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UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

FACULTY OF LAW, ARTS AND SOCIAL SCIENCES

School of Humanities

Narrative Trails in the Speech-Based Music of Steve Reich

by

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Appendices

Thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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Permission to produce transcriptions of archival material for examination purposes has been kindly granted by the Paul Sacher Stiftung. These transcripts have now been deposited in the Stiftung and are available for consultation by arrangement with the curator of the Steve Reich archive.



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APPENDIX 1

TRANSCRIPTION OF *THE PLASTIC HAIRCUT* (1963)

The Plastic Haircut (1963)

Time	Speech	Other sounds/commentary
06:01		Ambient crowd noise, sounds of distant marching bands, cheerleaders etc. fading in.
06:02		
06:03		
06:04		
06:05		
06:06		
06:07		
06:08		
06:09		
06:10		
06:11		
06:12		
06:13		
06:14		
06:15		
06:16		
06:17		
06:18		
06:19		
06:20		
06:21		
06:22		
06:23		Boxing bell rings
06:24	The winner ... and still the world's heavyweight champion	
06:25		
06:26		
06:27		
06:28		
06:29		
06:30	?/Outstanding contender	
06:31	I'm gonna hit him/hit him	
06:32	Get knocked out if you don't watch out/watch out/watch out	
06:33		
06:34		
06:35		
06:36	He's a fine [?]	
06:37		

06:38	He's riding at a gallop	
06:39	He's riding at a gallop [louder]	
06:40	And still –	
06:41	It's time to quit	
06:42	Hit me [harder] hit me [harder]	
06:43		
06:44	That was just as bad	
06:45		
06:46	... erm, would never get up but unfortunately he did	
06:47		
06:48		
06:49	Wise decision as the results showed	
06:50	The boy can do/can do	
06:51		
06:52		
06:53		
06:54	There's a horse in the lead famous/it's he who [left wings?] us	
06:55		
06:56		
06:57		
06:58	Still Scarfield/ Still Scarfield	
06:59		
07:00	Guys, why/a radio game	
07:01	April to October/they go on forever	
07:02	I think the only way I could have beaten Joe is with a baseball bat	
07:03		
07:04		
07:05		
07:06	/with a baseball bat [louder]	
07:07	for a national pastime	
07:08	/never be equalled	
07:09	Can you hear a wonderful stadium/and a wonderful crowd	
07:10		
07:11		
07:12	Came the fabulous Swede	
07:13	[indistinct]	
07:14	... gave blood/America would	
07:15	Be more safely	
07:16	...everyone here in Germany has been very nice to me	
07:17		

07:18	I thought I was gonna knock them out in the first round	
07:19		
07:20	Careless, I should've knocked 'em out/ Careless, I should've knocked 'em out/I should've knocked 'em out	
07:21		
07:22		
07:23	Despite the fact that I was hit seven times in succession	
07:24		
07:25		
07:26	Fills the record books	
07:27	Oh, Jess's bad	
07:28	Look, [?] sign	
07:29		
07:30	after	
07:31	I can't tell you –	
07:32	Part of my professional obligation	
07:33		
07:34	my final point	
07:35 just wishful thinking	
07:36		
07:37		
07:38	... and still champion	
07:39		
07:40		Boxing Bell
07:41		Boxing Bell
07:42	Once in a life	
07:43	By the bar	
07:44	Got notes for the	
07:45	Ah/huh, ah/huh	
07:46		
07:47	worshipped by	
07:48	[indistinct]/Along with thousands	
07:49		Bell
07:50		
07:51	fifteen	
07:52	and counting	
07:53	right up a [?]	
07:54	all bad	
07:55	obligation	
07:56	a pastime/those in	
07:57	by by by	

07:58		Ambient crowd noise
07:59		
08:00	Right up a clean round	
08:01	and little cause	
08:02	a sixth round/by by by	
08:03	all bad	
08:04	Fourth of/	
08:05	The Swede	
08:06		
08:07	The Swedes	
08:08	The track man	
08:09	caused me then	
08:10	Seven times in succession	
08:11	Succession	
08:12	And the succession	
08:13		
08:14	and still/and still	
08:15		
08:16	and still the heavyweight champion	
08:17	of the world	
08:18		Background noise
08:19		Bell
08:20		Final section, with very rapid switching between background noise of crowds cheering, sound of bell, repetition of individual words and syllables occasionally emerge.
08:21	got notes for the/	
08:22		
08:23		
08:24		
08:25	for the lock	
08:26		
08:27		
08:28	the Swede	
08:29	then	
08:30	the Swede	
08:31		
08:32		
08:33		
08:34		
08:35		
08:36		
08:37		
08:38		

08:39		
08:40		
08:41		
08:42		
08:43		
08:44		
08:45		
08:46		
08:47		
08:48		
08:49	They're going crazy	Background noise of crowds and racing horses hooves on turf
08:50	They're going crazy	
08:51		
08:52		
08:53		Cheer
08:54	Nelson/Davis 'interview' on film commences	Fade out to silence
08:55		
08:56		
08:57		
08:58		
08:59		

APPENDIX 2

TRANSCRIPTION OF *LIVELIHOOD* (1964)

Livelihood (1964)

Time	Speech	Other sounds/commentary
Section 1: Introduction		
0:01	[m] ..do you know what's around here	Sounds of sirens
0:02	[m] neh?	
0:03	[m] oh, ...er, tram cars and things	
0:04	[m] uh ..eh	
0:05		Traffic sounds
0:06		
0:07		
Section 2: Stating the destination		
0:08	[m] take me up to er-	
0:09	[m] take me up to er-	
0:10	[m] to the Fairmont	
0:11	[f] to the Fairmont	
0:12	[m] Fairmont /[m] uh /[f] oh/ [m] oh	
0:13	[f] oh / between	
0:14	[f] fourteen thirty-five	
0:15	[f] Washington and	
0:16	[m] Washington/shington	
0:17	[m] Jesus	
0:18	[m] er / Ben Jones [?]	
0:19	[m] Jones and	
0:20	[m] Fran Fran / [f] Fra n Francis	
0:21	[m] Francis	
0:22	[f] Fran Francis	[Repeat of 0:20]
0:23	[m] Francis	[Repeat of 0:21]
0:24	[m] Saint Francis /[m] uh /[f] Oh!	
0:25	[m] - please / [f] Leavenworth	
0:26	[f] Oh! / [m] Pacific	
0:27	[f] to Sacre Gra / [M] Pacific [Grove?]	
0:28	[f] Right to Sacre Gra	
0:29	[m] China Town / Town	
0:30	[f] Stock town/	
0:31	[town/downtown repeat] [m] (Port Adonui)	

0:32	[m] Down by the bus station please	
0:33	[m] Liv/liv/liv/liv/liv/liv	
0:34	li/ fa/fa/fa/fa	
0:35	Fa/fa/fa [overlaps]	
0:36	how/h-/	
0:37	h-/h-/h-	
Section 3: Departure sounds		
0:38	<i>[Speech replaced here by specific sounds]</i> <i>door slam</i>	Collage of slamming of cab doors; sounds of breathing and grunts as people get into the cab and sit down; streetcar bells; different engine sounds juxtaposed.
0:39	<i>door slam x 2</i>	
0:40	<i>door slam x 3</i>	
0:41	<i>rapid, repeated slams</i>	
0:42	<i>door slam</i>	
0:43	<i>grunt as passenger sits down</i>	
0:44	<i>slam</i>	
0:45	<i>streetcar bell</i>	
0:46	<i>engine noise; street sounds;</i>	
0:47	<i>distant babble of overlapping street voices.</i>	
0:48		
0:49		
0:50	<i>quieter traffic sound</i>	
0:51	<i>longest continuous single sample of engine noise as cab travels</i>	
0:52		
0:53		
0:54		
0:55		
0:56		
0:57		
Section 4: Journey conversations		
0:58	Speech restarts	
0:59	[m] but/but/but/but [loop] but/but/but/but [loop]	
1:00	[m] yeah/[f] yeah	
1:01	[f] oooh! [intake of breath]	
1:02	[m] because, erm...	
1:03	traffic sounds	
1:04	[f] God de-	
1:05	[f] let 'em down /[f] oooh!	

1:06	[m] (breathily!) Deborah	
1:07	[f] ruzzle in the air	
1:08	[f] I fly	
1:09	[f] Wasn't easy	
1:10	[Door slam]	
1:11	[f] (sultry) o-o-oh! Delicious	
1:12	[m] (radio) 'pick up a-	
1:13	[f] (High-pitched) he-he-he/	
1:14	he-he-he [m](radio) – passenger	
1:15	[m] woo-hhhhhh	
1:16		
1:17	traffic noise	
1:18		
1:19	[f] I'm cold	
1:20	[f] yawn	
1:21	[m] yawn/[f] oh	

Section 5: Sound manipulation

1:22	[f] oh ...	Manipulated voices brought together with traffic sounds to form new voices and traffic collage. Identity of speakers is lost.
1:23	[m] roughly	
1:24	[m] oh	
1:25	[m] cab	
1:26	Re-enveloped speech sounds – words indistinct	
1:27		
1:28		
1:29		
1:30		
1:31		
1:32		
1:33	Mixed traffic/street sounds	
1:34		
1:35		
1:36		
1:37		
1:38		
1:39		
1:40		
1:41	Re-enveloped speech sounds – words indistinct	
1:42		
1:43		
1:44		

Section 6: 'Fare-well' words		
1:45	[m] Come on/come on/come on/	Voices of passengers paying their fares, saying farewell, thanking Reich.
1:46	come to	
1:47	[m] apologise	
1:48	[m] course I read	
1:49	[m] not with them you don't [m] sixty-five	
1:50	[m] twenty-five/[m] twenty-five	
1:51	[m] sixty-five	
1:52	[f] one hundred and sixty five	
1:53	[m] sixty-five	
1:54	[m] takes the dime	
1:55	[m] and twenty-five cents/[m] and five cents	
1:56	[m] (radio) on forty-five	
1:57	[m] want your nickel?	
1:58	[m] ninety-five [f] good night	
1:59	[m] good night [m] good night	
2:00	[f] good night	
2:01	[f] hope you have a pleasant night	
2:02	[m] good night [f] have fun	
2:03	[m] fun day	
2:04	[f] lots of fun [f] see y'on Thursday	
2:05	[m] thank you/[f] thank you	
2:06	[m] thanks/[m] thank you	
2:07	[m] thank you [m/m] thank/thank you	
2:08	[m] thank you [f/f] thank you/you	
2:09	[alt m/f] you/you/you	
Section 7 – Voices 'coda'		
2:10		Final manipulation of recorded voices, based on tape loops. Identity of speakers is lost.
2:11		
2:12		
2:13		
2:14		
2:15		
2:16		
2:17		
2:18		

