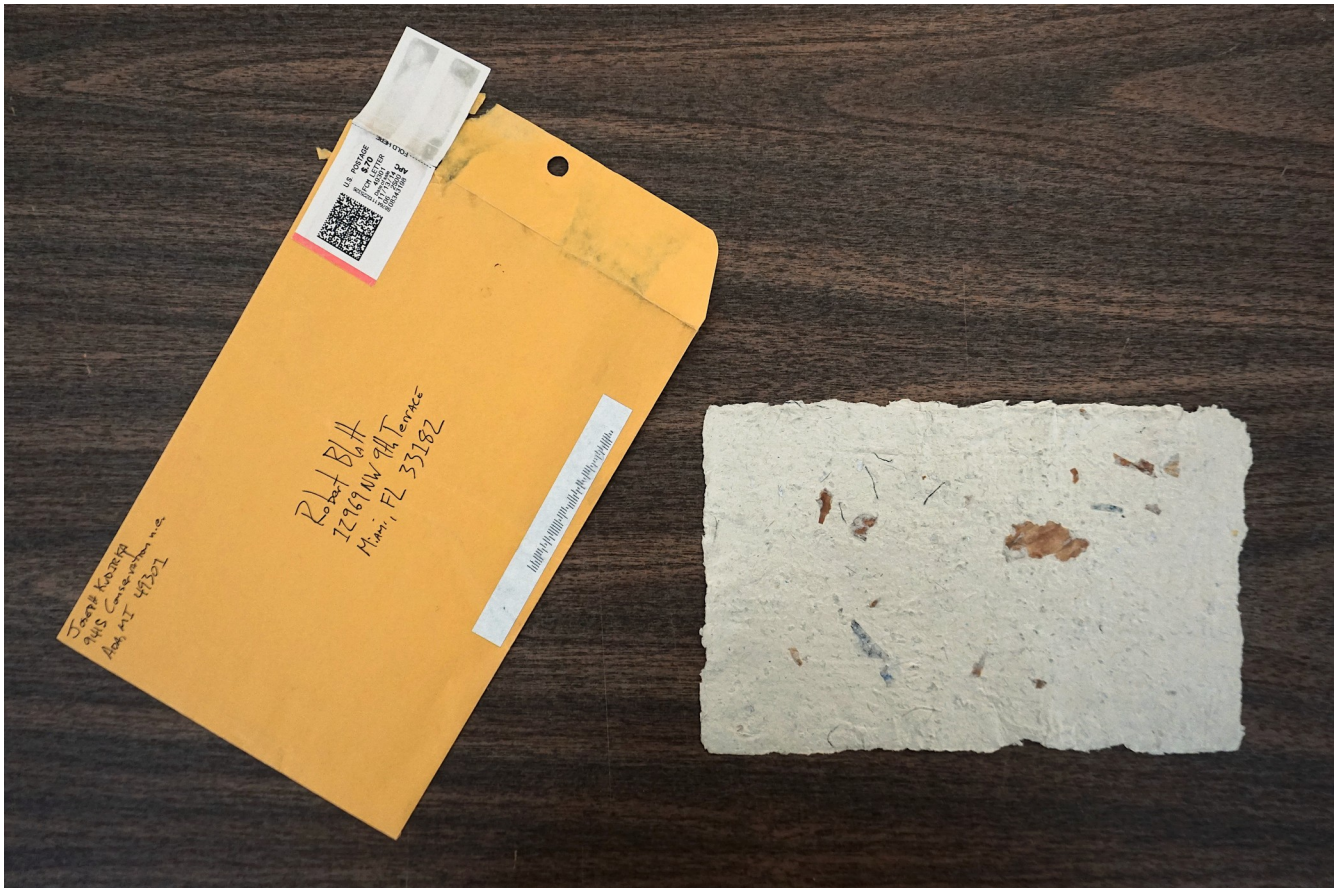


Some Thoughts on Joseph Kudirka's Untitled Paper Score

Robert Blatt

There's this nonchalant expansiveness to the paper. It sits there not telling me what it is, and in doing so, it opens itself up to so much more being.

Receiving the paper in the mail was a first realization: removing it from an unassuming envelope, with nothing inside but the paper itself, looking at it and feeling it, allowing it to reveal itself on its own.



