
 F. 7 & 8. Grundzüge der Kupferfarbigen Race
 Figur 9. Grundzüge der Olivenfarbigen Race*

Henry Watkins del.



LEK, HIS ORIGIN

- **DOGS, THEIR ORIGIN I**

Mitochondrial DNA evidence suggests that dogs, *Canis familiaris*, were originally domesticated from the wolf in Southern China 11,000-14,000 years ago. According to a 2002 paper in *Science* this domestication happened only once and all dogs alive today are descended from that single event. Archaeological finds of Neolithic dog bones showing cut-marks suggest that the original role of man's best friend may not have been just as a companion, but also as a source of meat.



- **PATIENT 492602**





PSYCHIATRIC HISTORY:

Male, 22-25 years old. Examined at the Serbsky Institute with a recommendation for committal. Vagrant, social parasite and petty criminal with slow progressive schizophrenia and paranoid delusions. Is reported to have criticised Party institutions, made false accusations of corruption against local Party officials and publicly slandered First Secretary Khrushchev.

CASE OFFICERS:

V I Dudnik; Y R Pavlyuk

SYMPTOMS/PSYCHOSES:

1. Delusional Troglodytism. Patient believes he was born and raised underground. There is no evidence for this unlikely claim. He expresses an overwhelming and continuing desire to live in a burrow. He attempts to enter cellars and manholes when not actively restrained from doing so. Criminal records show that he has been arrested in subterranean locations in Moscow and elsewhere on several occasions.
2. Lycanthropism. Morbidly obsessed with dogs and exhibits certain canine traits. Fantasises that he was brought up by feral dogs.
3. Partial Amnesia. Sometimes answers to the names Lek or Alexei, but does not appear to know his full name. Is unable to give a clear and non-contradictory account of past events in his life.
4. Holds views and attitudes antipathetic to society and its institutions.

BEHAVIOUR:

Not generally violent. Uncooperative and so far unresponsive to treatment. His occasional dog-like behaviours (for instance walking on all-fours) disturb his fellow patients and must be curbed.

RECOMMENDED REGIME:

600mg Aminazin i/m daily; 1000mg Sulfazine i/m daily; restraint and discipline as appropriate. After one month assess suitability for treatment in Unit 7.

Extract from clinical record for Patient 492602, Yeleninskoye Special Psychiatric Hospital, dated 10th January 1962.

• WOLF HUNT

When Alexei is feeling more cooperative, he can be readily hypnotised. In these sessions he sometimes speaks of his grandfather, Zhenka, who was steward of an estate at Turgan in the years before the Revolution. A story he recently told me under hypnosis went thus (his use of Russian is idiosyncratic and not always intelligible, so I have paraphrased his account):

“In the winter, when the packs ventured to the edge of the forest in search of food, the Count would instruct Zhenka to organise a wolf hunt. All the able-bodied men at Turgan, or all for whom horses could be found, were expected to present themselves for this task, whilst the Count would invite gentry from neighbouring estates and sometimes smart friends from Moscow to join in. They would set out as soon as a faint glimmer could be seen in the eastern sky, the horsemen forming up in a column, several grasping the long leashes of a pair or trio of wolfhounds, the eager dogs up to their bellies in snow despite their long legs; behind would follow the fur-wrapped ladies and old men in the troikas, the entire cavalcade kicking up a blizzard of powdery white.





A favourite hunting territory was up by the lake, and the ideal quarry would be a solitary wolf that had been separated from its pack. It was the job of the estate peasants to drive the hapless beast out of the forest margin, then the dogs would encircle it, forcing it out onto the frozen lake where it was easy for the horsemen to give chase. When the hounds went in for the kill, the wolf, realising the game was up, would sometimes turn and charge them in an act of hopeless heroism, before they dragged it to the ground, tearing at its shaggy, sinewy body [at this point Alexei became distressed and made several attempts to articulate something but in words that I could not understand].

At the end of the chase, and in order to preserve the pelt from the hounds, one of the huntsmen, usually my grandfather, would dismount to dispatch the creature with his hunting knife. He told me what it was like to look into the dying wolf's eyes, so unlike a man's eyes or even those of a dog. In their other-ness he said he saw an ancient compassion, beyond human comprehension."

Psychiatrist V I Dudnik. Therapeutic notes: session with Patient 492602 ("Alexei"), Yeleninskoye Special Psychiatric Hospital, 12th April 1962.

• NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

Whenever I try to piece together with Alexei the events of his life he always returns to his bizarre "dog" story. Sometimes he describes it as though it were a real memory; at other times he admits it is a recurring dream. Although the tale is surely a fantasy, he is so insistent that I feel I can no longer ignore it, but must try to work through it in the hope that we can find the origin of his neurosis somewhere beyond. In the story, Alexei is a small boy, perhaps four years old. He witnesses some terrible and violent event in a domestic kitchen involving his mother and a vaguely defined creature that he usually characterises as a bear or a wolf. His mother is hurt and, fearing the beast will attack him next, Alexei runs out into the street. Outside a terrifying storm is raging with thunder and lightning and in the confusion the little boy is unable to find his way home again. A huge black dog appears from the shadows of a burning building. The dog is injured; one of its





eye sockets is empty and a bloody slick of jelly stains its face. At first Alexei is afraid, but the dog tells the boy to follow him, and together they clamber down some steep steps into a cellar. Alexei cannot see anything in the darkness, but becomes aware that other dogs are also sheltering there.

With the big black dog as his protector, Alexei is soon accepted amongst the dogs, sharing their food and their warmth. After dark, if the storm has died down, they venture outside in search of food. The weather becomes very cold. White snowflakes fall, but the snow on the ground is always black. The cellar connects to other cellars, passageways and sewers which extend for miles and offer protection from the tempest above. Often men and women, all dressed in similar brown clothing, come down into the cellars with bright lamps. They run about and shout and fire guns. The dogs are afraid of the people and move on, descending deeper into ever narrower tunnels and crevices in search of safety. On a couple of occasions the interlopers spot Alexei and attempt to catch him by offering him food, but he is too nimble for them and escapes. This is all that Alexei remembers of his life underground before he is taken away from the dogs to a big house with many other children.

I have tried without success to discover where or when Alexei was committed to the orphanage. In the 1940s many records were lost. His account of life underground, if it has any factual basis at all, is doubtless consistent with wartime experience in many cities. He has traces of a southern accent and I suppose it is just possible that he may have been one of the children who survived the fighting in Volgograd.

Psychiatrist V I Dudnik. Therapeutic notes: session with Patient 492602 ("Alexei"), Yeleninskoye Special Psychiatric Hospital, 15th May 1962.





• **THE ORPHANAGE**

I can still only elicit memories from Alexei when he is under hypnosis. If he tries to recall events while in a waking state he only manages to express himself in gibberish, as if he possesses a secret language that is personal to him. Perhaps his imaginary dogs could understand it. As he is not a “political” I have ordered that the Aminazin and Sulfazine be stopped, though it is clear from the state he is still in that the attendants are frequently ignoring the instruction. I notice he has some bruising about his face but nobody can tell me how it came about.

Today when I put him under, he spoke of the “big house with children” as he calls it. This I take to be the orphanage that he must have been removed to, either directly from a violent home, or, if it merits any credence, from his time with the dogs. His memories of this place are very fragmented and muddled. I could make out little of what he told me, except for one startling detail, about a birch tree outside the window of what I think must have been his dormitory.

He had been strapped to his bed (it is not clear whether he was being restrained for medical reasons or as a punishment, or how frequently this treatment occurred) and because the window was set high in the wall he could only see the upper part of the tree from where he lay. The buds on the twigs were just beginning to open, so it must have been springtime. It was a bright day outside, so bright that when he looked away from the window he could still see the glowing after-image of the tree against the relative darkness of the cream painted ceiling. When he looked back towards the tree, there on one of its uppermost branches, staring at him with its one good eye, sat the big black dog that he claimed had rescued him in the city. This strange vision did not frighten Alexei. Instead he said that because of it he no longer felt alone.

Psychiatrist V I Dudnik. Therapeutic notes: session with Patient 492602 (“Alexei”), Yeleninskoye Special Psychiatric Hospital, 28th May 1962.

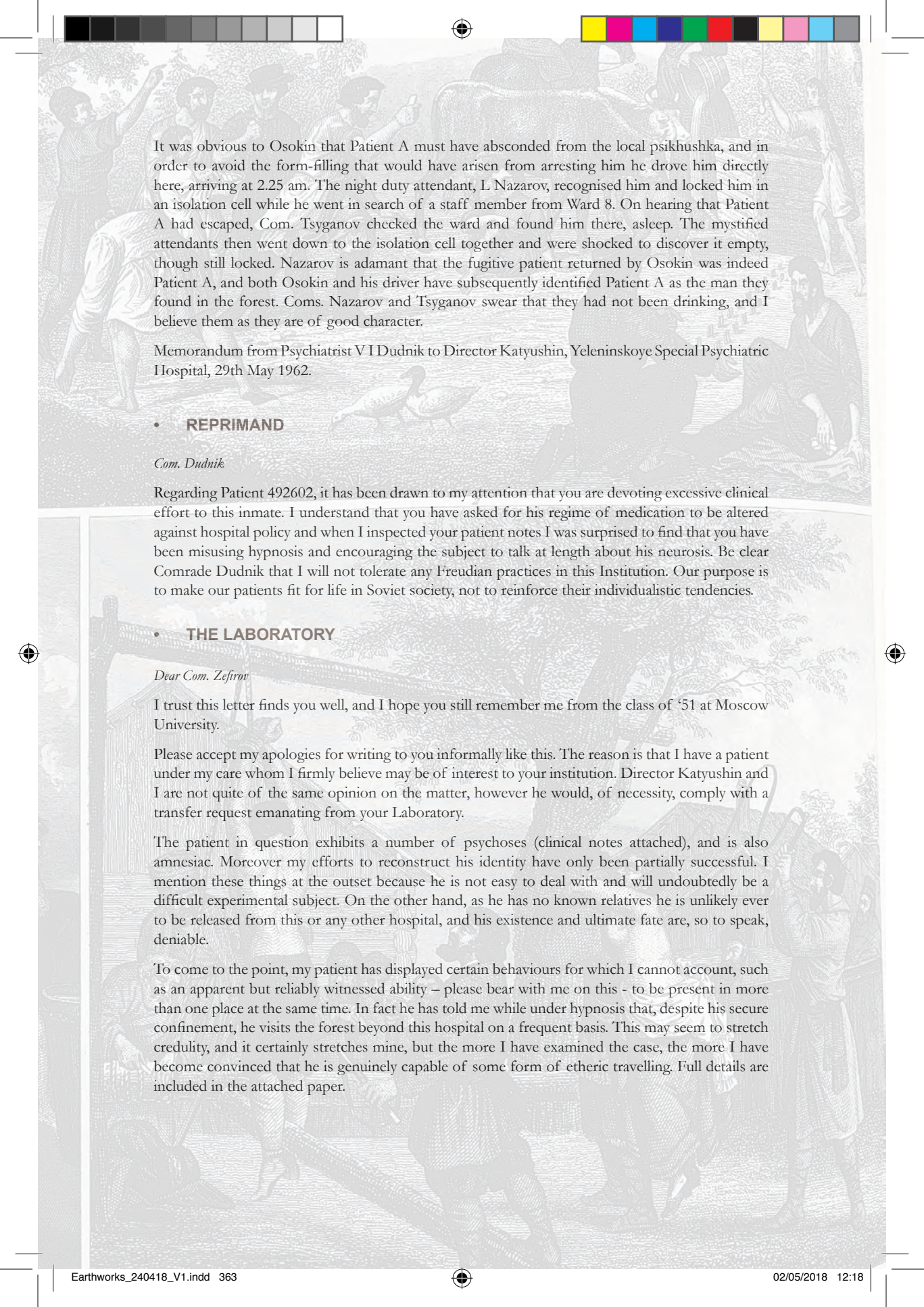
• **LYCANTHROPE**

Aitm. Com. Director Katyushin concerning Patient 492602

Further to our conversation yesterday I have made more enquiries into the alleged breach of hospital security reported on 25th inst. and involving Patient 492602, whom for brevity I shall refer to as ‘Patient A’. Attendant Tsyganov is adamant that he observed Patient A three times during the night of 24th/25th on his 9.30 pm, 11.45 pm and 2.15 am ward rounds and, moreover, that the correct security protocols were followed throughout. His account is supported by Supervisor Uspensky who was on the same shift as Tsyganov and accompanied him on two of the rounds, those at 11.45 am and 2.15 am. After the incident had been reported, Com. Uspensky immediately and correctly carried out an inspection of all doors and windows to ensure that no locks had been tampered with. On the surface of things it would appear that Patient A achieved the impossible feat of being present on a locked ward while at exactly the same time he was wandering in the forest.

I spoke to the Sergeant of Militia, and personally interviewed both Private Osokin who arrested Patient A, and a local woodsman, Alexander Shubkin. It was the latter who was driving his truck along one of the forest roads at about 1.00 am when he spotted Patient A in the trees, dressed in his hospital gown, and allegedly in the company of three or more wolves. Shubkin was afraid to approach for obvious reasons, but further down the road he encountered Osokin on patrol and together they returned to apprehend Patient A. This would have been at about 1.30 am, and by this time there was no sign of the wolves. Shubkin is well-known in the district for being somewhat eccentric, and in Osokin’s opinion was not entirely sober on the night in question either, so he is sceptical on the matter of the wolves.





It was obvious to Osokin that Patient A must have absconded from the local psikhushka, and in order to avoid the form-filling that would have arisen from arresting him he drove him directly here, arriving at 2.25 am. The night duty attendant, L Nazarov, recognised him and locked him in an isolation cell while he went in search of a staff member from Ward 8. On hearing that Patient A had escaped, Com. Tsyganov checked the ward and found him there, asleep. The mystified attendants then went down to the isolation cell together and were shocked to discover it empty, though still locked. Nazarov is adamant that the fugitive patient returned by Osokin was indeed Patient A, and both Osokin and his driver have subsequently identified Patient A as the man they found in the forest. Coms. Nazarov and Tsyganov swear that they had not been drinking, and I believe them as they are of good character.

Memorandum from Psychiatrist V I Dudnik to Director Katyushin, Yeleninskoye Special Psychiatric Hospital, 29th May 1962.

• REPRIMAND

Com. Dudnik

Regarding Patient 492602, it has been drawn to my attention that you are devoting excessive clinical effort to this inmate. I understand that you have asked for his regime of medication to be altered against hospital policy and when I inspected your patient notes I was surprised to find that you have been misusing hypnosis and encouraging the subject to talk at length about his neurosis. Be clear Comrade Dudnik that I will not tolerate any Freudian practices in this Institution. Our purpose is to make our patients fit for life in Soviet society, not to reinforce their individualistic tendencies.

• THE LABORATORY

Dear Com. Zefirov

I trust this letter finds you well, and I hope you still remember me from the class of '51 at Moscow University.

Please accept my apologies for writing to you informally like this. The reason is that I have a patient under my care whom I firmly believe may be of interest to your institution. Director Katyushin and I are not quite of the same opinion on the matter, however he would, of necessity, comply with a transfer request emanating from your Laboratory.

The patient in question exhibits a number of psychoses (clinical notes attached), and is also amnesiac. Moreover my efforts to reconstruct his identity have only been partially successful. I mention these things at the outset because he is not easy to deal with and will undoubtedly be a difficult experimental subject. On the other hand, as he has no known relatives he is unlikely ever to be released from this or any other hospital, and his existence and ultimate fate are, so to speak, deniable.

To come to the point, my patient has displayed certain behaviours for which I cannot account, such as an apparent but reliably witnessed ability – please bear with me on this – to be present in more than one place at the same time. In fact he has told me while under hypnosis that, despite his secure confinement, he visits the forest beyond this hospital on a frequent basis. This may seem to stretch credulity, and it certainly stretches mine, but the more I have examined the case, the more I have become convinced that he is genuinely capable of some form of etheric travelling. Full details are included in the attached paper.

I have a passing familiarity with Professor Vasiliev's work on ESP and telekinesis, and I feel sure that he would wish to examine my patient. If you could approach the Professor sub rosa in the first instance, then perhaps we could discuss further how the patient's transfer from Yeleninskoye to Leningrad might be arranged. For reasons which I am sure you will understand, I should be grateful to receive your reply in a non-official envelope.

Yours etc.

V I Dudnik

Doctor-Psychiatrist

Yeleninskoye Special Psychiatric Hospital

Chelyabinsk

Letter from V I Dudnik, Yeleninskoye Special Psychiatric Hospital, to J A Zefirov, Special Laboratory for Biocommunications Phenomena, Department of Physiology, Leningrad University, 4th February 1963.

