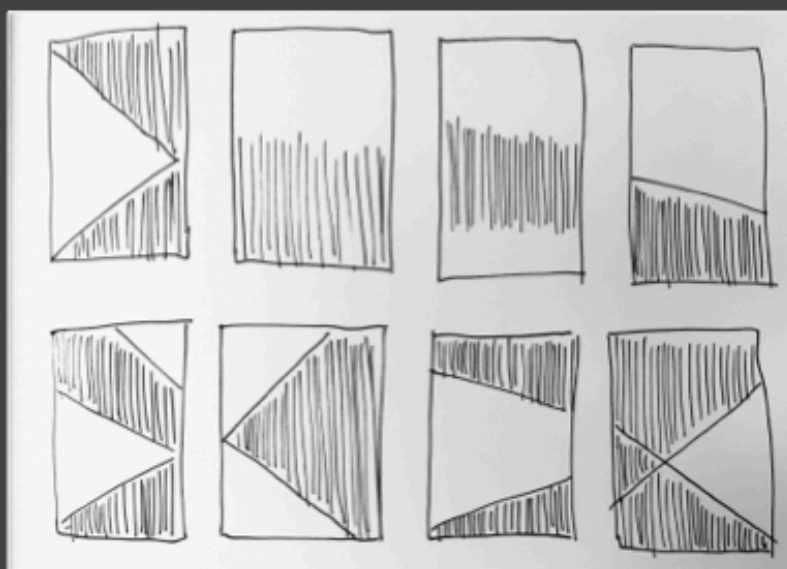


ADSR Zine

001



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ATTACK

001.1.1 Beethoven Symphony No. 5 [Redacted] / Solly Frank

Last year, I received an email from an artist and protester in the year 2217 with a dire warning of the future. His email is attached below.

Hello Solomon,

My name is Tsoulumenn Phrancke and I come from the year 2217.

This inter- temporal email has been sent at great cost, many of my colleagues died attempting to learn utilitarian skills prohibited by our government. I have an important warning for you about the dire state of your future world and an imperative task for you that could instigate great change in our present. I apologise, some words may be redacted, CADP has strict censorship measures which [REDACTED] organisation has mostly bypassed using a complex algorithm. This email is cloaked as a collaborative email artwork where each recipient adds a phrase to a musical piece. Let me first explain the historical context of our present situation.

After the gay agenda-Alt left-Political correctness alliance militia seized control of the world in 2153 in a devastating coup, society fell under the control of the Curators for Artistic Development Party (CADP). Since the late 22nd century the world has suffered under the brutal curatorial oligarchical rule of CADP. With a fully automated world by the year 2157, the only means of meaningful human existence was art, as decreed by the CADP; it was legislated that all people must make art and the presentation or acknowledgement of old art was prohibited. Gradually the great art of the past was purged from the world. All new art is systematically destroyed after one year of existence.

The possession of contraband art is punishable by death. The CADP's secret police force, the Militia for the Prevention of Generic, Hackneyed and Pastiche Art is ruthless in its pursuit of contraband material and artistic and [REDACTED] appropriation.

The money system was abolished in 2188 [REDACTED] social status was determined by the quality of one's art as assessed by the curatorial committee within the CADP. All forms of education except art were prohibited; maths, science and business were systematically and gradually written out of the syllabi. As mentioned, our organisation has, at great risk, learnt many of the utilitarian skills of the past that have been designated to machines. Sport as a practice was banned in the 2162; there have been massacres at underground rugby matches where the Militia have brutally murdered both players and spectators.

Art is a prison for us, it has no meaning, no use and the brutal [REDACTED] taste of the CADP determine the paths of all our lives. Bearing our grievous present in mind, I have an important task for you.

My colleagues and I, imagine the great artworks of the past and we pour over the few remnants of contraband art books that remain hidden from the regular examinations of the CADP. One name that looms large over all others in music is Beethoven. We have [REDACTED] no surviving audio of his works; CADP was and is systematically efficient in its destruction of "out- dated degenerate art". We see cloaked references to the fame of his fifth symphony but have no means of hearing it.

We have selected you, Solomon Frank of 2017, as our inter-temporal messenger to bring us Beethoven's fifth symphony as many times as [REDACTED] possible. Find and compile as many recordings of the work (only the first movement because that's the famous one) and bury them in a disclosed location² (see confidential appendices [not for publication]).

