




AMC Peformative lecture, Island of Solund, Norway



curators vacation:



Anne-Marie Creamer




[COMPANY NAME] [Company address]

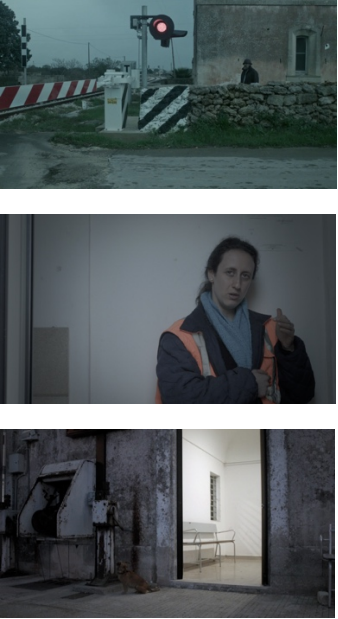
Grid of AMC's Norway Island lecture

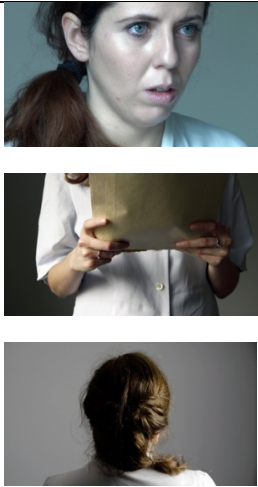

Duration	Music & sound	Visual	Screen dialogue/ V.O.	AMC says:
30 secs	Start: Music & voice which repeats and builds to a crescendo. Stops.	black		Sanding still, silent
1 min	Sound dissolves to: Sounds of nature, mimicking outside. Dusk.	Fade up: Sequence of an island, in Norway. AMC is standing mid-ground looking through some binoculars 	"Fade up"	Sanding still, silent
30 secs- 1min	Sound dissolves to: Interior room sounds, silence	Cut to: Woman (AMC) standing with her back turned to the camera. 	"We are on an island, on a hill, in an old children's school, in this room. Together. She is here for the event of meeting you."	Standing still, silent
1 min	Sound dissolves to: Silence/ low threatening drone sounds, subtle.	Cut to: wide shot, same scene. 	"Cross dissolve to: She is a mature woman. Brunette. Smiling nervously, trying a bit too hard. Here name is Anne-Marie. Dissolve and fade down".	"My name is Anne-Marie Creamer and I have come here to by way of an introduction"




	<p>Sounds dissolves to: build tension, music builds.</p> <p>Sudden cut to silence. Pause:</p>		<p>“We are faced with the task of making a journey. Imagine this precise moment in time in the past.</p> <p>Fade down”</p>	<p>“Come with me”. (Beckoning gesture).</p>
	<p>Music, atmost, winds in forest, effects.</p>	 <p>Extracts of AMC walking about forest near Maloy.</p>	<p>“Fade up”</p>	<p>“It is 20th May 2012. The island of Maloy, western Norway.</p> <p>Dream.</p> <p>I’m in a forest in Maloy. I see myself from the back walking between the trees. There circles of both light and shadow around each of my footsteps. I know with each footstep I can go faster and faster than ever before, so of course I want to spring forwards and run. But I told by a very very old man - the oldest man in Sogn og Fjordane –but I must pause at each step, letting my foot rest on the ground for a moment if I want to develop its full power and reach, before taking the next step.”</p>
1 min.	<p>Wind, electronic wind, atmost sound of storm approaching in the distance.</p>	<p>Silent extracts of moon filmed in Rome.</p> 	<p>“Fade to”</p>	<p>“It is 22nd of November 2012 Rome.</p> <p>I am on the roof late 19th century building in Rome, the British School at Rome. I’m here to film the moon but there is a storm coming. It has begun raining hard and I am trying to cover camera with my umbrella and I try to push my weight down on the tripod to stop it blowing over. But I look up and keep the moon in frame. Oh, the moon! It is large, delicious, voluptuous. A large cypress tree in the courtyard of the British School sways back and forth in the wind. – Suddenly lightning strikes somewhere near to me. I become frightened. What is this for? I’m here in Rome to make <i>Treatment for Six</i></p>