• **MISSING ...**

Dudnik

Regarding the little matter we discussed earlier this morning, I expect that's the last we'll hear of that particular subject, so presume that it's terminated and get it certificated. Vasiliev's been in touch already in person and he was not pleased. I'll leave that conversation to your imagination. It will be even harder to explain away the missing guard dogs. We'd better agree a line on that in case Audit takes an interest.

I'm not pleased either, Comrade!

Handwritten annotation to memorandum from Director Katyushin to V I Dudnik, Yeleninskoye Special Psychiatric Hospital, 23rd February 1963.

• **... PRESUMED DEAD**

**PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIAT
OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS
DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL REGISTRATION RECORDS
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH NO. 12**

CITIZEN:

Ivanov
Surname

Alexei Ivanovich
Name and patronymic

DIED:

26 February 1963
Twenty sixth DAY OF February OF THE YEAR one thousand nine hundred sixty three

ACCORDING TO WHAT IS IN THE BOOK OF RECORDS OF CIVIL REGISTRATION OF DEATHS FOR YEAR 1963 MONTH February DAY 26 MADE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REGISTRATION BUREAU OF ZAGS Yeleninskoye



PLACE OF DEATH

TOWN: Yeleninskoye
DISTRICT: Kartalinsky
PROVINCE: Chelyabinsk

AGE AND CAUSE OF DEATH: 24 YEARS Status epilepticus
HEAD OF THE BUREAU OF ZAGS Kuzmich

Transcription of Death Certificate of "Alexei Ivanovich Ivanov", 26th February 1963

• **DOGS, THEIR ORIGIN II**

The origins of the domestic dog are complicated. That its ancestor was the grey wolf is generally accepted, but that ancestor was genetically, and perhaps behaviourally, somewhat removed from the wolf of today. At various subsequent points during its long history the dog hybridised with the wild wolf, and the wolf with the dog, and this affected the genetic makeup of both populations. The modern Eurasian wolf is estimated to be one quarter domestic dog.

It seems that modern dogs can all be traced back to a 14,000 year old ancestor from Southern China, but archaeologists have unearthed the remains of dogs in Europe that are older - there were already dogs in the West when the Asian dogs arrived. The 38,000 year old canid skull discovered in the Goyet cave in Belgium shows anatomical evidence of domestication, while a DNA analysis of a dog buried at Newgrange in Ireland 4,800 years ago indicates that its ancestry was entirely distinct from that of present day dogs. This suggests that a separate Western taming of the grey wolf must have occurred, but no trace of the Western strain remains in the genome of the modern dog. The ancient breeds were simply replaced.

• **WALDWEBEN**

Police in Lower Franconia are investigating reports of a "wolf-man" whom locals claim to have seen in the heavily forested area near Rechtenberg. The man is accompanied by several very large dogs. One witness described them as wolves, but the last wolf in Germany was shot in 1904, and police think the man's companions are probably German Shepherds or a similar breed of dog. The wolf-man's presence in the area has been accompanied by a spate of minor thefts, mainly of food and candles, and there are traces of campfires and even a crudely excavated "den" in the woods, but so far no-one has made contact with him. With winter coming on the authorities are keen to find the man as they are concerned that he may not otherwise survive the cold weather.

Die Fränkischen Nachrichten, Thursday 15th October 1964

A wolf has been sighted in the Ruppertshüttener forest near Gemünden am Main. It is the first wolf to have been seen in Bavaria for more than a century. Experts think it is likely to be a young male that has wandered across the Czechoslovakian border in search of food or new territory. As there are no wolves in Czechoslovakia it must have strayed from as far afield as Poland or even Russia.

There has been an outcry among local farmers who fear that the animal might be the first of many, establishing a breeding population, to the detriment of livestock and domestic pets. Members of the public living in the forest area have said they are afraid to walk in the countryside with a wolf on the loose. An official from the Bayerische Staatsministerium für Ernährung, Landwirtschaft und Forsten has pledged to hunt down any wolves that are discovered in the State.

Süddeutsche Zeitung, Tuesday 19th January 1965



• **SEA DOG**

Lifeboat Rescues Dog Man

Cromer lifeboat was called out in the early hours of Wednesday morning to rescue a man in a small rowing boat who was spotted by fishermen drifting two miles off Overstrand. The fishermen said they had been reluctant to approach the man themselves, despite the calm sea, as he was "standing up in the boat and howling at the moon like a dog". They were afraid that he might be dangerous so they returned to Cromer where they reported him to the Coastguard. According to a police spokesman, the man, who has not been named, did not offer the lifeboat crew any resistance. He was suffering from exhaustion and exposure and has been detained for medical assessment.

East Anglian Daily Press, Friday 19th March 1965

Mystery Dog Man

The mystery man who was picked up by Cromer lifeboat last week has still not been identified according to a police spokesman. He was rescued from a small boat six miles off the North Norfolk coast after fishermen reported that he had been "baying like a hound" at last Wednesday's full moon. The man, who has been nicknamed 'Alec' and may be suffering from memory loss, speaks little English, carries no identification, and has been unable to tell police who he is or where he comes from. It is thought that he could be of Russian or Eastern European origin but interpreters have so far failed to recognise his mother tongue. Alec is being treated in hospital in Norwich and police have launched a missing persons inquiry in the hope that he can be identified.

Daily Sketch, Monday 22nd March 1965

• **A PERSON OF INTEREST**

Dear Markwell

CONFIDENTIAL

Reference your PF 42032/C.3. of 13.4.65 regarding subject "Alec". The case file has been scrutinised by one of my desk officers and based on his findings I am content that your detainee is not a person of interest to us for the following reasons:

1. I agree with you that it seems unlikely, though not impossible, that he could have rowed across the North Sea in March in so small a boat, but your suggestion that he was delivered by a submarine, Soviet or otherwise, or even a trawler, is more than a little fanciful, as an inflatable dinghy would be the more likely modus operandi in such a circumstance. Might he not have launched the boat from further along the Norfolk coast? Have you established whether there have been any thefts of boats within reasonable rowing distance of the position from which he was picked up?
2. In my experience agents attempting a covert infiltration rarely seek to draw attention to themselves by howling at the moon or similar.
3. As I understand it, the subject has not been uncooperative within his limited capacity to communicate, and has not made any attempt to abscond from the remarkably lenient regime under which he is detained.

Earthworks 4 Hereafter





4. Whilst he appears to be of foreign origin, I can see no firm evidence that he is currently an alien, or has illegally entered the country. He was, after all, within the three mile limit when found. I note that the psychiatric report accompanying your file allows for the possibility that his apparent foreign-ness, coupled with a tendency to talk gibberish, may be symptomatic of a psychological disturbance or even a brain lesion, and is not necessarily an indication of his place of origin. In short, there is nothing to prove that he is not a denizen of these islands, albeit a somewhat deranged one.

If you have any further concerns regarding this matter, please do not hesitate to get in touch. Otherwise I suggest that Branch hand the case back to your uniformed colleagues who should perhaps consider letting this poor fellow go.

Yours etc.

FCD

Section 4E

Leconfield House

Letter from F C Dowling, Ministry of Defence to DI Colin Markwell, Special Branch, Norfolk Constabulary, 6th May 1965

• **BEATTIE AND MARGE**

Happisburgh, October 12th 1965

[...] Remember that nice young man I told you about the one called Leck who come and fix my fence. Ruby at the farm say she didnt have enough work for him and he could do my garden if I like so now hes doing my garden Tusdays. He dont have much English but hes learning and he work very hard I have to pay him in cash but he dont charge much. Im so glad theres someone to help out now because its been getting me down since Ron died and it got quite overgrown. That mowers too heavy for me [...]

Happisburgh, October 18th 1965

[...] The gardeners doing very well thanks for asking will miss him when they get busy on the farm again. Yes it is a funny name and no I dont know where he come from my nieghbor say he sound Russian but that dont seem likely perhaps hes Poolish I met one or two of them in the war. Hes very nice and freindly but hes got eyes like a wolf cant help that I suppose poor bloke. I know what - Ill ask him! [...]

Happisburgh, November 24th 1965

[...] I was talking along of Mrs Hipkin yesterday when Leck come in for his tea and biscut and just then Mrs Hipkin was telling me how she see a great big old dog up on the cliffs the other day on its own and I say to her I reckon she must have seen Old Shuck I was laughing really. Then Leck he hear this and he say whats Old Shuck and I tell him all about it and he start to say about a big black dog what save him when he was a boy and he ask do this Shuck dog have one eye and I say no he got two big red eyes. And when Leck go off in the afternoon he dont go down the road towards the farm but up onto the cliffs [...]





Happisburgh, December 4th 1965

[...] Leck was here doing the lawn on Tuesday and he come in and say could I write him a letter to someone in London because his English isnt too good and he cant write English letters very well and I thought he meant letters what you post but he mean the alphabet, so I dont know what letters he was brought up to write if any. So we sit down with some paper and he tell me what he want to put and I try and turn it into English and I dont suppose I should be saying this because he ask me not to tell anyone but this letters to a Dr HAUSSLER with two little dots over the A at saint Andrews Hospitale in Norwich (that's Thorpe Asilum to you and me) and hes asking this doctor if he could trace someone who his father knew who he think now live in France so I don't know what's going on there whether he want to go to France or if hes got mentle troubles or just want to ask for some money none of my business really [...]

Happisburgh, December 17th 1965

[...] Thats all been going on here do you know Leck my gardener I must have told you about him well hes gone off somewhere. Ruby say good ridence. Mr Youngs caught him peeping in at young Sandras window at ten oclock the other night while she was undressing for bed and Ruby say that werent the first time hes been wandering about in the dark sometimes along the lane and sometimes up on the cliffs. Mr Youngs tell George and George give Leck his marching orders according to Ruby and now hes gone which leave me without anyone to do the garden and them without a farm hand. I didnt say nothing to Ruby but she will jump to conclusions and Im still wondering what Mr Youngs was doing outside Sandras house at that time of night and how he knew she was undressing if he hadnt looked himself. All in all that seem a shame because Leck didnt seem a bad sort of bloke to me even if he was a foregner [...]

Extracts from correspondence between Mrs Beatrice Plummer of Happisburgh, Norfolk and Mrs Margery Oxborough of Stoke Ferry, Norfolk.

- **A LETTER**

Dear Mrs Beaty

Hello. The reason I am writing to you is because you kindly permitted me to give your address to my friend Dr Häußler so that he could reply to the letter that you helped me to write. I am now in Yorkshire and if you have had a letter from Dr Häußler could you please forward it to this address [...]. Thank you for the kindness you showed to me when I was living in Happisburg. Not everybody did. I am still not speaking good English but I have a person who wrote this for me.

Your good friend

Lek

Letter from Lek to Mrs Beatrice Plummer of Happisburgh, Norfolk. March 1st 1966.

- **DOGS, THEIR ORIGIN III**

The degree to which the wolf is a danger to people is a matter of some debate. Mistrust of the wolf is more deeply embedded in the human psyche than almost any other zoogenic fear.

The wolf is gradually being reintroduced to many parts of its former range, either deliberately or





through natural migration. Conservationists argue that healthy wolves do not attack people, but as the number of animals living in proximity to human habitation increases this may no longer be true. In wilderness areas the wolf is shy; it shuns human contact and relies upon hunting plentiful wild prey. Where people live, prey animals are likely to be scarce and the wolf will resort to other food sources, taking domestic livestock.

Closer to human habitation he will begin to raid refuse bins, and in doing so will become increasingly used to being around people. From a safe distance he will start to observe them, observe their children, watch what they do and how they move. If he is unchallenged he will discover that human beings are not a threat, and his fear of them will gradually give way to curiosity.

The wolf will test his relationship with them, approaching closer, until he is emboldened to tug at their clothing or lick their hands, and the people will respond, interpreting his overtures as playful and dog-like. Maybe they will feed him. The first attack, probably upon a small child, will be faltering and may not be lethal; but the wolf is an efficient killer as the next attack will prove.

At a particular point in the distant past, sometime before agriculture, before metallurgy, before the domestication of any other animal, this tentative encounter between wolf and man must have played out without the final act: the wolf licked the hand and the two reached an understanding. No-one knows quite what that understanding was, what mutually beneficial arrangement forestalled the wolf from attacking, but the result was that the man domesticated the wolf and the wolf domesticated the man.

Photographs – Nick Gordon-Smith
Фотографии - Ник Гордон-Смит





VICKI JUNG

The Script Editor

‘A STORY SHOULD HAVE A BEGINNING, A MIDDLE, AND AN END... BUT NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER’

(Jean Luc Godard)

Andrew Kötting released a trilogy of films from 2001 – 2018: This Filthy Earth, Ivul and Lek and The Dogs. I worked as script editor on the second and third films in the trilogy.

I first met Andrew in 2002 via our mutual friend and author, Janni Visman. I was reading for the Script Factory at the time and she told me that Andrew wanted to get some feedback on a script he'd co-written. A hard copy of 'Off Ground He' subsequently arrived in the post. This working title was later changed to 'Ivul'...

LOGLINE: 'When a teenage boy's passionate desire for his older sister leads to his expulsion from the family home by his strict father, he climbs onto the roof of the house and vows never to set foot on the earth again'

I found the premise of the story deeply evocative and visited Andrew at his home in Deptford to discuss the project. At this point I had not seen any of his previous films but knew of his maverick reputation. I was initially slightly intimidated by him – he was big and loud and talked a lot, but he was also deeply passionate about the film and it was impossible not to get swept along by his energy and enthusiasm. So began an enjoyable on-going creative collaboration and an enduring personal friendship, with one common thread running across the years – a continuing unresolved debate about the importance of narrative structure...





MY INITIAL SCRIPT REPORT 2002:

'The characters are well conceived and the idiosyncratic main protagonist is highly intriguing, but the decision to explore the central conflict (between father and son) in a tangential way through secondary characters, dilutes engagement in the protagonist's plight and fails to fully satisfy...

The main questions to address relate to narrative structure. Have you chosen the optimum way to explore the conflicts and fully engage the audience in the story? The narrative structure lacks a clear shape... clearly intended to subvert classical structures of storytelling. This is effective in drawing attention to the narrative process itself, but there is a danger, when the structure fails to serve the story's full dramatic potential, of alienating your audience and leaving them dissatisfied...'

'The thing is Vicki, I'm not really interested in narrative structure' (Andrew Kötting 2002)

Fast-forward seven years and the following exchange after seeing the completed film...

Email 25.10.09

'Andrew, lovely to see you yesterday and congratulations on the film. It's so great that it finally made it to the screen and a remarkable 'feat' (heart and soul) of tenacity on your part! Couldn't really talk about it straight after... had to cogitate a bit...

Overall I found it delightful but feel I need to see it again as I was too focused on the details first time round - looking for what had changed, what had stayed the same, and trying to resist the desire to still keep wanting to move the pieces around etc. ...

The film seems to start out with a relatively conventional narrative structure then gradually shifts into something more expressionistic - which becomes less about fulfilling expectations of traditional narrative progression and more about the visual and emotional pleasures of lingering in this strange world - this is the element that I think may divide the critics... For me, some of the links between events; the stages in character journey, had become a bit obscure (perhaps choices in editing), but it became increasingly apparent that issues of psychological motivation were not the focus, this was a story that appeared to function at a more unconscious level - requiring the audience to work harder to form their own links, while also allowing the material to wash over you like a poem...

PS... why did we spend so much time agonising over small details when the script appeared to be abandoned to a large extent once the film went into production? If I had truly understood the way you work... I wouldn't have spent so much time fighting over narrative structure... but tried to adapt more to your unique approach. Because while some critics will have difficulty with the departure from traditional narrative form, what marks you out as a very individual voice I think is that you are more of a visual poet... strong on tone, atmosphere, metaphor, etc. with a wonderful quirky angle of comic attack...

Anyway, it's all still lingering in my head, which is always a good sign, means its bypassed my head to a certain extent and entered at deeper level...

lots of love

Vicki xx'





Email 26.10.09

'Vicki - thanks for the feedback - I'm still running a little to stand still - the hardest test of the film's mettle was perhaps yesterday afternoon when it was screened for family and friends down in Hastings! They all seem to still be talking to me and there were lots of tears - I can sleep easy again - who knows what might 'come' of it - me, I'm as ambivalent as ever and really appreciate all your help throughout these many years! I'm at work at the university today so not a lot of time - à bientôt

Andrew X'

Here's a snapshot of what happened in between...

When funding came through from BBC Films, Tall Stories producer, Ben Woolford, employed me to help develop the script. Ivul is a family drama about a teenage boy, Alex, who is caught in a compromising intimate situation with his adored sister, Freya, and is subsequently banished from the family home by his father, Ivul. He interprets his father's words to 'get off my land' literally and watches from a distance as the family disintegrates in his absence. The narrative events unfold over a year as the seasonal changes from autumn, winter and spring reflect the changing fortunes of the family; the old family structure dies, weathers storms and is reborn. The bulk of our script development process followed a parallel seasonal path...

