STIRRINGS STILL

for

narrator & string quartet

(2016-18)

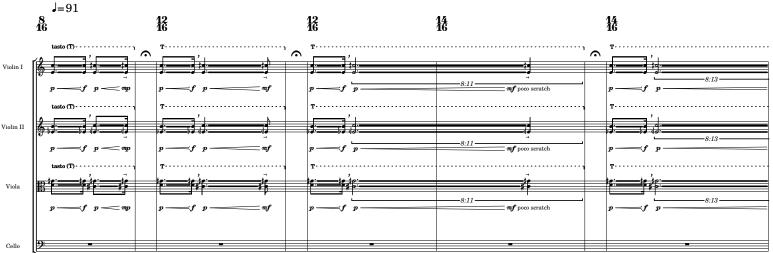
TREVOR BAČA

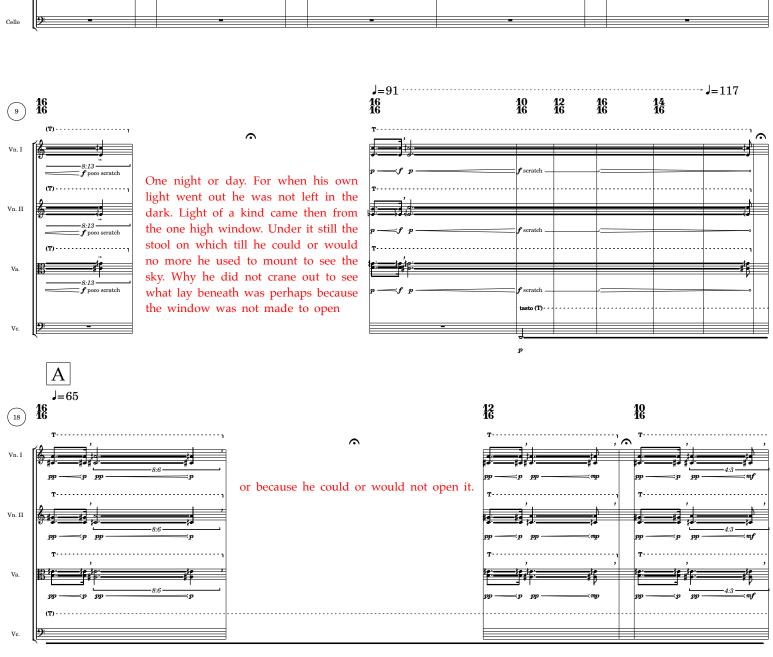
STIRRINGS STILL

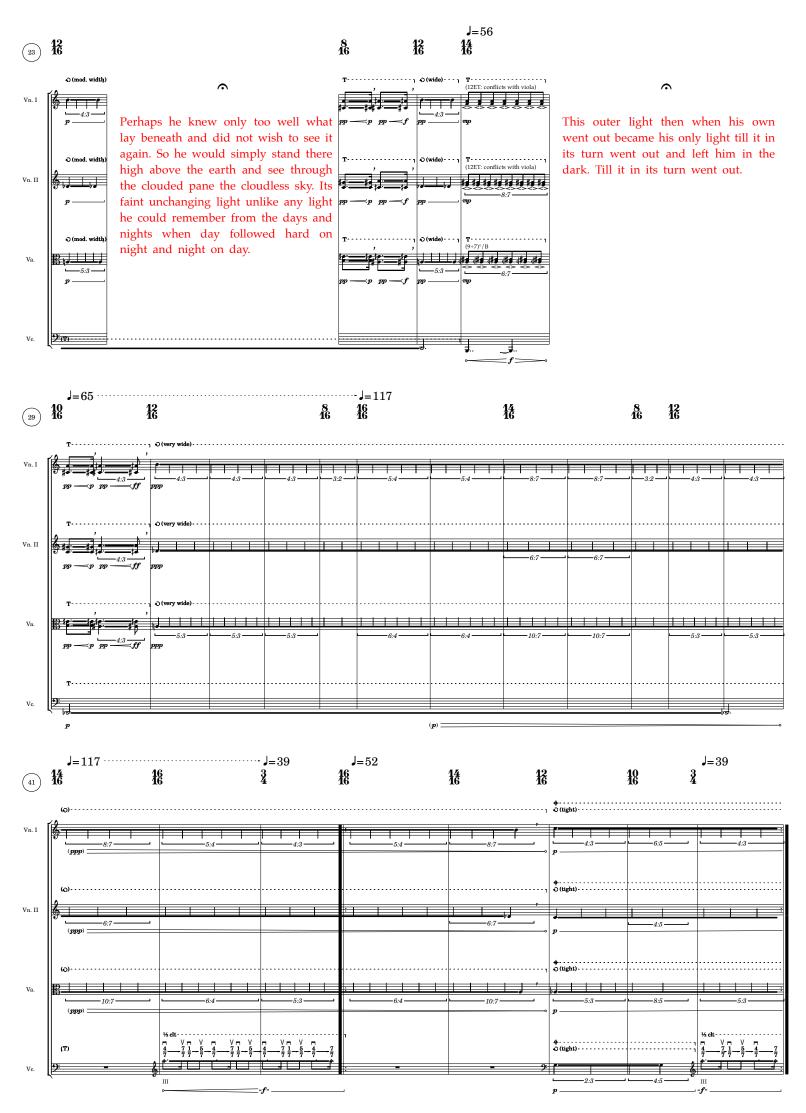
for Paul Griffiths & the JACK Quartet

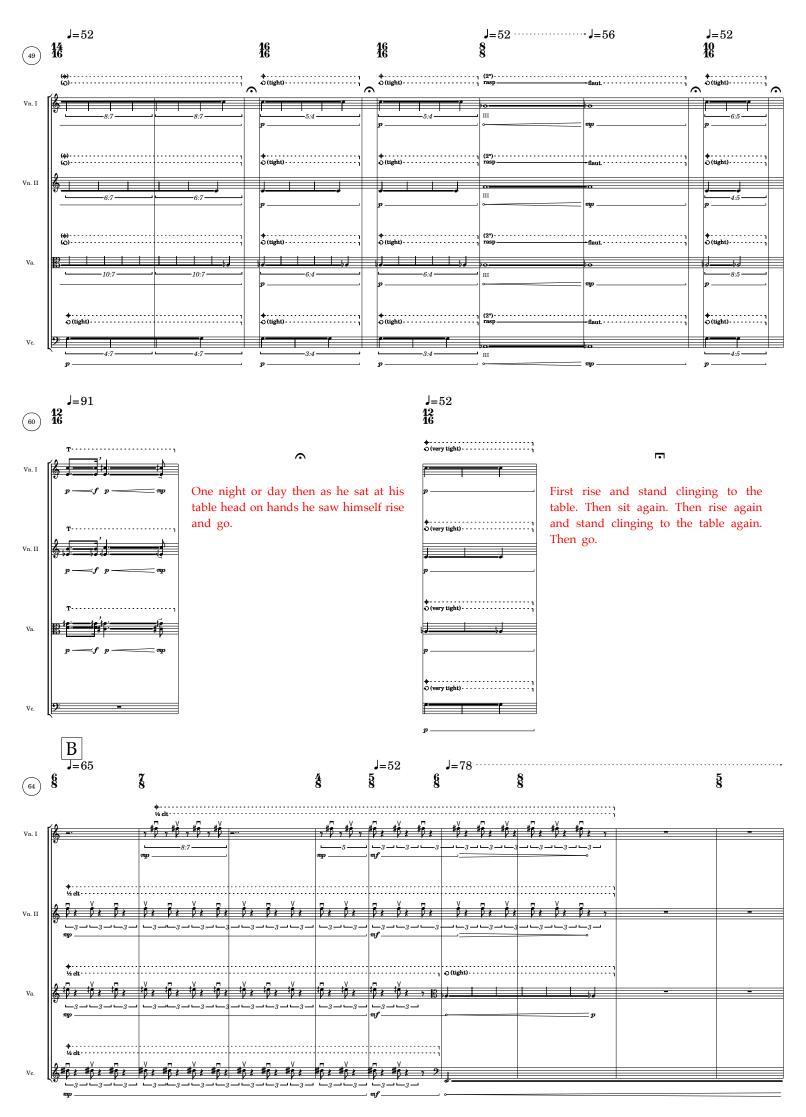
Samuel Beckett
Trevor Bača

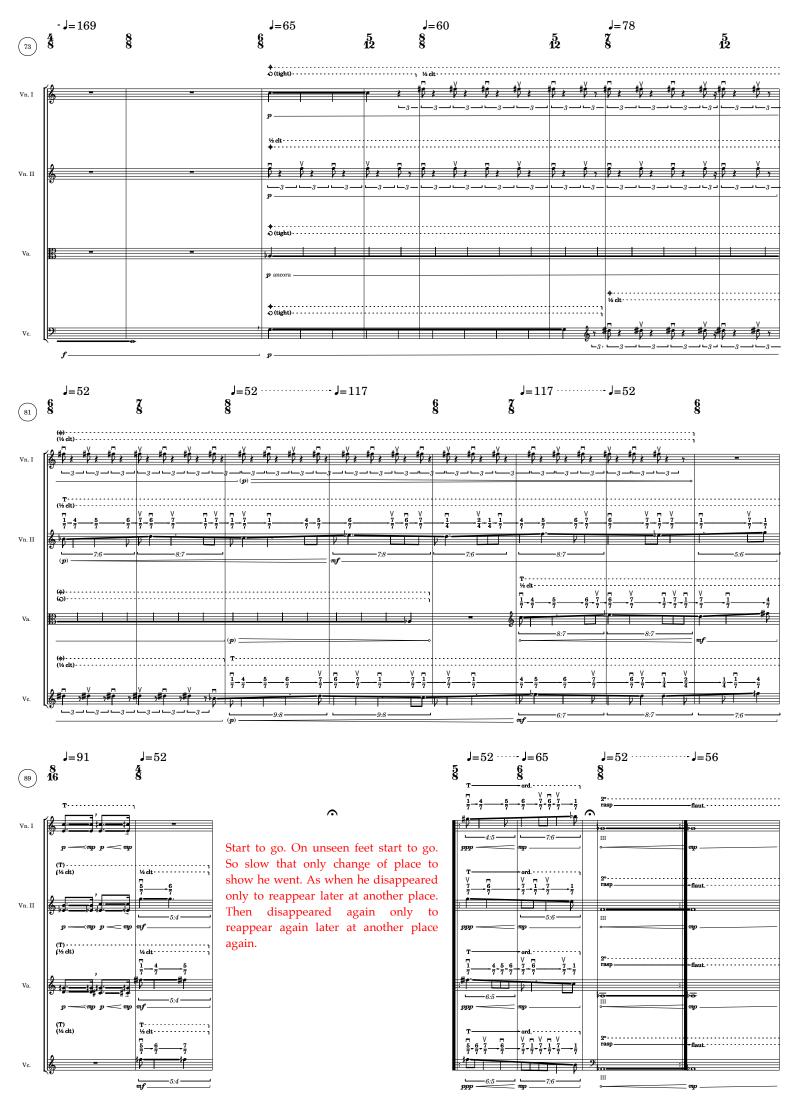
NARRATOR. One night as he sat at his table head on hands he saw himself rise and go.

