# This is not a pipe

For chelo and piano

Martín Virgili (2013)

Before we start.

I stopped believing in art. Now I believe in something else. I realised that art is a design, a framework for *something* to happen. In this work I intend to go directly to the event. Do not think in art, and do not think that this work is artistic. It's something else. It's just both of you.

You may not find much difference between this work and an artwork, and hence you might feel it as art. That's OK. What I'm really interested in, however, is that you experience this piece as if you were doing something else, something different from everyday life and all things that sorround an artwork. The key to finding that state of mind is trusting the bond you are trying to build with the audience, which is different to the one that develops in an artwork. You should use this piece to have a conversation with them without any artistic mediation.

This is the first work of a series that will slowly radicalise its objetives.

It will be OK if you choose not to try it. In that case, I'll ask you to abandon the idea of making this work. I'll be honored and thankfull anyway.

If you choose the opposite, I'll ask you to give up art for a while and look for something else.

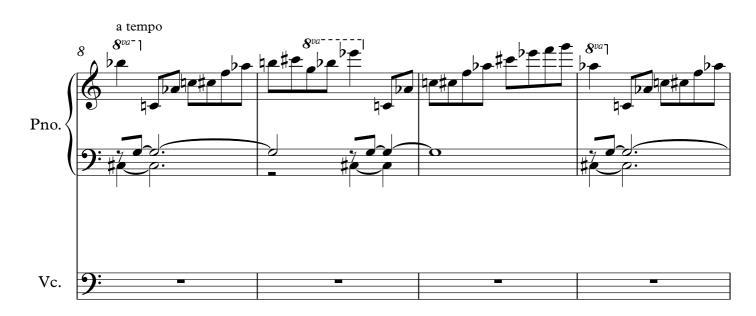
Martín

# To keep in mind:

- White space in paper manages time / silence.
   Texts can be read or memorised, or both at the same time.
- 3. At the end, the tape may be played or not.
- 4. If you have any doubts, I encourage you to contact me: negracuarenta@gmail.com











(Stops playing. Slowly looks at the pianist.) *I can't*.

# Piano

(Looks at her.)

# Cello

I just can't go on.

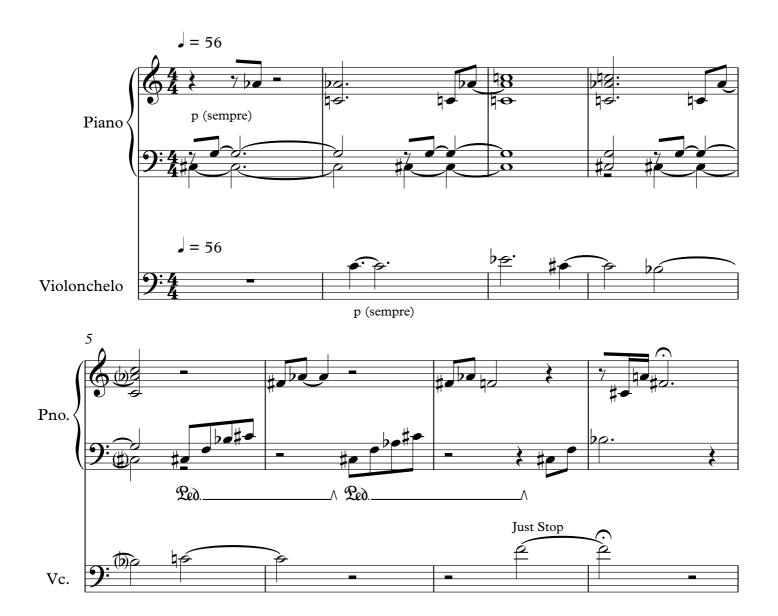
(He calls her by her name) We have to finish.

(always looking at her)

We must continue.

## Cello

(She nods. They look at each other. They continue.)



(Stops playing)

I can't go on.

# Piano

(Calmly) So?

## Cello

I don't know. But I can't.

#### Piano

He have to do something with the time.
The time left until the end.

We still have six minutes.

Let's try the second section.