This project presented three main editorial challenges:

How to bridge the gap between Andrew's 'experimental' approach to narrative and his goal to make a film with broader mainstream appeal?

How to tell a dramatically engaging story about a protagonist who spends much of his time in isolation, up a tree?

How to satisfy the demands of a series of creative partners, (BBC Films, BBC Scotland and Film Council) who appear to want to make a different film to the one that Andrew wants to make?

In the beginning – I persuaded Andrew to humour me in embracing traditional script development tools such as step outlines, premise statements, character biographies etc. Surprisingly he played along... Meanwhile I followed Andrew's advice to watch some of his previous films, Gallivant and This Filthy Earth, and some Tarkovsky films, to try to get more insight into where he was 'coming from'...

Email 19.12.02

'Andrew, I watched Tarkovsky's Mirror this week... I found the fragmented narrative structure hard to engage with at times but thought the film highly evocative and packed with quirky, beautiful visual imagery. I loved the liquid raining from the ceiling, and the recurring motif of wind through the bushes... Given the importance of the natural setting to your story... we could afford to dwell on the landscape more... and the pleasure of silence, watching people engaged in detailed physical activity, or just reflection... is of particular significance to Alex's character...'





THE TEXT - The opening act seemed to be working well, building to a strong pivotal moment with the protagonist's decision to spend the rest of his life without touching the ground. The story became less engaging in act two when the protagonist moved from the roof of the family home out into the forest and largely disappeared from the action, which centred instead on the effects of his absence from home on other family members. It felt as if the heart of the story, Alex's struggle for survival, was taking place out of sight...

SCRIPT MEETING NOTES 11.11.02

'Agreed to explore the physical obstacles the boy has to overcome as he adapts to his new environment in greater detail, learning by trial and error to fend for himself in the harsh conditions e.g. his attempt to build a shelter, search for food etc.... find more opportunities to bring him into direct conflict with his family and local community and show how these worlds collide...'

While also exploring visually evocative ways to shed light on the alienated main character's inner world...

'The changing landscape becomes a character, the father figure, and the expression of Alex's inner life. Alex's delirium and inner conflicts are revealed through use of expressionistic imagery as the forest becomes animated and distorted through his eyes, including overlaid subliminal images of sexual fantasies with Freya. This technique will also chart the contrasting progress of William (later renamed Ivul) and Alex's journey; as we see William battle to control the natural landscape while Alex becomes increasingly at one with nature...'

Additional dramatic challenges included – a 'love story' subplot between the protagonist and his sister, where the 'wayward' female romantic protagonist is sent away to Russia at the end of act one (i.e. absent for much of the action) and a conflict between father and son where the father develops 'locked-in' syndrome and is unable to communicate (i.e. the boy is physically absent from home and the father is mentally absent)...

All the main characters appeared to be trying to escape from the story, while secondary characters mounted a stealthy bid to take over the action... requiring much pruning and replanting to be done in the dramatic arboretum...

SCRIPT MEETING NOTES 11.11.02

'Agreed to focus on - Strengthen love story sub-plot between Alex and Freya, maintaining Freya's voice in her absence through Alex's fantasy life (Act 2). Increase engagement in Alex's plight by seeing the world more consistently through his eyes and the challenges he has to face. Freya remains present in Act 3, playing a more pivotal role in searching for Alex in the forest... shift in emphasis away from Finton/Lennox family subplot to focus on main family drama leading to dramatic confrontation between father and son (Alex/Ivul). Alex to play a more pivotal role in climactic events...'

'As Ivul becomes 'locked in', unable to communicate, Martha (his wife) becomes his voice. She alone understands him and acts as a conduit between him and his family. Sometimes misinterpreting his needs, thoughts, which drives him crazy...'

Meanwhile the family tree grew new roots, with a change in back story...

(NB. In retrospect I think we were barking up the wrong tree here, as this diluted the stakes in the conflict between the main characters)





'Alex is Martha's son from a previous relationship. This places Alex as the true outsider in the family, adding irony to the fact that he is so much more his father's son than Lennox, the biological child, and the climactic revelation that Alex and Freya are not true siblings adds poignant weight to the tragic outcome of the forbidden love story...'

In the middle – the focus shifted to strengthening the forces of antagonism and heightening the pivotal turning points, as narrative events build to a crisis, climax and resolution – forcing the writer to weather his own storms e.g.

Email 24.1.03

'Vicki, last night hit a bit of a wall... all crisis over whether a wedding is really the best way to end the film, how tragic to make the Ivul/wife backstory, when Martha is driven to tell Lennox to try and prevent him from joining the mob to kill Alex... would Martha/Freya/twins sit back and really let Lennox burn Alex's things before the ambulance arrives... perhaps it is Donald that kills Alex in the climax only to be told the truth by Martha in front of the whole mob as they reassemble on the Ivul lawn... As you can see a little new confusion... but healthy methinks?'

My reply

'Walls are only there to be climbed over, hacked through, blasted apart etc.... Agree that the wedding may not be the most original way to end the thing, but some catalytic event is needed to prompt Alex's final actions... don't need to get too hung up on the Ivul/wife backstory... what is more important is the revelation about Alex's paternity and how this affects his relationship with Ivul and Freya... Lennox could burn Alex's things secretly... only we see in close up what he is really burning... If Donald kills Alex you lose your redemptive ending (reunion between Alex/Ivul/Freya) which I think would be a great loss... I think it's much stronger that the 'hero' makes the decisive action about his own fate...'

In the end – a couple of lengthy days in Andrew's studio at Tall Stories, 'polishing' the script line by line, with particular focus on the dialogue - him drinking peppermint tea while I smoked, fugging up the room until he could bear it no more... Some dispiriting meetings with funding partners who decide that the script is too 'art house' for their new remit...

After my involvement officially ended I watched with growing despair as the project languished in development hell in the UK for a protracted period before it finally gained funding in France and was reborn - the script reworked, translated into French and the setting shifted from the island of Jura to that of the French Pyrenees... and with it went my script editor screen credit...

6 YEARS LATER...

September 2015 – a phone call from Andrew asking if I'd like to be involved as script editor in the final film in the trilogy – working title 'Ivan and the Dogs' (later renamed Lek and the Dogs) adapted from Hattie Naylor's play of the same name. We agree it would be lovely to work together again...

LOGLINE: 'When a homeless young boy is adopted by a pack of wild dogs he discovers the true nature of the soul, helping sustain him during his epic battle for survival.'



Email 22.9.14

'Hi Andrew - I've read the script and the supporting docs and watched 'Blue' (Derek Jarman) so now have a clearer idea of the story and how you intend to approach it cinematically. The writer (Hattie Naylor) has a distinct and poetic voice.... It's very moving and there is a clear journey. Let me know when you want to chat further...

Lots of love
V XX

His reply 6.2.15

'Vicki - I'm deep into the sound edit of BY OUR SELVES - almost there...

I had a meeting with Hattie on Wednesday this week... She's coming down to Hastings for 6th/7th March to talk about structure and ideas etc. Maybe you might join us? Will keep you abreast BUT suffice to say that I'm looking forward to it. Kisses for the now

X'

Email 17.2.15

'Andrew, have you see Adam Curtis's documentary film 'Bitter Lake'? It not only presents a fascinating argument but is also a compelling example of mixing archive documentary and feature film footage with voice over and vinyl sound track...

XX'

His Reply 17.2.15

'Vicki, SAW IT LOVED IT - watched it again - connecting with a lot of the work I've been making these past few years - book your weekend - even if Hattie can't make it - we should do something together - just getting back up to speed with the project again

X'

6.3.15 - Visit to Andrew's studio in Hastings for a script meeting. It's a cold day. We sit inside a garden shed in the corner of a warehouse, with the heater full on.... I make notes on Andrew's plans for adaptation...

'The story will be told from the POV of the protagonist as an older man looking back on the events of his past. The film will use the original structure of the radio play but 'extend' the story for feature film... and the narrator will disrupt the original narrative at times as he looks back on the past... The protagonist will speak a type of 'gibberish', a mixture of languages reminiscent of Russian/German/Romanian etc. that cannot be literally translated but dialogue will appear in English sub-titles on screen... Visual imagery will draw on a mixture of archive film footage and newly shot film but will appear as fragments of imagery on a predominantly black screen, inviting the viewer to enter the protagonist's dark, subterranean world and highlighting the evocative sound design. We will not see the protagonist as a child or his dogs but the world he inhabits will be evoked by recurring found images of children, dogs, industrial wastelands etc....'

So to recap - we have a story about a young boy's relationship with a pack of wild dogs but we won't ever see the boy and his dogs and the middle-aged protagonist who is narrating the story of his childhood will be speaking unintelligible gibberish. Oh and the narrator will be underground in a dark, unlit tunnel for much of the time... OK... I'm starting to get the hang of this now... off we go then... In no particular order...





ON THE PROTAGONIST'S JOURNEY

In Hattie's original play the story ends when a loving foster mother rescues the young boy, Ivan, from an orphanage. In Andrew's adaptation we follow the protagonist's journey through his teenage years, becoming a young man, falling in love and having a child, before cataclysmic events occur above ground that force him into hiding underground... finally resurfacing as a middle-aged man into a desolate, transformed world. (NB. Ivan is later renamed Lek)

SCRIPT REPORT 27.3.15

'Ivan's time on the streets with the dogs is inevitably the most unusual and compelling aspect of his journey but could some of the pivotal moments chosen to recount his tale after this point be mined for greater dramatic effect? E.g. Ivan faces a serious setback when his dogs are trapped and he is taken to the orphanage but could we learn more about his struggle to re-adapt to the human community after living with a pack of dogs? How does Ivan's 'dog like' mentality and behaviour help or hinder him in this new environment? Does he have to relearn to use language instead of barking? Does he struggle to sleep in a bed instead of curled up on the ground? Does he sniff his food before eating etc?'

'Ivan's journey is narrated through the eyes of the protagonist as an old man looking back on his life... the final revelation that he has survived alone underground for about (40?) years, waiting for the danger to subside, may strain plausibility. Is it possible that he could have survived so long by scavenging for food in the tunnels – unless perhaps he finds a hidden store of food? Or lives on rats? If so, let's see his battle to catch and kill one...'

Email 4.4.15

'Vicki, have started work on expanding Ivan's time line once he moves out of the orphanage - ideas around zeitgeistian paranoia and in particular the imminent threat of something - DIAL History might help as a point of reference here

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dial_H-I-S-T-O-R-Y

He might even start work as miner!'

SCRIPT MEETING NOTES 23.10.15

'What if foster mum urges him to use the cassette player to tell his story and we hear not just Ivan's voice, but also the voices of his foster mum, wife and child, which he replays throughout his time in hiding? Could also play with the sound of the batteries running down, distorting their voices...'

'Ivan's story appears to be working well until we hit the hiatus of his final lengthy period in hiding alone underground, after he discovers that his family have gone and the world above ground has been destroyed. What motivates him to keep going? Is it the hope that he will one day be reunited with his loved ones? Does he sustain himself by constantly replaying the voices of his loved ones, to keep them near? Is it the need to keep telling his story until one day someone will hear it? Is it because he is dog, his dogged determination to survive? Do the batteries run out, forcing him to face his greatest fear – now he is truly alone, is that what sends him up to the surface, i.e. to embrace death, only to discover that he has been reborn into a new world with his true soul mates, the dogs? Or does the cassette running out finally enable him to hear the sounds of life above ground calling him back to the Earth?'





ON DONKEYS AND RELIGION...

A misremembered conversation

Vicki - 'Why does a donkey suddenly appear at the end of the story?'

Andrew - 'You don't like the donkey?'

Vicki - 'Well I'm just not sure why it's there or what it's adding to the story'

Long explanation from Andrew followed – I forget the details except that there was a donkey in the 1st part of the trilogy 'This Filthy Earth' and he liked the idea of bringing it back...

Vicki - 'Mmm... The problem is, I think that introducing a donkey into the action undermines the protagonist's redemptive relationship with the dogs...'

Andrew - 'Hattie likes the donkey...'

Vicki - 'And the fact that the protagonist now rides away on a donkey at the end, carries strong Christian symbolism and may convey the unintentional meaning that Christianity has prevailed over Islam...'

Andrew - (Pauses) 'You're right about the donkey'...

ON REVERSE ENGINEERING...

SCRIPT NOTES 4.6.15

'The anticipated running time (at 44 pages) still appears to fall very short of a feature length film, which would conventionally be at least 90 pages long, but as previously discussed it is hard to judge the running time from Ivan's monologue alone...

I realise that you may not be aiming for a conventional 3 act structure... but this model indicates that further story development clearly needs to focus on the 2nd and 3rd act...'

Andrew's email reply

'A thought: with so much of my work, 'structure' begins to appear as I reverse engineer meaning/plot/rhythm at the edit stage. Much will be dictated by the archive that I find/use. There would be (metaphysical/metaphorical) tangents that the images might encourage or lend themselves towards rather than just illustrate the story as it unfolds.

As a monologue you're right about the running time - however there would be intermittent passages and longeurs in which the images might begin to beguile (possibly confuse) and drive the 'story' in a less conventional direction. For instance the loss of Mina, Sasha and Erina might not be spoken of or further developed because of the overwhelming power of the footage we are watching. It could possibly create in the viewer a sense of dread and inevitability to the demise of Ivan's loved ones.

The music meantime and sound design would support this 3rd act engagement and allow for us to leave the film exhausted and bereft emotionally but with just a smidgeon of HOPE! (Donkey's gone)...'





ON TERROR

'Terror is in the atmosphere all about us..' opening quote

SCRIPT MEETING NOTES 6.3.15

'The nature of the terrible events is not explicitly stated but could suggest an array of globally destructive possibilities that herald a breakdown in civilization...'

SCRIPT NOTES OCTOBER 2015

'Prep. for meeting with BFI - May require a brief written statement which provides a clearer sense of the overall artistic vision/intentions re use of archive footage/sound scape to convey the multiple points of reference in the story, which tap into the zeitgeist, e.g. current concerns about spread of viruses, fear of terrorism, religious tyranny, war, waves of migration etc. So that it is clear that this is not just a conventional adaptation of an existing story, but rather a launch pad for a meditation on the state of the world today...'

ONWARDS AND SIDeways...

Notes made at BFI meeting with Lizzie Francke, (Senior Development and Production Exec.), Nick Taussig (Producer, Salon Pictures) and Andrew 24.11.15

'Lizzie has reviewed all the material provided and stated that she was confused by the relationship between the story and the use of imagery. She did not find the element of the 'Talking head' narrator a sufficiently compelling route into the story... She is more interested in the flight of ideas and collage of images that spin out from the story-telling and wants to find a better balance between the narrative element and how it is used as a vehicle to launch into other imaginary worlds/ideas/images... At the moment she feels the project lacks a clear identity, i.e. is it a conventional narrative or an experimental film?... She likes the cinematic poetry but would like to see the story told from a more 'köttingesque' angle...'

Email 10.11.16

'Vicki - I've been blundering on with LEK now running at a 100 minutes with some very strange things happening...! I have an informal screening with Lizzie Francke in a few weeks but it would be nice to get your critical eyes/ears onto it. Nick the producer was down a few weeks back who was both surprised and pleased in the direction the work was going - it's certainly VERY köttingesque anyhow if you had time next week it would be most useful to get you down here. Tuesday 15th is good OR week after Tuesday 22nd Wednesday 23rd...'

Meantime LOVE

X'

15.11.16 - Visit Andrew's studio in Hastings to see a rough cut... followed by long chat in the pub... (I write my notes in the dark while watching the film and when I get home I discover my words are indecipherable)



10.4.17 – visit Philippe Ciompi's (sound editor) studio in London to see a new rough cut – with Philippe, Andrew and Jem Finer (composer). The journey becomes an adventure of its own as I follow Andrew's advice not to write down the address of the studio but to take a photo of it on my mobile. This 'top tip' however relies on remembering to take your mobile with you...

Follow up email to Andrew - 10.4.17

Overall - the storytelling seems clearer now and the 'experts' comments are better integrated into the story. The use of archive footage and soundscape works really well to heighten the atmosphere and I really like the sub-title font - like an old broken typewriter, with some letters stuck.

Two main questions -

1. The recurring male narrative voice(s), which comments on Lek's story in the 3rd person, e.g. 'They say he went underground'... 'The last time he was seen'... etc. It seemed one extra narrative voice too many, which took me out of the story, as I tried to work out who was talking... and I wondered if we needed this extra voice(s)?....'
2. There seemed to be too many endings, which dilutes the impact of the real ending. I know that at least two of these endings are intentional, but there is a danger that the viewer may think that the writer doesn't know how to end the story and is trying out lots of possible options until he gets it right. Part of the problem seems to be that the sense of the 'outside threat' seems to come and go a bit in the final act, rather than building in intensity towards the climax?