2:19	
2:20	
2:21	
2:22	
2:23	
2:24	
2:25	
2:26	
2:27	
2:28	
2:29	
2:30	
2:31	
2:32	
2:33	
2:34	
2:35	
2:36	
2:37	
2:38	
2:39	
2:40	
2:41	

APPENDIX 4

SPEECH EXTRACTS FROM TRUMAN NELSON'S *THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS* (1964)

CHAPTER ONE

1.1	FRANK STAFFORD
	Pages 4 – 9

They had this kid in between the cops.
So I spoke up and asked them,
Why are you beating him like that?
You all going to take him on to jail.
 you don't have to beat him like that.
Police jump up and start swinging on me.
He put the gun on me and said get over there.
I said what for?
Then one hit me on the back of the head from behind.
I tried to protect myself,
Moving in towards the one that was in front of me.
I tried to fight, but it wasn't useful, because there was three of them.
I was in the Series, I was in the midst of three policemen.
Then one hit me on my right shoulder,
And when I turned to my left there was a cross blow,
You know, a swing crossways.
He hit me up side of my eye.
Then all the pain like a crack ran through my whole head.
The best thing I could do then was fold up
And try to protect myself on the ground.
I fell on the ground trying to protect my lower parts
So they wouldn't hit me or kick me there.
But my eye was hurting so from the pain I kept moving my hand on it.
One police he took and stepped on my thumb to hold my hand behind me.
On my thumb now, the bone is kind of out of shape.
The other one he brought my other hand around and put the cuffs on.
I felt my eye was out.
Even this lady on the street she told me.
She told me, she say Frank, go along with them, go along with them,
'Cause your eye is all messed up.
The police see my eye in the street, I mean the condition of it.
They didn't say anything, all they did was holler let's go, let's go.
They snatched me up and partially dragged me to the detective car.
There was another young kid in there.
They took me upstairs in the detective office and there they started,
Like when everyone else got there, they started beating on us.
They came in with oranges and started smashing them in people's faces,

Saying . . . you like fruit, you like oranges, well try these.
There were five of us, all handcuffed behind our backs.
It went on for a while. About thirty-five I'd say
Came into the room and started beating, punching us in the jaw,
In the stomach, in the chest, beating us up with a padded club . . .
It's not a blackjack but it's got leather on it
And it's got big stitches on the side and it's almost twelve inches long.
They just beat us across the back, pull us on the floor,
Spit on us, call us niggers, dogs, animals.
You got what you deserve, these are the things that they said to us.
They call us dogs and animals when I don't see why.
We are the dogs and animals they way they are beating us.
They called us cop-fighters, that was the name that they used,
Cop-fighters.
And every cop that come in they holler, oh you are the cop-fighters
And punch me in the chest, in the jaw, in the stomach.
When they first started beating us they rest up for a little while,
Like went out and rested and started all over again.
I can't describe any of them because the only way you can describe a police is by his badge.
They took off their coats and put on their sweat sweaters and come in
Like they were going to a gymnasium or something to have a sparring match.
There was this old man they were beating back in the street,
He said his age was forty –seven years old when we got into the station,
Like they beat me they beat the other kids and the elderly fellow.
They throw him almost through one of the radiators.
Two of them pick him up and throw him into the wall.
I thought he was dead over there.
And being I wouldn't fall on the floor,
They grabbed me and pulled a little piece out of my neck.
I still have the scratch.
And all he time we were handcuffed behind our backs.
They beat us up in this room a good while and an aide came from Harlem Hospital.
He said to me why had they called him 'cause there was nothing he could do.
He put a bandage 'cross my eye.
And then they started beating us again.
But the pains I suffered I couldn't suffer no more 'cause I was already hurt.
And when they started beating on me the second time
I was telling them they might as well kill me.
After about three or four hours they took us out into the patrol car and took us over to
Harlem Hospital.
They said to wash up before we went.
I axed what was the percentage in that if I was going to the hospital?

So one police say you might not get there.
Over in Harlem Hospital they say
They don't know why they brought me in.
They said there's nothing they could do for me there
Because I needed eye surgery.
I can't say exactly what time it was, but it was rather late.
They took me on down to Bellevue.
The doctor down there say to me you must be in good shape
To take the whipping that I took and not have pains down there.
They started giving me needles and stuff to know me out,
So they could start operating.
They operated on the eye trying to save it.
But he say that night he thought it was impossible
Because it was almost 19 hours since I took the blow.
He thought it was impossible but he was going to try it.
So they laid me down there for about fourteen days behind this,
Trying to save my eye.
And on the fourteenth day he told me he couldn't wait no longer
Because it might cause infection in the other eye.
On May the second I had a second operation to remove the eye
So that it wouldn't strain in my right eye.
He told me all I had to do now was to be careful
And don't get no infection.
If I feel any kind of pain to come right down there
And they'd do something about my other eye.
There could have been an easier way for the police
To subdue everybody out there that day
Than going through the things we went through,
Beatings and throwing down and kicking and everything.
No one out there had any weapons;
The only ones that had weapons was the police.
They could have used other methods stopping what was going on.
But the police don't have no like for us, black people in general.
They way they handle this, that proved they don't have no like for us,
No respect.
They way they did this, really they didn't have to do it like this.
They was like more or less afraid.
I don't know why they should be afraid of anyone out there.
They have everything on their side.
They came in a drove with clubs, guns and everything else.
No one else out there has no weapons.
Now I just hope to get more stockings for the street

If the police don't try to take them away from me.
They might, you know. I think they know me.
Like the police department get the word around saying
He might be wearing a patch.
I think I'm the only fellow on the street wearing an eye patch right now.
I have quite a few police look at me now pretty hard.
But I don't have nothing to say. I keep walking down the street
Like I don't even see them.
My lawyer he axe me to keep somebody with me at all times,
'Cause the police may try to mess with me again.

I seen some little boys picking up fruit from the ground,
So they start coming toward One-Twenty-ninth and Lenox Avenue.
So I seen three policemen running over there
And grab one between the legs
And get ready to hit him with a stick.
So I ran over a tried to stop him.
And two of them jumped on me and beat me for nothing.
Then they put me in the car, handcuffed to Danny Hamm.
In the car they were beating the brother
For having his hand on the door,
Hitting him on the hand with the blackjack.
And when they got us to the precinct station,
They beat us practically all that day,
And then at night they took us to Harlem Hospital to get the X-rays.

1.3	MRS BAKER
	Pages 11 – 13

And then they had the nerve to call me to come to the hospital
 To sign for Wally because they thought they had broke his neck.
 So I had to go to the hospital to sign for the X-rays for Wallace.
 His neck was over one-sided.
 He had a patch right across his lip, his face was swollen.
 I went in and I asked the colored cop there could I see him?
 He said yes, go in.
 The white one told me to get out . . . I couldn't talk to him.
 I was wondering where Wallace was,
 And a friend of mine came around and told me they had beat Wallace
 And thrown him in the police car.
 I was cleaning my house, and when I finished cleaning
 I was going to the precinct.
 But before I could I got a phone call, come to the hospital.
 Before they could give the X-ray, I had to sign for it.
 Danny Hamm was with Wallace, I saw him.
 They had beaten him, his face was swollen.
 He had a patch on his face
 But his legs had knots . . .
 They just took the stick and they beat him
 And they kicked him and his leg was swollen with blood clots.
 They all had blood clots on their legs.
 When he got home Wallace told me
 They're beating us all night . . . every shift go off and one come on.
 Oh God!
 How they step on their hands . . . handcuffs behind their backs.
 People won't believe it.
 But I could just look at him and tell practically all what happens to him.
 He still has the blood clots on his legs
 They never tell me the charges on him.
 I don't know what it was.
 How could he know for what reason
 If one group go off and another group walk in
 And they said what did he do?
 And then they start beating on him, took turns beating on them,
 And they continued all night . . .
 Call them dirty dogs, black dogs,
 Everything they called them.
 For them to beat them like that.

Even one of them had the nerve to spit in Wallace's face.
How could he know why?
One set would go off, another come on . . .
All of them had to get . . . you know, this thing out of their heads.
Wallace said after they brought them from the hospital,
They handcuffed them all and beat them all again, all night.
He got under the bench . . . they have those long benches down there,
So he just rolled under the bench and pretended he fainted.
That's what stopped them, you know.
They don't have to have a reason,
And I don't think there's nothing you could do.
They is the law and the law is always right.
You can stand up and they can shoot you down.
They in the right and you in the wrong.
Wallace and Danny were just passing at the time,
You know, that the cops were beating the smaller kids
He walked up where they were beating them and kicking them around,
They don't have to have no reason.
And he want to know what the little kids do
So that's where they started in on him.
He didn't know the kids. He just saw the cops.
But the cops are always right . . .
They can beat whether it's a baby or not.
When that judge saw Wallace and Danny
He knew they were beaten.
Frank had one eye, he was in the hospital,
He couldn't even come to court that Saturday morning,
He was in the hospital.
They don't have to have no reason.

We go halfway up the block and we heard a police siren,
And we didn't pay much attention to it and then we heard children scream.
We turned around and walked back to see what happened.
As I got closer to the corner I saw this policeman with his gun out
Waving it at some children and with his billy in his hand.
I like put myself in the way to keep him from shooting the kids,
Because first of all he was shaking like a leaf
And jumping all over the place,
And I thought he might shoot one of them.
So I stepped in his way to keep one of the kids from getting hurt,
Trying to find out what was going on . . . and he turned on me.
I tried to get out of his way,
But as I ran and got in the middle of the street,
A patrolman apprehended me by the neck, flipped me over,
And put his knee on my chest.
I couldn't move or anything, and he asked me for my hand
And I couldn't give it, because in the position he had me
I could only give one hand.
Finally I gave him my other hand.
He handcuffed me . . . I was handcuffed in front.
He took me to the patrol car and later one of my friends
That was with me, named Wallace, they put him in the car too.
We went to the precinct and that's where they beat us
For nothing at all.
They like turned shifts on us,
Like six and twelve at a time would beat us,
And this went on practically all day we were at that station,
They beat us till I could barely walk and my back was in pain.
My friends they did the same till they bled.
All the time they were beating us they never took the handcuffs off.
And when they wanted to take us to the hospital
They made us go wash up.
They didn't want to take me to the hospital because I wasn't bleeding.
I had this big bruise on my leg from them beating me.
I had to like open the bruise up and let some of the bruise blood
Come out to show them I was bleeding,
And this is the only reason they let me go to the hospital.
I felt that otherwise, if I hadn't shown them this,

Then I wouldn't have went to the hospital at all.
They got so tired beating us they just came in
And started spitting on us.
And we were trying to duck the spit,
But they get on me, all on my face and my hands and my clothes.
They even bring phlegm up and spit on me,
Walk all over the top of us,
Make us get on the floor and all that crap.
We were actually treated like animals, so to say.
No policeman, no colored ones try to stop them from beating us.
And when we was in the precinct and they was putting charges on us
They said miscellaneous mischief and other charges we didn't understand.
And when I ask them what did it mean, they tell me none of your business.
You're going to jail anyway . . . why try and find out what you did?
And they didn't answer any questions at all.