Let this celebrity masterwork of the past be a rallying call to overthrow our artistic dictators in 2217. We seek to return to a world of artistic indifference; where the arts are secondary to business, the economy and sport. We seek the sweet release of familiarity in the small amounts of conventional art we do consume. Let art seep to the fringes where it once was and let society function in aimless utilitarianism.

In your day and age, let this action be an artwork and my message be a dire warning of the inevitable future and perhaps others will be spurred into physically preserving old and famed artworks for those in later [REDACTED] centuries. A live orchestra should also perform as part of a presentation of this work.

When I say as many recordings as possible, I mean every single performance available; the more versions of the work we have, the more we can instigate artistic longevity, which our society no longer allows for [REDACTED]. No matter how bad quality a recording may seem, include it.

Circulate my message and the compilation to everyone you know; email it to your friends and publish it on [REDACTED] internet.

In your day and age, art still has meaning as opposed to the mandatory intellectual noise that art has become.

There is no urgency to your task as we will always remain 200 years apart in history but I implore you to at least publish [REDACTED] message

Yours [REDACTED], Tsoulumenn Phrancke

The year 2217

For this interpretation of Phranke's instructions I have compiled 228 recordings of Beethoven's fifth symphony movement 1, ripped from Youtube.

<https://soundcloud.com/solomonfrank/beethoven-symphony-no-redacted>

ATTACK

001.1.2 Acoustically Performative Spaces / Mary Rapp

"Every room has a note. You just have to find it. She started warbling away, up and down. And suddenly one note came back at us, just bounced off the back walls and rose from the floor and filled the place with this perfect hum. This beautiful sound. Like you've thrown a plum and an orchard comes back at you... These two completely different things, a note and a room, finding each other. It sounded...right."

Pg 385, Richard Flannagan, *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*.

These few sentences of this extraordinary novel inspired a curiosity in me; resonance, or as my supervisor Densil Cabrera puts it; the voice of the interior of things. I'd never thought much about it before, except for when my pansori teacher, Bae Il Dong, talked about it. He would draw a face with circles indicating the places where the resonance should happen inside my head as I sing. The few times I have managed to tune into it I could feel my whole head vibrating, which is an amazing sensation and always makes me sneeze. Most of the time I play string instruments with large, resonant chambers, but the detail of that and the connection to the singing vibrations had never been important to me. I have only ever focused on the technique required to articulate the musical ideas in my head. However, these days my head is full of the ways in which space colours and tunes. Flannagan, among many others, has broadened my imagination to not just the signal but the systems that work with the spatial and harmonic aspects of the sound.

At this point in time there is a schism between my imagination and my understanding. Six months ago, I began a masters of architectural acoustics and I highly recommend it to any naive musician, like me, that enjoys being humbled. Every day I have to throw my ego in the bin and ask the acoustic wizards to repeat themselves... slowly. I have learnt a few things; I can regurgitate some theory about room modes and how rooms have more than one note that sings back at you. That this has to do with stuff like wave length and standing waves and nodes and antinodes. What I do with that information beyond knowing it; how I could be creative with it, I have no idea. I did recently devise a version of 'I'm sitting in a room' by Alvin Lucier in a garage for the Living Room Theatre, instead of my own voice it had recordings of climate change deniers talking. I also have budding ideas for interactive sound installations. I suppose that is a very simple start.

One thing I do know a bit about is the area of my research. This research topic was handed to me by my supervisor and the more I learn the more I am interested in it. I'm looking at the way a talker's voice changes with acoustic environments and thus, ways room design could manipulate talking. My first paper has a very big fancy title: *Effect of indirect vocal autophonic feedback transfer function on conversational speech level*. My supervisor gave me a glimpse into how understanding this stuff better could lead to some weird art thing. He thought up an acoustically performative space consisting of three ellipsoids that produces a harmonic inflection of human voices. There is a sound concentration that arises in ellipsoidal spaces at two focal points. Sound is reflected in a manner where all sound originating at one focal point is concentrated on another focal point. Sound reflection can be manipulated through intersecting ellipsoidal geometries to interact with the sound within it, transforming sound such as speech in order to bring out a tonal character. An acoustic equation can be used as a basic design principle for the ellipsoidal geometry of three intersecting spheres that fine-tunes speech to different frequencies. Each pitch comes from the acoustic interference between the direct and reflected sound paths between pairs of foci, which form a comb filter. By tuning the physical geometry of each ellipsoid, the space can produce a three-person conversation space that changes the tonal character of voices into a three pitched chord. One person situated at one of the foci can hear the voice of a second person filtered by one of the pitches, and the voice of the third person filtered by another pitch.

