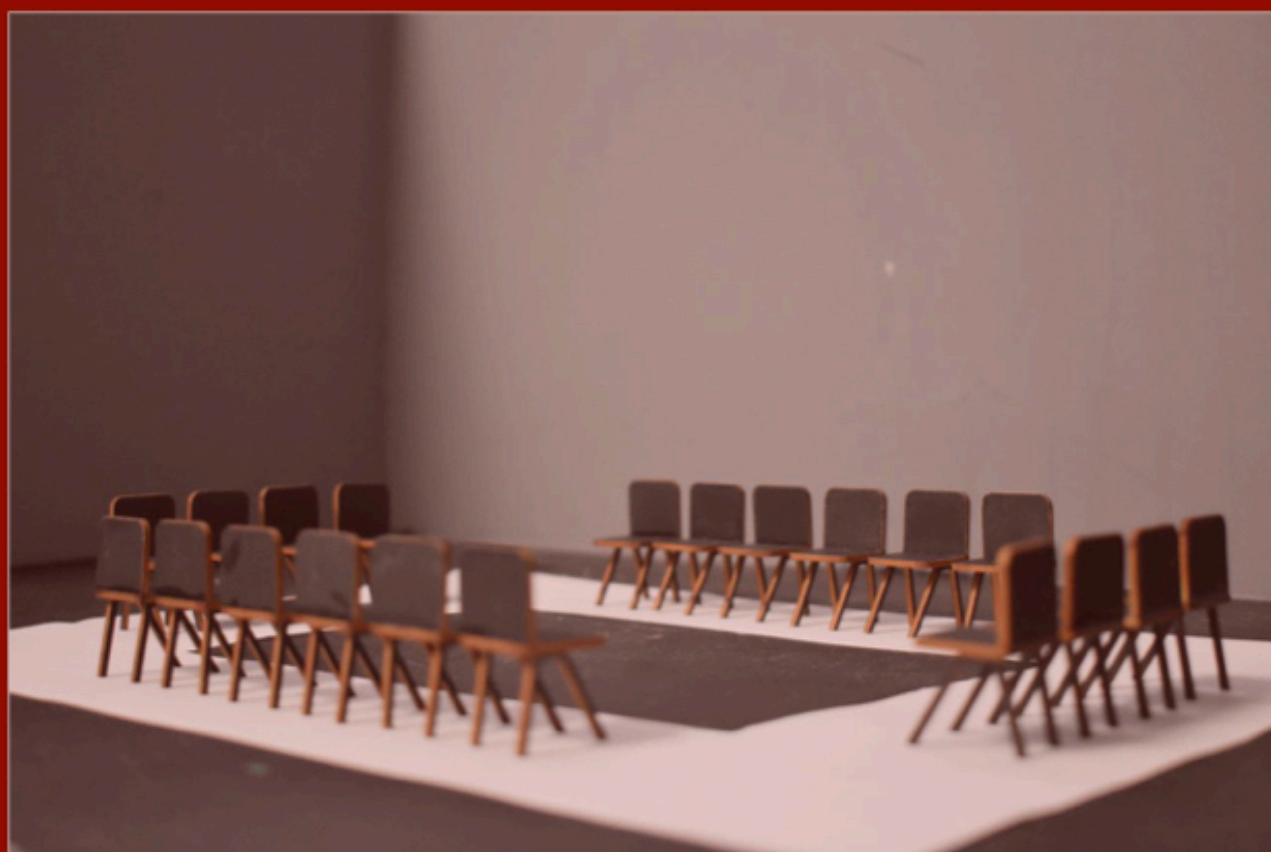




ADSR Zine 002



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ATTACK

002.1.1 Making Traditional Contemporary / James Henry



Photo of Elcho Island Dancers at Barunga Festival 2018. Photograph by James Henry

Well, it's been about 3 months since my Hutchinson Fellowship finished and I have learned so much. I was given \$40 000 to take 12 months of time out of my work, and to travel around and experience Aboriginal culture in different parts of the country. So much learning was also done online with great resources from recorded ceremonies and festivals around the country as well as music from AIATSIS and other online purchases. One of the more eye-opening parts of my research was reading 'The Euahlayi Tribe' written by a non-Aboriginal woman K Langloh Parker about the culture and traditions of the people from the region where I have the closest connections to the Aboriginal side of my family.

My mission statement was to learn more about traditional Aboriginal music and find ways to incorporate elements of it into contemporary genres and contexts. What I initially thought would be more of a focus into the nuts and bolts of music and blending disparate musical elements into cohesive forms, turned out to be more of a focus on cultural protocols and how to navigate them respectfully. With so many different mobs around the country with varying degrees of connection to their traditional songs and stories, each required their own specific ways of engaging. What was universal though was the need for a definite personal engagement with the peoples of that community when working with their language and culture. If there was one thing worth acknowledging it's that the communities with more of their culture and a stronger connection seemed more willing to share.

The reason why I wanted to be able to bring traditional music into contemporary contexts was that I heard many stories around the country that kids were losing their connection to their traditional culture and language and stories were being lost. Some people seem to attribute the loss of connection youth have with traditional ways as being a major factor in the high rates of incarceration and suicide around the country. Programs trying to bring back some of this in to the lives of youths have shown a benefit to the health and wellbeing of them and their communities. The ongoing struggle I feel would be ever present would be the competition the traditional songs would have with contemporary music. Songs with multi million dollar productions and film clips are going to be much more attractive to youth anywhere over just voice and clapsticks. The problem with this is messages in these songs talking about life in da club or references to mom's spaghetti might be unrelatable to Aboriginal youth in rural and remote parts.

In listening to traditional music around the country, I noticed that there were a variety of grooves, scales and tempos being used which allude to contemporary Western genres popular with Aboriginal people today. As most of them are purely monophonic voice and percussion used as a basic pulse it allowed space for the addition of complementary rhythms, harmony and structure to fill these songs out into what most of us are used to hearing; including those in remote communities who will often be more familiar with these contemporary forms than their own traditional music. I had to try and find out what was important about these songs and have a think about how I might be able to add to these songs without disturbing the integrity of them. I had to ask myself the question- if there had been harmonic instruments or multi timbral percussion, would they have been used in music composition before white people arrived? It seems to me there is no reason to suggest they would not have been. One notable example of this cultural blend includes the incorporation of fabric traded from the Macassans which features heavily in Yolgnu traditions today. Or even the use of the didgeridoo across the country in traditional song and dance today where it may not have been pre colonisation/invasion. Not to mention the use of contemporary and Western instruments and genres being the predominant forms of cultural expressions today from the remote communities to the urban centres amongst young Aboriginal people.

In some parts of the country more than others, traditional songs and stories and other music elements are incorporated in to contemporary contexts and forms. Most notably again in East Arnhem Land amongst the Yolgnu they are much more inclined to incorporate traditional songs and elements in to contemporary songs. The most recognisable example of this is the Yolgnu sung section of 'Treaty' coming from a traditional song seamlessly blending in to the dance/rock genre. There are some other parts of the country using traditional elements in their contemporary music, but this is not as common as some places seem to be more reluctant to blend the two forms out of respect for the traditional culture and possibly the seeming incompatibility of genres, as some traditional music might appear to be ametric and atonal. Not to mention how difficult it can be to access some of these songs in places of limited connection to pre colonisation/ invasion culture. AIATSIS is a great resource for archival recordings, but there can be a waiting period and forms to fill out which can be discouraging in the age of immediate downloads. Perhaps it's worth mentioning that in this day and age, ways of travelling, collecting food, value systems and life priorities have changed so much as to make these songs appear potentially less relevant than they used to be. However, I feel there are still messages in these songs important to life today that would actually be of value to Western life in the big cities, and even other parts of the world, as we all struggle with finding ways to live more sustainably.