V XXX

14.10.17 – Attend London Film Festival premier at the British Film Institute, Southbank...

Follow up email to Andrew 24.10.17

'Well done you.... the film made it to the screen in a relatively short time on a very small budget yet still managed to look and sound great, packed with interesting ideas, has definitely fulfilled Lizzy's brief that it should be strongly 'köttingesque' and has found distribution... I did identify of course with Hattie's comments about 'trying to put the story back in!' But just wanted to say how grateful I am for your generosity in continuing to include me in the creative process - I always love working with you and enjoy the ongoing debate about narrative structure...'

CODA

In between – I invite Andrew and Leila to my wedding reception on 1st October 2016.

His reply 22.9.16

'Vicki/Phil - SADLY we're not now able to make the shin dig - I'm in the studio over that weekend mixing the sound for the new film EDITH - BUT we will be thinking upon the two of you and sending love regardless.

XX

3 days later... Andrew sends me an invite to a private view on 1st October





My reply

'Hi Andrew - I'll be a bit busy that day - what with marriage celebrations and whatnot...
X'

His reply

'Jesus - I forgot you had that old chestnut as an excuse! I've been obsessed with EDITH (SWAN NECK) all year - started editing Lek and the Dogs last week - it's coming together in a very strange way - every now and then I look at the script to remind myself of where I'm at!

X'

ANDREW'S CONTRIBUTION TO OUR WEDDING MEMORY BOOK...

I try to explain...

I'm interested in the generic edge – the thin membrane between what might be called fiction and non-fiction – but I draw from the real to make an 'unreal' or 'ethereal'.

'That might be all well and good but we need some sort of structure to hang it on'. She says. Fag in mouth and a little less patient.

I get all defensive 'My work doesn't resolve any particular questions or ideas it just breeds more, many of which as you can see I just ignore'

'Yes but we have a deadline' she tells me.

'There are implied narratives a foot, but they are not complete. They are in flux despite having been worked on for years. They are shoddy and incomplete: they are the work of a second-hand thinker' I plead.

She stubs out her cigarette and lights another. 'There's work to be done, let's put some lipstick on your pig'.





GARETH EVANS

The Heat of People or 'And This Is How It Is Now'

I WHISPERED: MEMORY HURTS WHEREVER YOU TOUCH
IT.

Giorgos Seferis





Back in THE DAY, I wrote this (from where it says START to where it says STOP). Then, in the day, it was called '(Not) Gone to Ground', and it was also called 'Place and Attitude in This Filthy Earth and The Nine Lives of Thomas Katz'. This is partly because it was also about the latter film by a one Ben Hopkins, who was and remains a gentleman of rare discernment, BUT, because he is not the subject (he might object) of this volume, he and it have been completely excised – in the spirit of a Stalinist erasure – from this reproduction of the text here below. Strangely, this was remarkably easy to do, and had this volume been about the oeuvre of said Hopkins, one can only assume a similar Kötting-cut would have been equally achievable...

START

“Reality is often pregnant with utterly unexpected possibilities. A powerful spiritual dimension can be found in one’s life through the exercise of the imagination. ... We make our own weather.” – J.G. Ballard

Exterior: Office: Day in England. Enter from leftfield Andrew Kötting, shorts-stacked and second time feature-maker, approaching the money-people. Maverick anti-traditionalist and yet wound within the luminous history of film, keen to tell the end-tales of an uneasy society, he is planning to bring the margins central, in order to deliver inspired and provocative manifestations of a viable future for innovative, envisioned film in these troubled islands. Time to pitch...

Shorts and performance show-person, Kötting first went walkabout at feature length with family in tow for Gallivant, a coastal perambulation with knowing urban glint that picked up the signals of shoreline psycho-geography. Nothing in the wayward, rambling charm of that casual tour gave warning of the singular intensity of This Filthy Earth, an Earthouse production, a veritable act of witness. A foreigner working in a remote moorland farming settlement – sisters, family, village all tap-rooted into the oldest soil – precipitates its partial collapse after he is made scapegoat for varied social and meteorological ills.

It’s a vaudeville cow opera, borrowing blatantly from the key animal insemination scene of cinema (La Bête), honouring John Berger’s Pig Earth and digging deepest into Zola’s La Terre. Cast: Jesus Christ, a Marie Salope, a Stalker or Pale Rider, sibling itinerants, Papa Lear, a soothsayer meddler. It lives absolutely in a material world – bull and man sperm on the hands, pigs in trees, rooms like caves or armpits, piss in graveyards, phlegm, pus, shit, rock (human time against geological time), rain, mud, mud. Meanwhile, the ears of wheat catch the murmur of curtailed desire, the invigorated and curious dream of the other – travelling shows and the – for some – soothing balm of foreigners who bring another place close.

But there is dys-pastoral bloodletting of a kind not seen since Rudkin’s Afore Night Come. It’s a vision of the differently-sighted, therefore sound is the film’s second heart. Tug a leek and you rend the world; ploughs pull a roar through the field. These are the scale shifts by which we perceive the constant ebb and flow of things. By the film’s end there will be a felled church, a routed flock, a bog opening like a reverse birth to retrieve offspring and outcasts united in ceaseless passage across the earth. £1.2 million when it came to it, all UK and all from agencies.

There is urgency, and subversion here – and a sense of the land as key player – that puts the film so far from current UK practice it barely registers on the official radar. It shapes a reverse creation myth that unmakes alienated community and unravels personality to expose fresh paths for both subject and medium; hence it is a deeply political, compassionate work. Understandably therefore, it plays with permanence and flux, runs transition against foundation. This film is a secret dream of maps. You cannot find this place on or in the grid. This Filthy Earth is eastern Europe flipped wild mud-bog west. A sort-of Kustirica, it’s gone now to earth in Yorkshire-Cumbria and so both seep into it, but still it is anywhere and anywhen. There is a melancholy, a loss in this, but more, a manic cheerfulness.





Bodies operating in place are also pointers to the variety of tone; thus excess, decay, so-labelled 'impairment' or distortion. As identity is challenged, characters are besieged by weather and superstition in *This Filthy Earth*. Some become the conductors of potent, unseen forces – they twitch and speak in tongues. What people say and how is evidence of their relationship to place. *This Filthy Earth's* 'gramlot' is the lingo of reduced horizons and business, of instinctual non-verbal knowing and body language.

But while dug into land, it pursues the lure of the nomadic. It offers a wanderer who provokes degrees of dissolution within the settled. It also ends in motion – two men and a mule – a cut-price Western roaming of the homeless into a future bigger than the abandoned hamlet knows. And nowhere, of course, is more nomadic than 'terra cinema', in its time-space fluxus, in its stories, frames and personnel, in the influences that wander like rogue crew members between shoots or the formats that find their way in – multiple styling for multiple realities – the memory mode of super 8, digital atmospherics (image saturation or inversion) and general audio/visual dysfunction.

At best such films are tolerated, almost with embarrassment, like some loud relative on the gin at a funeral. But more often these relevant, outrider visions are seen as barbarian deviations that somehow got in when the windy lookout was unstaffed. Their threat is closer now. Of course, that it got backing at all in this climate is surprise enough. But it's not enough for those who put the money in – for *This Filthy Earth* particularly – to sit back on co-production laurels when they bury the baby with an almost negative distribution and marketing strategy. These films live on the devil's crossroads in the current production and distribution crisis: *This Filthy Earth* came out on one print at London's Curzon Soho. Should it feel blessed? Fellow FilmFourLab beneficiary Dom Rotheroe saw his Robby Müller-lensed debut, *My Brother Tom*, open in a celluloid corner shop: "Do you know what the Odeon Wardour Street is?" he asked *Time Out's* Nick Bradshaw. It's like a new disease has been identified. Will there soon be such a thing as half a print? Surely you fund it and back it once it's done, or what's the point of any of it... These are hardy, rough-edged works, but fragile also when they hit the market highway. The shortest run with no promotion is certifiable lunacy. With such work, word of mouth is the best publicity. But it takes time. Some new zone between cinema and the more supportive gallery environment seems essential.

But it's always really only ever been individuals like Kötting who have kept innovative, filmic imagination alive in this country, not structures. They tell mongrel yarns, hybrids, mixed-race in form and content. And so, if the halls are sealed against them, then it's not hard to see them spreading the news by any means necessary, as alley prophets, town criers, screening the potent truths they find on sheets and weather-beaten walls. And those who value such reports shall be there with them, watching and transported. (published in print in *Vertigo*, 2.2: 2002; available online here: closeupfilmcentre.com/vertigo_magazine/volume-2-issue-2-spring-2002).

STOP

Given it's been 20 years – longer if you count mental conception – that this now completed triptych has been in the making, it seems reasonable to reprint, albeit adjusted, a commentary from close to the point of emergence, one that welcomed its arrival and which its writer stands by all these years later, certainly in terms of its appreciation of the worth of the film (and its subsequent siblings, which share its qualities as kith sometimes do), but also for its reading of the surrounding so-called 'film culture'. Heady almost those days gone seem today (but no easy nostalgia into which we recline): it's much worse now.

It was hardly an easy ride for Kötting. Perhaps it was his umlaut; maybe he sensed the dislocations of the present in a Deptford cauchemar of prescience: either way, 2001 became 2010 and another reversal of sorts for the project. Where *This Filthy Earth* had been wrenched like a bog-pit calf out of Zola, dreaming before birth of foreign hills, so IVUL, proposed for the tongue of English and local woodland found itself out of sorts and expelled 'back to where it came from' (sort of, via the inflowing of Italo Calvino's Baron in the 'Trees'), revealing its colours in the language of





French, shot in that country and Switzerland and replete with a swathe of finest Gallic thespis. This trajectory continued even further with *Lek and the Dogs*, which pretty much abandoned recognisable lingo altogether for a kind of outsider patois whose logic is discernible to an audience of one, was shot in the Chilean desert and an interior space that closely resembles the darkness to be found 'mid-way through this life', whether in head, heart or hole. So, language, place and time – the planks of the shed called cinema – all under pressure of finance and interest (or its lack). Sure but, you shout from the back, the films happened. So why bang on about the hard-ship? Most films don't make it through. Count things like blessings and so on...

BUT

They only found their framed completion because of what is known to those who know as Kötting's WILL. This is a force that cannot be resisted and is also the reason why the book you're currently palming also IS. This compulsion to gather rampant being and making into a semblance of arranged legibility is the glue, fuel, engine, house of all that has been made over almost 40 years. It does not know how to say no, or even non, thankfully. It has made a SINGLE body of work with many heads and hands and feet, and therefore there are different ways to frame or focus parts of this creature. This 'Landworks' is entirely acceptable – and is what the artist wants – but each film could be paired, tethered to others in the team entire via diverse motifs, locations, personnel, intentions and SO ON.

What then is important about these three, as a three?

ONE

They are among the great contemporary works of THE EDGE – in place, community, existing and becoming. That is, they collaborate with the overlooked in the realisation of their own image and breath. It matters not that these figures exist only as 'fictions'. They ARE of and from the margined many – rural, familial, urban – and would be recognised as such by citizens of these edge-sites. The films as made RESIST the exclusion of such folk from larger consideration and demand we look more closely at those whom we do not look more closely at.

HOWEVER

That is not to say Kötting is on a political placard progress across the screen. His EDGE also includes forms of the bodily, the sensorial, of priority, attention and aspiration. More than almost any other filmmaker he lives IN HIS BODY. So also do his characters. The body is the pivotal site of experience, trial, punishment, flight and refuge. The body is the landscape of the mind, and the place-zones of each work (from ground to tree to open sands) are as haptic as they are visible, as elemental as they are narrative. Just as in Tarkovsky's seven, where readings can be offered based entirely on the braiding of earth / air / wind / fire, so here. Rarely binary or oppositional, all co-exist, are meaningless without the others, only make sense when in symphonic interaction.

TWO

Similarly his interrogation is applied to versions of the familial, as measure, example and failure. Made, like it or not, by these groupings we wrangle, we grow in thrall, sympathy with, or resistance to this definitive architecture or its rupture, its absence. One can draw a line from the larger communal ensemble of the first, through the family-as-world of the second to the necessary solitude of the final, and these conditions can also be found within Kötting. But these spaces – human and ecological – are never static, monolithic, fixed. They're constantly tested, tried, traversed – borders and thresholds are everything, hence the permanent onward motion of the Ur-outsider Lek through them all.



THREE

And it is LEK we are left with, who has grown older and simultaneously younger (naked new born) as we've travelled with him, who we last see with the desert dead but who also knows the potency and warp potential of Alice portals, worm-holes in the continuum, who is often traceless but who endures. Perhaps it is he who's addressed in the first words of Hamlet, words that establish not only the social and political dimensions of the world and cosmos as they are and might be, but existential and topo-psychic parameters too:

WHO'S THERE?

In that question – freighted with terror or longing, fear or fecund hope of future – and in your own response to the stranger who approaches (and who will continue to do so, for as long as you and they ARE, by land or water or air, and likely fleeing fire), lies the third reason as to this trilogy's undeniable importance NOW – mongrel works for a culture and climate in crisis, they refuse to let you out of the room until you start to answer that interrogative for yourself.



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Photographs – Anonymous Bosch





IAIN SINCLAIR

Lek: The Unnamable Named



'TUG A LEEK AND YOU RENT THE WORLD.'

Gareth Evans





ETERNALISM

'Now.' Last word, long-last breath. Borrowed light foreclosed: 'before the door that opens on my story.' On his story, his confession. Now. Is it really over? What breathtaking optimism, we say: now!

A jolt. To start to finish an epic three-part adventure on such a soft sound, a murmur barely. Sounded in confidence - barely barely - barely disturbing the shock of silence. Nudity sanctioned of course, rolls of panting affronted flesh. Tin baths in primitive places for gumboot madonnas so real that it hurts to watch: Rebecca Palmer (Francine). Stalled humans with slow hearts chilling to clay. Fuzz of lichen beard transferred from chin and pubes to stone. The rampant pizzle of the bull. A yard of slithery pink meat arcing like a meteor. A Muybridge athlete, down on all fours, dogging across the Atacama desert.

But we know, we devotees who have followed the Earthworks project over the Flemish panels of this illuminated and libidinous triptych, that the filmmaker cannot bring himself to sanction endings. He is a maker like a wine-maker, a grape-crusher, not an aesthete or nervous counter of frames. There is always another season around the corner, a better vintage. Boots filled with suppurating pus. Trenchfoot, his proud boast of authenticity. Look at my wounds. Smell my reek.

So this tragic ribbon of film, the justified sentiment for all those complex actions - recollections of the shoot, and the bunk beds, breakfasts, debates, digressions, friendships forged and sustained - does not fade into the dark. Into starless night. Until he is quite ready: the provoker, the prodger, the conductor of chaos. An alternative version. One last sentence? A tease? A joke? A quote?

The Earthworks credits, those massive hugs of words, spill like acid rain, dissolving termination, postponing mortality, across an additional sequence that just cannot be left out. In this, as in so much else, Andrew Kötting is a convinced Beckettian: he must stop now, he cannot stop. Time's up. Money's gone. The audience have departed. Now! Now remember this. And we do, we must. We always will.

In This Filthy Earth, Peter Hugo-Daly, as the black-coated 'Jesus Christ', staggers uphill after a flock of Bressonian sheep. For the credits of Ivul, in a freestanding sequence made in parenthesis to the feature, the director has chosen archive to parade some otherworldly 'real' folk in their Sunday best - all now deceased? - keeping off ground on swings and stilts, playing the serious game of life, while ancient voices ramble and reminisce. And Jem Finer performs, as he must, his curtain song to the crematorium. If the flickering inhabitants of this archaeological capture are the 'now' of a contemporary film, where are we? Have we become their archive, the fading dreams of the restless dead? Will they leech our saturated colour?

Lek and the Dogs runs out, after the ultimate 'now', and we start again with This Filthy Earth. The triptych is a continuum in space-time. We choke and cough. The mud of battle. The protozoan broth of shit-spew-semen from which we have all emerged, blinking and snivelling. The sucking cloacal quag into which the wizened wise woman, with her pigeon sling and black curses, must sink. 'To shit on them all without exception,' Beckett wrote.

This is what the wizardly Northampton philosopher Alan Moore, nominated as the alternative voice of god for Lek and the Dogs, calls 'eternalism'. Time as a block or ring: a terraced ghetto, fixed and secure, where the dead nest like crows. Pre-written. Nothing to be done. The voice is so measured, so reasonable, so resinous and grave, filtered through so much prophetic beard, we have to accept the insanity of its logic. Those channelled rhythms. It is like Blake ventriloquising Elijah in Lambeth.