Anyway..... that's my fancy science bit. Eventually I hope I can think this kind of thing up myself.

DECAY-SUSTAIN

001.2.1 Lip readings: voice in recent experimental music / Jim Denley

Voice and words sit in a weird, even questionable position in much so-called exploratory music.

- Is the corporality of voice too animalistic for our digital age?
- After thousands of years of words and music co-existing, why are we so uncomfortable using words in these spaces?
- Why are males so shy to explore voice?

I pondered these questions through a month of performance across our great land, from Melbourne to Sydney to West Australia — this continent where music was singing for tens of thousands of years.

Curation of this event exposed extraordinary voices to an array of instrumental and amplification onslaughts, accompaniments and challenges. All the groups were first contacts of sorts.

Sage Pbbbt used a hand-held mic, standing throughout, moving only subtly in duo with **Romy Fox**'s synthesiser. Romy laid down long thick beds that Sage's vocals could lie, or sometimes bounce around on, but somehow never tear apart.



Photo of Hammers Lake – Jen Callaway

Sage attempted to create — with overtone rich vocal environments and mic-control-dexterity — equality with the beds. The power of the machine, with its limitless blocks

without the necessity of breath, always outfought Sage's corporeal limitations. Despite some incredible singing, her body seemed boxed and buried in synth clay. Sage

attempted to efface her physicality — become a voice that isn't a voice, but the flow of electrons overpowered pneumatic pressure. At the very end there was briefly a chance voice might exist in its own space — as the synth faded a premature clapper broke the moment, voiding Sage's last gesture — a crushing moment.

Drummer joke, *Hammers Lake*, is Cellist **Judith Hamann** and vocalist **Caroline Connors'** band where a new percussionist/drummer joins them every time they play — this gig **Nat Grant** was sacrificial lamb.

Carolyn sits with a single vocal mic on a stand, sometimes moving away from the mic with high pitches, yet they rang out like cocky-calls, forceful and brash through the carpeted pub acoustic, like Sage and Amanda (see below) manually manipulating her nose and lips to filter the voice. Everything she did was clear and exposed.

Judith's cello existed in another space. Using the same limitless phrasing as Romy's synth in the previous group, but softer and transparent. Carolyn's choice of tones never reduced Judith's to drone or accompaniment. Between the cello and the voice there existed conceptual balance — intentional polyphony. Nat's drumming thankfully never tried to match Carolyn's exotic expressions or Judith's long slabs, but existed like wind chimes, protected from Carolyn's squalls by Judith's wind break.

Carolyn pushed to stratospheric extremes — piecing high tones that have no lead in (they start maximum intensity) — hints language (was she saying 'STRIKE' at some point?) and at times whispers unengaged air, sucking our listening into her throat.



Photo of Birgit Uhler and Amanda Stewart – Jen Callaway

Poet **Amanda Stewart** stood in front of two mics, meant to pan her electronic voice hard left to right in her duo with German trumpeter **Birgit Uhler**, but stereo specialisation in Bar Open is totally ambiguous and the first

15 mins of the performance was swamped by low-end resonance and high-end feedback.

To not exacerbate the volatile system Amanda strategised where to situate her utterances — so in effect it was structurally a trio between Birgit, Amanda and an out of control PA. When the feedback threatened to take over both artists stopped.

Amanda was the only vocalist this night who explicitly used words. Birgit used a very different instrumental strategy to Romy and Judith's slabs, emerging from PA Feedback or silence with evanescent prepared trumpet of startling originality and precision. It should have been the perfect match for Amanda's word/utterance/noise/singing ambiguity — but the PA kept putting up walls.

As the set progressed e.q.ing on the PA improved and we became aware of a delightful pow wow between language, speech, utterance, vocal noise and instrumental plurality — so much nuanced use of breath, lips and brass/body resonance. Despite the intense physicality of both artists, it never felt like expressionism.

Photo of Cat Hope and Karina Utomo – Jen Callaway



Expressionism erupted in the last grouping of the night as the two electric basses of **Cat Hope** and Québécois **Éric Normand**, flooded doomed, string distortion around the voice of **Karina Utomo**. Cat's set-up was truly bone-vibrating — the nether regions of frequency, Éric flailed around his home-made bass with wild tourettic-like gesture, attacking frequencies higher than Cat's, both sonically and gesturally — it would have overpowered most voices, but not this voice. The bassists left space and Karina exploited that with demonic shards of doom metal vocals

with equally powerful glares at the audience — she swooped to the floor to control-scream in bursts.