There are various elements of traditional Aboriginal music I ended up incorporating in to contemporary genres and contexts. One was writing songs from melodies that came to me in dreams; another was to write songs from dreamtime stories in traditional and contemporary structures and also to write in structures of traditional songs. I imagined that over tens of thousands of years there would have been somewhat of an evolution and natural selection process through song structures, melodies and rhythms which enabled songs to be remembered, passed down and revered by communities across the country; a particularly impressive achievement as all people had to be musical with was their voices and basic pulse percussion, for the most part. The way many verses of song sets were structured lyrically with the AABB... seemed to make a lot of musical sense which also served to make it very easy to learn and remember lyrics. Even as I write songs with a tentative understanding of translations, I can still manage to remember the words which extend far beyond my vocabulary of my Grandmother's Yuwaalaraay language.

The contexts of performance are very important in giving people a reason to write, learn and practise traditional songs. These days performance for an outside audience is a way many Aboriginal people sing and dance in traditional songs. There are however limited opportunities for this, although cities have many music venues and opportunities for people to sing and play guitar-based or electronic music. I feel there are opportunities to bring some of these traditional songs or even elements of traditional music, such as melodies, rhythms, stories or just language, into contemporary performance contexts. This way you also give more of a contemporary relevance to language and culture and have more of a reason to practise and have language be heard. There is a little reluctance to recontextualise traditional songs, whether they be

written a long time ago or even recently, into non-traditional or modern settings. It might be worth asking the question- what is it about traditional songs, stories and language, that making them exclusive and restricted adds value to them? People of various ages, places and different degrees of connection to traditional ways have different perspectives on this. This is why as part of my research, I had podcast conversations with people involved with traditional Aboriginal culture in contemporary contexts, from songwriters to curators to academics and more. The most consistent advice I got from talking to people to give me guidance on this path was to work alongside the mobs I have the strongest connection to through family and to listen to my heart what is the right thing to do. From this understanding I now perform songs I have written in Yuwaalaraay language wherever I can and am currently trying to find ways to encourage others to write in their own language and find new outlets for traditional music.



Photo of James Henry by photographer Peter Bergmeier, taken at Tanderrum 2015

ATTACK

002.1.2 Aboriginal Artist: a reduction / Sonya Holowell

Enter artist now Aboriginal, now Aboriginal Artist. With three forms of proof
step into a world within this one, bearing expectations of a joyful migration whose end says
"Welcome home, You are".

Except perhaps too familiar, function is tripping, frayed wires are live having been cut. It's almost too much that they are rainbow. The traumatised ground breeds a horizontal violence, misfiring electric shocks, projected misdirected across lateral plains. Terrified of boundaries that echo the past leaves us without protection, like an orphaned child who craves to be corrected. Immediate threats appear the loudest, rendering all the quiet ones mute. The irony of a truth that sits alone in the margins, waiting for its turn, while the self-professed Aligned drift further from their claim. And our broken ones are at the helm. I can recognise them as me.

The truth is, the truth isn't. Signalling virtue, indulging destruction, claiming victim but claiming victims. Losing babies with our bathwater as we watch the pendulum swing almost out of sight. Opportunity is the most patient of us all, it turns its cheek and asks again.
But my love is yours, regardless. It's what they say about blood, and my wires are frayed as well
(as I show you my hands).

The myth of the monoculture, homogeneity with intent to kill. Self-oppressing confines that fear open spaces. A fear that if left open what is left will escape. Caricatures feel safe.

"In 50 words or less, tell us how your Aboriginality informs your practice? And then, please describe the impact that being human has on your pencil sketches." Summaries only, questions not welcome so mind your inflection.

Offerings taken from a surface skim, not reflecting what's within. Failing attempts to capture ruach, but breath never needed you to describe it; our task so simple it's automatic: just breathe. Implicit memory gets us warmer, but even deeper still are we.

Are we content to leave a treasure buried? Are we even capable? A jewel lost in translation has only one facet facing. Are we surprised when our intersecting lines form shapes we don't recognise? Do we reduce down when we should burst? Aren't we wired for growth, immunities geared for healing? But we are forced to hold these truths with the truths of ageing and breaking.
Power with vulnerability. Power of vulnerability - bending so as not to break. But see the New Thing. Now it springs up; do you not see it? There is becoming a way in the wilderness, streams in the desert.

The artist fixates to conjure the 'ephemeral', while he's reduced to an identity that demands summation. In 5 words or less. Who on earth am I? Perhaps we could learn from the art we seek to make, and reimagine ourselves.

I came seeking acceptance, wholeness, a "Welcome home, You are". But instead I met someone else. Now I am free knowing that what I have can't be lost. It can be burnt with birth records, buried in unmarked graves, but like electricity, won't cease to exist. So in your pain you shock me, but my love is yours, regardless.

ATTACK

002.1.3 The whole time I was thinking about textures / Alexandra Spence

...My work is led by my materials. I begin with a sound that I like. The feel of this sound will then suggest to me another. And so on, until a form is suggested, and then following the form, perhaps an overarching concept will reveal itself. I rarely begin with a concept. In this way making music, sound, art is a kind of working-through, exploring the timbral and tactile qualities of a sound as a form of phenomenological learning. Using sound as a way to better 'know' the objects, subjects, places and processes that surround me...

The whole time I was thinking about textures.

[February 27th, email correspondence to ADSR zine]

I've been thinking a lot about texture in music and sound lately. And I'm considering doing a piece of explorative writing that attempts to describe an image in terms of what it sounds like... I'm inspired by a writing project of Salomé Voegelin (artist and writer), wherein she describes, not sound, but the experience of listening to sound. The aim is to spark an altogether new auditory experience through, not the ears, but the imagination of the reader. What is at the essence of the experience of sound? Can the experience of sound be translated across the senses? Can writing be turned into image, image into sound, sound into texture? Perhaps my thing for ADSR will be an expansion of a bit of writing I wrote in relation to a composition of mine ([*Waking, she heard the fluttering*](#)).

David [Toop] told me a story about a time when he was in Japan. He had visited a Zen garden in the spring time, there was a cherry blossom in bloom, and beneath it a black granite rock. The image of soft pink nestling rough rock is one I kept coming back to. How can colour and image become aural, how can the feeling of material (hand on sharp rock, hand against gentle flower) be understood not through sound, but as sound?



Can the essence of a sound be found in its texture?

I've been increasingly drawn to textural sounds. Last year I spent two weeks in the Scottish highlands, it was the beginning of summer and the earth was dry *the satisfying crunch of heather underfoot as we hiked through the landscape*. I spent a large part of the 10-day trip trying to isolate and record the various heather textures. Could the prickliness, or crispiness, or likeness to a bunny rabbit's tail be translated through audio?

