

## **Appendix 1\_TC Film Adaptations**

Title:	Selection of this collection film adaptations in foreign languages made in public workshops.
Part 1:	The Piteous Pine
Part 2:	Scarlet
Category:	Open access/Autonomous zone/ DIY tech/ Experimental
Event:	Film factory and clinic workshops@ Tollcross Community Center
Format:	Stills/poem/blurb/reflection
Date:	31 <sup>st</sup> Jan, 4 <sup>th</sup> Feb, 9 <sup>th</sup> Feb 2011

## Part 1: The Piteous Pine



Contributors: Austin, D.F, Dr Sound, L. ST., J.L  
Video: <https://vimeo.com/19596790>

Florian Raith's poem is adapted by Silvia Sellitto inspired by sadness of Scottish cities (and weather) She translated the nouns of the poem into Italian. The nouns "the cold, the wind, hands in the pocket..." struck her most as an Italian in Scotland. Her adaptation was filmed by Leslie Lu as part of a one day film workshop at Tollcross Community Centre

### **The Piteous Pine by Florian Raith**

The shivering silhouette of a hand in the night:  
No light but the embers of a quivering cigarette.  
So cold despite the solid coat; clenched tightly,  
The right fist in the pocket and partly regretful  
Not to gorge on the sordid warmth: brightly lit  
The stifling, horrid feast promises forgetfulness.  
In the darkness and the wind, slight yet unremitting:  
Apollonian thoughts. Inside, the Dionysian marionettes;  
Outside, proud jumping jack stands hamstrung and contrite.

## Part 2: Scarlet



Contributors: Sara Bella, Simon Herron  
Video: <https://vimeo.com/43746946>

### **Scarlet by Roddy Lumsden.**

I think of Bobby Shaftoe, lost at sea,  
his buckles snagged on the wreck in the wrack,  
Johnny in the ditch, one scarlet ribbon biting his neck,  
who never did make it home from the fair,  
Tommy Tucker singing the song of a slashed throat  
and Boy Blue, found in the haycock, of whom it was said  
he looked for all the world like he was sleeping, not dead.  
And I think of my friends and of their friends  
and theirs, sitting round the tables in Black Bo's,  
not one moral left between them and I suppose  
that I must soon finish this and join them,  
all the things we know but cannot tell each other  
about each other in this half-life of secrets,  
the summer night music of now and what-comes-next.

A Spanish interpretation of Roddy Lumsden's poem "Scarlet", Sara's interpretation based on the phrase of the poem, is more a personal response to globalisation and the initial frustration of not being able to connect with the new desire as much as one would like. The English translation of the Spanish reflection at the end which was composed on the day.as part of thiscollection.org's intervention to adapt local Edinburgh poetry based on the city with members of the public. This was made in a one day workshop in Tollcross Community Center 2011.

One day you arrive to a new city, like Edinburgh, with all your illusion and your desire of living new experiences, of doing new things... You know there are a thousand of things to do there, a lot of people to meet... But when you put your feet on there, you realise that there is like an invisible wall between you and the world, because you are totally unable to express nothing about what you think, nothing of what removes you inside... And, in this moment, it doesn't matter for you if an image costs more than one thousand words, because what you want are those thousand words, and you don't have them... So you resign yourself to keeping silent or, maybe, at best, to using one of these fifty or sixty words that you do have, and to express only a thousandth part of what you would like to say, becoming a kind of parody of yourself, which makes you feel small, more insecure than never, frustrated, impotent... And you feel that you will never be capable of saying everything that you would like to say... Nevermore.

Translation of Sara Bella's response to Roddy Lumsden's poem Scarlet