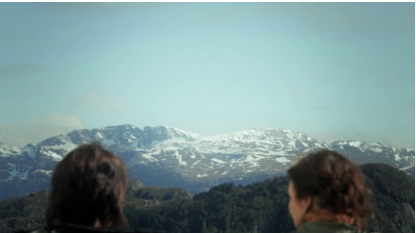
<p>2 mins, silent</p>	<p>Music & sound, dialogue, Italian.</p>	<p>Sequence of this moment playing silently as I speak:</p> 		<p>Characters, an unrealized film Italian writer Luigi Pirandello's wished to make about a fictionalized, ethically ambivalent, portrayal of the creative process leading to his seminal 1921 play <i>'Six Characters in Search of an Author'</i> – using a recently discovered text I adapted Pirandello's plans making a film that explores the imaginative possibilities of his absent film. “</p> <p>November 23^d, 9am, Teatro Valle, Rome. I am standing in a theatre box behind my camera. Everyone is ready. Simona sits in the theatre box opposite. We are ready! I never dreamed this moment would come but since I arrived in Rome the fates have shone on me; foundations and people have opened their doors to me and Teatro Valle, the oldest working theatre in Rome, the place where Pirandello premiered his infamous play in 1921 is currently under a political occupation. This is great for me though. The actors, managers and technicians who now run the theatre have given me permission to film because like me they LOVE <i>'Six Characters in Search of an Author'</i>. – Silence...we are ready to start. Suddenly, there is loud whispering from the top tiers of the theatre. SILENCIO! Yells Simona. We are on out 3rd take as everyone time Simona runs through the theatre, screaming, as I have asked her to do, her sleeping friends wake up, thinking there is a tragedy, “What Simona! What has happened, a child has died!</p> <p><i>Play extract:</i></p>
<p>5 mins.</p>	<p>Music & sound, dialogue, Italian.</p>			



	Music & sound, dialogue, Italian.			
Still	Silence		<p>“On September 14th 2014 she gave the first screening of <i>Treatment</i> before an invited audience at the Drawing Room Gallery in London. She’s had to do introduce it several time since and thought:”</p> <p>“Then on February 14th this year – “</p>	<p>“There has to be a better way to do this”</p> <p>“We are in Balham, South London, where I’ve been invited by a group of young artists. A group of people are gathered in the room, waiting for <i>Treatment</i> to be screened. They talk amongst themselves quietly and some have been wondering where I am. The door swings open and in walks a tall mustachioed man wearing a coat and flat cap. He stops, folds his arms. The crowd fall silent. He says: “Hello, thank-you for coming here this evening. My name is Anne-Marie Creamer.” Using my words from the event at the Drawing Room as a script he claims he is me, and goes onto to tell the audience of the struggles Anne-Marie had to make the work. This is the work <i>Fictional Introduction</i>, a meta-prologue to my film and drawing on both my own and Luigi Pirandello’s ideas it heightens the line between author-actor-character.</p> <p>It is April 2016, Basement gallery at Hotel Elephant, Borough London A second version here filmed, using theatre masks from the National Theatre in London.”</p> <p><i>Play extract:</i></p>
1 min extract.	Music & sound, dialogue, English.			

			She is currently developing a further versions of this work with a team of actors - a 'swarm of Anne-Marie's' - all competitively, absurdly insisting they are the author of Treatment for Six Characters.	
3 mins extract	Music & sound, dialogue, Italian.		" Fade up"	<p>"Is is November 24, 2014 Novli train station Salento, southern Italy</p> <p>I am waiting on a nearly empty train platform for someone to tell me what's going on. A little further down two of my helpers are talking intently to some train keepers, Ivana and Antonio, plus others. These are the people who used to live in the little houses by the railway tracks and who before each train would rush out and raise the barrier stopping cars and people crossing the track. For the last 20 years the government has been slowly, very slowly, modernizing the train system and over time most of the keepers have lost their role. 12 of them now have the job of two people at the station as compensation. Many have lost their homes. They are angry! They have told me about their anger and I have used their words to make a poetic declaration to be addressed publicly to the passing trains: an absurd, temporary monument to the passing of their role into obsolescence. I picture a proud angry chorus of train keepers I will film this morning - but only three have turned up. It is one thing to tell me their thoughts of coffee another to state them publicly. Except these few – so the conversation, with Ivana helping us, is taking place. 'Would you? Please!'. Another curator is pacing in circles whilst on the mobile phone. We - me, two cameramen and one translator are waiting. We wait. I walk up to Antonio and pointing upwards to the public address system I suggest an idea. A mischievous smile slowly spreads across Antonio's face. He nods."</p> <p><i>Play extract:</i></p>
			"Fade down"	

<p>Extract 2/3 mins, approx.</p>	<p>Music & sound, dialogue, Italian.</p>		<p>“Fade up”</p> <p>“Fade down”</p>	<p>“It is December 12th 2014. The Countryside, Salento, Southern Italy.</p> <p>I asked one thing before I left Salento. There were 3 women left doing the role of Train Keeper in the region. Their work ends later this month. After that point there will no more train keepers living in little stone houses by the side of the railway track. I make a request to them: in the final two hours of your job Will you write me a letter about what you see. Just describe what you see and hear. I only have one rule: your letter must begin “Dear Anne-Marie”. ”</p> <p><i>Play extract:</i></p>
<p>Extract 2 mins.</p>	<p>Music & sound, singing</p>			<p>“It is early September 2005, Transylvania</p> <p>I am on a slow moving, smelly train and have been travelling for 14 hours. I haven’t been able to sleep. I am fascinated and a little scared as I watched fields of grain get smaller, horses appearing dragging wooden carriages, and farmers pitching straw into little mounds with Pitchforks. I know where I am travelling but I also feel vertiginous, lost in time. The train is pulling into the largest station we have seen for hours, old city of Brasov. I turn to Tania and ask her why this is familiar. – “<i>Don’t you remember? This is the town where 130 children were said to have been led by the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The legend says the cave he brought them to opened up just outside Brasov.</i>” -</p> <p>We are changing trains and have some time to spare. We have coffee and a balcony overlooking the Town Square. Slowly we hear music, the sound of feet stamping, singing. Children’s singing. We look down to see the square is full of dancing children...”</p> <p><i>Play Extract.</i></p>