This next one is like a bunny rabbit's tail: white and fluffy looking / This one is greeny-brown, it's got a spikey appearance / This one feels soft, it's all white / It's really quite soft

I've also been thinking about the physicality of sound.

To *feel* relates either to the physical sensation of touching something or to an emotional or sensational experience. Is our experience of sound a feeling? We are able to hear because physical vibrations in the air tickle tiny hairs in our ears. And it's not just our ears that experience these vibrations: these vibrations traverse our bodies too. When speaking of our *sounding* environments, the distinction between the body and its environment becomes blurred - our bodies literally resonate with our surroundings through the vibration of sound. The artist Christine Sun Kim, born deaf, describes sound as a ghost, something with a nearness, whose presence is always felt, if not always explicit. Sound is felt, maybe not consciously through our ear-hairs, but through the resonance or vibration of our skin/a surface/an object.

But the experience of sound is not just a physical feeling... (*feeling* is the way in which we experience or react to a thing, be it emotional, sensory or physical – the experience of sound incites an emotional response)
...the experience of sound also an emotional feeling?

I believe that it is impossible to separate our contextualisations from our interpretation of sonic information. Experience is subjective. Let's acknowledge a sound's reason for being, as well as simply it's being. Its essence is more than the potential musicality of everyday sound, it's also in the social signals, material histories and possible narratives that co-habituate these sounds.

/

Using sensorial language to forge new imaginings of landscape/soundscape.
 Can I evoke sound, and not merely describe it.

/

Writing as image, image as sound, sound as texture.

The smell of pollen, mildew, rain on dirt. A small breeze through the weeds. The surface of the house might feel rough to touch, the tiny pink stones glued to the surface grazing the soft palm of your hand. If you put your ear to the walls you likely won't hear back through the solid concrete. But imagine if you ran across a gravel pathway, could you feel this sound if you rubbed your hand across the pink-stone surface. The streak of light is warm, perhaps you look straight into it and feel a shock; blinding, yet pleasurable, a sharpness within the rounded warmth; a 12kHz sine...

This photo was taken on the corner of the street across from my old house in Vancouver. I remember this lawn covered in snow on the day we vacated the city. The silence of a city covered in snow. Nothing bounces, nothing echoes. Sound tucked right in and under the thick snow mounds.

When I look back at this photo, it's hard to imagine silence. Quiet - yes. But not deathly quiet. Ambient spring time quiet, a soft rustle, a scuffle of rubber shoe against gravel pavement, perhaps the metallic pulse of a fence being pulled by the wind.

Image Credits

- i. [Tripadvisor photo](#) of cherry blossom and rock, as referenced by David Toop, at Taizo-in Buddhist temple, Myoshin-ji Temple Complex
- ii. Artists own photo, the corner Pender & Lakewood St, Vancouver, Canada.

References/Other Reading

[Christine Sun Kim](#)
[Tinysound](#)
[Salomé Voegelin](#)
[Eleanor Zurowski](#)

ATTACK

002.1.4 Exploring the Small Space: The Case for Headphone Music / Alexis Weaver

Last year, I travelled interstate to an art gallery. I was excited to hear some stereo works of mine diffused alongside a collection of other electroacoustic pieces. This installation-style octophonic diffusion would take place in one of the gallery's front rooms. The works ran on a three-hour loop that listeners could dip in and out of as they desired.

Alone at first, I sat on a padded bench placed in the centre of a cool, white room. Arranged at regular intervals around the walls were eight high-quality speakers. A small black screen announced the title of the current piece in bright white capital letters. Just enough visual information to contextualise the listening experience.

When your ears are primed to listen in a 360-degree field, you become hyper-aware not only of the incredibly designed sound bursting in the air around you, but of:

- clothing susurrations;
- sniffs;
- sudden changes to the light behind your closed eyelids;
- and the scuff of rubber soles as more keen listeners enter the pristinely silent room.

In the quiet moments, the hum of the air conditioning moved into the foreground of my awareness. I realised I could differentiate between ambient sounds designed to be perceived as far away in the music, and the dull roadwork noise which bled into the room from the street. As a staunch headphone supporter, I was unused to the subtle sense of distance between myself and the sound source, located approximately 2 metres away in every direction. I left after two hours of impressive electroacoustic diffusion, having come at just the wrong time to hear my own work.

Every reasonable effort had been made to minimise disturbance to the listener; in effect, to make this an ideal listening space. These seemingly small factors were enough to periodically pull me back from complete immersion in the music, even though in other situations, I will happily listen to the unedited, imperfect cityscape with my eyes closed and a smile on my face.

So why did this experience give me a case of the slight irks?

Was I being overly fussy? Most likely. But in a world where smartphones, online dissemination and solo listening is increasingly common, I think my inability to focus on designed sound within the world's larger, permanent cacophony is not rare. This listening environment insisted, "You cannot hear anything but the composed music!" while infiltrating the same space as those outside world sounds. I don't believe that the key to creating an ideal listening space (which is subjective anyway) is to hide music further and further away from the world, but to embrace and prepare for the

non-ideal listening space. Not ignoring the world around us, but working with it to enhance the musical experience you give your listener. Music for buses? Sure. Compose it in a way that works with the percussion of the bus doors, the bubbling of conversations, but also accounts for the peaceful silence of an empty bus ride. Maybe people will be less likely to crank the volume up too high, trying to drown out the world. But that is a whole other article.

Composing for the non-ideal listening space extends not only to the content, but the dissemination method. Composing for headphones has been successfully explored by many, using spatial and recording techniques to evoke a realistic image of the listener within a certain space. Composers can also subvert this reality, placing the sounding space *within* the listener. Bernhard Leitner's 2003 album *Kopfräume* gives the goose bump-inducing effect of drums rolling joyously around the interior of one's skull. This use of in-head acoustic imaging demonstrates that the ideal listening space can be, literally, all in your head.

I have an almost exclusive interest in composing stereophonic and monophonic works for what I term "small spaces." That is, stereo or mono works which are diffused over monitors or through headphones to create intimate, immersive experiences for individuals. This term can also encompass the size or *feel* of a listening space; whether that is the passenger seat of a car, a train, a tiny office or a bedroom. The worlds which can be conjured between two speakers (or indeed, headphones) is an endless source of curiosity for myself as a composer. While often seen as a stepping-stone to mixing for surround or other large diffusion methods, I truly believe that these spaces can be treated as effective end-points for acousmatic works, that creatively challenge the composer to conjure a universe between two 'walls'.

While music can bring people together, arguably like nothing else, it can also be a profoundly intimate and personal experience. Music gifts people the ability to escape reality and immerse themselves in another world. As a sound artist, headphones are a way to extend that ability to more listening spaces, both non-ideal and easily accessible. My new work, *Paranoia in the Bush*, was composed on and for headphones, using field recordings drawn from the Bundanon Homestead in the Shoalhaven. The work features the sounds of vast green fields, a humming forest, the playful splash of river water; however, these are all transferred to inside the cranial cavity, creating a strong sense of introspection that cannot be translated to speakers or shared with others in the moment. I'm hoping that rather than use headphones to isolate, I am simply bringing awareness to the gallery space within.