Kötting identifies the relevant quote in Eugene O'Neill. 'There is no present or future, only the past, happening over again, now.' Now! A strategic conclusion subverting Eliot and his metaphysical rose garden. The past unfolds, as and when we need it, as we wriggle and kick against its pricks. And not in some accidentally surviving Cotswold manor house. It's not part of an established monotheistic religion. Kötting is out in the weather, arm up a cow's arse. Sheltering under a dry-stone wall soon to be washed away. In a dripping cellar under a condemned factory in Moscow or Medway. In a fire-hazard caravan slung among the trees of the forest.

Now. The director's methodology hangs on the permissiveness of that word: do it at once and forever. There is no Oedipal shame that cannot be exorcised, no future to be feared. Let the play run as it will with two or more cameras and minimal instruction, the director insists in a promotional interview for Ivul, a single-breath rant among bonsai trees that seem to be growing out of his semaphoring arms. Trust the actors, already exposed to banter and risk, and loving it, to find their moment and to go beyond it. To reach out blind. Trust the crew who are a tried and tested family: Nick Gordon-Smith, Gary Parker, Philippe Ciompi, Jem Finer, Cliff West. And also the blood family who are another long-suffering, press-ganged crew.

The beauty of it is that now means now: if you don't have the coverage, you don't need it. You have what there is, this moment - and the resurrected present of the eternal archive. Every cut, every jump in time, is therefore fresh and surprising. With the shoot-as-it-plays journey films - Gallivant, Swandown, By Our Selves, Edith Walks - the method is known as 'reverse engineering' or posthumously identifying some kind of meaning in the accumulated catalogue of what took place, on the day, for the day. Past made present fixes our future. Now!

Andrew Kötting has learnt to say 'action' but not 'cut'. 'All film-makers,' he orders, 'to have spent time with their arms or feet inside another sentient being, alive or dead.'

EARTHWORKS, THE PROJECT

That the three panels make a whole, freestanding but discrete. This Filthy Earth grew out of the unexpected success, the welcome given to Gallivant - but it was a fresh start, the beginning of another way of working. Ground, Off-ground, Underground. Or, better: Land, Off-land, Underland. 'Get off my land,' says the father to the transgressing son in Ivul. Being up to the armpits in mud, drowning in it, demands release, flight among the trees. After the mysterious, quasi-religious ending of Ivul - cleansing fire, the purged figure, a reincarnated Cathar on Mont-Ségur - it was necessary to go into resonant darkness, under the land. Accidents of production and financing and availability - Kötting is always operating on stolen time, veins popping - dictate new paths and new places. A cave in France becomes a Russian bunker. La Terre relocates from the Beauce to Dentdale in Yorkshire. The whole series is polyglot, borderless, inspired by the director's own life in the Pyrenees and borrowed Tarkovsky dreams of Russian dystopias and underworlds.

Look on the three films as action paintings, prepared, discussed, scripted, cast - and then turned loose on themselves in physical fury: muscular, gestural, exploiting whatever occurs as it occurs.

**NO ALAS MERCE DE LA CARN NADA
DE CORRUPTO, MAIS ALAS MERCE
DEL ESPRIT PAUSAT EN CARCER!**



The Cathar ritual: 'Lord, have no pity on the flesh born of corruption, but rather on the spirit imprisoned within.'

The triptych begins in family, in flesh and folly. It lifts into martyrdom, the eccentricities and privations of the desert fathers, the rock-squatters of Northumbria, dissolving into forest and mountain. Adolescence, a rite of passage. And it concludes in an actual desert, now politicised, a graveyard and a wormhole in time. The films will also, if you choose to read them that way, offer: conception, birth and marriage (but not necessarily in that order), followed by hormonal frets, itches and ecstasies, the renunciation of the father and flight from home. With the sequence concluding in solitude, pain, maturity and loss. Beckett again: 'I never knew such silence'.

THIS FILTHY EARTH (2001)

The ruralist plot incubates from Andrew's reading of a recommended book, Émile Zola's *La Terre*, while spending time in his retreat in the Pyrenees. He spices this sombre fiction, the fifteenth volume in the Rougon-Macquart series, with docu-poetic infusions of John Berger's *Pig Earth*.

Then he labours, pencil-licking for months, sequestered with a friend and early collaborator, Sean Lock, in a production office. A shape emerges. These men are both physicalists, performers, never happier than when taking the pitch well beyond the limits of good taste. Lock's bond of engagement goes so far, when the call comes, as swimming the English Channel with the brothers Kötting at their most bristlingly bearded and Russian, doing a Karamazov on their fearsome deadad. The 'wake' is made literal, a churning of foam behind their thrashing feet.

Now Yorkshire. Mud. Fecundity. Filth. Raining stones. A golden child baptising herself in peaty slop. Incestuous peasants, soaked in semen and superstition, arse-rutting and language-slapping, dragging their ploughs like dumb beasts, needling at rot and lovingly tending their murderous prejudices. They hate the land and the biblical weather and their hutch of a church. They hate the flush of their own flesh, its boils and thirsts. They want to own what they hate and they hate what they own. This pittance of ground, the rags of vanity and blunt razors. But the actors, embodying these inbreeds, are beautiful and engaged and deserving of what they are being asked to do. We marvel at the angry, loving women: nubile, overripe or crowned with spite. And we relish the unsexed gargoyle-grotesques and how they expose themselves: toothless, gurning Dudley Sutton, with idiot's dribbling laughter soaring to Lear's thunderhead rage. And the hissing tensile venom of the serpentine witch, the soured wise woman Armandine, played by Ina Clough. She is as good – and that is very good – as Catherine Lacey in *The Sorcerers* by Michael Reeves.

In primitive disbelief, the rustic mob pull down the alien church. Like Albigensians getting their revenge at last. That buried Calvinist darkness, the Quaker silence (silence of an absent god) at Dentdale counters the ratty Catholic rituals of the hot south, the spineless, bicycle priests and their spinning gimcrack madonnas.

Samuel Beckett, in frostbitten wartime exile, in flight from Paris, is chewing raw potatoes somewhere out on these tracks, trapped in claustrophobic domesticity, a brooding witness from another world. Like Kötting's numinously stubborn Lek. A traveller, scapegoat and white 'darkie'. An unlanguage witness pregnant with festering future masterpieces.

This Filthy Earth assaults us. It is incontinently visceral. The benign Lek, a ghost from the east (already dead or unborn), a fixer of redundant machines, is both a Kötting avatar, a better self, and the still point in a Boschian riot of drinking and joking, feeding and farting, groping, shaving, stealing and blaspheming. Grinding out dry pellets of shit in sodden fields. Stacking stones for walls that will never be finished as property markers. Where the only property is moor and bog. Rape is a hobby best kept in the family.





Gary Parker's colour saturated Super 8 inserts are a desperate attempt to maintain contact with the documentary journals of Gallivant. These new punchbag dramas, all highlights, simmering to the boil, time after time, have to be punctuated by merciful fades to black. Handcrafted Anglo-French insults, honed in the production office, are spat and spilted as part of the texture. 'The shoot,' Kötting says, 'should prove a physical, athletic challenge, not just an aesthetic one.' But this is all about a delicate – yes, delicate – equilibrium: news from the east (carried by Lek) dismantles a western revenging plot. A classic spaghetti western of limited cast, saloon violence, physical resolution - and good man vanishing into landscape on a mule.

Then, over more never-ending credits, Kötting pays his respects to a filmmaker who feels like his antithesis, Robert Bresson. The Bresson of *Au Hasard Balthazar*. The Bresson of *Mouchette*. The drunken clochard brother, who should wear nothing but a vest under his coat – the one known as 'Jesus Christ' – follows the sheep. But it's not red wine. The Dentdale drench he swills is more like rainwater and wrung-out socks. The sheep bells are not so pure. The donkey is abused and holy. It has dragged the wheel on which Lek was splayed. It has kicked down the door. Kötting, instinctively, absorbs these traces and makes them his own. Classicism and frugality of means are translated into rancid English (or Anglo-German) energy: the acts, the engagements, the Babel of voices in the head.

Can you believe how Andrew gives himself such a modest cameo, as the loser in a headbutting contest with the lumpen Buto (Shane Attwooll)? In life, he leaves significant dents in concrete walls. He is Anvil-Head the Hun. After exposure to the presence and grace of the women here - Rebecca Palmer (Francine), Demelza Randall (Kath), Eve Steele (Megan) - the director, bloodied, is carried out. Ready for the next chapter – which would take eight years to arrive.

IVUL (2009)

That culturally promiscuous, frontierless quality, so bravely situated in the triptych, is emphasised in *Ivul*. The formality and measured obscenities of the French have a mediating influence on the script - a starting point only - by Kötting, John Cheetham and Andy Mitchell. This film, on the surface, is the most orthodox and well-behaved panel of the three. A necessary patch of firm ground, decent weather, and communal garden labour around the grand, but quietly decaying house. The family – in the closest autobiographical adaptation of the triptych – is engagingly deranged and deracinated. Nobody calls. They go to hell at their own pace.

The dominating paterfamilias, played by the remarkable Jean-Luc Bideau, loses his potency and his beard, all his gravitas, to be treated to teasing body washes, as if he'd been damned to eternity in a Dennis Potter play. The deadad is doubly stroked, mouth filled with stones. Mother, driven to drink and promiscuity in the local bar, pines for her lost son, who has taken to the trees. The adolescent daughter, departed in a Chekhov fugue, into a fantasy Russia of ice floe archive footage, paperback books on poets, dreams of samovars and black cigarettes, returns to catastrophic reality. The near feral twins, Capuccine and Manon, never let up. They would dance on a corpse like a feather pillow. They are as smart as whips. The boy himself, the off-ground acrobat and dustbin raider, looks disconcertingly like the young Martin Amis (those eyebrows, that hair), a few years of bad behaviour after the future author featured in Alexander Mackendrick's *A High Wind in Jamaica*. His rebellion, all style and attitude and freighted angst, belongs to the tradition of Truffaut's *Les Quatres Cents Coups* (also autobiographical), but taken to the woods to become *L'Enfant Sauvage*. His act is the grace of his movement, learning to feel when the branch will give way. The performers around him, in the Kötting fashion, through trust and risk and banter, become a family.





The literary model, cannibalised where necessary, but no solid armature, is Calvino's Baron in the Trees. And of course pre-blockbuster Tarzan. As imagined by William, not Edgar Rice Burroughs. The Wild Boys. The filmic models, to be summoned and subverted, simply by the act of shooting in France with French producers and crew, are classic: 'the incestuous emotional rivalries destroying a family from within' of Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles* and the haunted house in the woods of *La Belle et la Bête* (dark folk tales both). René Clément's *Jeux Interdits* (secret ceremonies, forbidden games). And Jean Renoir's sun-dappled picnics in the woods, before the bad thing happens. Buñuel's slow unravelling of bourgeois pieties in country properties. Kötting doesn't have time, with his commitment to practicalities, for theory and reference, but the established canon informs the mimetic terrain.

This *Filthy Earth*, conceived in the Pyrenees, inspired by a French novel, is filmed in Yorkshire. Ivul, originally intended for the island of Jura, where trees are not so plentiful, translates to France. The house and the forest, in reality, are miles apart, but disbelief is willingly suspended. Themes, obsessions, favourite quotations migrate indiscriminately between the three panels of *Earthworks*. 'No present or future, only the past, happening over again, now.' Episodes from a complicated family saga are tested in new forms for a novel and better now.

Lek's role, admirably calibrated, project to project, by Xavier Tchili (another Channel swimmer), has more ambiguity this time. He is a watcher, almost a stalker (ahead of Lek and the Dogs): a body servant and a shadow of the restless and exiled paterfamilias. It is Lek (at the window) who, fatally, draws the father's attention to the scullery table where the siblings play their dangerous game. He is the agent of banishment and the agent of death (or transformation), when he lights ritual candles around the caravan suspended in the trees.

In the production notes for *Ivul*, Kötting refers to Lek as a 'dogs-body' – therefore flagging up a connection to the final panel in the triptych. The hyphen makes Lek a Homeric monster, conjoined, dog and man: an anticipation of the scene when Xavier Tchili will hop naked across the Atacama desert.

'Make sure you cover his eyes,' is the call when the dysfunctional family play blindman's buff. And we are prompted to remember the blindman, the burnt-out eye sockets of Ryan Kelly (Joey), in *This Filthy Earth*. When brother and sister penetrate the cave, they creep backwards, feeling their way from rock to rock. As Xavier will do when he emerges from a pipe in the desert, film reversed to emphasise disorientation, in *Lek and the Dogs*.

'Where now? Who now? When now?' Lek, a serf brought from the family's pre-revolutionary estate, a piece of property, is dark-dressed and bearded like Lenin. All roads seem to point to another Kötting mash-up, a disassembly performance at the Russian inspired Kino in St Leonards-on-Sea. Or to a final reckoning at the end of everything, when the Unnamable will finally be named.

LEK AND THE DOGS (2018)

Now we come to it: resolution, dissolution. *Lek and the Dogs* might seem to be adapted from the stage play, *Ivan and the Dogs*, by Hattie Naylor. But it is nothing so straightforward. Anyone 'collaborating' with Kötting understands: you can feed a few provocations into the process, and have the odd line cannibalised and mangled for your pains, but the final cut will be entirely his, something rich and strange. And unexpected, even by him. Or especially by him. If he knew where he was going, he'd never get out of bed.





The concept of the three panels – land, off-land, underland – was honoured, but subverted at every stage. The story might have unfolded, if funding had been found, in a Cathar cave close to Montségur. Ten Years Under the Earth by Norbert Casteret was an early inspiration. But, when the time came, and the now was definitively now, the superficial reading would be: Tarkovsky's *Stalker* subtitled by Krapp's Last Tape. And another Kötting fixation too, cooking for years and intended for the cave: Marlon Brando in *Apocalypse Now*; his bulk, shaven head splashed with water, and fizzing like a light bulb about to explode, and mumbling random riffs from *The Waste Land*. That vanity of epic performance ritual without context: Mr Kurtz – The horror! the horror! is better left, has to be left, unseen, off-stage. The desperation of formal direction is abandoned, project collapsing, budget shot. After *Heart of Darkness* comes *The End of the Tether*. 'I could not tell her. It would have been too dark – too dark altogether...'

The nuclear family is undone, the bomb has dropped: unnoticed. History has ended and the city carries on. Lek is an orphan in a bunker, a rubbish-mound scavenger, an interspecies dog in rags. The family has collapsed with the world around it. Lek has his device, his cassette recorder, with which to play Beckett: 'sound as a bell'. Patrick Magee is gentled and sad. The language is cod-Russian, grammelot. It is pained and eloquent. And meaningless. Body-sounds, throat vibrations on which anything can be imposed. Beyond this darkness, and the legend Lek improvises – 'she wants me to tell my story' – nothing is left but poignant archive: machines, demolition, futile marches, waste. And packs of feral dogs haunting the margins. Foetal things squirm and twitch. The ice floes from Ivul return in a new context, invoking northern shores where nuclear submarines rot.

'They said he had a disrupted mind.' The doctors and scientists comment in white laboratories. Alan Moore's voice is like the recording of a prophet long dead, a forgotten value system, buried under the foundation stones of a ruined cathedral or pompous parliament. Lek's authentic memories are Xavier Tchili's home movies: his wife, his child, a birthday cake. Human affection and leaking light. The film becomes its own archive and the archive is truth.

Ground zero is political: 'a little hell after my own heart'. An unreadable mountain in Chile. 'The wastes of his weary brain were haunted by shadowy images now.' Sand with massed shoes, heaped like the fossil record of unspeakable crimes. And Lek naked, crawling in performance like Stuart Brisley, or a post-traumatic victim in the military hospital at Netley, dogging under a pitiless sun, or shading his head with cardboard, walking backwards. In the direction of a map of horror. In the lands which are also the brightness of Kötting's past, his year-long courtship voyage through Latin America with Leila McMillan. And how this location, this abandoned mining settlement, stayed like a candle of virtue in the director's mind. The whole land, the dust, revealed as a gigantic cemetery for dogs. A country where the beasts have more value than the disappeared. 'Never such silence.'

LEK AND LANGUAGE

Andrew Kötting and Xavier Tchili amused themselves with a private game. The Lek of *This Filthy Earth*, the traveller, pikey, economic migrant, is challenged: 'Show us how you talk your language.' Ever obliging, Lek makes up a Romanian Esperanto of his own with which to torment the monoglot poverty of a peasantry only inspired by fresh-minted obscenities and combinations of filth. By the time of *Lek and The Dogs*, this grammelot (or gromalot), a medium of reduced horizons and thick body gestures, onomatopoeic grunts, has become truly eloquent. Russophile Macaronic gibberish subverts rhetoric to forge a new poetry.