The set was as open-ended and spontaneous as anything this night — exciting to hear doom metal vocals stretching improvised music.

The three danced some crazy dance.

Thursday 24th January – Saturday 26th Now now Festival 2019 Redfern, Sydney.

Monika Brooks's piano gave **Sage Pbbbt** a different challenge to her MIUC gig. Monika is intensely interested in well tempered tonal structures — you might say her playing is lyrical and she's involved in a scene with deeply entrenched altruistic listening. The lack of care evident in the treatment of Sage's voice from the MIUC was replaced here with a loving embrace of piano tones and silence. But I was thinking — voice and lyrical sensitive piano, how can this be extreme or exploratory? What can Monika and Sage do that can make me hear piano and voice in a new way?

I shouldn't have worried, the two produced music that was searching and tentative, but in the end, profoundly fresh — I've never heard voice and piano sound like this — that's very hard to do.

Like her Melbourne performance, Sage used one mic on a stand and hardly moved. She went from one vocal environment to the next with no line or continuity and at times, Monika stopped her tonal rumblings to reveal gaping silences. The voice was heard in all its sonic complexity, and Sage's voice is one of the richest sources of sounds you'll ever hear. But great co-created music is more than the sum of its parts, and this duo reached moments of startling revelation where one couldn't believe what one was hearing.

Mel Eden had a team of helpers distributing balloons, toothpicks and paper bags to the audience at 107 theatre space as she animatedly danced around a mic stand and a bank of electronic effects to manipulate her voice.

Gary Bradbury controlled another mic, with massive reverb, for the audience to explode balloons and bags into, creating gigantic booms and cracks for her multiple voices (both electronically and in the sense of different personas {and monsters}) to soar across — a joyful, playful, cathartic experience. As a drum machine beat was added to the mix, members of the audience exploded into spontaneous dance. Experiments with context, voice and sound can be fun — this was profoundly fun.

[You can listen to it here](#)

Sum Conduit is **Sonya Holowell** and **Ben Carey**. They performed for two hours upstairs in the gallery space of 107. I probably only caught 40 mins in between other sets downstairs, but whenever I returned Sonya sat silhouetted, with mic on a stand, unmoving. She's the most obviously classically trained of the voices talked about here — her sound is liquid, pure and adept with pitch. Ben played Eurorack modular synth, often drumming on the instrument to create washy rhythms with squiggly blips — long ecosystems of electronica for Sonya to inhabit and influence. There was always an awareness of sonic and conceptual distinction between the vocal and the synthesised but their interactions were rich, complex and ambiguous — like a proper band.

Sonya's voice leapt with great surety, like a spider woman around a lattice of frequencies. Those intervals she chose against the synth's tonal washes were constantly imaginative and never resolving. Just when I was

thinking about dearth of speech she burst into a spray of language — can't remember what she was saying, but the attack of words filled the room with gentle formant enriched sound, not unlike Ben's bleeps. I wish I'd experienced the entire 2 hrs.

[Listen to an excerpt here](#)