	Silence.			<p>"The film you just seen happened by chance, sometimes a feature of my work, and has been shown in 6 countries. I have often had to tell the story of my encounter with the dancing children, so much so it has become a movie that place inside my head. But one too late to film."</p>
Extract 4 mins.	Music & sound			<p>"It is October 9TH 2011 Diepenheim eastern Holland. I am here to premier a prologue to my dancing children film. Being interested in making 'cinema by other means', that is cinema without using traditional means, I have tried to make a film of that trip to Transylvania."</p> <p><i>Play Extract.</i></p> <p>"It is a silent movie. Two films at once, one wrapped around another."</p>
30 seconds	Silence.	 <p>silence sequence of AMC standing outside a building, waiting to enter.</p>		<p><i>Play extract.</i></p>
still		 <p>Still:</p>	"Cut to"	<p>"It is July 17th, 2011. In THIS ROOM, 5 years ago. We are sitting under the big red Chinese lanterns over there. We are planning. Talking. Imagining. Dreaming. We are considering a different way way museums, and the local one here, could reach out to its public. It could come to them by way of a publication, a newspaper that ends up on their doorstep. We do it! Lars Sture does it! Eventually it reaches 55,000 doorsteps. We</p>

		<p>KOMETIL DEGI</p> <p>Tidende</p> <p>Bob & Roberto Smith // Anon-Matic Creamer // Kjetil Berge // Bjørn Vess // S. E. Barnes // Tanka Kovacs // Julie Verboven // Will Rosalia // Maria Modica // Annika Strom // Andrew Lamp // Anne Line Strømsh // Math Thingnes // Inghild Steir // Meete Hol Telle // Wierche Wefring // Adam Chodko // Alex Hartley // Jeremy Milbar // Alex Pukay // Gus Morssem // Christian Finns // John Duvich // Leo // Erlend Hammer //</p>  <p><i>Still:</i></p>	<p>“Cut to”</p>	<p>call our newspaper <i>Kome til deg i Tidende.</i>”</p>
<p>still</p>		 <p><i>Still:</i></p>	<p>“Cut to”</p>	<p>For the first issue I had created a Death Notice that declared that the body of an old man, a fictional creation of mine, had been found dead in mysterious circumstances near to the Jostedalsglacier in Sogn og Fjordane. About 110 years old I proposed he was the oldest man in the region and that he had been born and lived on Måløy.</p>
<p>3 mins extract</p>			<p>“Cut to”</p>	<p>“It is May 17th 2012. Maloy.</p> <p>I am sitting on a balcony with Mari, a heavily pregnant Priest. She is telling me about her grandfather, about traveling back from Bergan having committed to study and feeling a distance, about the war, about being a woman in Maloy. This is 6th of these conversations, they are all telling me about their memories of the oldest man in Sogn og Fjordane, each fictioning with me to create what is in the end a collective, mosaic, portrait of a Måløy.</p> <p>Here is the trailer of that work.</p> <p><i>Play Extract: Trailer of The Oldest Man in Sogn og Fjordane</i></p>

<p>3 mins extract approx.</p>			<p>Cut to"</p> <p>"Fade down"</p>	<p>"We finish with a kind of impossible return: We are back in the forest near to Maloy, where we began. She is about to meet the old man, the oldest man in Sogn og Fjordane. "</p> <p><i>Play extract: Live voice-over version of epilogue to The Oldest Man in Sogn og Fjordane.</i></p>
<p>1 min seq.</p>	<p>Sound music, becoming more metallic, thinner, fades to wind, sounds of beating, drifting off.</p> <p>Fade to: sounds of a Norwegian island. Cut to silence.</p> <p><u>END</u></p>	<p>Sequence: a woman standing with her back to the camera. Very slowly it fades to white.</p> 	<p>"Pause.</p> <p>"She is leaving now. She is fading. Her skin is becoming thin, it seems almost transparent.</p> <p>Pause.</p> <p>She sees you now, this precise moment, from the future. She will always be there.</p> <p>Fade down."</p> <p><u>END</u></p>	<p>Bows. Leaves.</p> <p><u>END</u></p>