Ingmar Bergman, planning to take a year out to devote himself to the study of J.S. Bach, chose instead to work on a new film, *The Silence*, in which he revived material from a forgotten radio play. The rest of the plot was based on a dream. His characters are marooned in a hotel, where geriatrics and dwarves shuffle down the corridors, and where the inhabitants speak a language of Bergman's invention, loosely derived from his wife's Estonian. Two sisters moan about how





difficult it was to carry their dead father's coffin. Bergman said that his aim was to make the experience of *The Silence* like 'sinking into an enormous city, absorbing it'. He tapped wartime memories of a pair of travelling acrobats sheltering from allied bombing in a German basement, a bunker, a ghost hotel.

'Yes,' says Beckett in *The Unnamable*, 'they gave me lessons in pigsty Latin too.' The Beckett trilogy – *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, and *The Unnamable* – foreshadows Kötting's triptych. Beckett's terminal monologue worries over 'running foul' of trees - when trees are the measure of the civilised man for the father of Ivul. The comedy and the physicality of *Molloy* is done and *This Filthy Earth* is the sticky mantle in which the naked Lek wraps himself. The one without language is unnameable, but named. And his name is a sound like a click in a throat that has just been cut: Lek!

'Dream again, dream of a silence, a dream silence, full of murmurs, I don't know, that's all words, never wake, all words, there's nothing else, you must go on, that's all I know...'



Iain Sinclair 2018





394 Earthworks 4 Hereafter





Xavier Tchilf

COMÉDIEN - CHANTEUR - AUTEUR - PLASTICIEN

Après une formation en conservatoire, il co-fonde en 1982 « l'Emballage théâtre » et passe dix ans dans la troupe à faire un théâtre de création, produisant des spectacles -performances d'avant-garde autour de textes contemporains mais aussi il crée les bandes sons des spectacles et participe pleinement au travail scénographique. A partir de 1991 son parcours est jalonné de rencontres avec de nombreux metteurs en scène Français et Suisse, en tournées ou résidences à l'étranger. Parallèlement, il approche la musique électro-acoustique et interprète vocalement et scéniquement les chansons qu'il compose au sein du groupe rock « Deprisa-Deprisa » .

Il intègre en 1998 dès l'origine, le « Collectif 12 » et son réseau de friches artistiques et de companies. Il participe à de multiples créations et événements en tant qu'acteur, chanteur, ou metteur en scène. Son goût prononcé pour les arts plastiques le pousse à créer des installations dans ces lieux et réalise notamment plusieurs projets-performances suivis d'expositions, dessins, photos. Il travaille parfois pour le cinéma et la télévision, tourne dans quelques courts métrages et rencontre à cette occasion le réalisateur et plasticien Andrew Kötting, il travaille sous sa direction en Angleterre puis en France dans divers films depuis 1993.

COMEDIAN - SINGER - АВТОР - ВИЗУАЛЬНЫЙ ХУДОЖНИК

После тренировки в консерватории он стал соучредителем в 1982 году «Packaging Theatre» и провел десять лет в труппе, чтобы создать театр, производя спектакли-авангардные спектакли по современным текстам, но также создал саундтреки к шоу и полностью участвовать в сценографической работе. С 1991 года его карьера была отмечена встречами со многими французскими и швейцарскими режиссерами, гастролями или резиденциями за рубежом. В то же время он подходит к электроакустической музыке и вокально и сценически интерпретирует песни, которые он сочиняет в рок-группе «Деприса-Деприса».

Он присоединился в 1998 году с самого начала, «Коллектив 12» и его сеть заброшенных полей и компаний. Он участвует во многих творениях и событиях как актер, певец или режиссер. Его вкус к визуальным искусствам привел его к созданию инсталляций в этих местах и реализовал больше, чем несколько проектов-спектаклей, за которыми следовали выставки, рисунки, фотографии. Он иногда работает в кино и на телевидении, снимается в коротких фильмах и встречается по этому поводу с директором и пластическим художником Андреем Кёттингом, он работает под его руководством в Англии, а затем во Франции в различных фильмах с 1993 года.





Earthworks 4 Hereafter

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ACTOR – SINGER – WRITER - ARTIST

After training at the conservatory, in 1982 he co-founded “The Packaging Theater” and spent ten years with the company producing theater and avant-garde performances around contemporary texts, he also created the soundtracks for the shows as well as helping to make the scenery. Since 1991 he has worked with many French and Swiss directors, both touring and on residencies abroad. At the same time, he has produced electro-acoustic music and sings the songs that he composes with the rock band “Deprisa-Deprisa”.

In 1998 he joined the “Collective 12” and their network of various artistic endeavours. He participates in many creations and events as an actor, singer or director. His taste for the visual arts led him to create installations in these places and realizes more than a few projects-performances followed by exhibitions, drawings, photos. He also works in cinema and television, having made several short films where he met the director and artist Andrew Kötting, who he has worked with in both in England and in France on various films since 1993.

SZÍNÉSZ - ÉNEKES - ÍRÓ – MŰVÉSZ

A télikertben való képzés után 1982-ben alapította meg a “The Packaging Theatre” -t, és tíz évet töltött a kortárs szövegekkel színházi és avantgárd előadásokkal tevékenykedő társasággal, elkészítette a műsorok forgatókönyvét, valamint segítette a Látvány. 1991 óta számos francia és svájci rendezővel dolgozott együtt, mind a túra, mind a külföldi tartózkodási helyeken. Ugyanakkor előállította az elektro-akusztikus zenét, és énekelte a “Deprisa-Deprisa” rock zenekarban komponált dalokat.

1998-ban csatlakozott a “Collective 12” -hez és különböző művészeti törekvéseihez. Részt vesz számos alkotásban és rendezvényen, mint színész, énekes vagy rendező. Ízelítője a vizuális művészetek számára arra készítette őt, hogy létrehozzon létesítményeket ezeken a helyeken, és több mint néhány projektet valósít meg - előadások, kiállítások, rajzok, fotók. A filmben és a televízióban is több rövidfilmet készített, ahol találkozott Andrew Kötting rendezővel és művével, akivel 1993 óta dolgozik Angliában és Franciaországban különböző filmekben.





THE EARTHWORKS
CELEBRATION AND
TO THE MEMORY
ALWAYS LAID LOW

БУКВЕННАЯ КНИЖКА
ЯВЛЯЕТСЯ КАК
ТАК ИИСКАЖЕННЫМ
ПАМЯТИ ЛЕКА,
ВСЕГДА УКЛАДЫВАЛ
УКЛОНЕННУЮ СЛАВУ





BOOKWORK IS BOTH
SKEWED TESTAMENT
OF LEK WHO HAS
AND SHIRKED FAME.

EARTHWORKS
ПРАЗДНИЧНЫМ,
СВИДЕТЕЛЬСТВОМ
КОТОРЫЙ
НИЗКУЮ И





[*Marcus Adams*]

A HEALTHY TONGUE—AND PROUD OF IT!

This small boy does not feel any hesitation when asked to show his tongue. The condition of the tongue and throat is a sure indication of the state of a child's health, and should always be examined at the first hint of illness.



ANDREW KÖTTING

A conclusion by way of an earthworks alphabetarium

ВЫВОД В ВИДЕ АЛФАВИТА ЗЕМЛЯНЫХ РАБОТ

E IS FOR EARTHWORKS AND THE EXPERIENCE THEREOF - SLEEVES ROLLED UP - ARMS PLUNGED INTO THE PULSING TISSUE OF EXISTENCE - WORK IT LIKE A FARMER - FELL IT LIKE A TREE SURGEON OR DIG IT LIKE A MINER - YOUR VERY LIFE A FURROW A RING OR A SEAM – E IS FOR GARETH EVANS WHO HELPS ME DO IT - NOT HEAD DOWN BUT ALIVE TO SO MUCH - E IS FOR THE EXASPERATION AND ELEMENTS OF A THEORY OF HERMENEUTIC EXPERIENCE – E IS FOR THE ELEVATION OF THE HISTORICITY OF UNDERSTANDING TO THE STATUS OF HERMENEUTIC PRINCIPLE – E IS FOR EVERYTHING YET TO BE UNDERSTOOD – HERETOFORE OR HEREAFTER AND E IS FOR EVERYTHING THAT THE EARTHWORKS TRILOGY HAS TAUGHT ME.

F IS FOR FAMILY - TRIBAL YET WITHOUT THE FENCES - F IS FOR THE FACTS OR LACK THEREOF AND THE FACT THAT THE RIGHT INTENTION MAY CONTAIN THE WRONG ACTION AND THEREFORE A CONFLICT - F IS FOR UNIVERSAL VALUES AND CONFLICTING





DEMANDS - F IS FOR THE-ADMITTING-TO-THE-NOT-KNOWING – F IS FOR THE REOCCURRING AND FUNDAMENTAL HERMENEUTIC PROBLEM – F IS FOR THE FUNDAMENTALISTS AND THE DAMAGE THAT THEY ARE DOING – F IS FOR THOSE FUCKING MANIACS THAT CRAWLED OUT OF THE SEA – YET F IS FOR FUNNY HA-HA & FUNNY PECULIAR.

G IS FOR GALLIVANT - THE FIRST PROPER LONG PROJECT - THE DESIRE AND FAITH TO EXPLORE FAMILY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY – G IS FOR THE WIDE-OF-EAR AND THE WIDE-OF EYE WHEN APPROACHING NARRATIVE FILM-MAKING OR WHEN EMBRACING FOLK AND THEIR WAYS AND THEIR SIGNAGE - G IS FOR MAKING THE PERSONAL A GENEROUS FILTER INTO THE SOCIAL – OF BEING ON SET AND ALLOWING OTHERS TO HAVE A SAY – G IS FOR ENCOURAGING THEM TO MEDDLE AND ATTEMPTING TO MELD THE SUBJECTIVE WITH THE OBJECTIVE.

H IS FOR HAPPENSTANCE AND HUMDRUM BRICOLLAGE - STRUCTURALIST POST-STRUCTURALIST ESSAYIST NON-SEQUITURIST MODERNIST POST-MODERNIST LATE-MODERNIST AND HYPER-MODERNIST – ACTIONIST AND PEDANTIST - NARRATIVIST ANTI-NARRATIVIST IMPLIED-NARRATIVIST AND THUS HYBRID – H IS FOR HOPING THAT IT MIGHT ALL TURN OUT OK IN THE END – AND H IS FOR HERMENEUTIC SIGNIFICANCE AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH THOMAS HARDY PREPARED ME FOR ÉMILE ZOLA AND H IS FOR SARAH BAKEWELL’S HOW TO LIVE.

I IS FOR IMAGINATION - THE MORE YOU IMAGINE THE MORE DIFFICULT IT IS TO FIND WORDS FOR WHAT YOU ARE IMAGINING - SO THE LESS SAID ABOUT THAT THE BETTER.

J IS FOR JARMAN - DEREK JARMAN - PROOF POSITIVE AND EVIDENCE OF A COMMITMENT TO THE EXPERIMENT OUTSIDE OF THE INDUSTRIALIZED PANTOMIME - AN INDEX AND REGISTER OF WORK IN ALL DISCIPLINES MEDIA AND WEATHER AND WITH NO FENCES BETWEEN LIFE AND WORK – J IS FOR NOTJUMPINGONTOABANDWAGON - J IS FOR JOY - THE JOY OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND THE GLUE THAT



THEY ALWAYS PROVIDED WHEN THE WORK NEEDED HOLDING TOGETHER – J IS FOR JAPERY AND JESUS-CHRIST-A-MOSES AND BABY MOHAMMED – J IS FOR JUST DESERTS IN HAVING ALLOWED THEM TO GET AWAY WITH IT FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS.

K IS FOR KÖTTING AND KLIPPERTY KLÖPP - ARCANE AND MANIC AND THE BEDROCK FOR ALL THINGS REVERSE ENGINEERING – K IS FOR THE KNOWING OF – K IS FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF PERFORMANCE IN THE GREAT-OUT-OF-DOORS – K IS FOR THE SUBJECTIVISATION OF AESTHETICS THROUGH THE KANTIAN CRITIQUE – K IS NOT FOR THE TREES AND THEIR KNOTTING.

L IS FOR LANGUAGE LINGO GRAMLÖT AND SLANG – L IS FOR THE THEATRE DE COMPLICITE - JOHN BERGER PIG EARTH AND THE THREE LIVES OF LUCIE CABROL – L IS FOR LETTING A FORMULATION OF THE CURRENT MASH-UP THE HISTORICAL - FROM RAP AND GRIME AND HIP-HOP TO LIGETI SATIE COCO ROSIE AND POP - AND THEN L IS FOR WORDS AS A NEW STRAIN OF IMAGE-MAKING - VISUALS AS MUCH WITHIN THE SONIC AS IN THE SEEN - NEVER JUST OXFORD ENGLISH OR THAMES ESTUARY – L IS FOR MULTILINGUAL HODGE-PODGE - L IS FOR THE BIODIVERSITY OF TONGUE AND MIND - L IS FOR LEILA DORCAS WITHOUT WHOM MUCH OF THIS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE – L IS FOR THE FIRE SHE IGNITED IN ME - THE SIBYL IN THE BADBLOOD & SIBYL AND THE ONE THAT HELPS TO PULL ME OUT OF THE MIRE OF MY OWN MAKING AND L IS FOR THE LOCKS THAT NEEDED TO BE PICKED AND L IS FOR SEAN WHO LIKES TO CAJOLE AND TAUGHT ME A LOT.

M IS FOR MAKING AND MAKING-DÖ AND MAKING-IT-UP-AS-YOU-GO-ALONG AND ALSO MAPS - M IS FOR MARGINS EDGELANDS AND MONGREL - M IS FOR MULTIPLE REALITIES - AUDIO/VISUAL DYSFUNCTIONAL FISSURES IN SEQUENCE AND CUTTING AWAY FROM THE LINEAR TO DISCOVER THAT MOST THINGS ARE POSSIBLE - M IS FOR MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE AND THE LANGUAGE OF HERMENEUTIC EXPERIENCE.





N IS FOR NEVER A FINITE NARRATIVE - NEITHER ONE THING NOR ANOTHER - N IS FOR HITHER AND DITHER WITHIN THE POST POLEMICAL AND CRITICAL HISTORIES - N IS FOR NOTES AND NOTE-MAKING AND PHENOMENOLOGICAL RESEARCH AND NOMADIC AND KEEPING THE CREATIVE HUMAN STORY TURNING - N IS FOR NEW TALES FROM THE END-ZONES AND NIGHT-TIME FIRE-YARNS - N IS FOR NEITHER ONE THING OR ANOTHER.

O IS FOR Ö - UMLAUT AND KRAUT - GERMANIC WITH PIG FARMING GENES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FAMILY – O IS FOR OVERLAND AND OVERTHERE – THE ALBIGENSIANS AND THE CATHARS FROM OCCITANIA - O IS FOR THE FOLK OF OC - PERIPATETIC BANDITS WANDERING TO THEIR OWN OZ - O IS FOR ORIENT AND EXOTIC AND NOT JUST THE EXPRESS MOREOVER O IS FOR OVERCOMING THE EPISTEMOLOGICAL PROBLEM AND ALTERNATIVE CULTURES – O IS FOR MOORISH SPICES AND TURKISH DELIGHT MASHED POTATOES PICKLED ONIONS AND COCA-COLA LITE.

P IS FOR PLACES AND CONTEMPORARY ART PRACTICE - POLEMICAL DISCOURSE WITHIN THE HISTORICAL CONTEXT - Post MODERN Post MORTEM AND PRE-EMINENT EVALUATION OF THE IMPACT OR ROLE OF THE ARTIST AS LEARNER AND TEACHER - ALWAYS HAS BEEN AND ALWAYS WILL BE - P IS FOR PLACE AND THE CO-ORDINATED ZONES THAT WE MOVE THROUGH ON OUR CEASELESS JOURNEY TOWARDS UNDERSTANDING - P IS FOR CONSCIOUSNESS AS IT MIGHT LOOK IF IT WERE DIMENSIONED INTO SOUND AND IMAGE - P IS FOR THE SEARCH OF WORKS THAT HAVE BEEN TO THE EDGES AND LOOKED OVER - SHAMANIC FLIGHTS - RETURNING FROM THE FAR REACHES WITH WORD OF THE VOID'S WHISTLING RIM – P IS FOR PRAGMATIC AND PROSAIC - P IS FOR PAN'S PEOPLE AND THE SCHOOL OF THAT ANARCHIC ARCADIAN GENIUS LOCI PAN - P IS FOR PERFORMANCE - WHICH MIGHT START WITH THE BODY'S BUSINESS AND WORK OUT - LIVE ART AND MULTI-MEDIA-JAPER Y PUSHING





THE STAGING OF SELF AND OTHERS PERHAPS AS AN
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF CERTAIN CONFESSIONAL
TICS IN THE SOCIAL ORDER AND P OF COURSE IS
FOR POLITICS - BUT IT DOES NOT HAVE TO BE
PLACARD POLITICS OR ARMCHAIR ANARCHY - LESS
THE MEGAPHONE POLITICS MORE THE HOPE OF
'POLITICS' AND PERHAPS ONE DAY GETTING IT RIGHT
- P IS FOR PROCESS AND PAPA AND THE WORK AS
PROCESS NOT JUST FRAMED PRODUCT - P IS FOR
FLAWED AND UNFINISHED - P IS FOR PEELING AWAY
FROM THE PELOTON OF 'MOVIE-MAKING' MANY MOONS
AGO BECAUSE OF FRANCIS PICABIA AND HIS DADA
MANIFESTO:

DADA WHICH MEANS NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING

DADA WHICH MAKES THE PUBLIC SAY;

WE UNDERSTAND NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING.

