

Four Flat Tires

What I hear, however, is enough to imagine.

No, it is not enough.

Time is suspended, incalculable.

Making the past the present-future. Making the present historical, yet intimately.

Transforming everything political into the ultimate daily life. Rendering daily life as ultimately and urgently political.

Through listening, field recording, choosing, framing and reframing, selecting, editing, pausing, juxtaposing and recomposing, kin cooperating, Éric Baudelaire transmutes cinema into a new form: familiar, and pensive. Organic, and collective. Alive, and lively.

‘Whether it is one or three films is entirely open. I think it can easily be both at the same time.’ (Éric Baudelaire)

When There Is No More Music to Write, and Other Roman Stories doesn’t tell us anything but the iridescent history of forms of experimenting and how they always are transformative and permanently active, ahead and above imaginaries. Invisible yet perceptible, such forms dissolve, explode, activate and trigger glimpses of other and always-possible worlds.

A Lost Score

(with music from *Zabriskie Point/Love Scene*, Musica Elettronica Viva, 1968, with images from Michelangelo Antonioni’s *Zabriskie Point*, 1970)

When There Is No More Music to Write is a film on music, on poetry and on cinema. On time, on layers of time, on unexpected synchronisms, on resistance, on hope. ‘It’s almost impossible for me to imagine a world without some forms of resistance. [...] Resistance will never go away. It is, in fact, quite naturally part of human nature.’ (Alvin Curran)

Indeed, it is a film on marginalities and glimpses colliding and becoming waves and trembles.

By embedding waves and trembles, *When There Is No More Music to Write, and Other Roman Stories* calls for attunement and urges to action.

When There Is No More Music to Write

I have never felt so... There is a beautiful word in Italian, ‘spaesato’, which means ‘out of my element’, really, ‘out of my country’, ‘out of any point of reference’.

[...] and then suddenly a music would begin. Just spontaneously, without a word.

[...] Everything is possible today, Everything, absolutely everything.

And this is why composing today is hell. It’s pure hell because suddenly, we arrived, not at the end of history, but at the beginning of history, where everything is possible and this is freaking hell.

[...] – can you imagine a world without music? – it’s unimaginable. It’s not about just feeling good. It’s about also that transport system, that imaginary invisible transport system that can take us to places that we have never been before.