I didn't know anything about this.
They didn't call me.
When I saw him he couldn't pull up his pants,
He had a blood clot on each leg.
But they didn't bother to call me.
I had went to the precinct to see about him
And see about the other boy, Fred Frazier,
'Cause I knew his mother was working at the time.
And they wouldn't let me in the precinct.
They told me he would be in the court nine o'clock tonight
And made everybody in front of the precinct go away.
When I was there it was lined up with policemen
Stopping people from going in.
That night when Fred Frazier's mother came home
She had to go to the hospital to sign for him,
For twelve stitches in his head.
They kept him overnight,
Then they were bailed
And charged with incitement to riot and assault.
Danny told me they beat him all night
And how they called more ones in to help.
His hands looked like they stuck pins in them.
I know it's unbelievable but it's the truth.
Because Frank, for one, had to have an operation on his thumb
Because he say that the policeman stepped on his thumb with his show
And turned the heel of his shoe all the way round on his thumb.
And that's what he said, Mr. Stafford. He had to have an operation.
And you could see his thumb was all swollen.
He say this policeman, he deliberately stepped on him
And took his heel and turned it all the way around on his finger.
When Danny got home he didn't cry,
He just try to pull up his pants to show me the blood clots.
But the pants wouldn't go up only this much over his legs
Because his legs were swollen so bad.
In fact he had a Red Cross plaster on his back
And it was all bruised, the back and both the legs.
There's no one I could think to go to;
You just have to fight back the best way you know.

'Cause when I saw this it was unbelievable.
I mean I just couldn't believe it.
I kept asking him are you sure, are you sure, because . . .
Well, I saw the blood clots and the bruises,
But I just couldn't accept a police would do a thing like that.
I just couldn't accept it.

I saw the cops running behind a couple of kids.
They snatched at one of the kids and reached and grabbed at another.
So the kids were trying to find out what was going on.
So the cops ask why they went and bothered this man's fruit stand.
So the kid said listen, I don't know nothing about it.
Then they started shaking the kid around, smashing him around.
The kid said wait a minute, listen, don't shake me like this.
I don't know nothing about it.
So the kid got mad and drop his books,
Then the kid try to get away from the cop.
The cop keep pulling him and smashing im around,
So he hit him a couple of times with his stick.
So the kid say wait a minute, why are you hitting me,
So listen I'll fight you, I'll fight for my rights, he said.
I didn't do anything.
All of a sudden here come more cops,
And the rest of the kids they are just standing around
And the cops start smashing every kid that they see.
So the kids just put up a fight, start fighting with their fists.
Then this boy, this particular boy, they hit him on the head
A couple times.
And he got mad.
He start fighting and kicking the cop and hitting with his fist.
So three cops teamed up on this particular kid and just beat him down.
Till he couldn't take it any more.
All he could do was give in.
He couldn't throw another lick.
So they messed up his eyes . . .
They were all bloody, his nose, mouth, head.
This was a kid no older than seventeen.
I saw the kid myself,
Fighting the cop with his fist,
Trying to get away because he didn't do nothing, he said.
So three cops jumped on him and beat him down with a stick,
And he couldn't move.
Here come the rest of the kids.
They were throwing garbage pails,
And the cops just pull out their sticks and keep hitting, hitting,
Hitting everybody they see standing in the street

At the particular time.

So they smashed four or five kids and put them in the car.

Now here come an old man walking out a stoop, and asked one cop

Say, listen sir, what's going on out here?

The cop turn around and smash him a couple of times in the head.

So that were about it.

In the first place, I don't have anything against a person
Running a business and using police to protect his property.
But what really hurt me to see with my own eyes was when
A policeman don't know exactly who it was that did the damage
And just runs smashing anybody,
Just smashing anybody he thought did it,
And just smashing them around and hammering them like that.
My goodness, anybody with common sense could just explain himself
And express himself in a way to make the police understand.
'Cause everybody's got a sense of humour . . .
They got to have a good sense of humour to call themselves a police.
And work for the state . . . or for the city.
And this police come and ask me, say did you have anything to do
With this fruit and vegetable stand, and I didn't.
All I would say is no sir, I'm sorry, I don't know anything about it.
He should let me go,
Let me alone,
But not come and hit me across the head, and with his stick,
Busting my nose
And eyes
And everything, when I know nothing about it.
My goodness . . . that's too much.

1.8	ROBERT RICE
	Pages 21 – 22

The cops ran after those little kids
That didn't have anything to do with it.
One roller caught on the little boy.
He got him between his legs and was going to beat the little boy
On his head
When Wallace stopped the roller,
Then two of them jumped him.
At that time he was fighting with the rollers.
And from there a whole lot jumped him
And everything was gone,
It was a big scatter.

We all tried to help Wallace Baker,
And as we were helping him, more police officers came
And they started pulling out their guns and aiming them at people.
And one in particular, one colored roller, pulled out his gun
And told Robert Rice that he was gonna shoot him dead right there
On the spot if he didn't drop a garbage can.
He had the garbage can defending himself, because the roller
Pulled out his gun.

CHAPTER TWO

2.1 MRS HAMM

Pages 23 - 25

My oldest son he heard me calling Danny in the hallway,
Because I had just got up out of the bathtub and couldn't hear.
So he said Momma, I think I just heard Danny hollering.
So I said I don't hear anything.
So I guess about a minute later he say I just heard Danny holler again.
I said I don't hear anything, so we opened the door,
And we don't hear anything.
So I went and got into bed, 'cause I was ill at the time.
All at once a heavy knock on the door.
 Bangbangbang.
So I opened the door. I says yes?
And he says . . . a detective . . . I couldn't see his face too good,
Because the light was right over my door and at the time it was out,
So he says . . . Are you Danny's mother?
I said yes.
So he says I am taking him down for questioning.
So I said what for?
He didn't say anything. He just walk downstairs.
So I told my other son that . . .
No . . . I asked the detective what precinct you taking him,
He still didn't say anything.
I got dressed real quick and I went round to the One-Thirty-fifth Street precinct.
I thought that's where they were taking him.
And I was there and an officer told me they didn't have him.
My son Teddy went to the precinct on One-Twenty-third Street,
And he said an officer told him they didn't have Danny
And if he didn't leave they would arrest *him*.
So I went round to one-oh-seven West Hundred and Thirtieth Street
To try and get in touch with Mr. Senna,
And they say Mr. Senna just left.
So I call his house and his wife say he wasn't there.
I was just walking around.
I didn't know what to do.
I was a nervous wreck.
I didn't know what to do, so I came home because I started sneezing.
My son Teddy . . . he still hadn't come home yet.
I guess about twenty minutes after I got in the house my son came in.

I said they said they didn't have Danny there in the precinct.
He said I was down in the precinct on One-Twenty-third Street,
And they told me if I didn't leave they would arrest me.
I was sneezing real bad then and coughing.
So he went back to the precinct on One-Twenty-fifth Street
And they still told him they didn't have Danny.
That way I didn't know what precinct Danny was in.
I was just a nervous wreck.
So me and Teddy decided to go to court to find out if he was there.
For the fruit riot they didn't call me.
So I said for this they'll probably do the same thing.
Let's go to court.
We went to court and then we found out.
I couldn't tell that he had been beaten then,
But I know he was nervous wreck because he was just trembling,
And when I found out what had happened was when I talked to him.
At two-seventy-five Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn . . . in the jail.
Because they wouldn't let me talk to him in the court;
The judge refused permission for us to talk to the boys.
Too many men in the back, the judge says.
Danny told me the detectives met him in the hallway –
I think it was three – come up and they asked me are you Danny Hamm?
And he says yes and right away
Gun right to the head and slapping him up,
One gun here and one gun here . . .
Just all the way down the hall . . .
Beating him and knocking him around with the gun to his head.

My mother was home when they took him.
He was in bed, in fact, my mother was in bed also.
And she say when they knocked on the door she got up,
And they wanted to know if this was where Robert Rice lived.
She said yes.
So they wanted to talk to him.
So she called him and said I'm in bed, let them come in.
They came in and asked him if he was at the Center . . .
'Cause they used to go to the Center and play basketball,
You know, in the evening.
And he said yes . . . you were there also.
And they said we want to take you down to the precinct for questioning.
So my mother said he's not going alone. I'll go with him.
They said no, we don't need you to go.
She said he's not going unless I go.
So she started to put on her clothes and she asked the detective
To leave, and he wouldn't leave.
He said he wasn't going out.
So she said you're going out of my house, you know.
And they wanted to search his clothes and everything.
She says you don't have a search warrant so you're not going to
Search his clothes.
So she asked him to leave again and he went outside.
And she put her clothes on.
She said it was three carloads of detectives outside,
And they wanted him to go in one car and she in another
And she said no, I'll ride in the same car with him.
Robert said when they went into the precinct
They put him in front of this big mirror . . .
Which we know is a two-way glass.
They told him he could go home, they didn't need him.
I went back to the precinct to try and find out why they had
Arrested him.
The policeman that had arrested him would not come and talk to me.
He told one of the other detectives to tell me what happened.
So he came over and said if someone assaulted you
Wouldn't you want us to try to find what happened?
So he said we don't need him any more, you can take him home.
I carried him home and the next day they came and got him again.

They came about eleven o'clock the first night.
The next it was about eight, or a quarter to eight.
Then Robert was beaten.
He said they didn't hit him on the face . . .
It was like through the body,
On the legs, so it wouldn't show.
But I was at the precinct.
They had him for five hours and they told me he wasn't there.
I knew he was there.
It was one o'clock when they finally came down and said he was there.
They wouldn't even let us upstairs, my husband and I,
To the detective department.
Five hours I was waiting at the precinct, five hours.
One of the neighbours told me he was picked up.
Then they told me that night they were going to arraign him.
They didn't say for what.
I didn't break down, but I was very nervous and upset,
Being there and not knowing the reason why,
Because they don't give you any information.
I had called a lawyer during the time he was there.
And the lawyer called the precinct, because he had told me on the phone
He couldn't come right there then
But he would call and see if they had him there.
And when he called they said no, they didn't have him there,
They had him the night before.
But at the same time he was there.
The lawyer came about a quarter after twelve
And they continued to tell him that he wasn't there.
And he had to speak of getting a judge, because you know
I had the license plate of the car that took him to the precinct.
But then the D.A. and Detective Sergeant Conner, I think it was,
Came down and they talked with him.
They admitted they had him, after the five hours of saying he
Wasn't there. So I went home.
I heard it on the seven o'clock news that they would be arranged
For homicide.