Cello

(Thinks)

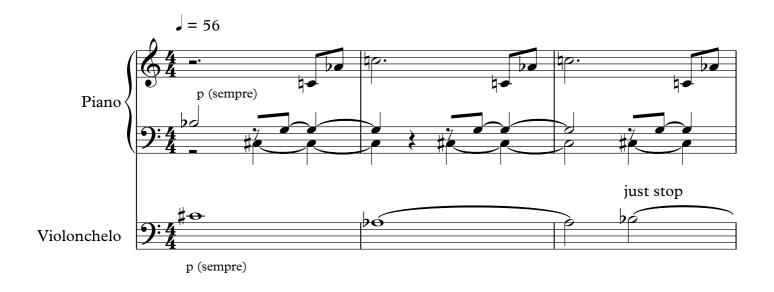
No.

(They skip this page)

(They skip this page)

(And this page, finally,

and they stare at each other)



(She calls him by his name, resigned, overwhelmed, sweet)

Enough.

Enough music. We shouldn't insist. Do not insist.

#### Piano

(Determined, practical)

We still have five minutes left till the end.

#### Cello

Maybe it's time to do something else.

#### Piano

(Puzzled and calmly anxious)

We can't do something else.

Listen: this is time passing by...

(He plays a note on the piano, "a piacere" quarter note = 60, "piano")

Time doesn't bother me.

(She calls him by his name.)

We can be here as we've never been before.

## Piano

(Stops playing)

# Cello

(Looks at Piano)

We can just be here.

You and me.

Together.

And look at our audicence

for the first time.

(They both close there eyes.

Heads down.

They turn their head to the audience and slowly open their eyes.

Their glance strikes <u>ruthlessly</u> the audience.

They just stare.)

# Piano

(To the audience)

I was mad at you for a long time.

Because you left.

Because you left the hall while I was playing

and I felt a huge sorrow and a huge anger for my work and the author's work.

I even considered not playing any more and doing something else for a living.

Until I realized I was attaching you more importance than you deserved. Until I finally realized that what I was really giving importance to were my interpretation and the composer.

Then, we started to get along better.

You kept leaving, but our relationship had changed.

(Looks at Piano)

How much longer now?

#### **Piano**

I don't know. I think there's another time.

Let me try to go back to the time.
(He plays a note, "a piacere". Quarter note = 60, "piano".)

(To the audience.)

I once dreamt that while I was playing you began to stand up and walk towards me.

And I couldn't stop playing.
Untill you surrounded me
and started to take my cloths off with a certain strength.

A blond girl took the cello out of my hand and began to play a children's melody,

while everyone else

lined up to rape me in the middle of the hall.

# And now... do you know? Do you know how long until the end?

## Piano

(Stops playing)

No, we can't go back to the other time anymore.

So, this moment will never end.

# Piano

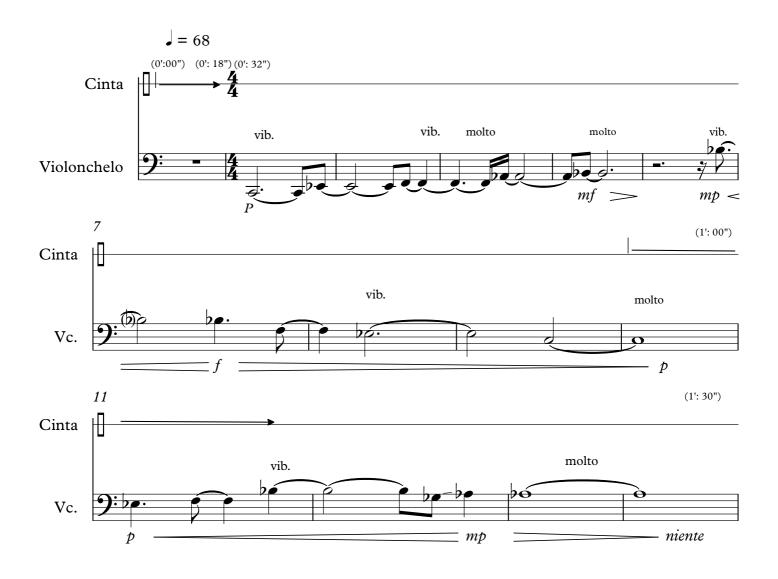
(He calls her by her name)

Do you remember the song from your dream?

(She snaps back to attention.)

I could try.

(Tape: Play)



(Finishes playing)

(Calmly, to the audience)

I'm going to miss you.

#### Piano

This isn't the end. But we could finish here.

# Piano y Cello

(They both close their eyes slowly)

## **THE END**