In 2015, I gave a performance in what amounted to something of a conventional musical reading with an instrument in a concert.¹ I setup a couple shortwave radios tuned to static, and among this I played an acoustic guitar whose strings were threaded with a rolled-up business card and excited with a rosined chopstick. No attempt was made to read the paper in any sort of scanned linear sense, but I did have in mind its size, texture, density, material—attempting in some way to reflect these elements.

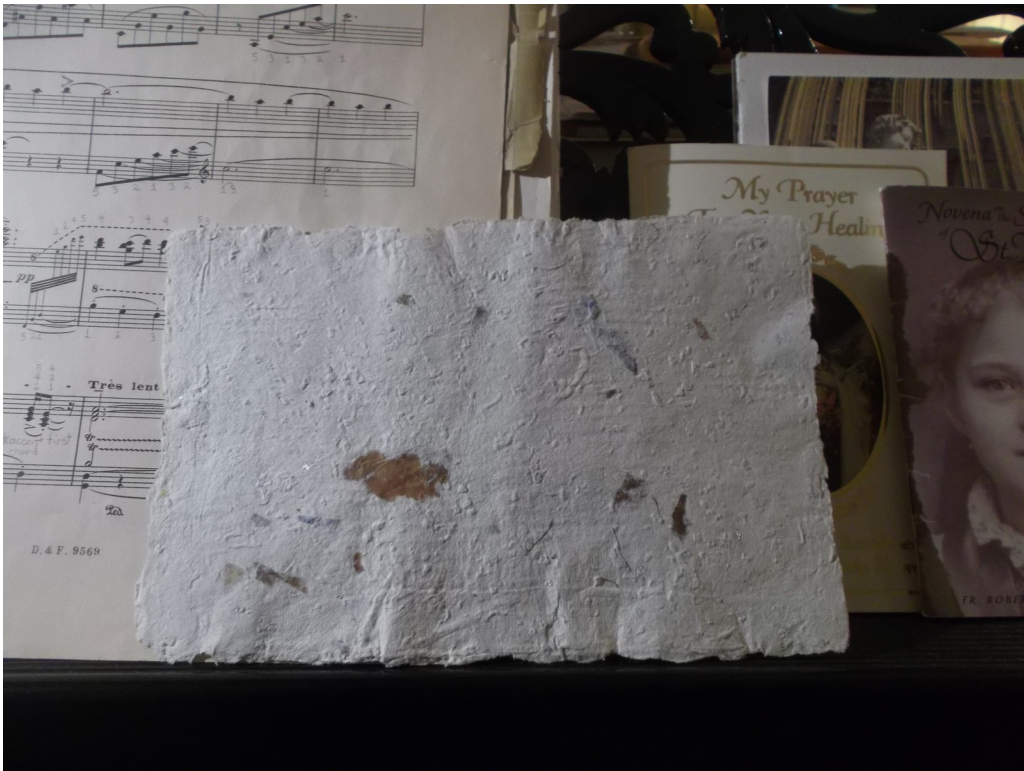
There's this social element to the paper; void of explanation it stimulates conversation. I recall discussing it a lot with David Pocknee and Michael Baldwin, as all three of us made our own realizations in that same concert. Issues about practice and history were discussed in response to our approaches and attempts yielding a conversation without clear conclusions, just relationships, possibilities, ramifications.

Hair, foil, lint, thread, bits of paper, perhaps a leaf—there's of course a certain mystery to what's visible in the paper, but when held up to a light, it's like looking through a microscope: a multiplication of the embedded is revealed.

In 2016, Mark So brought his paper when visiting me in Miami. We both showed our paper to each other, resulting again in a casually revealed realization, yet in a peculiar, unspoken and distinctly shared way.

Likewise, Mark and I carried along our respective papers on different occasions while wandering around South Florida during that same visit, where we mostly just hung out and played music by Manfred Werder in odd places around town. I remember Mark holding his toward the sky in Key West or mine resting on the music stand of Eric Gottlieb's piano in Miami Beach—not played, just sitting there.

1 Documentation with audio recordings from this and two other concerts were published online at "Rock Paper Scissors," Inlets Foundation for Experimental Practices, 2015, <https://rockpaperscissors.ricerca.org/>.



Key West and Miami Beach, 2016
photographs by Mark So

I've recently taken to transcribing it onto other pieces of paper: photocopying, rubbing and tracing its different sides over different materials and iterations, as realizations in their own right.



There's this lack of definition to the paper—yielding itself to more questions than answers, an inability to be pinned down, but also this complete comfort in being just that.

These words, a recollection-reflection on the paper, are for me at this point of writing-reading its most recent realization.