2.3	MRS CRAIG
	Pages 30 – 33

My son Willie Craig was arrested the night of the murder,
 On the night of April the twenty-ninth.
 It was raining.
 One of my friends' daughters was at my house.
 Willie was there, so I asked him would he walk her home
 'Cause she didn't have cab fare and I didn't have cab fare to give her.
 This was about . . . about ten-thirty.
 So he left.
 He and this girl left and went to One Hundred and Forty-third Street.
 About eleven o'clock I kept hearing a noise coming from the roof.
 And all of a sudden I heard somebody coming up the stairs.
 So I looked out the door . . . I had my door open . . .
 I looked out of the door and there was some men coming up.
 I didn't know who they were at the time.
 So one walked to the door and he asked me if this was where
 Billy Craig lived.
 I said Billy Craig?
 No, there's no Billy Craig here. There's a Willy Craig lives here.
 Well, that's who we're looking for.
 At that time a couple of them went up the end of the hall . . .
 And down they came from the roof,
 It look like about twenty of them,
 And they come right in to ask me where was Willy's room.
 I say it's back there.
 So I took them back to his room.
 They asked me where was he?
 Well, I said, I send him on an errand for me.
 Where was that?
 I said One Hundred and Forty-third Street.
 Where was that between?
 I say between Lenox and Seventh Avenue.
 Four sit there in the house and waited.
 The others left, and I'd say about forty-five minutes later
 One come up the stairs and say we got him.
 I was on my way into the front room, and when I heard that
 I turned around and come back.
 And the others were getting up to go out.
 I said you got him? You got Willie?

One turn around and said yes, we got him.
And my friend was sitting there and I said would you go down with them
And I'll be right on because I got to get my boots on and my coat.
So I went and got my boots and coat on and I went out the door.
Soon as I got outside a cab was there,
And I got right in the cab and went to the Twenty-eight precinct.
This was about eleven-thirty.
I walked in and I tried to talk to somebody,
Some of the detectives,
And everybody I would ask something . . . just a minute . . . just a minute.
This continued until about five-thirty in the morning.
Five-thirty . . . one of the detectives come out and he called three boys off by name.
And he said the other mothers can go,
But these mothers stay for a little while.
So we sat there and they brought Willie out.
They sat him down at the desk.
So I asked, I said, what are you holding him for?
He said for assault.
I said who did he assault?
That time Willie ask, he say who did I assault?
And nobody still didn't say anything.
So em and Mrs. Thomas, we stood there.
Ewe stood around until about six o'clock,
And this detective he kept saying go home and get some rest
So you can be in court in the morning, 'cause we are keeping these boys.
I didn't know why they were holding them no more than just as assault.
I couldn't think of anywhere I could go for help.
I felt everything was hopeless.
A friend of mine downstairs, he heard . . . and my daughter,
She was downstairs, in an apartment downstairs;
She saw the three boys on television.
So she ran up and told me about it and by the time she could get
Upstairs to turn the TV on up there . . . it was gone already.
She told me they were arrested for murder.

About eleven o'clock, or ten minutes to eleven,
Somebody knocked on my door,
And my youngest daughter went to the door and asked who is it?
And they said they wanted to know if Turkey was there.
So my son, he was there and he thought it was one of his friends.
He went to the door to see who it was . . . and my little daughter,
She was still standing at the door, she hadn't opened it.
And when he opened the door the detective just pushed the door open
And pushed my little girl up against the wall
And dragged my son and started to try to handcuff him.
Well I thought it was some of his friends wrestling or playing.
I didn't pay too much attention to it first,
But when I looked back I saw there was still wrestling going on
Back there, and I said what's going on back there?
And I got up and went back there
And I found there were ten or eleven detectives in the house.
One of them had thrown him down on the chair
And trying to put his hands back to handcuff him.
I had cleaned out his closet that day . . .
I had a couple of old coats on the floor by the garbage.
And they kept wrestling with him, so I ask the detective . . .
What you want with him? What are you trying to do to him?
So the detective say we just want to talk to him.
Talk to him about what?
Why are you wrastling him? Why are you trying to fight him?
So the detective say oh take it easy, take it easy.
Don't get excited.
And this same detective that was in the papers,
He went into the kitchen and picked up one of the jackets,
And he ask my son, he say were you get this coat from?
So my son say my mother bought it.
So he asked me where did I get the coat.
I told him where I got the coat from.
He said what is it doing here?
I said it was no good, it was ripped, it was torn from the pocket down,
It had been fixed, repaired, and it was too small.
I said I was throwing it away.
They finally put the handcuffs on my son
And they started going through the house, looking through the house.

They told me they would take him down.
So I said I'm going too, just a minute.
They told me I couldn't ride with them, that I had to come down alone,
And by me not having anything on, they had already handcuffed him.
They didn't wait.
They didn't give him a jacket.
He didn't have anything but a sweater on.
They didn't give him a jacket or a hat or anything.
And it was raining and it wasn't too warm that night at all.
And they took him out just like that with his sweater on.
And one of the jackets the detectives had picked up off the floor,
He kept that in his hand, and they went out.
By the time I had my coat and shoes on
They were in the car downstairs.
They wouldn't let me get in the car,
I had to go to Seventh Avenue and get a taxicab
To ride to the precinct.
And while they were in the car my son told me they says
Now act smart, we got you, now act smart.
And he said he was frightened
Because he thought they were going to beat him.
And when I got to the precinct they put him in a room
And we sat out in front for a while, for about an hour.
The one of the detectives took me and my sister and Mrs. Felder –
They had her boy, Ronald Felder –
And her husband and put us in a side room
And told us to sit there.
We sat there, oh, about two or three hours.
And I just get impatient sitting there
Because I didn't know what was going on with him.
So I go outside and one of the detectives come
And he ask em something about a raincoat.
He asked me did my son own a raincoat, so I told him no.
So he went back in the room.
Then, I must have been there till about five-thirty in the morning,
The detective come up and tell us they were keeping him.
I asked them what for and they told me assault,
But they wouldn't tell me assault
On who, what, where, or anything else.
I stayed until six o'clock.
Then one of the colored detectives came out and he talked to me.
He said Mrs. Thomas, you should go home and get some rest,

So you can be fresh in court tomorrow.
You stay here you can't do anything. You'll be all fagged out.
He said I promise you your son will not be beaten.
He said if he be beaten I will have you charge me personally
With police brutality.
He said now you can go ahead home.
And it was about six o'clock when I left the precinct,
And my son wasn't beaten.

I would never forget his face,
Nasty as he was that night in my house.
He didn't ring the bell.
He took his stick and just, you know, knocked on the door.
So I said come in.
Look like there was about thirty of them, you couldn't tell.
They were from the front to the back.
I have four rooms straight through.
When they first entered . . .
I have a rack in the hall where you hang your coats on . . .
They just took the coats down, looking at the coats,
Throwing them on the floor.
So I asked them what did they want? What was they looking for?
They didn't say nothing then, just kept looking at the coats.
They say I'm going to search your house.
So I said have you got a search warrant?
This old nasty one I saw in the papers,
He say no, I don't have a search warrant and I'm going to search anyway.
Well, he did.
I didn't know how many was there, I couldn't see myself,
Looked like twenty or thirty of them.
They were from the front of my place to the back.
I have four rooms.
So they was all at the back under the bed.
So I asked them what they was looking for.
They didn't say nothing.
They just kept looking . . . flashing their lights.
I said well I have babies back there, three babies,
My three grand-babies they was in the back sleeping.
The didn't pay the babies no mind on the bed,
They just picked up the mattress, and the babies rolling
On top of each other,
So I was a little angry at the time.
I still asked them well, who is you looking for?
'Bout twenty minutes later they said Wallace Baker.
I said what you want with him?
They said we want him for assault.
I said who did he assault?
They never tell me.

They want to know where he is. I say, I don't know, I didn't.
So I ask my oldest boy where is his brother?
He say I don't know. He asked Jimmy where was his brother?
Jimmy says I don't know.
This was the cop I saw in the paper.
Oh, they start pushing Earl around, my oldest son,
Shoving him around.
I told them take his hands off him,
I said he hasn't done nothing, what are you pushing him around for?
They told him . . . well, get your coat, you're going down.
So Earl got his coat.
I told Jimmy, you go to bed 'cause you got to go to school tomorrow.
Cop said to Jimmy, you get your coat, I'm going to take you in too.
So I said you ain't taking him nowhere till I get my clothes on.
Will you please step out of this room till I get dressed.
The one I saw, I don't know his name, in the paper,
Oh I'll never forget him. He wouldn't leave.
I had to get up. I had to put my coat on over my robe
'Cause he wouldn't leave the room till I, you know, got dressed.
So they took him down, it was about eleven-thirty.
We stayed there from eleven-thirty, I looked at the clock,
Till five in the morning.
They wouldn't let my boys go.
And this old cop that was in the paper,
He's the one that was just pushing my baby around,
Pushing him from one side of the wall to the other.
The guy that was in charge there, I don't know what his name was,
The colored fellow, told him stop pushing him around and leave him alone.
So I sat there till about five in the morning,
Then I brought Jimmy home.
And they still didn't let my oldest son go.
They held him until around twelve o'clock the next day.
Jimmy's sixteen, that's my youngest son, and Earl, he's twenty-two.
The babies, they was on the bed . . . the cops just picked up the mattress,
They didn't even care about the babies,
And them rolling over on each other.
One was six months old, and Sharon only two.
They didn't even care about the babies.
His one I saw in the papers . . . he was the nastiest one.
The colored cop told Jimmy, your mother told you to go to bed,
'Cause you have to go to school.
He said you go back there and go to bed.

But this one in the paper said he ain't going to go to bed,
I'm going to take him on down too. You get dressed!
So they took him down.
So Wallace said, at the time he was coming in the house . . .
He had taken his girl to the movies
And he saw the policemen coming into the house . . .
I asked him why he didn't come in.
He said because of the way they had done beat him on the night of April seventeenth.
He didn't know what they wanted to do to him.
He knowed he hadn't did nothing,
But you know you just get beat up for nothing,
So he was just afraid.
I don't blame him,
I wouldn't have come in either.
And the next day they came back there.
I had walked out at evening.
Oh, they was in my house all night that night,
Because they was looking for Wallace,
Being Wallace saw them come in there. He was afraid.
They were just in and out all night.
Two cars just on the other side of the street, by the church,
You know the church faces our door.
They was in and out of my house all night like it was a subway,
They pushed me around too, they just walked all over me.
They didn't pay me no mind.
I didn't know where to go.
I didn't know what to do, where to turn.