Alexis' work can be heard as part of lost+sound's pop+up ii event, taking place on May 25th at ARCHIES in Jubilee Park, Sydney.

DECAY-SUSTAIN

002.2.1 Museums, Closets and Two Quiet Feminisms / Lizzie Thomson

The following letter was written for a session of Writing Dancing. Writing Dancing is a collective of dance artists and scholars who meet once a month to write about, around, and through dancing. In this letter, I refer to a performance work by choreographer Julie-Anne Long entitled *Val, The Invisible* that was presented in 2012. This work involved Long quietly performing the task of cleaning the MCA in Sydney. Some of the museum visitors stood and watched Long, in recognition that she was indeed performing. Others saw her cleaning and chose to look away, and many visitors did not notice her at all.

7th March 2019

Surry Hills Library, Gadigal Country of the Eora Nation

Dear Reader,

One hundred and sixteen days ago, I sat with a small group of people in a theatre in Helsinki. We had each been given an envelope with our name on it. At exactly 2:30pm we opened our envelopes and quietly read the enclosed letters. These letters were written by [Tuomas Laitinen](#), a Finnish choreographer. The context was a workshop as part of the Baltic Circle International Theatre Festival. Tuomas wrote,

This letter is a performance.

If it is ok for you, you will become its audience, along with the rest of the readers.

You receive the letter and take part in its performance by reading it.

The idea of a letter as performance struck me as an apt way for sharing some thoughts I have had around connections between the genre of Closet Dramas and Julie-Anne Long's work [Val, The Invisible](#). And since we find ourselves in a library this evening, it seems fitting to begin by quietly reading. So, with sincere respect and thanks to Tuomas for his beautiful letter, I have taken the liberty to write to you now in a form inspired by his own.

I now invite you to softly draw your attention inward to the intimately private space of reading.

This letter is a performance: a covert, closeted performance within this public space of the library. We are the only ones here that know that this letter is a performance. If it is ok with you, you will become a performer, along with the rest of the readers. You will take part in this performance simply by reading this letter. The audience is made up of all the other physical, spiritual, fictional and inexplicable matter that is with us here in this library today. We may never know what these entities think of this performance, or even if they care to give us their attention. This is perfect.

[The cast enters softly from the back patio, all forty-four of them dressed in pyjamas, forty-four moments of your domestic life. As a group, the cast appears remarkably unremarkable, but as individuals these forty-four moments appear as strange miracles]

{pause}

[The cast gathers quietly around a single moment who is crouched on an armchair. Together in their pyjamas, they focus their attention on the problem]

The relationship between artists and arts institutions is quite troubling. The relationship is set up in a way whereby artists' livelihoods are dependent on institutions to support and include their work in institutions' programs. This dependency is not only financial but also affects an artist's morale, since institutions seem to hold the power to decide whose work is worth valuing and whose is not.

[The King enters, bolstered by his sidekicks]

From the 1500s – 1700s, the silly men of England were too scared to let women stage their plays in the theatre. So these women playwrights found alternative means. In acts of defiance and ingenuity, women wrote plays that did not need the patriarchal space of the stage. Instead they shared their plays privately through the intimate mode of house-hold play readings. In fact many of these plays were performed in closets and bed chambers. The domestic space became a politically charged site for feminist resistance, imagination, experimentation and expression. The privacy of these domestic plays allowed for the writers to bypass censorship and delve into controversial, political content. And by shifting the play away from being acted and into this intimate form of play reading, these women playwrights unravelled the conventions of the traditional play and reconfigured it into a 'Closet Drama'.

[The forty-four moments wander into the soft shadows of the room and attend to some minor gestures.]

In 2012, Long is invited to enter the MCA. She chooses to enter as Val, The Invisible. She brings many things with her into this art institution, including a bucket, a cloth, and an embodied history of dance.

*[No to the glamour and transcendency of the star image.
[No to the heroic.\]](#)*

Val, *The Invisible* is many things, but she is not glamorous. She has no delusions of rising to star status or performing heroic acts inside the MCA. She fully understands her status within the museum as in service of it. She quietly serves the museum by cleaning fluff from its ground, and at times visitors call on her service for directions to the toilet. Of course, in making this power relation visible within the museum, Val is not serving the institution in the way that it wants to be served by its artists. Instead, she is subtly drawing attention to the invisible labour of both unacknowledged workers within the museum and the persistently gendered work of domestic labour such as cleaning and care-giving.

The year is 2012.

Val, *The Invisible* enters the MCA in April 2012.

Six months later:

[Enter Julia Gillard from a door under the gallery. Her audience is split into two opposing, squawking choruses. Her own voice is impassioned]

GILLARD: In a discussion about women being under-represented in institutions of power in Australia... the leader of the opposition says, "If it's true Stavros, that men have more power generally speaking than women, is that a bad thing?"

[Gillard goes on, offering further quotes from the leader of opposition]

GILLARD: To which the leader of opposition said, "But what if men are by physiology or temperament, more adapted to exercise authority or to issue command?"

[And this one]

"What the housewives of Australia need to understand as they do the ironing..."

Long's work explores issues surrounding the invisibility of middle-aged women. On one hand, *Val, The Invisible* uses performance as a platform for increasing the visibility of feminist politics. However, Long problematizes the assumption that an increased visibility in the public sphere will lead to an emancipatory shift in relations of power. Through her subtle and complex performance work, Long reverses this paradigm to investigate the condition of invisibility as an agent for change.

[Exit Julia Gillard]

{a quiet pause}

*[In comes the noisy new King Abbott.
This man who led an anti-abortion campaign in 2004,
This man who stood happily in front of abusive and sexist placards about Gillard in 2011,
This man accused of misogyny in 2012,
This man who appoints himself as our Minister For Women in 2013]*

*[The forty-four moments turn off the lamplight.
They gather together for a meeting in the soft darkness]*

{another quiet pause}

It is a subtle, quiet mode of activism enacted by both Long and the women playwrights of Closet Dramas. Rather than fighting for attention in the public limelight as a way to acquire power, these artists find agency and freedom by attending to a more private space that allows for intimate encounters. They conscientiously play with finding a balance between the public and private. The women playwrights of Closet Dramas weren't trying to avoid public attention altogether, but presenting their plays in their own domestic homes meant that they could share these plays on their own terms. They could explore content free from the restrictions of censorship and patriarchal oppression, as well as control how their plays were circulated. With a slightly different tactic, Long wilfully enters the public space of the MCA whilst maintaining a degree of privacy through her discrete mode of performing. By attending closely to her interior life and working with an intimate relationship to her task of cleaning, Long is able to cultivate an intimate space for communicating her work with a quietly subversive command.

[The cast of forty-four domestic moments begin to bamboozle the foolish King with a miraculous, fluid choreography. They seamlessly shift between blending their moments into a singular cohesive life and then separating themselves back into multiple independent moments. Remembering the Dance of the Wilis from the ballet Giselle, they perform this dance for several hours in front of the King in his kitchen. The King had entered the kitchen to drink a glass of his mother's milk in the early hours of the morning. His relationship to his mother is a complex combination of dependency and resentment. As the dance gains momentum, the King's confusion increases. Eventually, he runs away to seek refuge in Parliament House, only to realise that he is naked. Humiliated, his sidekicks sack him. The event is captured in a series of paparazzi nude photos in the corridors of Parliament House. These photos will be quietly exhibited in a storeroom at the Art Gallery of NSW as part of the exhibition The National 2019]

If you feel like it, stand up for a moment. Let the weight of your whole self fall down through your feet and into the ground. This forty-fifth moment is both unremarkable and miraculous. Sit down once you have passed through this moment.