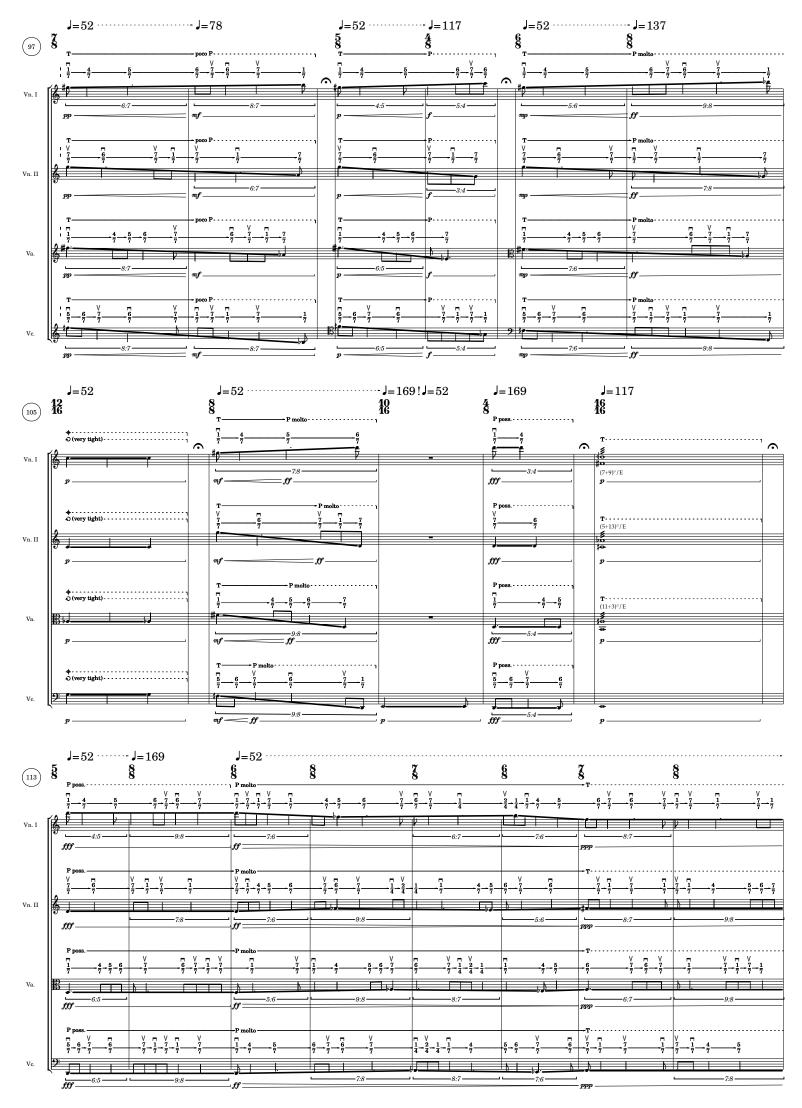








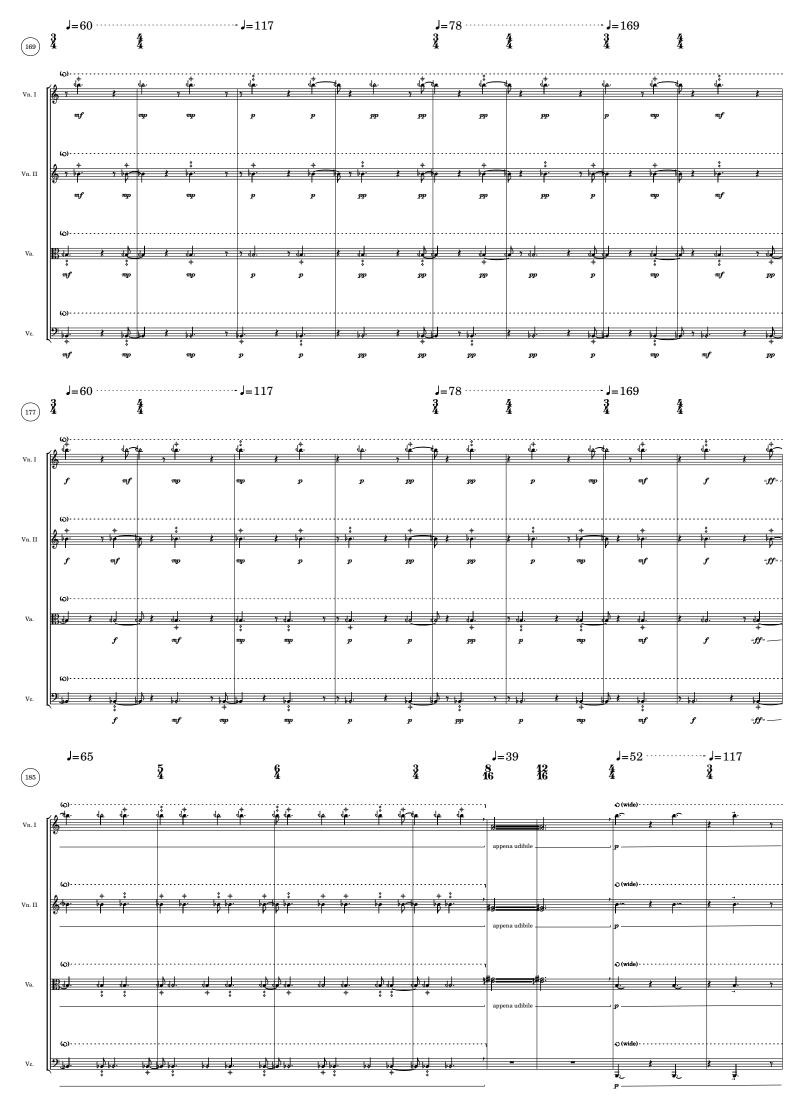


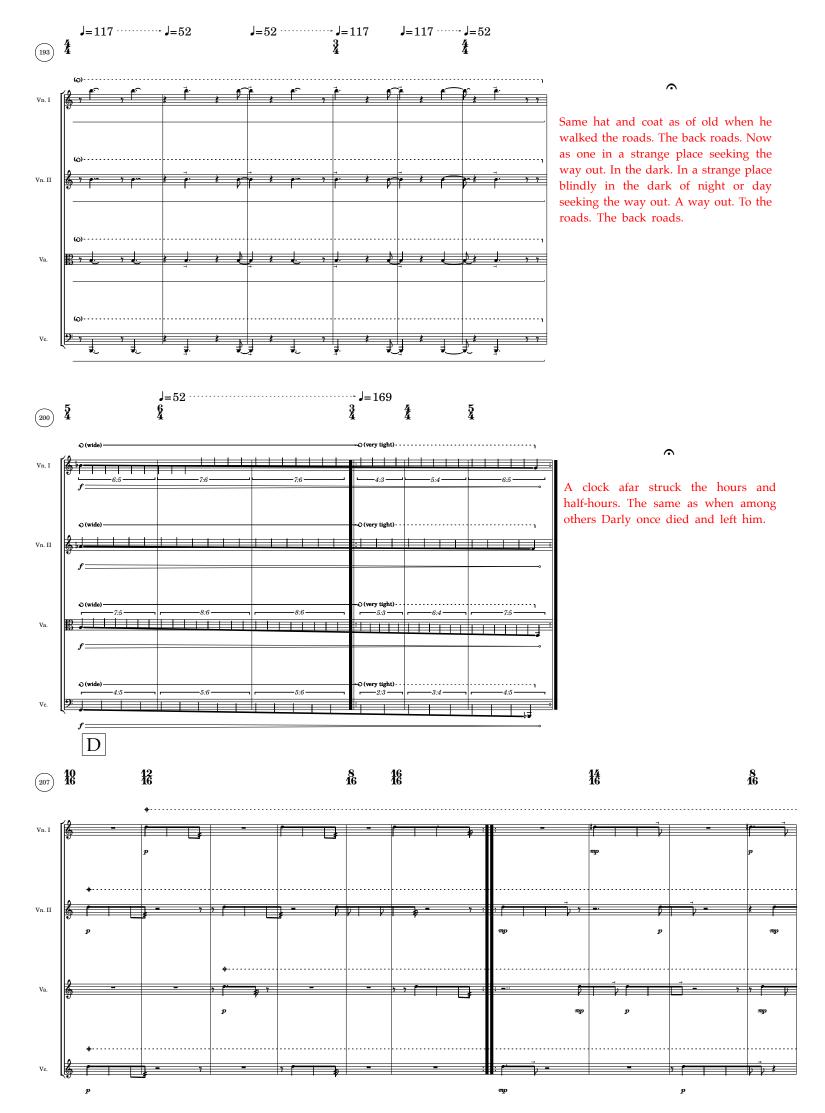


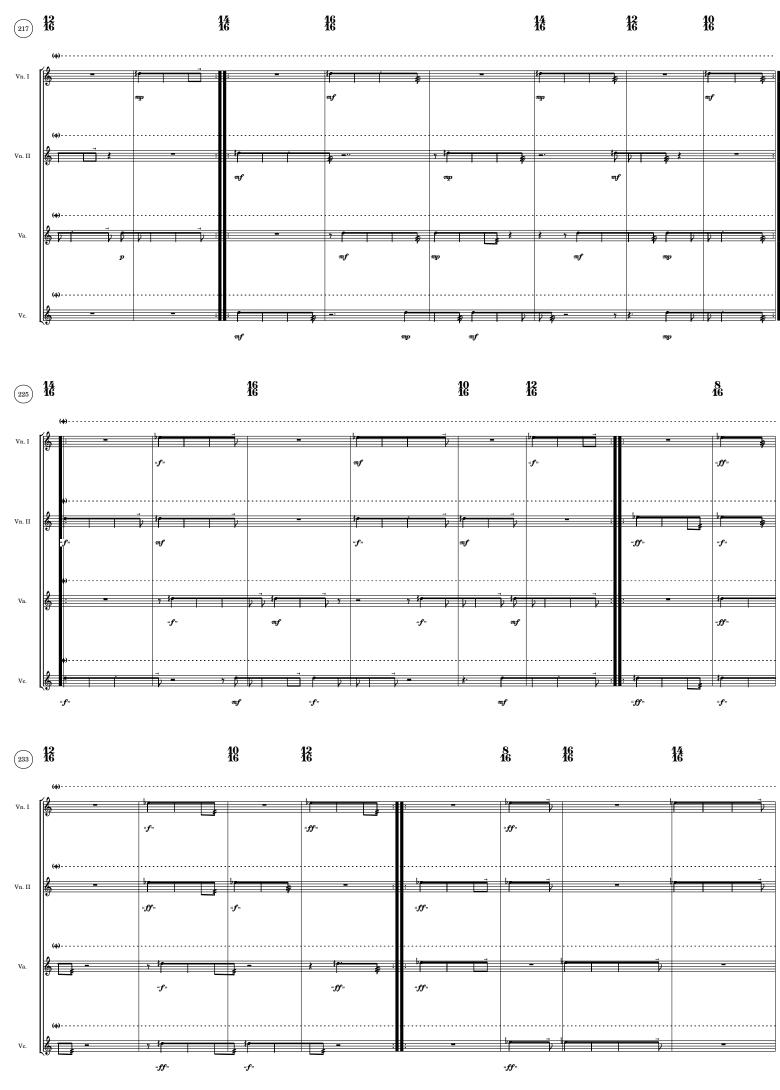


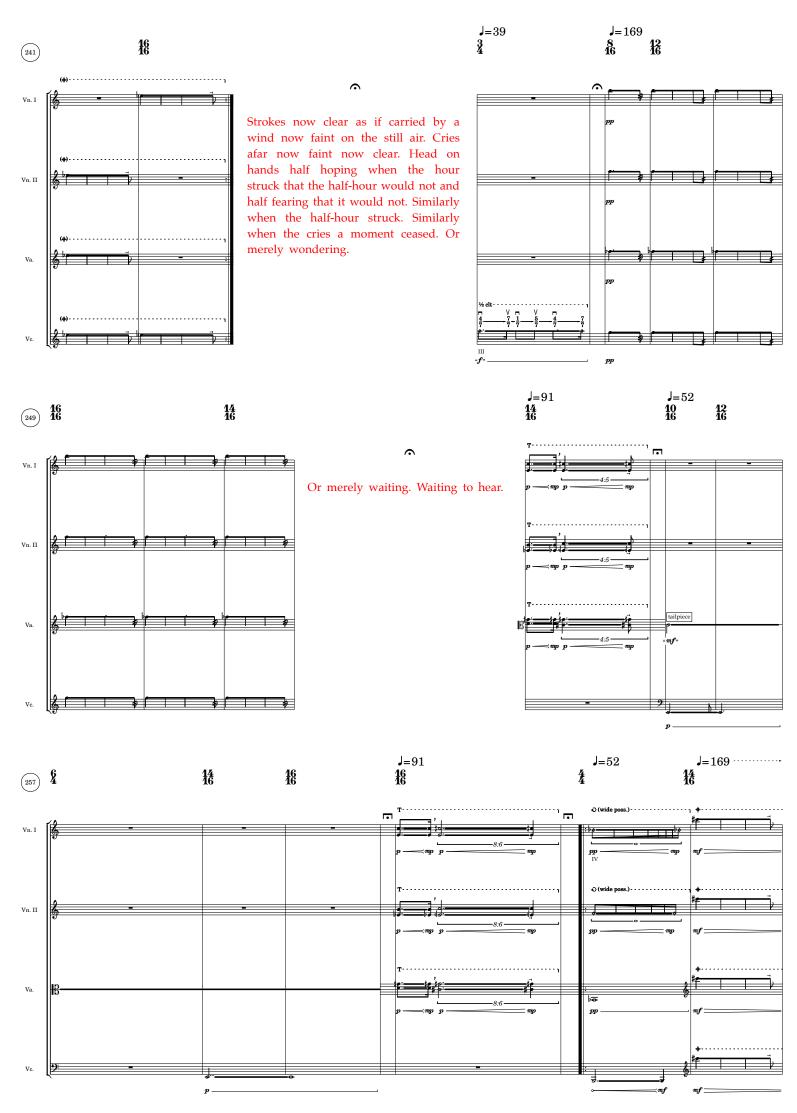


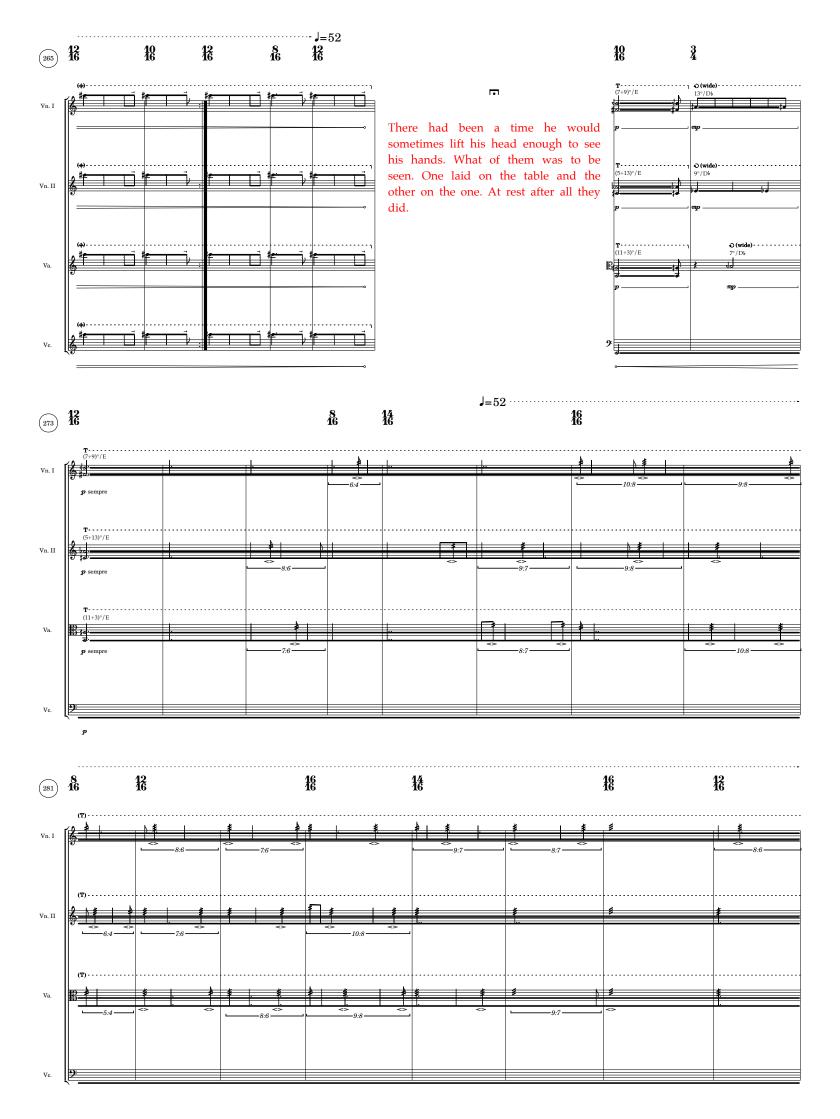
Stirrings Still — 7 — Bača

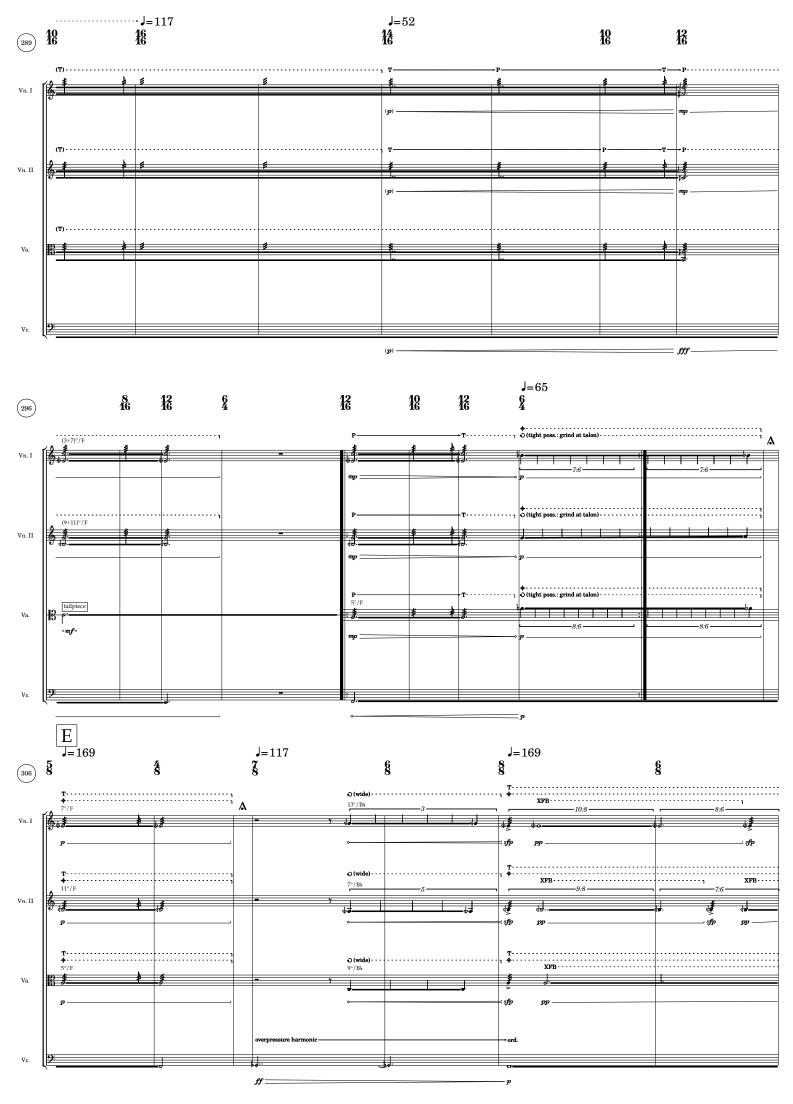