2.6	MRS CHANCY (RONALD FELDER'S AUNT)
Pages 45 – 48	

Ronald's arrest was from the home.
When they came for him I asked them what did he do?
They said nothing: we just want him for an investigation.
One of the policemen tried to be right nasty.
Ronald was in there reading a book.
I was laying on the bed; my husband was sleeping . . .
And the other little one was in there.
And when he came in . . .
It wasn't one, it was about fifty,
And all out front line up with detectives and police cars.
And when they came in and they really find out that he was home
They ran in here like somebody was crazy.
I didn't even count them because I got so excited.
I didn't know which way to turn.
I said to them what happened, and Ronald got his jacket.
He walked over by that trunk
And that's when one of them took his billy and push him.
And I walk over and I got in between and I said
Now wait a minute, don't you push him around,
'Cause if he commit a crime he will be punished.
There wasn't no need of them beating him up before the time.
And one of the other cops tell him to take it easy, take it easy.
'Cause you see, I would fight, you know.
So they say it wasn't necessary for me to go down,
So I got dressed and I went on.
Again I ask Ronald what did you do?
He said I didn't do anything.
Well, why are they picking you up, I said.
Well I don't know.
One of the policemen feel him in here.
Open up his clothes and feel him in here, on his heart.
And he say well, this kid is calm.
And my other little boy, which was twelve he was sleeping
At the time,
And they wake him up and want to know does he know anything about it.
I told him no, the kid doesn't go around with these boys
Because he is too young.
And the detectives they insist that he must go.
They take him, a twelve-year-old boy,

Make him wake up, make him get dressed and take him down.
Another thing; they say they searched every parent's house
And they take something out like the Indians use.
They didn't even search this apartment.
They didn't take anything out here 'kept James, Ronald and me,
And they took me because I refused to let the children go alone.
And when we got downstairs they said the children
They must goin one car and me in another.
I axe them well, where are the children going?
They say in this car, and I say if they go here I go too.
So he said no.
I said don't tell me, if they die we all three die together tonight.
And when I got down to the precinct I kept saying
I wonder what it is, I wonder what it is.
They don't give me no reason whatsoever why they pick him up.
The one of the detectives say to me what you think happened?
A man was stabbed serious and a woman was killed.
So then I said what time was that?
It was before five o'clock
I said what you mean, this kid was nowhere around there,
I know where he was, he was at home, I talked to him on the phone.
And about one o'clock, my little boy was in the precinct room
Sleeping.
They asked all parents to go into another room,
And when we go into this room, they wake up James
And take him in for questioning.
So while he was in the room this detective came out,
And he say to me
James is the only one that can free his brother.
So I said what you mean, free his brother?
Because James said his brother said he know who do the killing.
And I said how could James tell you?
This child he don't even go around with them!
Then he asked me would Ronald talk with me . . .
Or would he get angry with me if I go in and talk to him?
I say if he do, it would be the first time.
So I went in the room and I start talking with him and I say
Tell me the truth now, 'cause this is a thing you don't cover up
For your mother.
I say now the truth must be told.
He said Sadie, I'm telling you the truth,
I didn't do nothing and I don't know nothing.

So then, after I keep questioning him and asking him,
This detective come back in the room and he said
Look at Ronald, look at Ronald, what kind of a child he is.
He is clean all the way through.
But look at the company he keeps, just look at his company!

CHAPTER THREE

3.1	MRS. RICE
	Page 50

He was supposed to be looking for a dagger.
In doing so he broke the dresser, the couch, the arm off the couch.
And the mattress on the bed –
In turning it over he ripped the whole side of the mattress,
And he was very nasty with my mother.
He wanted to go up in the closet and pull down boards
That had been hanging there for the last twenty years.
And he said it was his job, he had to do this.
And he went through all the clothes and threw them on the floor.
He wanted to know why Robert had so many clothes.
So my mother told him, my husband and I, we worked,
And we bought him clothes.
He just threw them down on the floor and stepped on them.

3.2	MRS. CHANCY
	Pages 51 – 52

We were sitting on the stoop one day
 And little James was out there playing, and he say
 Oh Mommy, I forget to tell you, you know those people,
 They take me down . . .
 What people take you down?
 He said the police they take me down to the courthouse
 Or someplace downtown and they made me sign a paper.
 And then he tell me this happened two days before
 Without my knowing a word about it.
 They went to the school and picked up my little boy
 Up out of the schoolroom.
 Took him downtown, kept him downtown from about twelve to four.
 First thing they bribe him with candy,
 Next thing they bribe him with a ham sandwich.
 So James said he was scared because they had him in this big room
 And they asked him what did he know about the murder?
 He told them he doesn't know anything.
 So then they asked him well, where was Ronald at the time?
 He say Ronald was at the fish market around the corner here.
 So they told him well, we don't want to know that story,
 We want to know wasn't he before the store where this murder took place?
 He said he was scared because they were always talking real fast
 And it got him scared and he was afraid they would beat him
 And he told them yes.
 That was my other little boy, but that child was right here in
 This house when that other thing happened.
 The little boy thought they were going to whip him.

More rollers came in and they was taking their guns out
And pointing them at little boys.
And one little boy have a bump upside of his head from a club,
From where the policeman hit him on his head.
He has the scar there on his head now.
And *nothing* is being done about that.

There was an old man that was in the crowd.
Now when the old man saw them beating Frank,
He tapped the cop on the back and was asking him . . .
What were they doin',
And they turned around and whipped that old man down to the ground.
And now it's been two days and we haven't seen
Or heard from the old man; he's still in jail.
Nobody don't know nothing about the old man.
Nothing. And they don't have nothing on him.

3.5	ROBERT RICE
	Page 61

There was this colored policeman that took his gun out
And say he was going to kill me.
So I got out of the way.
And I was running . . . the rest of the brothers . . .
They was taking the white . . . the brother white . . .
They put him in the police car with Daniel Hamm.

3.6	ROBERT BARNES
	Pages 61 – 62

And about the old man, the old man
He wasn't fighting . . .
He didn't do nothing but ask a question,
And he got his head busted open for nothing.

3.7	WALLACE BAKER
	Page 62

He get that just for a question.
He get his head beat up just for a question.
No reason at all, just for a question.

And the reason I could say that is because
Robert Rice told one that he was the same color as we were
And it didn't make no sense for him to blow our brains out.
And he told Robert Rice that he was not the same color as we were.
In other words, he didn't have the same color skin as we had
He was light-skinned.

3.9	ROBERT RICE
	Pages 62 – 63

Yeah, naturally I went to talk to the colored roller . . .
So I asked him well, brother, what's going to happen?
He said well, first of all, we are not alike.
You don't look like me and I don't want no part of you.
Where does that leave me? What am I going to do now?
I can't say nothing'.
He's against me now!

They don't want us here.
They don't want us . . . period!
All they want us to do is work on these
Penny ante jobs for them . . .
And that's *it* . . .
And beat our heads in whenever they feel like it.
They don't want us on the street
'Cause the World's Fair is coming,
And they figure that all black people are hoodlums anyway
Or bums, with no characters of our own.
So they put us off the streets
So their friends from Europe, Paris or Vietnam ---
Wherever they come from –
Can come and see this supposed to be
Great city.

CHAPTER FOUR

4.1	MRS. CRAIG
	Page 70

I had to have the proper identification
In order to prove that I was his mother
Before I could even see him.
He was in a cage, and I had to look through a small glass like this
And I had to talk to him through a phone, over a phone.
He said he didn't know anything about this –
What they had charged him with.
He asked me to get a lawyer.
I told him I was trying all I could to get him one.
'Course he knew that . . . you know . . . that I don't have money,
Didn't have money . . .
So that I was just completely blank.
I didn't know what to do.

I didn't think this was a good thing.
The reason I didn't like was 'cause . . .
I had a friend . . . she was in the same position,
And they gave her a Legal Aid lawyer
And the lawyer just sat there.
Didn't get up and say one thing –
Didn't get us to say one thing in the boy's defense.
So therefore . . . I was in the court when this thing happened,
And so by them appointing me a Legal Aid
I felt my son would be in the same position.
That's the reason I didn't want no Legal Aid.

4.3	MRS. RICE
	Pages 72 – 73

We have a district leader, Mrs. Watson.
 She didn't come to see me
 But she sent word to me that I should use a Legal Aid lawyer
 Because it didn't make sense to try to spend money . . .
 To save Robert, to try to get a lawyer to help him.
 So I sent word back to her if it took the rest of my life
 And I have to work night and day to have what I want to have,
 I would do this . . .
 Anyway, it seems like the judge didn't wan us to have our own lawyers.
 Even if we could afford it,
 Because Judge Calkins, when we went down with our lawyer,
 He called me to the bench first
 And then he called my husband to come up,
 And he said the costs of the court and the appeal
 Would run you into so much money . . .
 You would save to spend three hundred dollars a day for the minutes,
 And I think it would be very foolish to spend your life's savings
 When the state will appoint you two lawyers.
 We said no, we would rather have our own lawyers,
 But it seemed they didn't want this
 Because they did the same thing to Mrs. Craig . . .
 They didn't want us to have the lawyers that we wanted
 From the beginning.

The police say at the precinct it happened at five o'clock.
But at four-thirty I was at my job
And I said gee, I haven't called the children yet,
And I went into my room where I was working and put on my shoes.
It was twenty-five minutes to five, and I called up,
And Ronald was right here, and I ask him
What he want me to bring home to cook.
He said nothing, you know I'm satisfied with anything you fix.
So I said I'll tell you what, you want me to bring home some beef
And fix you some okra soup?
He said that would be fine. This was twenty-five minutes to five.
I call the children every day about this time
When they get home from school.
I know he was home. I dressed and took the train from Twenty-third Street,
And I stopped right here at the Garden Market.
I got the beef and I came straight home, I didn't stop anywhere.
It was between five-thirty and twenty minutes of six when I got here,
And that's why I know what happened . . .
But in the morning at court . . . they kept him!
That's the thing that got on my nerves more than any.
When they asked the detective what charges they had against the children,
The detective said the only charges they had against them
Was that the witness say they see them leaving the scene.
So the judge said we couldn't hold them on that.
And then the district attorney said hold them on felony assault,
And so they could hold them!
We never seen no witness, never told who the witness was or nothing.
This colored detective say well, how you think we got Ronald's name?
A woman came to us. We didn't go to them. She came to us.
And who this woman was nobody know because I never seen this woman in court.
That was the same night of the arrest.
A woman told the detective Ronald's name and that's how
They picked Ronald up. But they never produced the woman!
Never.

4.5	MRS. THOMAS
	Page 75

Mine was at home . . . all that afternoon.
He was home that day because it was raining,
And I wanted to go do my shopping for groceries
And two of them was there.
And I made him stay and mind those two
While I was at the store.

And my son was with her son.

My son Willie Craig was there and they were fixing wheatcakes.