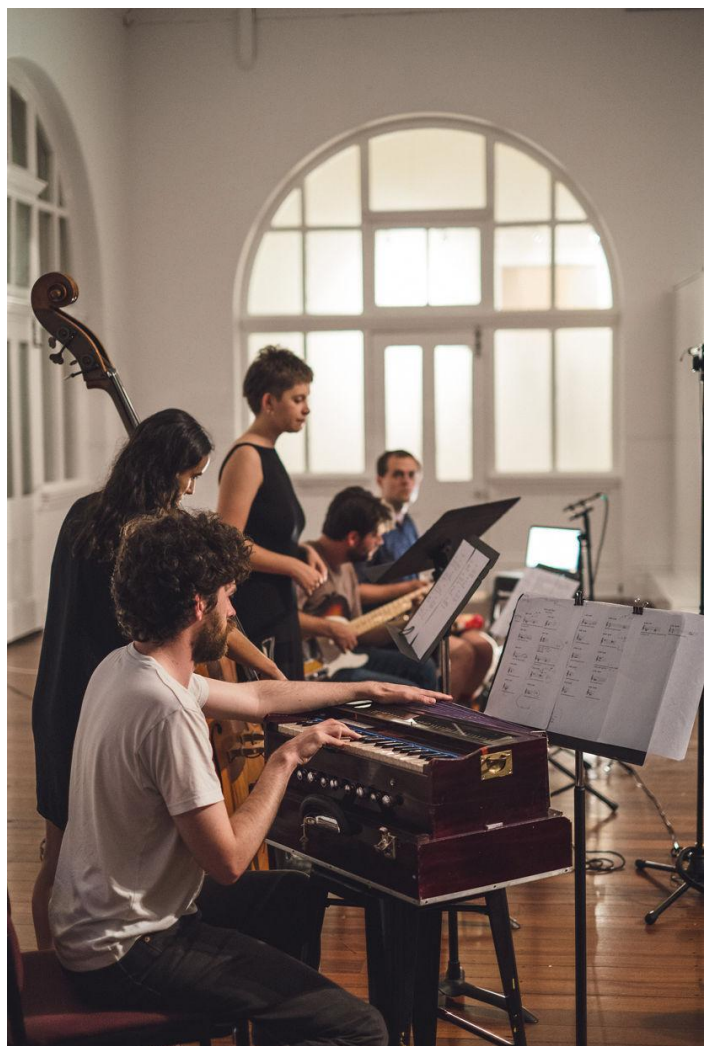
Emily Bennet and **Reuben Lewis** presented a voice/trumpet duo which couldn't have been more different to Amanda and Birgit's. Emily sat with a device on her lap to manipulate her voice, starting the set making us believe her hand-held mic wasn't on, but we quickly realised this was no technical error but referential play — throughout Emily commentated on their performance. When Reuben at one point introduced a new trumpet event, she repeated, 'Bring it in boys, bring it in' — like a jockey giving a laconic race-call on a race she was in. Reuben spent as much time twiddling knobs of various devices as playing trumpet and consequently laid down loops and washes of electronica that started life as trumpet samples. To compound the reflexivity, out of nowhere, as they both set their next parameters, a pre-recorded sample gave us a cultural reference, 'Major Tom to Ground Control'.

Photo of Andy Butler, Djuna Lee, Annika Moses, Jameson Feakes and Josten Myburgh by Josh Wells.

28th January Audible Edge Festival Old Customs House Fremantle.

At Audible Edge festival in Western Australia, (a festival largely devoid of voices) there was a stunning performance of a new piece, *Now and Then* by **Andy Butler** with the composer playing harmonium, Djuna Lee (double-bass), Jameson Feakes (guitar), Josten Myburgh (saxophone, laptop) and **Annika Moses** (voice). Apparently Andy had written lyrics, but as they workshopped the piece, they'd been abandoned.

This is the only performance I've written about with voice un-amplified. Annika stood, occasionally using balletic hand movements, her folk-like voice — somehow imbued with aussie vowels — laid long tones,



occasionally subtly sharpening them to escape the well-tempered, across a set of episodes — constantly delicious harmonium tones, insistent bass pedals, twin peak-like melodic hints from electric guitar, and air pressure noises from the sax and harmonium bellows.

One felt that this was composition in the Ellington tradition, not that it sounded like Jazz, (although there was something slightly honkey-tonk about the tuning between the instruments) but that the parts were owned by each player. And if Johnny Hodges could thrill audiences just with his liquid alto sound, then Annika did a similar thing — there was pure delight in hearing this voice, in this room, in this band, in this piece, in this land.

Last Notes

I got to see a mob of vocalists working with instrumentalists this January, are there lessons to be drawn? Men's position in all this seems mysterious but there's something afoot with the women. From Sage's detailed noise, to Carolyn's cocky-call expressivity, Amanda's word/noise/utterance ambiguity, Karina's doom/metal screams, Mel's wild theatricality, Sonya's silky melodic complexity, Emily's referential race-call, and Annika's wordless suburban Perth tones there seems to be no thread or repetition — too much diversity. Perhaps the thread is, we are in an age where women are empowered to find their voice and express it clearly. Thankfully I hear no outmoded bell canto or avant-cliché hysteria in these women — Eurocentric forms have been left behind. What we are hearing is a joyful expression of a new pluralistic society, one finding its voices.

DECAY-SUSTAIN

001.2.2 An Annotated Manifesto (after Rainer) / Jane Sheldon

Caveats

I have the impression that Yvonne Rainer feels at least some regret about publishing her No Manifesto in 1965. Perhaps it's very difficult to publish an artist manifesto and not regret it. I expect to have some regret about publishing this one. For one thing, publishing it in any form at all feels very grandiose. For another, I sometimes perform in domains which simply will not submit to these rules; I am – for now – perfectly fine with that, in part because I like collaboration, which involves compromise. But it does set me up for charges of failing to meet my own declared standards. So let me note that they are not standards, they are ideals and, by the way, they're ideals that are intended to apply only to me, not to all performers nor to all modes of performance. This document is an idiosyncratic guide, a compass, and it's a document perpetually in flux.