{pause}

This performance has now come to its end.

Thank you,

Lizzie

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DECAY-SUSTAIN

002.2.2 Silence, (Dis)embodiment & Voice / James Hazel

Silence, (Dis)embodiment & Voice; A Reading of Political Resonance in: Gupta's *For in your tongue, I cannot fit* & Hazel's *Keep it down to a dull roar*.

*i. Some impressions of: "For in your tongue, I cannot fit – 100 jailed poets"
100 speakers, microphones, metal stands and printed text*

The Mumbai based artist Shilpa Gupta's *For in your tongue I cannot fit - 100 jailed poets* (2017/18) is a disarming installation for more reasons than one. I spent a relatively short amount of time at the 9th Asia-Pacific Triennial trying to savour and digest the myriad of works sprawled over the QAGOMA gallery. Alas, I had one day in Brisbane and the gallery was about to close. In this haste, I was initially struck by how Gupta's work had so distinguished itself from the gallery space, into a realm of that which Victor Turner describes as the *liminal*.¹ Pulling back a thick, weighted curtain, I emerged tentatively into a dimly lit, twilight room where discretely placed lamps cast yellow light redolent of the fragile illuminations of candles. I immediately sensed I was interrupting a place of remembrance, of sacredness, of transitory permanence, and suddenly became very self-conscious of my carnivorous need to glut myself on work and ideas.

Within the room, my eyes darted around 100 black, metal spikes which were violently speared through typewriter set pages. Words in Russian Arabic, English, Hindi (among other languages), inscribed the words of poets who had passed throughout the ages – including the Beat poet Allen Ginsberg and the Sufi poet Abu Nuwas, among others. Most, if not all, separated by geography, theme, style and aesthetic, but uniform in their experiences of political oppression: all had been imprisoned – some even executed – for their poetry and political alignments.

The imposing spikes sat in stillness but not silence. This was an installation that refused to serve silence. Above each spike, aged microphones hung, innocuous and ear-level. These were the microphones of the past; the great diaphragms of 20th century politicians, revolutionaries, poets and dictators alike. Through which, impassioned sermons were sung and declaimed to rapturous masses. The power of the microphone amplifies sound as much as it does ideas, both radiating outwards – the latter taking longer to decay. In my mind, flashed images of faces excited and drawn by the gravitational magnetism of these microphones, amplifying and swelling their voices to titanic levels. These microphones were icons of an era of powerful, and unequivocal words. And through them, in various permutations, the voices of 100 poets were projected. Circling around me, the sound composition unfolded, dispersed and reverberated. Fragments and masses of voices, some of which I suspect were Gupta's – some whispered, spoken, some raised – read and sung these poetic excerpts, activating these near-fossilised microphones as speakers. As I wandered throughout this arrangement of impaled poems, I encountered sonic detail on both the micro and macro. Voices intensely welled through each microphone; individual pitted against a chorus in an antiphonal – call and response – pattern, evoking ritual forms, and generating what the artist describes as a "state of hysteria."²

¹ See: Turner, Victor. "Liminal to liminoid, in play, flow, and ritual: an essay in comparative symbology." *Rice Institute Pamphlet-Rice University Studies* 60, no. 3 (1974).

² *For, in your tongue I cannot fit: India's Shilpa Gupta at YARAT Contemporary Art Space, Baku*, accessed 1st of April 2019, <http://artradarjournal.com/2018/09/24/for-in-your-tongue-i-cannot-fit-indias-shilpa-gupta-at-yarat-contemporary-art-space-baku/>

I found myself, emancipated from any temporal obligation, as the work penetrated timelessness, indexing a continuum of poets throughout history, and paying homage to their incandescence, oft interrupted by the brutish ones who desire to put flames out – confronted by the seemingly unpredictability of the poetic influence; the ease with which it grows, expands, destroys and renews. Allen Ginsberg once referred to effective poetry as *prophecy* i.e. having relevance after 100 years. That is why poetry is such a threat to policed order. This work was a container of prophecy, impaling the fleshy ears and heart of the receiver.

I was also truly amazed by the technical feat of having 100 separately recorded and arranged voices dispersed throughout the room on a one-hour loop. But this technical feat was not a focal point of the work. How I had tired of works that served technology instead of concept, aesthetic or idea. I thought: save the technocratic fetishism for the titans and go-getters of markets and industries; let them innovate, commodify, generate gimmicks, and produce *ad nauseum*! Save the realm of tenderness and restraint for the artist! (if these words have not become too dirty). The *how did they do that?* reflex is one I find appalling, and this was a reflex that Gupta's work stifled as soon as it was suggested.

For in your tongue I cannot fit no doubt, exists in the realm of sculpture, performance, and sound installation art. When I view and listen to works to such effect as these, I often take my own sound-art practice to account. Visual artists deal with sonic material in such unique and novel ways, sometimes in a manner much differently from composers, as if freed from the baggage of organised art-music history, of its facades, falsehoods, hierarchies and myths.

For in Your Tongue I Cannot Fit's qualities are consistent with Gascia Ouzounian's (2008) definition of sound installation art as a situated art form that explores space and place based experiences.³ By generating this liminal space, the artist creates a material vessel of remembrance. By embodying the disembodied voices of poets through microphones, Gupta grants shape to the formless, poesy ghosts of prophecy, creating interdependence between aesthetic and pragmatic, visual and sonic; all elements in service of each other.

ii. Political resonances

The poets featured in *For in your tongue I cannot fit* have been silenced through imprisonment. Their artistic agency has been nullified and they have been rendered politically invisible through this process. For the philosopher Rancière:

"The aesthetics at the core of politics": ...is a delimitation of spaces and times, of the visible and the invisible, of speech and noise that simultaneously determines the place and the stakes of politics as a form of experience." (Rancière, 2004 cited in Revill, 2018, p. 242.)⁴

From this perspective, Shupta's work has political resonance in today's socio-political climate – even if the artist does not prefer the term 'political' to describe the work.⁵ In addition, via the generation of a "state of hysteria" this is a work which also relates to that which Waitt, Ryan, & Farbotko (2014) refer to as the "visceral politics of sound". A phrase which they use to describe the manner in which the spatialised sounds of projected voices, improvised percussion and political chanting activated, mobilised and transformed people's bodies in a 2009 climate change rally.⁶ Politicised sound is energised by resistance, and it can be active, loud, impatient, demanding and abrasive.

Through the visceral vocalisation of these poems, not just as notes on page, but as forms that are embodied and channelled, the process of silencing is ritualistically inverted. Power once given or taken by those in politics is gifted again to the poets through these microphones. The artist here acts as channel, lends her body, labour and voice in service of the multitude. This is a work which extends beyond the individual, the artist as careerist or accumulator of capital, but that of artist in service of altruism.

³ Gascia Ouzounian, "Sound art and spatial practices: situating sound installation art since 1958." (PhD diss., UC San Diego, 2008), 24.