Willie didn't leave till about quarter to four,

And then he went to Mrs. Thomas's right around the corner.

It was raining.

4.7	MRS. BAKER
	Page 75

Wallace told me he was at his girl friend's.

She lives in the Bronx.

She said he was there.

Danny was home doing his homework.

4.9	MRS. RICE
	Page 75

Robert was home then, and then he went to the Center.

4.10	MRS. HAMM
	Page 76

The lawyer tried to confuse the boys!
Each boy he would talk to . . .
Like he would talk to me son Hamm.
He said Hamm, you might as well confess
Because Mrs. Thomas' son has, and he said you did it.
And he said Thomas, you might as well confess
Because Baker said you did it.
And Baker, you might as well confess
Because Rice said that you did it.
This was our defense attorney . . .
The Legal Aid lawyer doing this!

We didn't know where to go,
We didn't know where to turn
Only when we came abound here to Bill,
And that was a week or so later, maybe two weeks,
When Mrs. Thomas said I got to find somebody to help these boys!
And I think, Mildred, you the one that found Bill,
And we came round here and talked to Bill.

CHAPTER FIVE

5.1	MRS. HAMM
	Page 96

Danny wants to be a vetinarian;
He is very fond of pigeons and dogs.
He has to be fond of them, because
Every time I turned around in my house I had pigeons underfoot.
And they are still there,
Because my younger boy is taking care of the pigeons.
The same pigeons!

5.2	MRS. CRAIG
	Page 96

And Willie cared so much for them,
When it was cold like this he would bring them in . . .
In boxes, in big boxes, and put them in his room
And keep them there till it got warm.
The boys ask us all the time how the pigeons are.
But they tell me to tell the kids to stay off the roof
Because there's no telling what the police
Might get up there and do to them . . .
Because the pigeon coop is still up there.

The police would rather have them down in the street
Than up there out of danger and out of
Doing things that's wrong.
Up on the roof they're not bothering anybody.
They're up there . . . they're having fun
Taking care of the pigeons,
Staying out of trouble.
They would take their food up there and eat.
Danny come in the morning before they went to school.
They even went so far to build a burglar alarm
For the pigeons, because some kids would come
And steal their pigeons and sell them back to the people
They buy them from.
Then, when we give them their allowance,
They take that and buy pigeons.
They used to come home lots of times and say
Gosh, I'm real hungry, and I'd say
What did you do with your lunch money?
And they tell me, I bought some more pigeons.
So I give him some more money for pigeons.
If he likes that I want him to enjoy himself.

Willie had a special drawer in his room
That he kept the pigeon food in . . .
And the sick ones . . . sometimes you would hear
Cheep, cheep, and so you look under the bed
And he would have brought in a sick pigeon . . .

One day the kids were up on the roof with the pigeons
And two carloads of detectives came and went up on the roof.
They pulled their guns on the kids and searched them
And made them all come down, and they were going to
Take them down to the precinct.
My daughter came to my house and got me,
And I went around to Seventh Avenue to see what was happening.
The boys were talking amongst themselves,
And the boys were saying they didn't do anything
And they weren't going anywhere.
So one of the kids asked me . . .
If you will go with me I will go to the precinct.
I said no, I'll go and find out what's wrong.
When I went to the precinct the cops, the detectives was there,
And I heard one of them say
To get those boys to the precinct we would have to shoot them.
There was a big crowd around them,
And the police seemed like they was embarrassed,
Because I don't think they expected the kids.
To have as much sense as they had in speaking up for themselves.
My nephew was there and he told me, he says,
Just leave Danny Hamm alone, let him talk.
And they talked, they told the police they hadn't done anything,
And they wasn't getting into any police car,
And they wasn't going to any police station with them . . .
And they didn't.

APPENDIX 6

STRUCTURE OF WOODIE KING JNR's *THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS* (1980)

Location	Time	Content [Page numbers refer to Truman Nelson's <i>The Torture of Mothers</i>]
Harlem – the Fruit Stand riot of 17 April, 1965	00 00	Opening Scene dramatizing the Fruit Stand Riot and the beating of Frank Stafford.
	01 43	<i>New York Times</i> report of 19 April – '75 in Harlem Throw Fruit at Policemen'. Text taken verbatim from pp.2-3.
	02 39	Introduction to Junius Griffin's article in <i>The New York Times</i> of May 29, 1964 and assertion that its claims have no basis in fact.
	03 15	Movie trailer and credits
A meeting of around 40 people in the Friendship Community Baptist Centre.	04 22	Herbert Paine [pp.18-20]
	05 44	Daniel Hamm [p.13]
	06 07	Robert Rice [p.21]
	06 15	Frank Stafford [pp.4-5]
	06 55	Daniel Hamm [p.13]
	07 12	Wallace Baker [p.11]
	07 24	Daniel Hamm [p.14]
	07 35	Mrs Hamm, [p.15]
The Hamm's house, Daniel talks to his mother at the end.	08 43	Daniel Hamm [p.15]
Barber's shop.	09 22	Frank Stafford, [p.6]
Friendship Community Baptist Centre.	09 45	Mrs Baker, [p.11]
	10 00	Frank Stafford, [p.6]
Friendship Community Baptist Centre.	10 40	Mrs Baker, [p.12]
	11 04	Mrs Hamm, [p.17]
	11 55	Mrs Baker, [p.13]
Images of police on streets, police station at precinct.	12 12	Narrator, [p.18]
Friendship Community Baptist Centre.	12 47	Frank Stafford, [pp.7-8]
	14 06	Wallace Baker, [p.61]
	14 30	Daniel Hamm, [p.63]
Images of the 1964 New York World's Fair.	14 45	Narrator takes over Hamm's words in this speech, moving into his own words.
Friendship Community Baptist Centre.	15 50	One woman stands up and says 'we want the whole world to hear this case'. Narrator continues [pp.63-64]
In the kitchen of the family home	17 28	Mrs Craig with her son in the kitchen, talking about him keeping pigeons. [p.96]
Rooftops of Harlem – the police and the pigeons	17 50	Mrs Hamm, outside, talking about Daniel using his lunch allowance to buy pigeons. [pp.96-98]

	19 15	Mrs Baker talking about the rooftops of Harlem being kept under constant surveillance. Not in book.
	19 34	Mrs Hamm, [p.96]
The Hamms' house	19 57	Narrator, [p.23]
	20 24	Mrs Hamm, [p.23]
Inside, then rooftops	21 03	Mrs Baker, [p.42]
The arrests	21 35	Mrs Craig, [p.30]
Various, homes, cut to police coming into houses en masse.	22.50	Mrs Rice, [p.26]
	23.21	Mrs Chancy, [p.45]
	23.35	Mrs Baker, [pp. 39-40]
	25.18	Mrs Thomas, [pp. 34&36]
	27.11	Mrs Craig, [p.32]
	27.32	Mrs Baker, [p.41]
	28 20	Mrs Chancy, [p.47]
Blackout		
Events at the police station -- various scenes	29 02	Mrs Rice, [p.29]
	29 16	Mrs Hamm, [p.24]
	29 34	Mrs Thomas, [p.37]
	29 50	Mrs Hamm, [p.24]
	30 10	Mrs Rice, [p.28]
	30 25	Mrs Thomas, [p.38]
	30 32	Mrs Hamm, [p.25]
	30 58	Mrs Rice, [p.29]
	31 10	Mrs Hamm, [p.25]
	31 58	Mrs Thomas, [p.38]
The killing of Mrs Sugar	31 12	Narrator, [p.38]
Voice over stills of each boy.	33 02	Narrator, [p.43]
The boys in prison	33 32	Mrs Chancy, [p.47]
	34 29	Narrator, [pp.37-38]
	34 57	Mrs Rice, [p.50]
	35 46	Narrator, [p.49]
	36 01	Short clips from three mothers
	36 24	Narrator, [p.50]
	36 45	Mrs Chancy, [p.51]
	38 31	Unidentified female narrator, [p.53]
	39 17	Narrator, [p.66]
	39 58	Unidentified female, not in book.
	40 11	Narrator, [p.69]
	40 19	Mrs Craig, [p.70]
The courtroom	41 14	Narrator, [pp.70-71]

Getting the lawyer the mothers want	42 02	Mrs Hamm, [p.72]
	42 30	Mrs Rice, [p.73]
	43 12	Mrs Hamm, [p.76]
	43 48	Mrs Baker, [p.76]
	44 06	Conrad Lynn, [pp. 72-81]
	45 42	Narrator, [p.82]
Shooting of James Powell by Lieutenant Detective Gilligan	46 30	Narrator, [pp.88-89]
The summing up.	49 24	Conrad Lynn's update on the case. Five of the Harlem Six were released in 1972 Robert Rice was still in jail at the time of making the film.

APPENDIX 14

STEVE REICH BEING INTERVIEWED ABOUT *DIFFERENT TRAINS*

Transcription of Steve Reich's radio Interview on *Different Trains*

Source of recording: Paul Sacher Stiftung, Basel

Archive notes with recording

CD 11 – 4 Tracks Gesamtzeit CD 01:09:02

Track	Duration	Description
4	00: 20:48	Interview Beschriftung unleserlich

The interview proper starts at just before 1:00 into the recording – there are a number of sound level problems and crackling, a telephone rings, and there is also white noise at the start prior to the interview. Reich refers during this to this being 'public radio'. The station is unattributed both during the interview and on Reich's notes.