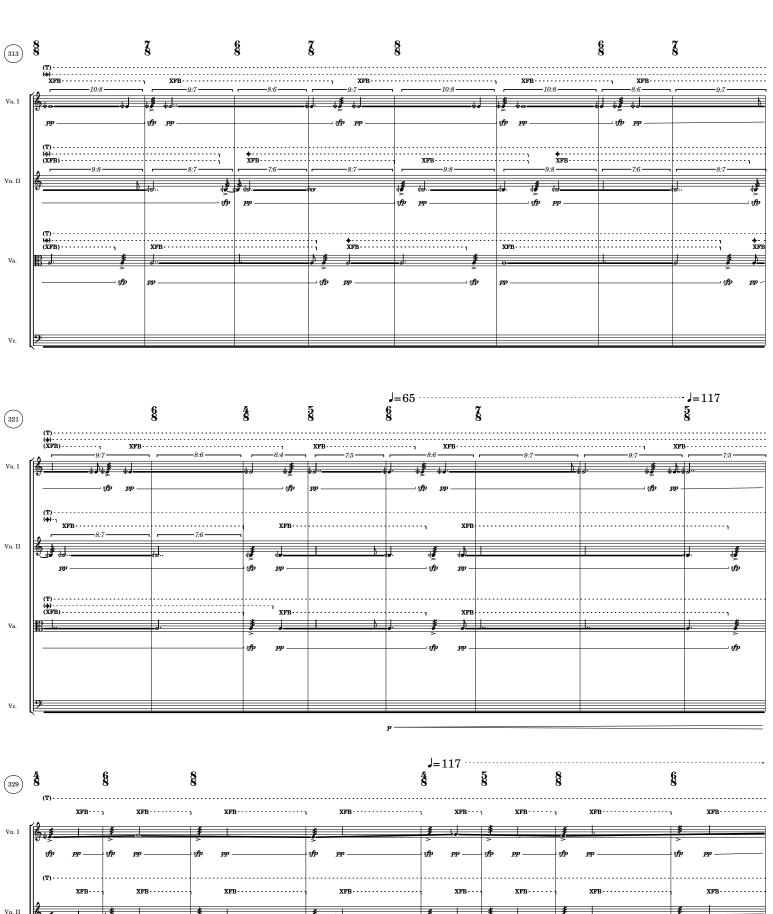


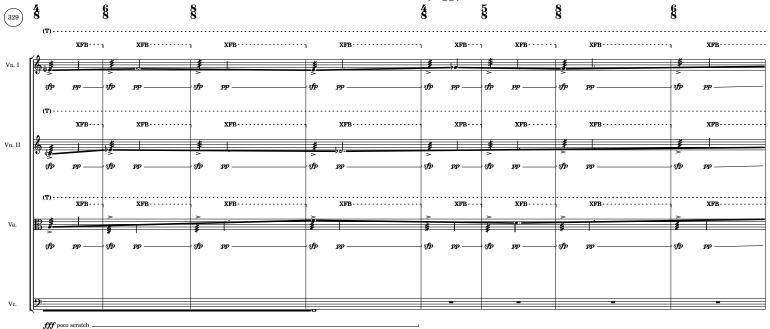


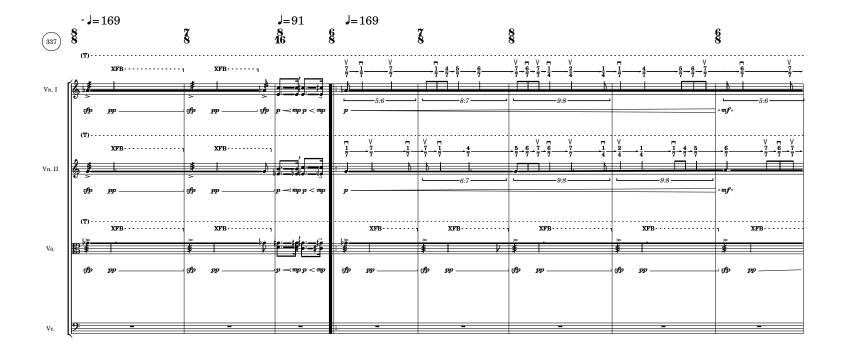


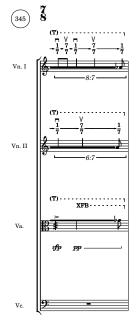




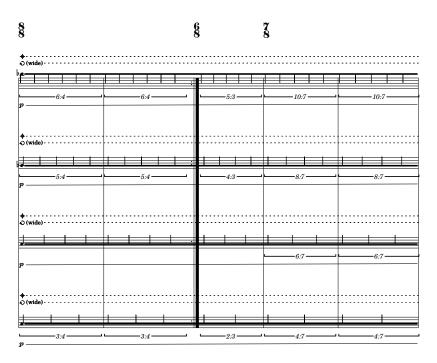


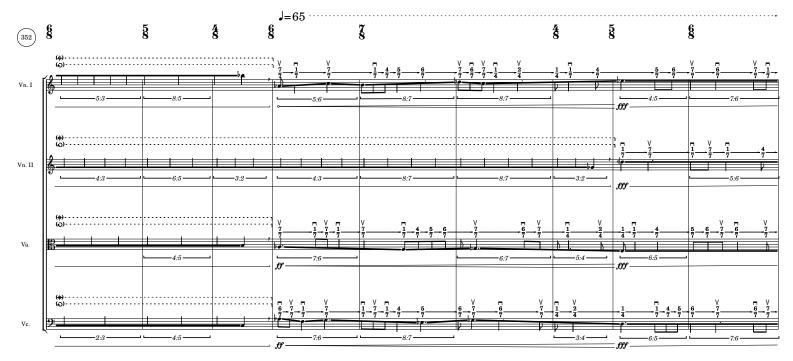


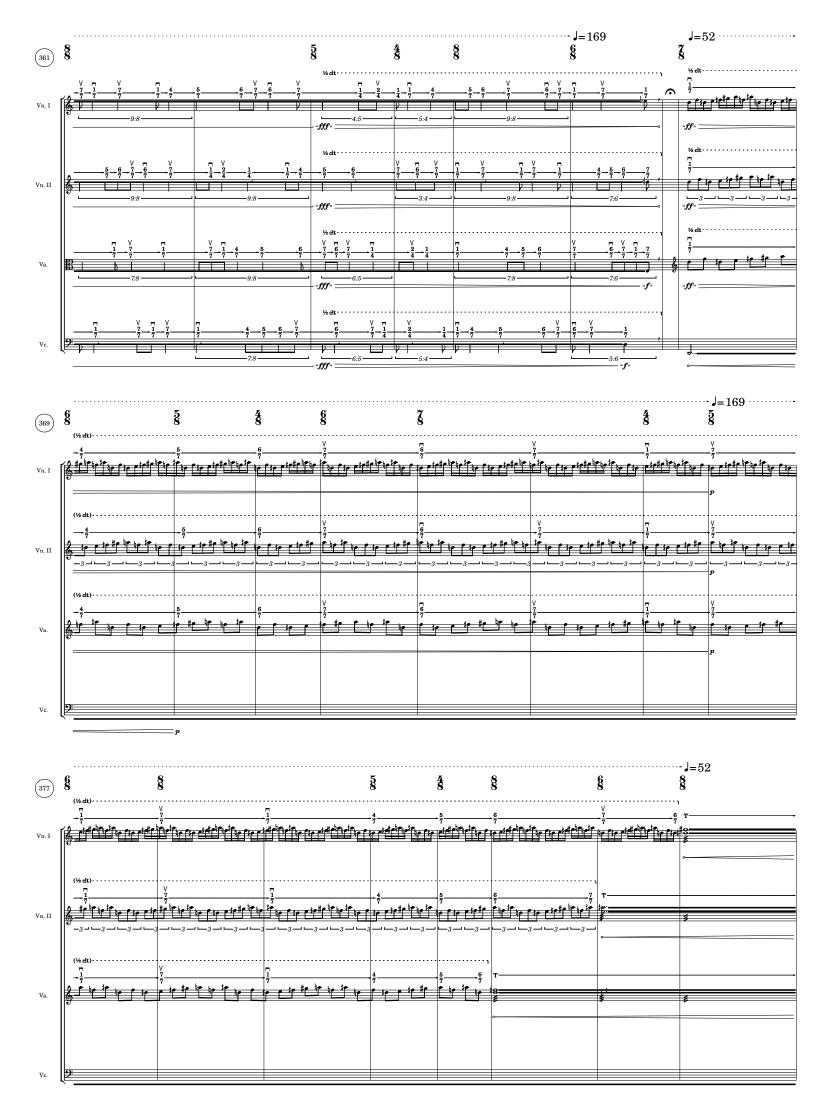


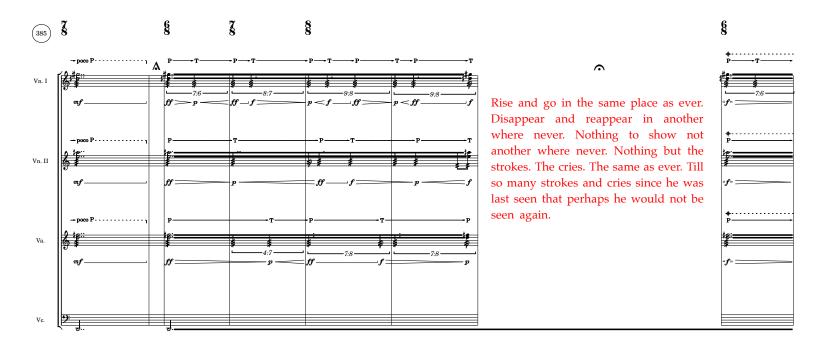


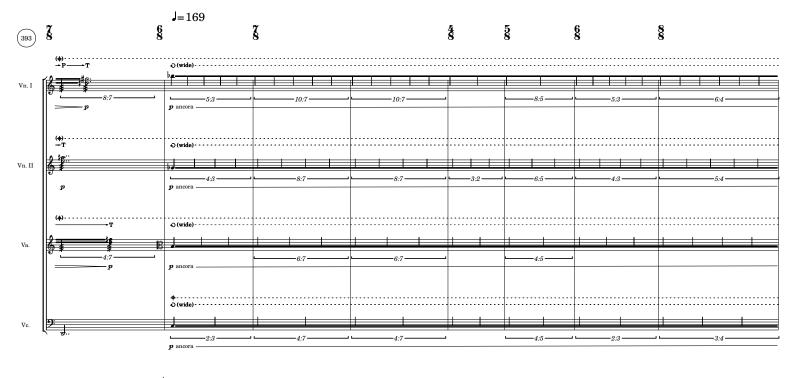
Lift his past head a moment to see his past hands. Then lay it back on them to rest it too. After all it did. The same place as when left day after day for the roads. The back roads. Returned to night after night. Paced from wall to wall in the dark. The then fleeting dark of night. Now as if strange to him seen to rise and go. Disappear and reappear at another place. Disappear again and reappear again at another place again. Or at the same. Nothing to show not the same. No wall toward which or from. No table back toward which or further from. In the same place as when paced from wall to wall all places as the same. Or in another. Nothing to show not another. Where never.

