

# TEN LINES FOR KHABAT ABAS

I've been hoping to write something for you for months now, waiting for an idea that hasn't come. I've been turning this lack of an idea over and over and slowly getting nowhere (nothing standing on its head is nothing still). I think one problem I'm having is that I've worked out that musicians pull things out of scores more than the other way around but I haven't lined that up with the idea of writing something for someone, and I want everything I write to be for someone. I can't think of a way to write you anything, however broad, that isn't inevitably less interesting than what you might do if I gave you nothing, yet I want to give you something and scores are the things I've been making. Somewhere along the way it seems I have convinced myself they are interesting. I have said that I place myself into these scores to show them as the only piece

I'm in, but the holes in that are quite apparent here. I begin to think that page 141 of *Treatise* is the most full so long as we agree never to read it. There's clearly an arrogance to all of this – a piece for you has become ten lines about me again. Certainly the most interesting results would arise from me simply writing **for any amount of time** but even then I may have said too much – and how could I write my name on that? It's more important to me that I write my name on things than I would like, although more in the sense of signing a birthday card than an autograph, at least. I don't think this is even a score, just me showing my working to pick up a couple of marks in lieu of an answer. Not useless though – you could put it on a stand in the distance (at least fifteen feet) or put it on the mantel or fold it into a sailboat or put it out of mind or in a bureau or in the bin or in

James M. Creed, January 2021