1.1	Interviewer	Steve, hearing <i>Different Trains</i> sort of took me back to the first time I heard anything of yours, which would be the old CBS recording of <i>Come Out to Show Them</i> , which astounded me at the time, and I still like to listen to that once in a while. Do you still hold that dear in your heart?
1.2	Reich	<p>Obviously so, or I wouldn't have done <i>Different Trains</i>. It does ... that piece, which is 1988, definitely is a kind of reflection on the earlier pieces, er, earliest pieces. And, those pieces – <i>It's Gonna Rain</i> which was even before <i>Come Out</i>, sort of sat there in the back of my mind as something that I felt needed development – something to go back to, but <i>how</i>, I mean, after being involved in live music. And, actually, it was a couple of things. It was the involvement that I began with computers when I started doing my notation by computer, by Macintosh, which led to an awareness of sampling keyboards and I would say that the sampling keyboard was the pivotal piece of technology there, which was what made me think that I really had a way to go back to that kind of thinking where I could use recordings as part of a piece of live music.</p> <p>I've said many times – and it's true – that I'm not interested in electronic music. But what I've been referring to is oscillators basically, synthesisers, electronically-produced sound. I have used microphones in my concerts for years and intend to continue doing so. And I have done pieces using tape as you know – <i>Vermont Counterpoint</i>, <i>New York Counterpoint</i> – but what was on the tape was musical instruments. So the sampling keyboard to me was an opportunity to take, if you like, analogue sounds – sounds of this world, meaningful sounds, especially speech, but other sounds as well, and integrate them into musical composition not in the way that what is suggested by the old <i>musique concrete</i> or later by John Cage, which is a sort of free-for-all collage form, but because it's sitting on a keyboard, a conventional piano keyboard, the sampler allows you to play any sound <i>in</i> musical time. And this seemed just fantastic to me, and <i>Different Trains</i> is definitely the result of that possibility coupled with a lot of personal concerns, obviously.</p>
1.3	Interviewer	We're getting into the personal concerns and, I don't exactly know how to put this, but overstating it, a lot of your music in the past has been 'head' music, intellectual music, in a way, academic music, not in the dry sense, but in the idea that you're taking an idea and playing with it. But <i>Different Trains</i> seems – I can't understand why – it is a very emotional piece. Not just the words, but how it is all put together and some people have said you're finally letting loose and being yourself. [Reich laughs].
1.4	Reich	Well, there's an element of truth to <i>that</i> . I think that it isn't quite so sudden. I mean, if you think of a piece like <i>Tehillim</i> , if you think of a piece like <i>The Desert Music</i> , pieces that had words, brought out another aspect of me. And the experience of working with words, which is of course also in <i>Different Trains</i> , the idea of having something which is not just notes on paper ... forces me ... I mean, going back to <i>Tehillim</i> , for instance, I went to through the book of Psalms in Hebrew and in English and finally picked out the parts of Psalms that I felt I could say to any human being with conviction. Once I had selected that material, once I had made a choice, it was as if as if that material – the Psalms that I had selected which without sitting at my piano – reached out behind me and said, okay, I need a

		<p>melody. Yes? One of those patterns you can do – I need a melody. Can you do it? If not, you know, get lost.</p> <p>And I really suddenly felt this necessity completely built on something which had nothing to do with any musical concern whatsoever. The Psalms needed a melody and I had to set it in a way which was in a sense very conventional but in a sense for me very different and very new for what I had been doing. And similarly when I chose Dr Williams's poetry for <i>The Desert Music</i>. After I chose it, it pushed me in a direction I never in the world would have gone without that text, both in its rhythm and in its meaning.</p>
1.5	Interviewer	You chose that text because it had something to do with the sort of music you were interested in?
1.6	Reich	<p>Yes, and also because it had to do with, you know, the end of the world as has been hanging over our heads since 1945. <i>Different Trains</i>, of course, is a different cup of tea because when I first started doing the piece, what I do, what I actually did was to take a little tape recorder like I'm talking into with you now, and go out to Queens, a part of New York, sleepy little part of New York, where my Governess who's now in her late seventies lived, and talk about the old days with her, this time on tape. And then go down to Washington D.C. and interview Mr Davies who's a retired Pullman porter now in his eighties, living alone in a room, his family's all passed away, his era has all passed away, talking about what it was like in 1939, 1940, 1941. And then going up to Yale University, where I spent almost a week going through tape after tape of various people who have lived through the Holocaust, come to America and talked about it, all in that same period of time when Mr. Davies was riding the trains, and I was riding the trains, and my Governess was riding the trains, here in wonderful America in those same years that other people were going through Poland and never coming back.</p> <p>And when I finally brought all those volume of tape home, I was like loaded, I had been eating as it were with all this material, this loaded material. On the one hand, people that I - the woman who basically was my mother the first ten years of my life reflecting back on her life, or at least a part of it that meant a lot to me and this Pullman porter who's basically looking back with very mixed emotions about what went on in his life, and these people who have, you know, gone through one of the ugliest experiences in the history of the world but who are now alive and living in ... relative normal lives here in America. So there's a lot of emotional force in that material.</p>
1.7	Interviewer	How did you choose what to use?
1.8	Reich	<p>I chose what to use primarily by ear, and I mean that in the old fashioned sense of that. People were talking, but the people that I talked to – when I, particularly when I was up at Yale - there were lots and lots and lots of recordings and everyone had an amazing story to tell ... everyone who survived the Holocaust had some amazing story to tell about that. So how I made choices was, of course on the subject-matter, but also on the melodious or lack of melodious tone of voice.</p> <p>I went for people whose voices were quasi-singing. So, the porter, particularly, had a marvelous voice. Virginia, the woman who took care of me, even though she's an older woman and generally as people get older they lose the flexibility in the throat muscles that, for instance, all children</p>

		<p>have. All children have very melodic voices because they can't control their vocal apparatus that well and it wanders in a marvelous way. As we get older, we're very good at holding it in line and it's rare when you find an older person who still has this melodic quality of voice.</p> <p>So I chose - what I had to do with probably hours of tape was to edit it down to a short series of about forty, fifty sentences, phrases, individual words, where the <i>meaning</i> and the <i>way</i> it was said in a musical sense, the rhythm and pitch of the words and some of these words are very clearly pitched [sings] 'from Chicago, from Chicago to New York' she says, would be at one. And they <i>are</i> at one, because the marvelous thing about what's going on in <i>Different Trains</i> – and it's a very fruitful way of working that I intend to continue, is that when someone says something [imitating his own pitch] dah dah dah, in a certain way, you have the setting and the text at once as far as the bare melodic line is concerned. And it is of necessity, the perfect setting, the absolutely, you know, epiphany if you like of this person, because they said it. It's their moment, it's their inflection, it's if you like a self-portrait of that person. You know, we are in a sense, we form images on the telephone of who we're talking to, we find usually we're very surprised, but the voice is a large part of how we perceive people. It is their spirit manifest, in many ways.</p>
1.9	Interviewer	<p>In a way, a lot of the traditional meanings of music come from speech, like the falling half step that Mozart used [sings opening motif of Mozart's <i>Symphony No. 40</i>, 1st movement]. It's sad.</p>
1.10	Reich	<p>Yes, I think that this is not a new concern. I know that – I haven't read the writings – but a lot of people have reminded me that Janacek wrote a lot about this, was very, very interested in speech rhythms for the operas. Bartok wrote about it – <i>parlando rubato</i> markings all over his pieces, which had to do with a keen awareness of how, not only Hungarian, but also other Serbo-Croatian languages were spoken, how they were sung based on the composition of the language, the syllables and their stress.</p> <p>Any composer who's dealt in vocal music and, many composers who've dealt in vocal music have had this thought, and I dare say it's only because of the technology that's available now that I could take this sort of omnipresent or at least present musical concern that's been hovering in people's minds for a few hundred years at least, and make it in a sense more concrete: to actually present the people.</p> <p>So in other words, when I was doing <i>Different Trains</i>, once I had made these selections, I literally had on music paper written out what these various phrases said and how they appeared in musical notation. Now again, the musical notation is somewhat approximate but it <i>is</i> how you hear it. For example, if I take an oscillator and show how Virginia was saying [sings] 'from Chicago' – I don't have perfect pitch for the tape – F-Ab, F-Ab, if in fact you put an oscilloscope on her voice you would see that in fact before it goes up to F, it's sort of an F flat if you like, and it's gliding up in a glissando. All vowels in most spoken languages are glissandi, but they go by so quickly that if it appears musical to our ear, what is actually happening is that the glissando actually rises and then goes into and then falls through another particular vowel, the broader area of a particular note is where the energy is.</p>

		So we say, 'Ah: sounds like F, sounds like Ab'. And indeed it does – sounds like F, sounds like Ab and we can, I can, use it musically, and you'll find it quite believable. That's not to say that I'm not aware that there's this little chaos hovering all over these things, which gives it an added richness. In other words, when the viola doubles the woman's voice, as it does throughout <i>Different Trains</i> and when the cello doubles the man's voice as it does throughout the piece, they in a sense are a little bit like <i>trompe l'oeil</i> only for the ear. They are fooling you into thinking it's just perfect, but on top of their perfect musical rendition of the notes, the voice gives a kind of coloration and richness of timbre that the instrument alone doesn't have. And so you're constantly hearing this mixture.
1.11	Interviewer	Getting back to the emotional part of it, you were talking about going through all the tapes. I somehow have the feeling that, if someone gave you the quotes without you having gone through it, it would have been a different piece entirely.
1.12	Reich	You're absolutely right.
1.13	Interviewer	You somehow were able to take <i>everything</i> you'd heard and put it into the music even though only some of the words were there.
1.14	Reich	That's right, there's a lot. The Hungarian guy who says [recalls] 'The Germans invaded Hungary and I was in Second Grade. I had a teacher'. Well his teacher's name was Bolag, which doesn't appear on the tape, and what happened was that he was sitting in the class, as it says on the tape, he says, 'our country was invaded many years ago, [imitates speech extract] 'black crows, black crows invaded our country many years ago, and he pointed right at me'. And so, this kid who like feels humiliated and scared later goes out in the yard to have a recess, and Bolag's kid is out there. Bolag is a teacher in the school, but also has a child who's enrolled in the school. And they get into an argument and he beats the hell of Bolag's kid [laughs]. Not wise!
1.15	Interviewer	[Also laughs.] Not wise!
1.16	Reich	So the next day he comes into the class and Bolag, after a very short preface, picks him up and literally throws him bodily through a window and out of the class.
1.17	Interviewer	Ooh!
1.18	Reich	So, I mean, you get all this detail that isn't in the piece, you're quite right. This guy then wandered, er, for about two years. Hungary was invaded rather late in World War II, so, from about 1944 up to the end of 1945, he was just a Byzantine wandering around Eastern Europe to stay one step ahead of the Gestapo. And he succeeded. Now none of that's in the piece, there's just this couple of phrases about this, 'I had a teacher, I was in second grade' because that was the particularly beautiful [sings] 'dah de dah dee dah' – 'I had a teacher'. I chose this phrase as it just seemed 'black crows', 'dee dum', 'de de de de dee dah' 'invaded our country, many years ago. And he pointed right at me, right at me, pointed right at me'. Now he doesn't sing it, but he <i>says</i> it in a way that's very close to that and when you've said it that way you remember it that way. But in how I said it, you're right, hovering in my mind was this whole picture of all these hours of description of what these people had gone through.