⁴ G Revill, "How is space made in sound? Spatial mediation, critical phenomenology and the political agency of sound," *Progress in Human Geography*, 40, no. 2 (2016), 240-256.

⁵ For, in your tongue I cannot fit: India's Shilpa Gupta at YARAT Contemporary Art Space, Baku, accessed 1st of April 2019

⁶ G Waitt, E Ryan, & C Farbotko, "A visceral politics of sound," *Antipode*, 46, no. 1 (2014), 283-300.

iii. Reflections on *Keep it down to a dull roar*

Shupta's work and approach has led me to reflect on my own practice and ethics, particularly a recent installation entitled *Keep it down to a dull roar* (2019). This work was provoked by how politicians and the mainstream media manipulated the events of the 2011 Villawood Immigration Detention Centre and 2017 Manus Island protests for certain discursive agendas. These were the images, sounds and videos that confronted me growing up in post-Howard Australia. Through two metal sheets bearing a semblance to rattling gates, various frequency combinations are used to activate the metal, creating an inconsistent rattling of varying intensities and degrees of metallic feedback.

In this work, I attempt to highlight the absence of the inclusion of the protestors in mainstream media discourse and also try to avoid speaking for, or instead of the protestors. There are too many unqualified people assigning themselves speakers *on behalf of*. One need only think of the dangerously paternalistic rhetoric of former immigration ministers Morrison and Dutton and the toxic policies that ensued. In Australian media, instead of being amplified, refugee voices are minimised through a process of abstraction and alienation. We are aware of their struggle, of their ongoing resistance, and oppression. Yet the media filters this through various devices until it becomes less confronting, manageable... tame; the intensity and urgency of these resistant voices is "reduced to a dull roar" in the peripheries of daily life.

There is also reason for hope, as through progressive and independent channels, recordings and testimonies of refugees have entered mainstream discourse, such as the writer Behrouz Boochani's remarkable book: *No Friend but the Mountains* – which he wrote via text messages whilst interned on Manus Island over a 5-year period.⁷ On reflecting on these possibilities, there are moments in the installation where intensity bursts through. Ultimately, through *Keep it down to a dull roar*, I hope to draw attention to the process of silencing from as reflexive position as possible: keeping in mind that refugees throughout the world are continually silenced through a process in which, to varying degrees, we are all complicit.

Keep it down to a dull roar video: <https://vimeo.com/318992558>

iv. Final thoughts

Sound-art works with political resonance serve sometimes not to irritate, or challenge, or even tear down walls, but to draw attention to issues of significance and weight. Sound is conceptually heavy. Sound can be a medium for deep reflection, as we cannot escape it, nor close our ears to it. Political sound-art can be visceral, and/or exist in the spaces of silence, or the process of silencing. Gupta's work, whilst being about the far and near recent past, highlights the authoritarian's need to delegitimise dissent; an action all too relevant today for obvious reasons. Through her installation, Gupta moves towards something which is emotive, and arresting. Her work and approach are what contemporary sound-art desperately needs, whilst all the while, inducing us to reflect on our own practices, ways of being, and the dire threat of authoritarianism throughout the world.

"For in your tongue I cannot fit" is now showing at the 9th Asia Pacific Triennial until the 28th of April, QAGOMA, Brisbane, Queensland.

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⁷ *Writing from Manus prison: a scathing critique of domination and oppression*, accessed 1st of April 2019, <https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2018/jul/31/writing-from-manus-prison-a-scathing-critique-of-domination-and-oppression>

DECAY-SUSTAIN

002.2.3 Happy Hour: Three Acts in the First and Second Person / Cleo Mees

There's something spacious about a dress run. The conversations about how to lay the pieces together are still live; there's a looseness in the pulling-things-together, an ease in the absence of a crowd. When I arrive the room has banked up the heat of the day, but there's a breeze in the stairwell. I text you.

* * *

NAMU NUNAR

You, lying back in the grass, look as if you were being drawn downriver, cradled as you are in ruffled green, a breeze in the blades, your head tilted just so. It is as if time were moving faster against you, faster alongside you, until you shift into gear (hinges at the ankles and the armpits).

*

There were some invitations for the journey down: notice what the temperature is doing. Notice what the sky is doing. Notice colour. There are the usual culprits (dinners on stoves, damp rising from bathroom windows, the heat pulling out of the day), but what is new is the way the light hangs heartsore in the trees, and the two dogs who thunder into the circle, one shorter-legged, both all bounce and joy.

*

A space opens in the back of your neck. You are drawn into verticality. Wet hair does a long tangle down, you are all height (even seated) and the planes of your face are upturned, drawn up to meet the above-you (a blue laid over with thin cloud that some people call high cirrus). A woman looks on quietly from her porch over the street.

*

After you have washed back up in the grass (green, ankle-deep), returned in a way to your starting place, and after the bustle of the neighbourhood has come drifting back into earshot, the woman calls out: something along the lines of gratitude.

*

NAMU. Milk, breast. NUNAR. Sky. But also clouds. [<https://katinaolsen.com/works/>]

Later, you will expand on the translation of the title, talk about the Bunya mountains (the feminine, the nut), about repatriation and the (re)learnings involved in the making of this work, about slowness; and as we stand in the kitchenette I will recall, in flashes, the curvature of your arms, the slopes in your torso (now opening out, now closing in), and how time streamed alongside you.

* * *

FALL! FALTER!! DANCE!!!

The first time you do it, it is amazing: you find yourself, unexpectedly, at an apex of connectivity and it is clear to you that you were so great tonight, everybody loved you, the cask wine is sweet and the evening all aglow.

*

The second time, you are back for more. And it doesn't come. Connection: not quite. Love: not that you can tell. And you manage to unpack this, the bitter wine, the lunge for numbness, the shitty foyer, with a retrospective clarity and honesty that arrest me because they describe moments I recognise, but rarely talk about.

*

Tonight, I am a Tour de Force.

On that evening I will be at the heart of something. There will be connection, congratulation. On that evening things will feel as right as they ever, possibly, could.

(And it doesn't come.)

*

Like the time you were going to be in that Major Production, the one in which you were almost but not quite cast, and you pictured yourself on opening night, French champagne, another evening all aglow, but then the phone call came and you took extra care to make sure you'd heard it right.

Like the time I was going to that party and I pictured myself at an apex of connectivity – I was going to be at the heart of something – but when the time came I stood in a valley of glitter and lights and had distanced thoughts like, "here we all are" and "maybe I am far more lost and alone than I allow myself to believe", and wondered what other shy queers do on Mardi Gras.

Like the time your thirty-second appearance in a studio showing transformed to become a thing of weight and slow-motion grandeur, a half-minute cut adrift from the rest of time (your serene backward tread, your back turned to me), and I loved how you would brush over it again later – off-hand, off-record, off-mic: "... performing for two-thousand people at the Paris Opera House (*in my imagination*) ..."

*

Your interior dreams and dialogues – which gave you desire and intention, but also the more bitter vibrancies of disappointment, of mixed feelings, of crestfallenness – offer me a new vocabulary with which to apprehend private experiences of my own: of self-congratulation, of imagination, of mediocrity. What emerges, unspoken and luminous, from your renditions, is an appreciation of those things that quietly survive (perhaps even elude) our unmet expectations: the things that *still are*, and that still are valuable.