THE DADAISTS ARE NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING AND THEY WILL CERTAINLY SUCCEED IN
NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING.

P IS FOR FRANCIS PICABIA AND THE HEREBOWE.

Q IS FOR QUEER AS FOLK - ALLSORTS - STRAIGHT
AND BENT AND BI AND CROOKED - Q IS FOR PEOPLE
AS BEDROCK FOR THE LANDSCAPE FROM WHICH
GROW FLOWERS AND TREES AND IDEAS - Q IS FOR
FAMILY FRIENDS AND STRANGERS AND THE STORIES
AND HISTORIES THEY INHABIT OR PROVOKE - Q IS
FOR PEOPLE AND THE WORLD BREATHING THROUGH
PEOPLE THROUGH WHAT THEY DO AND WHAT THEY
FAIL TO DO AND WHAT THEY REACH AND WHAT THEY
FAIL TO REACH - Q IS FOR KNACKERED HOME-MOVIE
AND IMAX SPECTACLE AND Q OF COURSE IS FOR
QUOTES - A TRINITY OF QUOTES:

READING IS A CONTACT SPORT - PHYSICAL, STRENUOUS, A GRAPPLING WITH ANOTHER OF
SUPERIOR STRENGTH, TRICKERY AND SPEED. ANOTHER WHO MAY BECOME A CLOSE FRIEND.
POSTMODERNISM ATTEMPTED TO REMOVE AUTHORS AND MAKE LITERATURE ONLY A SET OF
'TEXTS' - BUT TRUE READERS AGREE WITH PROUST THAT READING IS FRIENDSHIP. WRITERS
ARE SUCH FRIENDS, A SECRET SOCIAL NETWORK EXTENDING THROUGHOUT TIME AND SPACE.

Michael Foley - THE AGE OF ABSURDITY





WHEN WE DIE THAT IS THE DEATH OF THE PLANET, THAT IS THE DEATH OF OUR PLANET, THAT IS THE DEATH OF THE WORLD THAT WE CONSTRUCTED INSIDE OUR HEADS. SO, THE PERSONAL APOCALYPSE AND THE OVERALL END OF THE WORLD APOCALYPSE I THINK THAT THEY'RE THE SAME THING. AND THAT WE ENCODE ONE ONTO THE OTHER PERHAPS BECAUSE IT'S EASIER TO TALK ABOUT POTENTIAL ENDS OF THE PLANET THAN IT IS TO TALK ABOUT THE PERSONAL ENDS OF OUR OWN LIVES.

Alan Moore – LEK AND THE DOGS

HAPPY IN THIS, THAT I WITH NATURE WALKED
NOT HAVING A TOO EARLY INTERCOURSE
WITH THE DEFORMITIES OF CROWDED LIFE....

William Wordsworth

R IS FOR THE REAL AND INTEGRITY AND SINCERITY AND AUTHENTICITY – R IS FOR THE RAIN THAT STARTS AND FORGETS TO END IN THE SECOND HALF OF THIS FILTHY EARTH AND R IS FOR JOHN G RAND AND HIS REVOLUTION IN PAINTING - R IS FOR 1841 AND HIS INVENTION OF THE PAINT TUBE - R IS FOR BEING ABLE TO PAINT IN THE FRESH AIR - R IS FOR RITUAL AS THE PSYCHO-GEOGRAPHY OF PERSONALITY AND COMMUNITY - R IS FOR REFLECTION AS AN ATTEMPT TO RATIONALISE AND LOCATE THE WORK WITHIN AN HISTORICAL CANON - LIFTING THE ROCK TO LOOK UNDER AND DISCOVER ZOLA AND BECKETT AND KUNDERA AND CALVINO AND CURTIS AND ATWOOD AND GADAMER - R IS FOR RICHARD RORTY AND HIS FINAL VOCABULARY AND THE PRE-EMPTION OF ZYGMUNT BAUMAN'S LIQUID MODERNITY - R IS FOR RELIGION AND THE NEED FOR SUPERSTITION - R IS FOR THE LOVERS OF PROPHETS AND THEIR MISCONSTRUED BELIEF SYSTEMS - WHEREAS R SHOULD BE FOR SHAKESPEARE AND HIS VISIONARY HUMANISTIC GENIUS OR FOR ROBERTA FLACK AND HER SILKY VOICE OR EVEN RITA TUSHINGHAM AND HER ROLE AS TANYA KOMAROVA IN DR ZHIVAGO - R IS FOR ANYTHING OTHER THAN MAN MADE MONOTHEISTIC MANSYSTEMS – R IS FOR THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE HUMANIST TRADITION AND THE HUMAN SCIENCES AND ALL THAT SAIL WITHIN HER EXISTENCE.

AND SO TO S AND SCALE - SCALE SHIFTS WHICH ARE CENTRAL TO THE EARTHWORK - THE SPECTRUM



OF SENSUAL AWARENESS THAT ACKNOWLEDGES
CONTINUOUS FLUX FROM THE MACRO TO THE MICRO
- LESS AN AESTHETIC CHOICE THAN AN ACCURATE
RESPONSE TO THINGS ON THE GROUND - S IS FOR
THE ATTENTION TO DETAIL AND S IS FOR SOCIETY
AND ITS SEAMLESS STORY AND IAIN SINCLAIR AND
HIS TAKE ON EVERYTHING - THE MOBIUS STRIP OF
RELATIONS - THE HALL OF MIRRORS AND S IS FOR
SOUND AND THE SOUND THE WORLD MAKES - NOT
JUST MUSIC NOT JUST AMBIENCE NOT JUST VOICES
NOT JUST FOUND SOUND BUT ARCHIVE AND ECHOES
AND SIGNAL INTERFERENCE AND TECHNICAL
ACCIDENTS AND HISSES AND GUFFAWS AND WIND
AND THE RADIO - ALL OF IT - AND SILENCE AND
ALSO THE SOUNDS THAT CANNOT BE HEARD AND THE
SOUND THAT THE WORLD MAKES - GLACIERS MOVING
- ROCK ERODING AND THE PLANETS TURNING - AND
JEM FINER'S LONGPLAYER - WITHOUT SOUND VISION
IS STUMBLING IN THE DARK - AND BESIDES NOISE
DRIVES THE DEVIL AWAY.

T IS FOR TIME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - IT'S BODY
TIME VERSUS GEOLOGICAL TIME - THE ROCK VERSUS
THE PUBLIC CLOCK - THE SEASONS STIRRING IT
UP WITH 'LIVING MEMORY' AND SCULPTING WITH
TIME AND T IS FOR TARKOVSKY AND T IS FOR
VISIONARY AND T IS FOR SLOW CINEMA - T IS FOR
THE TIMEPIECE OF TIME - THE SKY AT DUSK OR THE
NUMBERS OF A TREE'S BANDED YEARS RINGING
IN THE CHANGES - T IS FOR DEEP TIME AND T IS
FOR THINGS: OBJECTS BODIES MATTER CLUTTER
FLOTSAM JETSAM LANDFILL MINDFILL TRACES
SMIDGEONS AND STUFF WITH A LITTLE BIT OF THIS
AND A LITTLE BIT OF THAT AND T IS FOR TARZAN
AND TRISTAN TZARA AND HIS:

HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT ME!
I'M AN IDIOT, I'M A PRACTICAL JOKER, I'M A HOAXER.
HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT ME!
I'M UGLY, MY FACE HAS NO EXPRESSION, I'M SMALL.
I'M LIKE THE REST OF YOU

**T IS FOR ATTEMPTING TO TRANSCEND THE
AESTHETIC DIMENSION EVEN WHEN THE PROOF IS
IN THE PUDDING.**





U IS FOR ANTI-ÜBERMENSCH AND USEFUL AND UNDERMINING THE UNBELIEVABLE AND THE ONGOING TENSION BETWEEN SERIOUSNESS AND NONSENSE - SERIOUS NONSENSE – U IS FOR UPHILL STRUGGLE AND THE NURTURING OF CERTAIN DOUBTS – U IS FOR HELPING TO HUMANISE LOFTY INTENTIONS AND INFORM THE PROJECT – U AS A PROTECTION FROM TAKING EVERYTHING THAT LITTLE BIT TOO SERIOUSLY AND THUS THE QUESTION OF TRUTH AS IT EMERGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF ART.

THEREFORE V IS FOR VAGABOND - HITHER AND DITHER UPSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS AND IN THE LADY’S CHAMBER – V IS FOR BORROWING THE WORK FROM AN HISTORICAL BLOODLINE - V IS FOR VIRUS AND IT’S CROSS-MEDIA AMBITIONS - THE IDEA IS OUT AND SPREADING NO LONGER JUST THE CINEMA NO LONGER JUST THE STORY - HOSTS ARE NUMEROUS THE VIRUS SURVIVES IN THE HARSHTEST ENVIRONMENTS AND IT CAN TURN ADVERSITY TO ITS BREEDING ADVANTAGE BY INFILTRATING DIVERSE PARADIGMS IT HAS BEEN TESTED IN EXPERIMENTAL FINE ART PRACTICES – GOBBLEDY GOOK TO SOME BUT PERFECT SENSE TO OTHERS - V IS FOR VOICES - IN THE HEAD THROAT AND CHEST AND ON THE TONGUE LIKE VARIETIES OF HONEY.

W IS FOR WORDS THAT ARE IMPORTANT AND THAT HAVE BEEN GATHERED HERE AS A MEANS OF INSPIRATION AND CONFUSION - W IS FOR TO WHAT EXTENT DOES LANGUAGE PERFORM THOUGHT? W IS FOR WITTGENSTEIN AND THESE WORDS THAT I’M USING IN AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN THE EARTHWORKS BOOKWORK - W IS FOR THESE WORDS AS THE WORK - WORK THAT ATTEMPTED TO CHALLENGE THE PRETTY PASTORAL NEVER THE MERCHANT IVORY LAURA ASHLEY OR CHOCOLATE BOX PAINTERLY NEVER THE TOPIARY BETTER A STREAK OF DEBAUCHERY BUTCHERED BANALITY AND THE WILDNESS OF OUTLAW WOODLAND - ROAD KILL IN STAGNANT PONDS.

X AND THEN Y: YOU DON’T ASK TO BE BORN, DO



YOU? YOU'RE BORN YOU LIVE YOU DIE - YOU'RE NOT YOU ARE AND YOU'RE NOT AND THAT'S THE END OF IT - Y IS FOR THE RIVER'S NOT WIDE BUT WE'RE ALL CROSSING IT TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE - Y IS FOR PLAY AS A CLUE TO ONTOLOGICAL EXPLANATION.

Z - IS FOR ZINC FOUND DEEP UNDERGROUND - Z IS DIFFICULT SO ONWARDS TOWARDS THE BEGINNING.

A IS FOR THE BEGINNING AND THE BUZZING OF THE BEES - TWO FAT LADIES CLICKERTY CLICK - A IS FOR A WORLD IN WHICH AMBIGUITY REIGNS SUPREME - A IS FOR EM CIORAN AND APHORISM AS AN HISTORICAL CONTEXT - APHORISM AS AN ARISTOCRATIC GENRE OF CREATIVITY - A IS FOR THE WISDOM OF CONCISE THINKING AND OF EXPERIENCE COMPACTED INTO AN ESSENCE - A IS FOR THE FRAGMENTARY AND THE UNFINISHED THE FLEETING AND THE FOUND - A IS FOR ACADEMICS AND ADVISORS - A IS FOR COULDAVISTS AND SHOULDAVISTS AND HISTORIANS AND THE FACT THAT THEY ARE THERE NOT BECAUSE THEY HAVE SPECIAL ACCESS TO TRUTH BUT BECAUSE THEY HAVE BEEN AROUND AND HAVE TAUGHT THEMSELVES TO BELIEVE IN WHAT THEY WRITE - AND A OF COURSE IS FOR ART WHICH VARIES IN ITS SOURCES OF INSPIRATION AND IN ITS MODES OF EXECUTION - AND A IS FOR ATHEISM AND THE ART OF SEEING WITH ONES OWN EYES AND THINKING WITH ONE'S OWN MIND AND A IS FOR THE ABANDONMENT OF SYNCRETISM AS THE ONE SINGLE RELIGION WHICH ATTEMPTED AN AMALGAMATION OF DIFFERENT RELIGIONS CULTURES AND SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT AND A IS FOR A MERGING OF DIFFERENT INFLECTIONAL VARIETIES OF A WORD DURING THE DEVELOPMENT OF A LANGUAGE AND THUS HERMENEUTIC SIGNIFIERS.

B IS FOR BORROWED IMPORTANCE BORROWED SIGNIFICANCE AND BORROWED IDEAS - B IS FOR BELIEVING AND B IS FOR CARING BUT NOT THE WEARING OF SUICIDE VESTS - B IS FOR BEING - BEING AS THE LAYERED READING OF TERRITORIES URBAN AND OTHERWISE VIA SIGNS OF ALL KINDS AND





WITHOUT PREJUDICE AS TO THE SOURCE OR STATUS OF THE PROMPT - BEING AS THE EYES AND THE EARS AND ALL THE SENSES OF A CONSCIOUS DRIFT THROUGH SPACE TIME ARCHITECTURE EXPERIENCE HISTORY AND THE LATENT FUTURE – B IS FOR BARON IN THE TREES AND BOB MORTIMER GUY DUBORD AND VIC REEVES B IS FOR A PSYCHE AND ITS' GEOGRAPHY.

C IS FOR COLLABORATION – ALL OF THE HEREBOWE ALL OF THE HEREUNDER AND ALL OF THE HEREON - EDEN KÖTTING, JEM FINER, SEAN LOCK, MARK LYTHGOE, LEILA MCMILLAN, CLAUDIA BARTON, LESLEY HILL, HELEN PARIS, SARAH LLOYD, TOBY MCMILLAN, ANDREW MITCHELL, RUSSEL STOPFORD, NICK GORDON-SMITH, MARK WHEATLEY, HATTIE NAYLOR, JOHN ROSEVEARE, BEN WOOLFORD, IAIN SINCLAIR, ALAN MOORE, STEWART LEE, PHILIPPE CIOMPI, CONOR KELLY, VICKY JUNG, TOBY JONES, FREDDIE JONES, ADELAIDE LEROUX, AURELIA PETIT, JEAN LUC BIDEAU - SO MANY MORE THAT I SHOULD MENTION AND C IS FOR THE FACT THAT WE NEED SOUL-AIDS TO MAKE THE WORK WITHOUT OTHERS THE SELF THAT IS KNOWN WILL STOP - C IS FOR COLLAGE AND COMMAS SEMI-COLONS AND COLONS: SPRINGBOARDS OF SUSPENSE BREATH HELD A BEAT - NEVER THE FULL STOP - RATHER ASSIMILATION COLLATION AND THEN REGURGITATION - CONTINGENCY A MUST – C COMPRISES OF CUT-UPS AS A BETTER REALITY - NO SINGULAR GRAIN OF TRUTH - JUST DAVID SHIELDS AND HIS REALITY HUNGER - COLLAGED BITS AND PIECES GLEANED FROM A SET OF CONTEXTS AND PRACTICES – C IS FOR THE FACT THAT THERE ARE NO LONGER PRESCRIPTIVE READINGS OF THE TERMS BUT INSTEAD AN EDGELAND EXISTENCE WITHIN THE DISCIPLINE – C IS FOR THE FACT THAT WE ARE NO LONGER GROUNDED WITHIN THE FOUNDATIONAL CERTAINTIES ASSOCIATED WITH MODERNIST PHILOSOPHY AND C IS FOR THE FACT THAT THERE HAS BEEN TOO MUCH SPILLAGE AND THERE IS NO LONGER A GIVEN OR SELF-EVIDENT CONTEXT - C IS FOR THE FACT THAT FLUIDS TRAVEL EASILY NO MATTER WHAT OBSTACLES





YOU PUT IN THEIR WAY – C IS FOR THE FACT THAT
FACTS ARE WOBBLY – C IS FOR THE FACT THAT FAR
BETTER THE SCIENTIFIC FACT THAN THE ISLAMIC
JUDEO CHRISTIAN FACT – C IS FOR THE FACT THAT
THIS ISN'T REALLY A CONCLUSION.