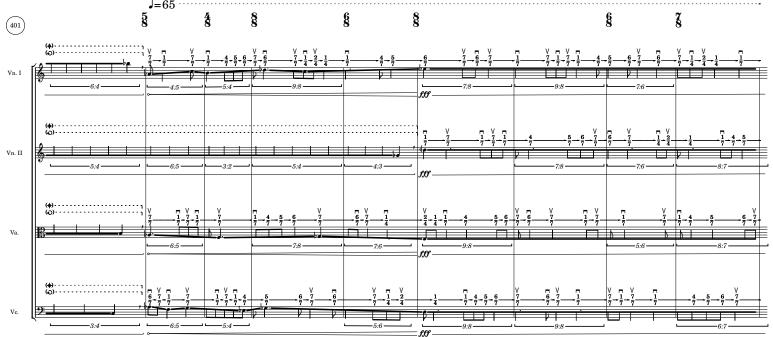


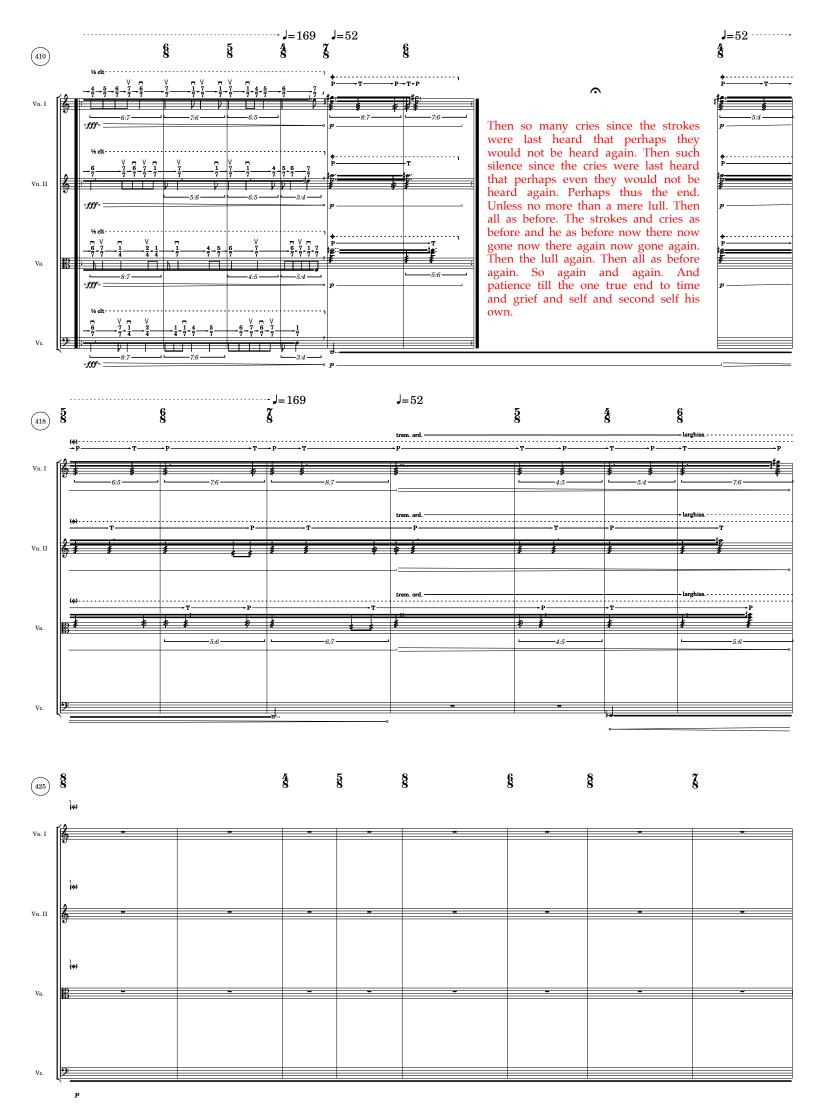


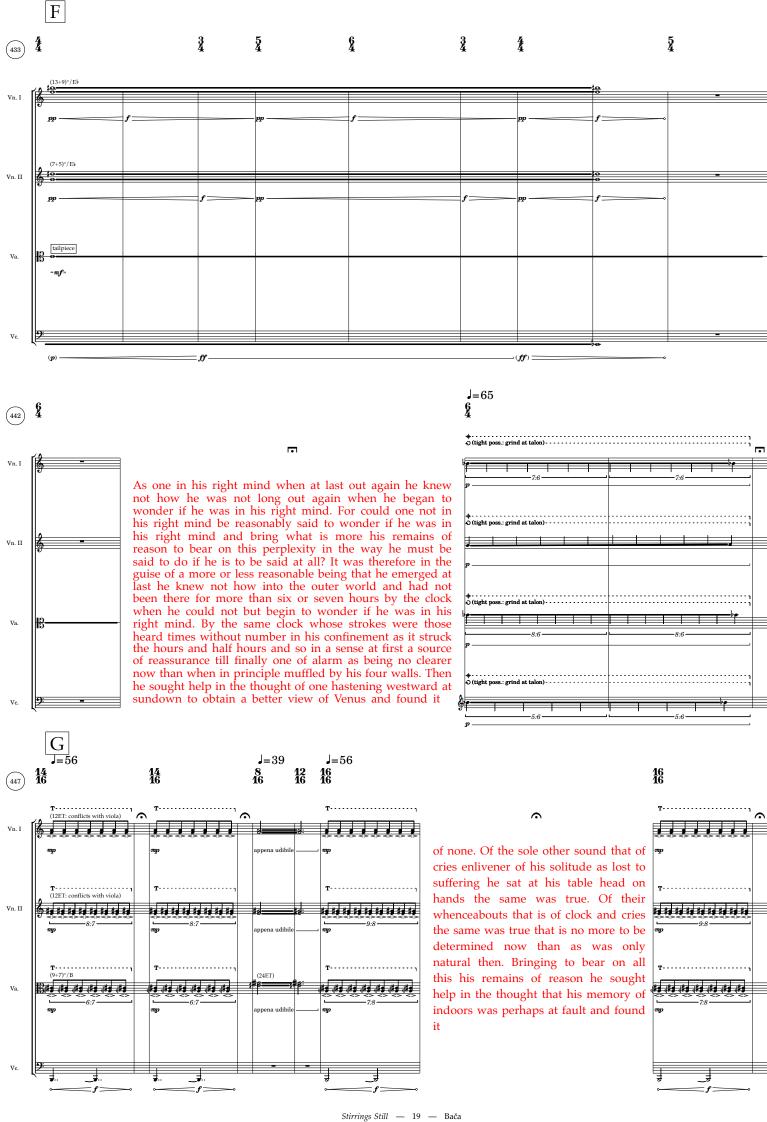


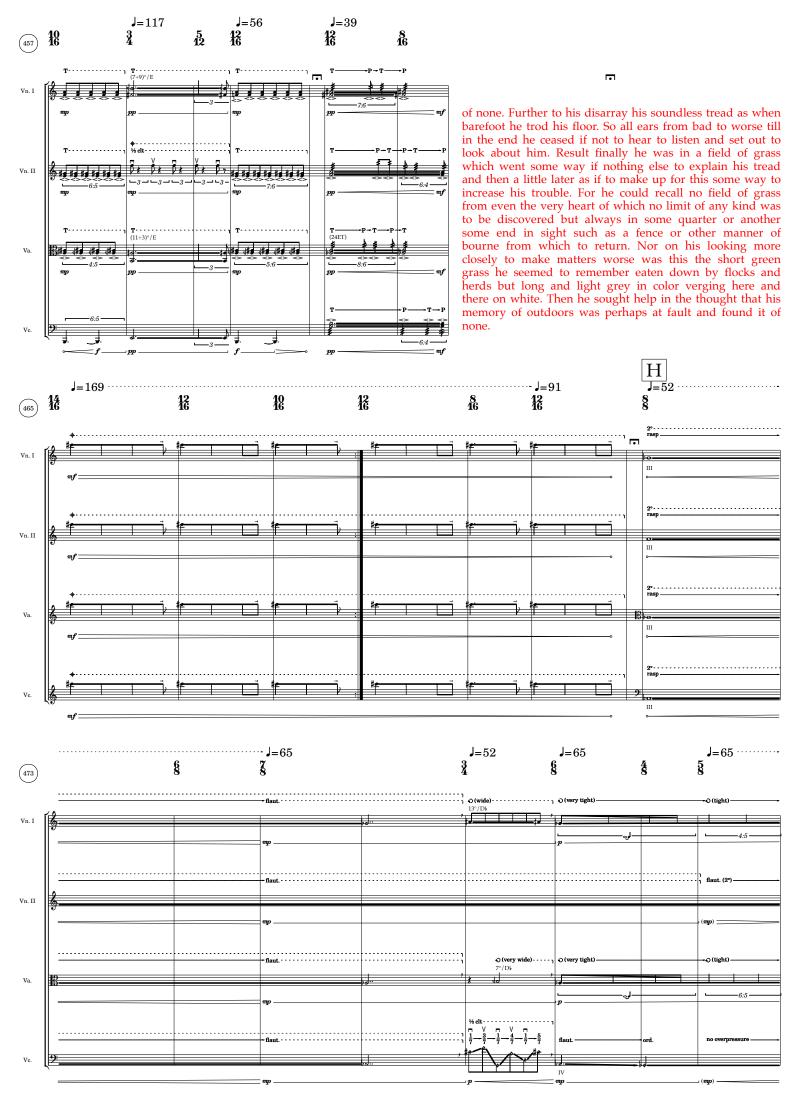


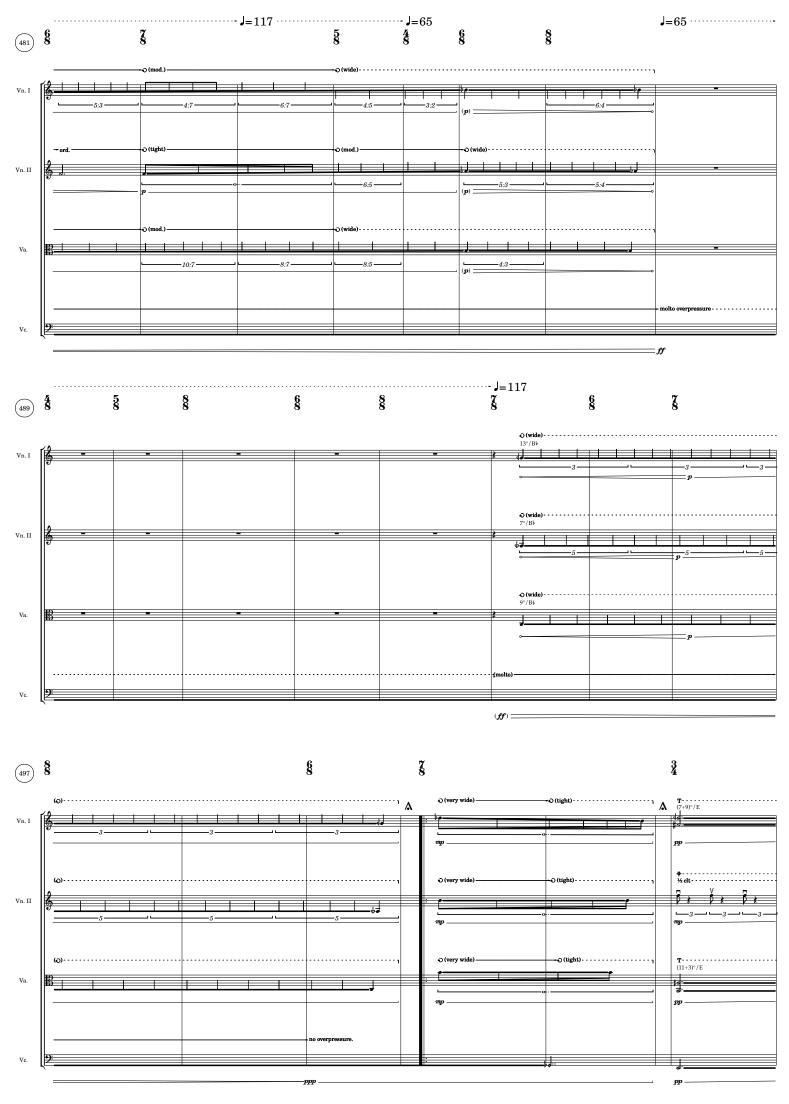




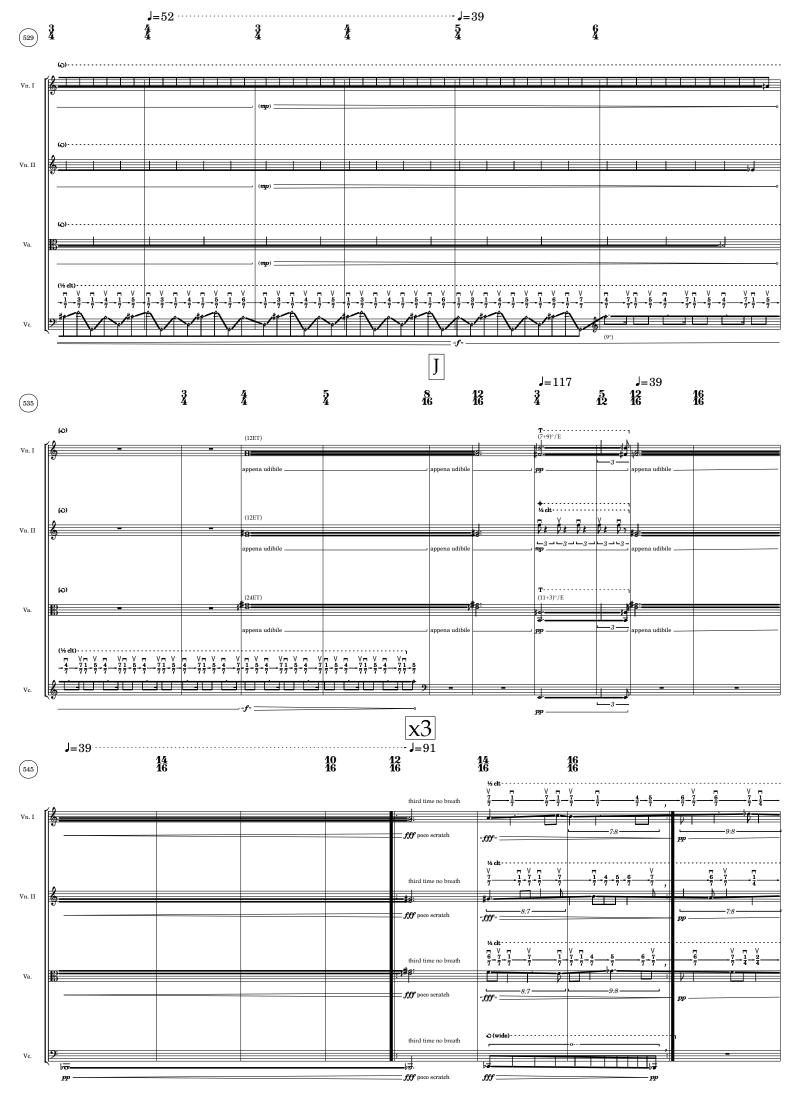


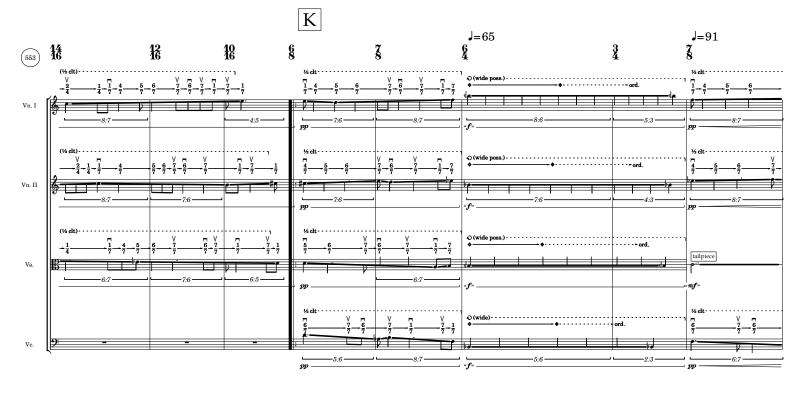


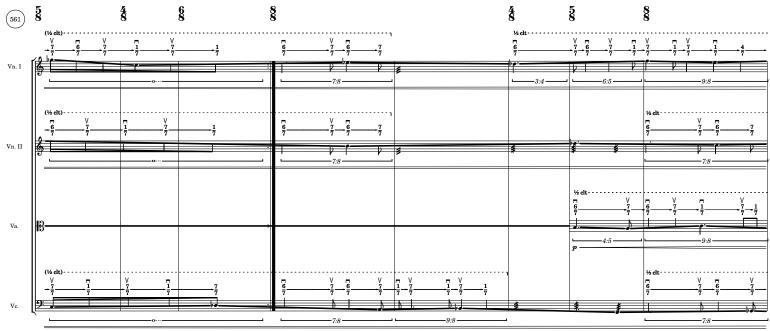


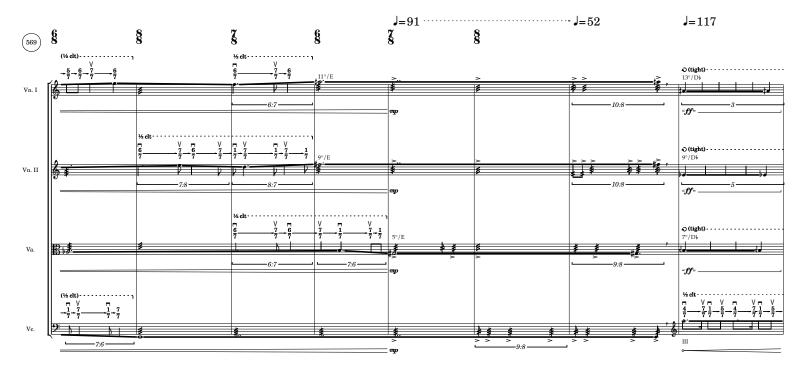




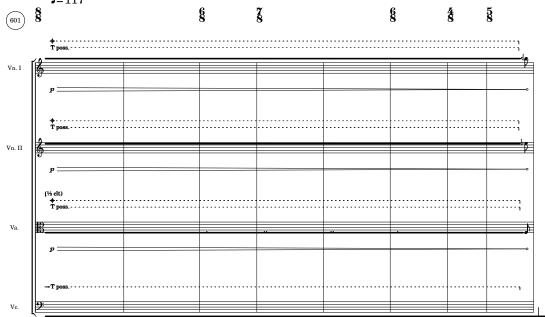












J = 117

So all eyes from bad to worse till in the end he ceased if not to see to look (about him or more closely) and set out to take thought. To this end for want of a stone on which to sit like Walther and cross his legs the best he could do was stop dead and stand stock still which after a moment of hesitation he did and of course sink his head as one deep in meditation which after another moment of hesitation he did also. But soon weary of vainly delving in those remains he moved on through the long hoar grass resigned to not knowing where he was or how he got there or where he was going or how to get back to whence he knew not how he came. So on unknowing