*

Fall! Falter!! Dance!!! And dance you do, to a beat both lopsided and precise (and everything you have done has been at once loose and carefully measured), and you power from over your head a small, viscous galaxy, disco ball, silver points that don't so much sweep the room as that they quiver – erratic, elastic, beautiful.

* * *

SUBTLE DOWN TEMPO NO

The quiet, precise folding of the body. The measured sweep of an extended arm, measured rotation of the head, twist, wrap and unwrap. Your movement has the quality of sound in the snow: what sounds out is cushioned, dampened, has not its usual wetness or edge.

*

The two of you give me a thing that builds in pace and content without ever bottoming out into Full-Throttle. In hindsight, it makes sense – that last word, "NO". (I recall Yvonne Rainer's famous "No Manifesto". *No to full-throttle?*) A quiet refusal, or resistance.

*

On further thought, days later, your other choices make sense too: the phrase that sounded out repeatedly, further in, once you had cut a lane down one side of the floor: *Please* (rest, rest) *mind the gap* (rest, rest, rest).

For what you have made is full of openings, some of them vast — openings "into which environmental life may stream,"⁸ and indeed, into the openings stream: a recurring car alarm, birds riotous in the fading day, voices broken across the interlocking facades and rooftops of residential Ultimo.

*

And my attention does a runner sometimes, it swoops out and far away from here (once or twice even in search of sleep), and I reign it vigorously back in until eventually it gets on a level with you, and I can mind the gaps with more finesse. With more intention. More pleasure.

⁸ This is Anne Rutherford invoking Siegfried Kracauer. Anne Rutherford, "What makes a film tick?": Cinematic affect, materiality and mimetic innervation" (PhD diss., University of Western Sydney, 2006), 156.

HAPPY HOUR is hosted by ReadyMade Works as a platform for independent dance artists to share new work in a lo-fi setting. This season ran over two evenings on 2-3 March 2019 as part of the new *March Dance* program. The author attended a dress run of the performances.

namu nunar

KATINA OLSEN - Wakka Wakka / Kombumerri choreographer.

Choreographic highlights include *Yalu Dad* and *namu nunar* for Festival 2018, *Cleverman 2* and *Walking into the Bigness*.

Katina created *Min Min* for QUT's 2017 Graduation and choreographed *Mother's Cry* for Sydney Dance Company's New Breed 2018.

Katina is currently developing *Noc Junygan* (Night Sky) with Polish UK based artist Aleksandra Borys and is continuing development of *namu nunar* at Bundanon in May 2019.

Fall! Falter!! Dance!!!

RYUICHI FUJIMURA is an independent dance artist of Japanese origin based in Sydney, Australia. Since the mid-1990's, he has studied contemporary technique as well as improvisation and choreography in Australia and overseas. For the last 15 years, he has collaborated with both emerging and established international and Australian artists, as well as creating his own solo works.

subtle down tempo no

MURASAKI PENGUIN is an interdisciplinary collaboration between dancer/choreographer Anna Kuroda and sound/multimedia artist David Kirkpatrick, based in Western Sydney Australia. Their work crosses cultures and the boundaries of dance, sound, video, electronics and large-scale installation – with a focus on interactivity and live performance. Works include *Motion Theory 2* with Kian Peng Ong for Singapore Art Week 2019 and *Window* at the Toyota Choreography Award 2016, Japan. See murasakipenguin.com

DECAY-SUSTAIN

002.2.4 For Now: Manifesto 1.1 / Vincent Giles

Introduction

I will save a prolonged explanation of why I have written this *now* for another essay. However, the need to condense many of my thoughts about music into some kind of direction for myself has been growing since mid-2016. Doing this was galvanised by the first edition of ADSR Zine⁹, in which Jane Sheldon put forth a fantastic annotated manifesto drawing on Yvonne Rainer's manifesto. Mine draws quite heavily on John Cage, and indeed, was originally titled *The Future of Music*¹⁰ after his Credo of the same title. As I wrote however, it became clear that this manifesto really is a synthesis of many years of musical thinking. Indeed, some of these ideas are described in my doctoral dissertation, but it has taken some years after that to come to terms with the implications of that work and to synthesise and consolidate all of that thought with my earlier thinking. I will reiterate the idea that Sheldon put forth that there may be some regret in publishing this. However, it stands as an artistic statement that is current to 2019 and has scope for change. Finally, I settled on the title *For Now*, based on an observation Cage made in *Silence* about the composer Edgard Varèse: that he was not a composer interested in the future or the past, only the present, and on the idea that this is a set of guiding values and principles that are subject to change over time. Finally, this manifesto will very likely be explored in substantially more depth and rigour and published separately in the future. What is presented here is a relatively quick consolidation of thought to date to provide a platform for further refinement and artistic direction.

Artist Statement

I believe that an artist should **reject the ego and the self** as part of the making process (and in life), so as to not let them interfere by imposing concepts such as taste or style upon the work. An artist should **reject sentimentality, catharsis, and other 'expressive' reasons for making**, and by doing so, focus on relating art to non-subjective **reality** and to the **every-day; the banal**. I believe in taking the **entire spectrum of sound**, audible and inaudible, as the basis of music and that music is *organised sound*. In this I agree with Varèse, Cage, and others, and want **sound to be itself**, organised by a human, or not. In this making, one should be **experimental**, always, and **document** one's work as much as is practical. An artist's work is **created for the medium**, and transcription from one medium to another is not the business of the artist; make something for the other medium that is new to you instead. In this endeavour **one must find something to devote oneself to and do it**. One must **make for the sake of making** and **find something to do**. **Reject ignorance** and be informed, of the field and of the world.

⁹ <http://www.adsrzine.com>

¹⁰ John Cage, *Silence* (Cambridge, Mass.: M.I.T. Pr., 1970).

Manifesto (for Now)

On Aesthetics

Reject the ego and the self

Cage had the idea (from Zen Buddhism) that notions of style and taste are manifestations of ego. I take the view that this is true, and that we should reject egoistic modes of making and reject notions of the 'self'. To do otherwise engages with 'taste', 'style', 'genre', and other artificial and unnecessary concepts that have nothing to do with making something new, and instead biases the creator (and listener) to the point of inability to experience newness.

Reject sentimentality, catharsis, and other 'expressive' reasons for making

People talk of music as this great communicative medium: often this is strongly tied to the ego and the self (self-expression, for example), and what people tend to mean by this is sentimentality, catharsis, and emotions, and the communication of these things to anybody who'll listen. That is: expressing one's feelings through some artistic medium in the hope that somebody else listens to it and understands the message, or at least maps their own lived experiences onto the music. The mapping will happen anyway, so why force your own shit down peoples' throats? At best that is rude, and at worst, it is dogmatic, reminding me of being preached at on street corners. Rather, these things – sentimentality, catharsis, expressive intentions – can be catalysts for art if they must be but if music is communicative, then one must naturally ask what is being communicated, and how? Communication is "the imparting or exchanging of information by speaking, writing, or using some other medium" which seems woefully inadequate to the social, cognitive, and other experiences that music (and art)

does offer. Art is not a tool for an artist to ‘communicate’ to the world, like some kind of amplifier, but rather a mode of experiencing the world, which is a very different consideration that has nothing to do with an artist’s sentimentality, catharsis, or other ‘expression’ that relies on the self or the ego.