		<p>The Dutch woman, Rachella, who mentions, who's the one, the longest voice, who was in Holland. And she tells the story that after she got out of Auschwitz, she was put on various trains and shunted around, and finally they get out they don't even know where, turns out it's in Denmark. And some guy's at the door of the car and says to her as she gets out, 'You're very beautiful', and she says, 'I'm not beautiful, I'm...'. You know, she knows she's like a corpse. He says, 'To me, you look very beautiful'. And later they all get out and they ask, 'Who was this guy?', and this guy was the King of Denmark.</p> <p>And it's a well-known story, you know, the king was the one imprisoned in the war and they marched them through Copenhagen, you know, and the people crying and applauding. And I mean, they're experiences that most people don't ever have to go through. But when you hear about them, it supercharges the atmosphere and so what <i>is</i> presented of her lives in the light of what <i>is not</i> presented of her, and you're quite right: the editing of the tapes, the choosing of the material that was going to be in the piece was a very intense and involving process and you're quite right, it definitely loaded the situation so that the framing of the material, that <i>is</i> there, lives in the light of that other material.</p>
1.19	Interviewer	I think that's one of the wonderful things about music. They say about Wagner that the orchestra takes over where words can't express.
1.20	Reich	Exactly.
1.21	Interviewer	<p>I think you're doing the same thing there.</p> <p>[Pause]. Your notes intrigue me. Right at the end you were talking about a new form of documentary -</p>
1.22	Reich	Music video theatre [laughs]
1.23	Interviewer	What do you have in mind, sir!
1.24	Reich	<p>Well, we're just beginning work right now. Basically, in its simplest form, imagine if when you were listening to <i>Different Trains</i> if you were to see the people as well as to hear them, if they had like been videotaped instead of audio taped. But I'm actually thinking a great deal more of that, where there will be/there is a video artist who will be involved in this project, and there will be probably five large projection screens, over a stage on which there are live musicians and, probably some forms of sets. And what will happen is that basically what is on the screens, and this material (pending the outcome of what seems to be the daily papers nowadays!) will be shot in the Middle East. The musicians would literally be doubling and reinforcing what you see and hear as well as just what they do in <i>Different Trains</i>. Someone speaks, we would have interview footage, we would have landscape footage, we would have architectural detail of that area. There would be a presentation, I think, of texts that would come from the Bible and the Koran, if one can do that in public without getting shot [laughs]. And, basically it would be... when I did <i>Different Trains</i>, to tell you the truth; I had an idea for a media theatre piece that would somehow go back to the early tape pieces, before I did <i>The Desert Music</i>. Then, for various reasons, I got really involved in looking at William Carlos Williams's poetry and I thought to myself as I did the piece, 'This is the real piece that I had in mind, I'm now solving this issue'. But when it was all over, and it's a piece that I'm very, very glad that I did, this idea came back and said, 'Excuse me, it's very nice that you did, but you didn't take care of me, I'm still here, you</p>

		<p>know, let's get the show on the road!'. And I did other things in the interim, and this idea just sort of stayed there, burning its way into my head. And I thought before I did it, 'Gee, this is going to be – I/this work is now planned to open in the Stuttgart Opera in the Fall of 1992 and then go to Paris to the Autumn Festival, and then go to the South Bank in London, and then go to the Brooklyn Academy of Music over here; I think probably other places in the US which we're working on now. And I thought to myself back a couple of years ago, before I do something that's going to take years of my life, I'd like to do something just to make sure that I'm on to something real and I'm not going to fly some weird kite and find out I've spent three or four years and ended up coming up with some strange musical turkey here. So I thought, why don't I do something – and I had this commission from Betty Freeman for the Kronos Quartet – and it was actually the video artist, Beryl Korot said to me, 'why don't you use the sampler – I know you're dying to use it, why don't you use it with Kronos – they'll love it!'. And I said, 'Ah: Great!'. And I didn't even know then what it was I would do. I just knew that I would use this technology and introduce speech into this piece, this string quartet piece, in a sense as a <i>study</i> for the theatre piece. So one of the things that <i>Different Trains</i> is for me, it doesn't have to concern anybody else, but for me it was a rather large test case. Is there gold in those hills or is it fool's gold; I think there's gold in those hills.</p>
1.25	Interviewer	Sounds to me as if the composition picks <i>you</i> , not you pick <i>it</i> .
1.26	Reich	In some senses that's true. I was in the dubious or envious position of actually sort of postponing and pushing away some commissions so that I can now do this theatre piece, for which I now have to seek commissions, because I really feel it's something in a sense I was born to do and if I don't do it, it won't get done and life's too short not to do it.
1.27	Interviewer	You know, it just occurred to me, and maybe we'll finish with this thought, that I don't see any way that <i>Different Trains</i> could be referred to as – here comes the word – 'Minimalist'. [Reich laughs]. Are you getting away from that label?
1.28	Reich	Well, I think we could have said pretty much the same thing if we were talking about <i>Tehillim</i> and I think we could have said pretty much the same thing if we were talking about <i>The Desert Music</i> , my gosh. And I think we could have said the same thing if we were – you haven't heard it yet, but you will, probably when the record comes out in about a year or so, of <i>The Four Sections</i> . It's an orchestral piece I did about a year or so ago. Ah sure, I think, I mean let's put it even balder: I think Minimalism is dead, but hopefully I'll stay here for a while [laughs].
1.29	Interviewer	[Joins in laughter] With or without the label, people will still call you a Minimalist, no matter what you do!
1.30	Reich	Oh yes, well Debussy's an Impressionist, you know, and he can roll in the grave all he likes, he's got no control over it. [Laughs].
1.31	Interviewer	Steve Reich: thank you.
1.32	Reich	Thank you.

APPENDIX 15

OVERVIEW OF RECORDINGS OF *DIFFERENT TRAINS*

Different Trains was commissioned by Betty Freeman for the Kronos Quartet and first performed by them at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, London, on 2 November 1988. At the time of writing, it is the most recorded of Steve Reich's works, with seven recordings of the piece are in existence, which are catalogued here; six of them for string quartet, the other for string orchestra. The score of *Different Trains* (HPS 1168) contains performance notes that relate to the first recording (Nonesuch 79176-2) as a standard for establishing future performance practice. Since the piece includes a pre-recorded tape there is virtually no difference in the duration of the performance between the recordings.

The live string quartet plays along to a CD containing (up to) three other string quartets and recorded on the left-hand stereo channel. The right-hand channel contains a further four recorded sources, three of them speaking voices and the fourth, recordings of 1930s and 1940s train sounds.

The length of the piece in performance is fixed from the outset. Given the restrictions of such a rigid performance framework and the lack of potential for variation between performances, it is perhaps surprising that seven different recordings of the work have been released. This is the most of any piece by Reich, and the various recordings are outlined in detail below.

RECORDING 1

Kronos Quartet – Nonesuch 79176 (1989)

David Harrington, *violin*

John Sherba, *violin*

Hank Dutt, *viola*

Joan Jeanrenaud, *cello*

Recorded August to September 1988, at Russian Hill recording studio, San Francisco

The performance lasts for 26' 51"

America – Before the War 8' 59"

Europe – During the War 7' 31"

After the war 10' 21"

In the printed score, Reich cites this recording as being the definitive version and the one from which all live performances should take their lead. Technicians working on subsequent live performances are required to have heard this recording and Reich is detailed in his requirements of such technicians.

Reich is precise in his requirements for the positioning of the recording engineer. He also specifies the type of speakers that should be used for monitoring the performance. There is some further detail regarding relative volume levels and equalisation, some of which appears contradictory. For example, the live players are required to be louder than they are on this recording; there is not meant to be any confusion between what is live and what is recorded. Yet the pre-recorded strings are intended to be at high volume so the live performers can hear them.

RECORDING 2

The Smith Quartet – Signum Classics SIGCD064 (2005)

Ian Humphries, violin

Darragh Morgan, violin

Nic Pendlebury, viola

Deidre Cooper, cello

Recorded January to February 2005 at TCM Studios, London

The performance lasts for 26' 55"

America – Before the War 9' 00"

Europe – During the War 7' 29"

After the war 10' 25"

RECORDING 3

The Duke Quartet – Sanctuary Classics SIGCD064 (2006)

Louisa Fuller, violin

Rick Koster, violin

John Metcalfe, viola

Sophie Harris, cello

Recorded on 6, 8, 10, 11 January 2006 at Lansdowne Studios, London

The performance lasts for 26' 55"

America – Before the War 9' 00"

Europe – During the War 7' 30"

After the war 10' 28"

RECORDING 4

Quatuor Bozzini – UPC 771028350223 CQB 0502 (2005)

Clemens Merkel, *violin*

Nadia Francavilla, *violin*

Stéphanie Bozzini, *viola*

Isabelle Bozzini, *cello*

Recorded on June 2004 in Salle Oscar Peterson

The performance lasts for 27' 03"

America – Before the War 9' 00"

Europe – During the War 7' 31"

After the war 10' 32"

RECORDING 5

Version for string orchestra and pre-recorded performance tape

Orchestre National de Lyon, conducted by David Robertson (2003)

Naïve MO 782167

The arrangement for string orchestra was commissioned by The Philadelphia Orchestra, (Wolfgang Sawallish, music director) and Orchestre National de Lyon (David Robertson, music director), and première on October 25th 2001 in Philadelphia by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by David Robertson.

[Liner notes]

In 2000, at the prompting of David Robertson, Steve Reich conceived a new version of Different Trains which retains the pre-recorded elements but expands the live quartet to the dimensions of a large, 48-piece string orchestra. It is this new version that is recorded on this CD. If one takes into account the fact that Different Trains is a work that brings together in a single sweep the meaning of the words, the speech melody, a spellbinding rhythm over incessantly changing tempos, and psycho-acoustical effects produced by the pitches as they come and go, it will be understood how essential the maintenance of a delicate balance is to the success of the undertaking.

In the version for 48 strings presented here by David Robertson at the head of his Orchestre National de Lyon, three groups of twelve players precisely perform the music originally played by three pre-recorded quartets. This music, as well as the quarter part originally played live in the concert hall, is synchronised in real time with the recorded voices and sounds. In this radically enlarged sonic perspective, the 'experimental' aspect disappears and the smooth, ample sonority of the full string orchestra forms an incomparable setting for the recorded voices. Gaining in lyricism and emotional power, the work attains, in the imagination of the enthralled listener, the dimensions of an opera.

The performance lasts for 27' 05"

Recorded in July 2003 in the Auditorium (Lyons, France)

America – Before the War 9' 00"

Europe – During the War 7' 31"

After the war 10' 35"

RECORDING 6

Quatuor Diotima – V-5272 (2011)

Yun-Peng Zhao, violin I & II

Naaman Sluchin, violin I & II

Franck Chevalier, viola

Pierre Morlet, cello

Recorded in April 2011 in at the Théâtre d'Orléans-scène nationale (France)

The performance lasts for 26' 57"

America – Before the War 9' 00"

Europe – During the War 7' 35"

After the war 10' 22"

RECORDING 7

The London Steve Reich Ensemble – EMI Classics 50999 0 87319 2 0 (2011)

Andreas Janke, *violin*

Mari Samuelsen, *violin*

Lech Antonio Uszynski, *viola*

Hakon Samuelsen, *cello*

Recorded June 4/5 2011 at Luzerner Saal, KKL, Luzern, Switzerland

The performance lasts for 26' 56"

America – Before the War 8' 59"

Europe – During the War 7' 30"

After the war 10' 27"