



Galerie
Chantal Crousel

Hassan Khan
Composition for a Public Park
2013

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Composition for a Public Park is a large scale multichannel composition spatially laid out in three movements across the park. The piece aims to allow the public a chance to explore the park differently and to do so by literally walking through the music. At the heart of each movement, a text written by the artist is voiced (translated and recorded in the language of the country).

As the title suggests, *Composition for a Public Park* should be installed in a public park or garden, accessible to the public free of charge.

The work is composed of three movements:

Movement 1: Stasis and Majesty

Gamelan
Brass Quintet
Piano
Mozmar

Movement 2: The Revolving Jewel

Gamelan
Oud
Qanoun
Riqq
Electronics

Movement 3: No Political Romanticism

Gamelan
String Quartet
Clapping
Contrabass

Depending on the nature of the park, if it is open at night, each music movement can be spatially indicated by an altered public light (Movement 1 Yellow / Movement 2 Red / Movement 3 Orange)

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MOVEMENT 1: STASIS AND MAJESTY

I am an older, stooped, thin man. I am wearing a thin worn jacket. I haven't shaved in two weeks, my stubble is thin and it's grey and white. I speak of majesty a lot. I speak of winning things and sometimes I am bitter. At other times I try to steal happiness from the moment. I am not lost because no one ever really is. I want things like everybody does. I want you to understand, to relate, to share but I also know it's not really possible. Now-although I am not lost, I am maybe stuck, trapped, pinned down. Tied to a place I do not know which is my home. And that is why I am the early hours in the morning where the radio plays the same news items over and over and I toss and turn remembering a mistake thirty years ago or the glance my enemy defeats me with. I am the rock that does not really turn. I am the friend who burns. I am the lie that is no lie. I am in need indeed.

MOVEMENT 2: THE REVOLVING JEWEL

There are many people in this house, I can hear them come and go. It is not my house. I am a guest here. You may not see it if you look at me now, but sometimes I can barely control myself. My body suddenly bolts, it shivers and trembles. Yes. I do want something. I want many things. Even if I am proper and careful and I double-check the lock on the door before going to sleep. But some things do change. I have, maybe for the first time realized that it is that which keeps me silent that also cruelly pushes me on. And yes I have been sitting and waiting for something to happen for a very long time. I remember a childhood when I was somebody else. I remember staring at my lover's eyes, with no recognition, but an absolute caress. I remember passing out on a train full of strangers and waking up with the feeling that they had all been watching me. There are less people in the house now but I am still sitting in the kitchen. I am wearing a stern black dress. I am wearing a pearl necklace; it is something beautiful. It has taken me a very long time to choose.

MOVEMENT 3: NO POLITICAL ROMANTICISM

You will have to try very hard to get through to me. You will have to begin all over again, and again. And every time I will always have something to counter what you want with. If you are an angry person, well I will show you how that anger only breaks things and nothing else. I will convince you to love the things that make you angry, to be in bondage forever, and you will think you have won till you are not you anymore. Till you have become what shapes you and have forgotten where that anger is. However it's not that simple. For burning needs do not disappear they only mutate. You might develop a nervous tic; you might have rashes that break out in secret parts of your body, stomach cramps that attack suddenly, intense bouts of fear, sudden hatred for people who are close to you, the desire to beat the shit out of a spastic walking down the street. I do not disappear, I transform and it's maybe your duty to find a way to counter my moves. That is if you are interested in any sense of meaning, of self, of sense itself.