Relate art to reality; relate art to the every day

There is enough wonder in the world without needing to artificially load art up with metaphysical notions. Music in the Classical (and modern popular) context does not reflect reality much at all: it is ordered, systematic, and artificially constructed, rather than emergent. This does not offer any insight into anything other than itself, or the ego of the creator. Instead, it should be related to reality, to the every-day: the complex and the banal, and thus catalyse insight, or not, rather than dictate.

Be experimental, always

While this term can be used in almost endless way (the Wikipedia page, for example, describes ‘experimental’ as any kind of music that pushes the boundaries of that idiom/style/genre), the use here is specific. I find Aaron Cassidy’s description most clarifying:

Virtually every stage of the compositional process, and indeed the compositions themselves and their performances, revolve around an effort to foreground a *practice* of experimentation – that is, a process that is driven by questions, rather than answers, hypotheses, rather than conclusions.

And:

Following from this, a focus on systems and a certain precision in the construction of a work, or, more importantly, carefully controlling the location and extent of human, composerly intervention & decision-making.

And:

experiments in the arts seem to negate the possibility of revision, as such.¹¹

This very much follows in the tradition of Cage, who discusses composition as process (as opposed to music as process), and the removal of the composer's ego, taste, stylistic tastes, and so forth through the primacy of (non-banal) questions instead of answers or stylistic dogma, defined by the artist or by the lineage and cannon. As Cage has pointed out (and as is echoed by Cassidy), it is desirable that composition (and listening) is a process of discovery, of expanding listening, and to be experimental is to be true and authentic to this ideal.

On Medium and Craft

Take all sound as the basis of music; let all sound be itself

Drawing upon Varèse, Cage, Oliveros, and others, this approach to music-making is one of an expanded field of material that encompasses all sound from the microscopic to the macroscopic. It is possible through technology to do things that were impossible for that generation, and even the generation that came after them. It is possible, and has been for some time, through technology, to manipulate sound at the *sub-sample* level; at inaudible amplitudes, and/or with periods too slow or too fast for hearing.

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¹¹ Aaron Cassidy, "I Am an Experimental Composer" 2012, <http://aaroncassidy.com/experimental-composer/>

Further, any signal or data of any kind can be turned into sound, and source of activity turned into music. As Cage and others observed, the only silence, subjectively, is death. Objectively, there is none. Let listening be listening to sound, for its sound's own sake. Let sound be itself, free from the baggage of the extra-musical, the psychological, and so on.

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On Working and Methodology

Create for the medium

A piece of music for the concert hall's medium is the soloist or ensemble, in whatever physical space. This is live music, for live, social experiencing. Not for recording in some other medium and listening in isolation. A piece of music for a recorded medium is, equally, for that medium, and need not be listened to 'live'. There is, at the present time, excessive recordings of music in the world, which diminishes the value of all music. By making a stand on the medium, I hope, in some small way, to increase the value of liveness and focus on the nature of these various mediums. This is at odds with most of my life so far, as I have sought recordings for live works and live performances for fixed works.

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Reject ignorance

An artist should not be ignorant about the world, about the medium(s) of the artform, and about history and society and politics. That does not mean that these things ought to influence the making and apply baggage to sound, but in rejecting ignorance one must be aware of what exists in order to trust what one is doing.

Make for the sake of making; find something to do

There is really no excuse to not do creative things. One needn't be limited to a narrow view of their practice, or of creativity. A rhetorical question might be: what is the difference between

composing a sonata and composing this text? Good practice is to attempt to answer a rhetorical question lest it reveal faulty logic, and so: there is no difference. Both activities are composing, though the methods – or materials – may be different. It is easy to make excuses not to make; there is no time, there is no money, there is no *x*, I don't feel inspired, I have nothing to say. To paraphrase and recontextualise Cage: I have nothing to say, so say it.

Document as often as is practical

Document your work in any format as much as possible. For your own sake, if nobody else's. This allows you to understand your processes, and to minimise the impact of posthumous study and romanticisation.

Find something to devote yourself to and devote yourself to it

It is good practice to devote oneself to things. Informally, I am told that the number of things to be (seriously) devoted to in life is approximately four, and that these act as psychological anchors for a person. By devoting oneself to a thing, one prioritises that working and will find joy in the process as much, or more, than the outcome.

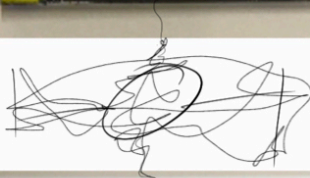
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002.3.1 Sale of the Century- Plato's tonic and a jin / Rabble

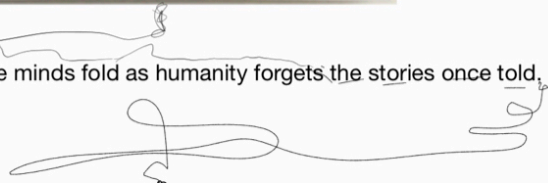




Posed upon lymph nodes in limp throes of denial and class, less the staff
Taggs on paradises carpark
What if planet Earth is Noahs Ark?



We mine gold from the minds fold as humanity forgets the stories once told.



The dissociation of the collective unconscious.



No one knows what they are doing here.

Face the crowd when the silence gets too loud

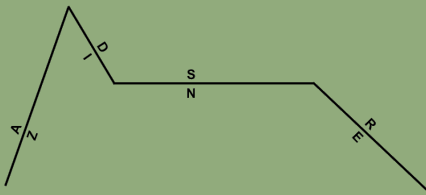


Eye make up, woke up like dis.





The sale of the self, all is prostituted under the valuation of this universal hodge podge.
Shadows divide and conquer until the fat lady sings 'it's lit'
Light nights with heart filled eyes and a dance goodbye.



ADSR Zine

[attack, decay, sustain, release]

ADSR Zine is an online platform established in November 2018 by Elia Bosshard, James Hazel and Sonya Holowell. It is a bi-monthly publication that features writing from contributors who are, or who work with contemporary practising artists. We value the process of reflection, translation, interpretation, critical response and active engagement with Australian art and performance.

We believe that the artist is not only an expert in their field, but offers an important voice beyond the scope of their primary discipline. Artists are welcomed to move beyond this scope to embrace naivety, presenting the sweep, the details, or a combination of both.

As a magazine with a strong interdisciplinary focus, the online format allows for the delivery of written, sonic and visual resources to present, support and facilitate discourse between practising artists.

WHAT WE DO

ADSR Zine offers a 3-part conceptual scaffold that is designed to evoke experimental and non-formalist approaches to responsive writing and media within a contemporary arts and performance context.

OUR POINT OF DEPARTURE

ADSR Zine is a platform for discourse that encourages experimental approaches to discussing visual, performative and sound art. Functioning from an 'art begets art' premise, we offer contributors significant creative license.

We are influenced by the wave of 70's and 80's experimental music and art publications (NMA, Sounds Australia) which were platforms for creative and innovative solutions to writing and conceptualising experimental work.

TEAM

Editors = James Hazel, Sonya Holowell, Elia Bosshard
Cover art, zine & website design = Elia Bosshard