**THUS D IS FOR DIFFERENCE AND THE EARTHWORKS
AS A 'DIFFERENCE' ENGINE A VEHICLE INTO
OTHERNESS AND REVELATION AESTHETICALLY
BODILY AND MENTALLY - EVERYTHING WORKING
NORMALLY? NO. D IS FOR DIGRESSION AND THE
FACT THAT IF YOU DON'T LEAVE THE PATH YOU WON'T
SEE THE WATERFALL - D IS FOR DISCRIMINATION
BETWEEN COLOUR AND FORM MATERIAL AND
CONTEXT IDEAS AND SPONTANEITY ARTISTS AND ERA
TRUTH AND FICTION - D IS FOR BEING DROWNED AT
BIRTH LIKE THE RUNT OF A LITTER AND STRUGGLING
TO COME TO TURNS WITH MY OWN INEVITABLE
DEMISE.**

Inspired by *"what he does, how he does it and the context in which it has been done: An
Alphabetarium of Kötting - written in collaboration with Gareth Evans for 2005*

CONCLUSION / KƏN'KLU:ʒ(ə)N/

noun: conclusion; plural noun: conclusions the end or finish of an event, process, or text.

"the conclusion of World War Two"

synonyms: end, ending, finish, close, closure, termination, wind-up, cessation

antonyms: beginning, start the summing-up of an argument or text.

"in the conclusion we highlight these and other important issues"

the formal and final arrangement of an agreement.

"the conclusion of a free-trade accord"

synonyms: negotiation, brokering, settlement, settling, clinching, completion, arranging, accomplishment, establishment, resolution

"The conclusion of a free-trade agreement"

A judgement or decision reached by reasoning and thus each research group came to a similar conclusion: A healthy tongue in a wise head:





HERMENEUTIC / HƏ:MI'NJU:TɪK/

adjective: concerning interpretation, especially of the Bible or literary texts.

noun: a method or theory of interpretation.

WHAT IS IT THAT HOLDS THIS TRILOGY TOGETHER?

ОН ДЕРЖИТСЯ ВМЕСТЕ?

WHAT IS IT THAT HOLDS THIS TRILOGY TOGETHER?

ЭТО ИСТОРИЯ?

DOES IT HOLD TOGETHER?

ЯВЛЯЕТСЯ ЛИ ЭТО БЕССМЫСЛЕННЫМ ПРЕНЕБРЕЖЕНИЕМ К ОПИСАТЕЛЬНОЙ

IS IT THE STORY?

ТРАЕКТОРИИ?

IS IT IMBUED WITH A WANTON DISREGARD FOR NARRATIVE TRAJECTORY?

ИЛИ ЖЕЛАНИЕ ПОДОРВАТЬ ТО САМОЕ, ЧТО УДЕРЖИВАЕТ ТЯГУ ВМЕСТЕ?

OR A DESIRE TO UNDERMINE THE VERY THING THAT IT SETS OUT TO ACHIEVE?

ИЛИ ЭТО ЛЕК?

OR IS IT LEX?

И МНЕ НУЖНО ОТОЗВАТЬСЯ О СТРЕМЛЕНИЯ ЗОЛЫ К ТОМУ, ЧТОБЫ ПЕРСОНАЖИ МЕДЛИЛИ И ВЫХОДИЛИ ИЗ РАЗНЫХ МИРОВ?

AND MY NEED TO ECHO ZOLA'S ASPIRATIONS TO HAVE CHARACTERS MEANDER IN AND OUT OF DIFFERENT WORLDS?

НЕПРЕРЫВНОСТЬ И СОБЛАЗНЕНИЕ ИСПОЛНИТЕЛЕЙ?

A CONTINUITY AND SEDUCTION OF PERFORMANCE BY A PERFORMER?

ЕГО ВЗГЛЯД?

HIS LOOK?

ЕГО ВЗГЛЯД?

HIS STARE?



ЕГО ГДЕ-ТО ЕЩЕ?

HIS ELSEWHERE?

ЕГО ПЕЧАЛЬ, КОТОРУЮ Я ОДОЛЖИЛ У СТАЛКЕРА ТАРКОВСКОГО?

HIS SADNESS - BORROWED FROM TARKOVSKY'S STALKER?

ГДЕ ОН?

WHERE IS HE AT?

КУДА МЫ БУДЕМ С НИМ?

WHERE ARE WE GOING WITH HIM?

ИЛИ ЭТО БЫЛА ПРОГУЛКА?

OR WAS IT THE WALKING?

ЛЮБОВЬ К ЛАНДШАФТУ И ВЕЛИКИМ ВНЕ ДОМА?

A LOVE OF LANDSCAPE AND THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS?

Я ПОГРУЗИЛСЯ В РАННЕМ ВОЗРАСТЕ, ПОМНЯ О ТОМ, ЧТО БЫЛО ГНЕВ ОТЦА.

PLUNGING IN AT AN EARLY AGE, MINDFUL OF THE THING THAT WAS A FATHER'S RAGE.

СКРЫТЫЙ В ПРИГОРОДНОМ САДУ, ПАТЧ ИЗ РЕВЕНЯ И ЛАГЕРЬ ИЗ ПАПОРОТНИКОВ.

HIDDEN WITHIN A SUBURBAN GARDEN, A RHUBARB PATCH AND A CAMP MADE OF FERNS.

И ЛЕС.

OR THE WOODS.

ТАМ, В КОНЦЕ ДОРОГИ, БЫЛИ ЛЕСА.

THERE AT THE END OF THE ROAD WERE THE WOODS.

ЭЛМСТЕД ВУДС.

ELMSTEAD WOODS.

СОКРОВИЩНИЦА МЕРТВЫХ ЛИСИЦ, ВЛАЖНОЙ ПОРНОГРАФИИ, ТОРГОВЫЕ ТЕЛЕЖКИ И БАРСУКОВ.

A TREASURE TROVE OF DEAD FOXES, DAMP PORNOGRAPHY, SHOPPING TROLLEYS AND BADGERS.

Andrew Kötting 2018





TODAY THE ENLIGHTENMENT RECEIVES AN ALMOST UNIVERSALLY BAD PRESS. AFTER TWO WORLD WARS AND OTHER HORRORS, BRUISED HUMANITY FEELS IT NEEDS PASSION AND COMMITMENT, NOT JUST REASON. REASON WE ARE LED TO BELIEVE, IS CLOSELY ALLIED TO POSITIVISM, INTOLERANCE AND FASCISM. YET THERE IS NO GETTING AWAY FROM THE CONCLUSION THAT THE ENLIGHTENMENT OPENED UP THE POSSIBILITY OF KNOWING THAT VOICES CAME FROM WITHIN THE HUMAN MIND, NOT FROM POWERFUL BEINGS EXTERNAL TO IT.

David Lewis-Williams – THE MIND IN A CAVE

WE ARE ALL OF US IN ERROR,
THE HUMOURISTS EXCEPTED.
THEY ALONE HAVE DISCERNED,
AS THOUGH IN JEST, THE INANITY
OF ALL THAT IS SERIOUS AND
EVEN OF ALL THAT IS FRIVOLOUS.

E.M Cioran – Drawn and Quartered

HE WAS THE MOST RIDICULOUS
OF TRAVELLERS, BRILLIANTLY
PREPARED FOR ALL EVENTS, SO
LONG AS THEY NEVER HAPPENED.

B. Catling – THE VORRH

I USED TO DROP DOWN BEHIND BUSH OR DYKE AND WRITE DOWN MY THINGS UPON THE CROWN OF MY HAT AND WHEN I WAS MORE IN A HIP FOR THINKING THEN USUAL I USED TO STOP LATER AT NIGHTS TO MAKE UP MY LOST TIME IN THE DAY – THUS I WENT ON WRITING MY THOUGHTS DOWN AND CORRECTING THEM AS LEISURE SPENDING MY SUNDAYS IN THE WOODS OR HEATHS TO BE ALONE FOR THAT PURPOSE....

John Clare – My first attempts at Poetry etc etc





Earthworks 4 Hereafter

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FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE – FOUNDATION OF HEALTH
ЗЕМЛЯ - ТЯЖЕЛО ЕЩЕ КРАСИВАЯ ВЕЩЬ

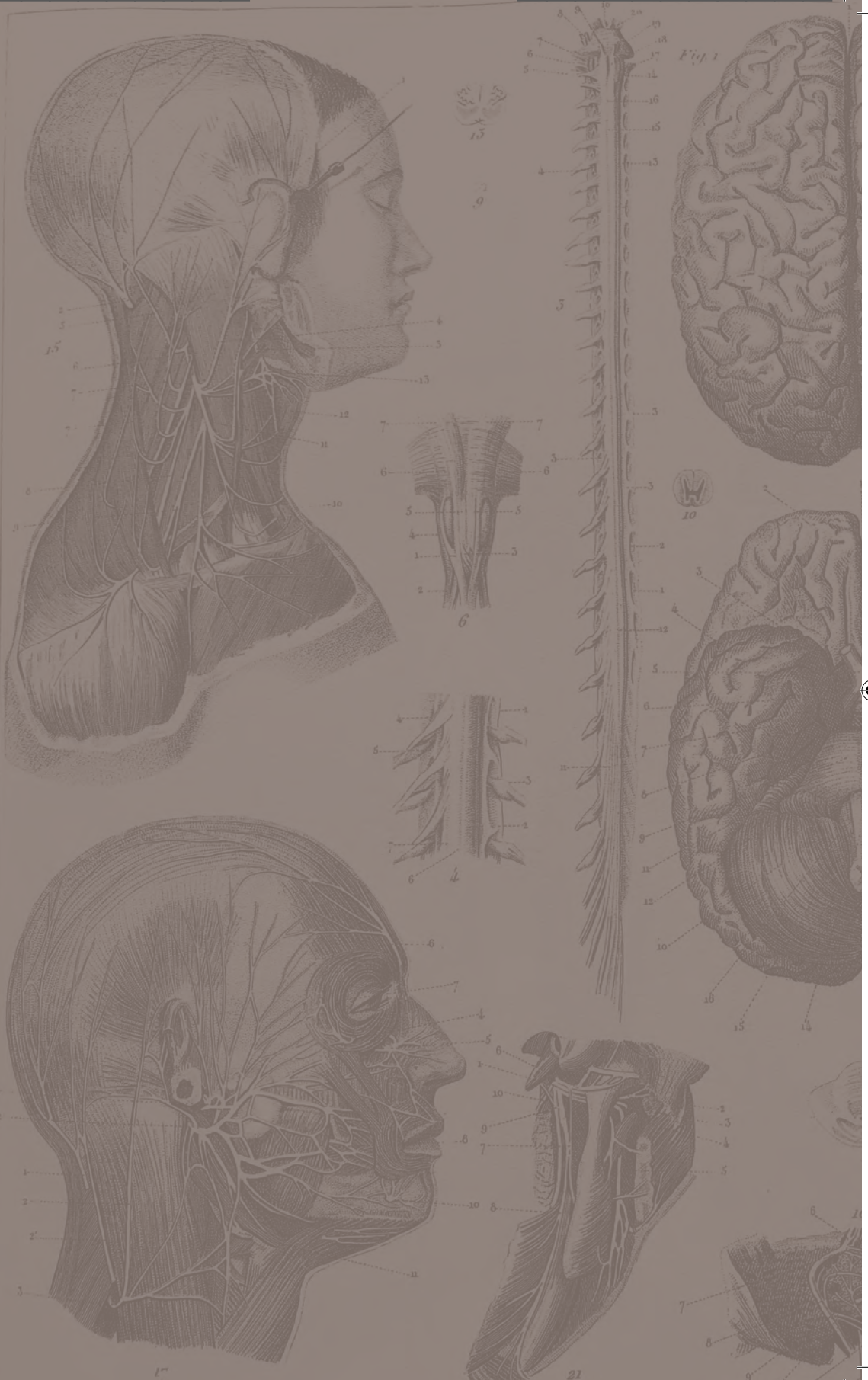


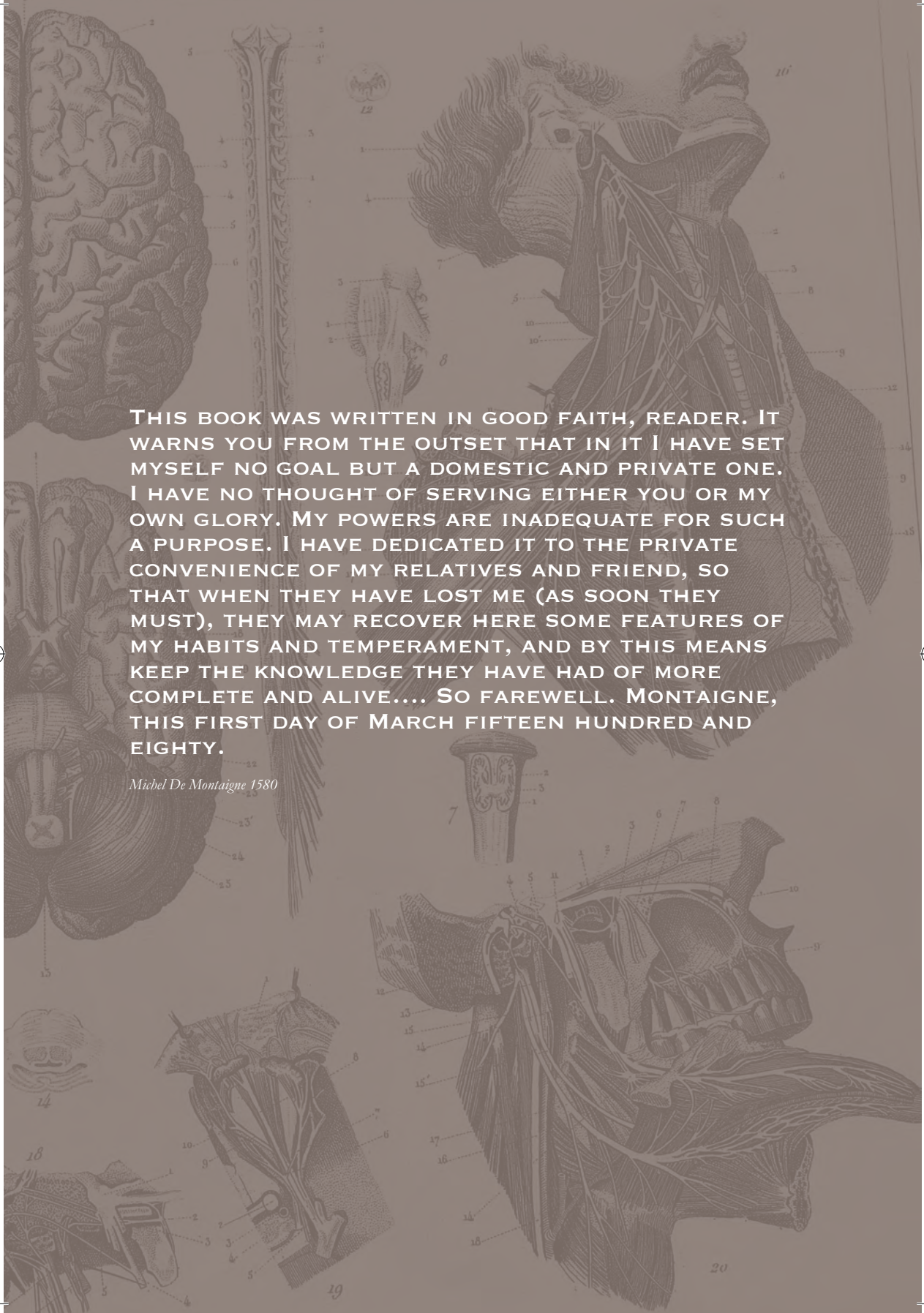


Earthworks Bookwork

HEREON
HEREOVER
HEREUNDER
HEREAFTER







THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN IN GOOD FAITH, READER. IT WARNS YOU FROM THE OUTSET THAT IN IT I HAVE SET MYSELF NO GOAL BUT A DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE ONE. I HAVE NO THOUGHT OF SERVING EITHER YOU OR MY OWN GLORY. MY POWERS ARE INADEQUATE FOR SUCH A PURPOSE. I HAVE DEDICATED IT TO THE PRIVATE CONVENIENCE OF MY RELATIVES AND FRIEND, SO THAT WHEN THEY HAVE LOST ME (AS SOON THEY MUST), THEY MAY RECOVER HERE SOME FEATURES OF MY HABITS AND TEMPERAMENT, AND BY THIS MEANS KEEP THE KNOWLEDGE THEY HAVE HAD OF MORE COMPLETE AND ALIVE.... SO FAREWELL. MONTAIGNE, THIS FIRST DAY OF MARCH FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

Michel De Montaigne 1580