Another source of potential embarrassment is the fact that such a similar document has already been published, in 1965 no less. In *Feelings are Facts*, Rainer's 2006 memoir, she says of her manifesto that "it was never meant to be prescriptive for all time for all choreographers, but rather, to do what the time honoured tradition of the manifesto always intended manifestos to do: clear the air at a particular cultural and historical moment." Here I am publishing many of the same statements 54 years later. But in my case I am not trying to "clear the air" or make a comment on the culture. Each time I wake up to some fresh realization about what it is that I am trying to do on stage and realize simultaneously that it's not a new idea, recapitulation theory comes to mind. This appealing though mostly inaccurate theory from 19th century evolutionary biology says of animals that the stages of development in an embryo resemble stages in the evolution of that kind of animal; changes over a short period of time in a single organism look like changes over a very long period of time in its ancestry. However well I know the historical sequence intellectually, certain transformations of practice that happened to great swathes of artists at a given cultural moment end up being worked through in the development of my own practice, years after the culture has already worked through it.

By now you can have no doubts about my trepidation publishing this. But Elia asked so nicely.

My manifesto (after Rainer):

No to virtuosity for virtuosity's sake.

No to make-believe. No to imitation.

No to the glamour and transcendency of the star image. No to the heroic.

No to the anti-heroic.

No to trash imagery.

No to merely entertaining.

No to educating. No to demonstrating, revealing, explaining.

No to apologizing.

No to ruptures in the 4th wall by the performer. (Ruptures of 4th wall by the contents of the stage is fine, especially for sensory effect, eg smells, breezes, substances.)

No to style.

No to camp.

No to seduction of spectator by the wiles of the performer. No to coquetry.

No to eccentric cuteness. No to quirk.

No enacting being moved. Actually being moved is fine but must not be sought or forced.

Be lush, precise, majestic and self-sufficient.

Take pleasure in effort.

You are a witch.

Start the engine.

Background and Annotations

Here is Rainer's original manifesto:

NO to spectacle no to virtuosity no to transformations and magic and make-believe
no to the glamour and transcendence of the star image no to the heroic no to the
anti-heroic no to trash imagery no to involvement of performer or spectator no to
style no to camp no to seduction of spectator by the wiles of the performer no to
eccentricity no to moving or being moved.

Here is an excerpt from Trio A, danced by Rainer in 1978, the manifesto borne out:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eP5kDDK5M5U&t=9s>

I was introduced to Rainer's work in 2010 via my friend Elise Archias, an art historian who has since published a superb book about the work of Rainer, Carolee Schneeman, and Vito Acconci, called *The Concrete Body*.

My interest in Rainer's mind led me to learn to dance *Trio A* in 2016, taught by Pat Catterson, dancer, choreographer, and rehearsal assistant to Rainer, and all-round beautiful soul. Here is my handstand in 2016:



I had never created a manifesto before I read Rainer's. But so much of it sounded right to me that it initiated the ever-evolving document that is presented here. It began looking a lot like Rainer's and it still does, but it has come to have many parents, influences that Maggie Nelson calls the "many-gendered mothers of my heart."

So here again is that document, as at February 2019, now annotated, in order to identify some of these mothers additional to Rainer:

No to virtuosity for virtuosity's sake.
No to make-believe. No to imitation.
No to the glamour and transcendency of the star image. No to the heroic.
No to the anti-heroic.
No to trash imagery.

So far, so Rainer.

No to merely entertaining.
No to educating. No to demonstrating, revealing, explaining.
No to apologizing.

Lisa Haviilah, the visionary who built Sydney's Carriageworks into what it is today, recently moved on to another post. When she left, the Carriageworks board and staff gave her a farewell gift, which was the co-creation of a work with artist Agatha Gothe-Snape, called *A Delicate Ecology with a Robust Front*. The work contains lots of text, apparently declaring various features of the belief system that governed the direction of Carriageworks. Zooming into details of the work on instagram, I noticed something in the text: 'don't educate'. It caught my eye. I don't know what this meant to Lisa with respect to Carriageworks and I don't have particularly well-processed ideas about what it would be to attempt to educate an audience. I just know it doesn't sit right as a mission, for me. After seeing this post about the Haviilah/Gothe-Snape work, I was speaking to my friend, American pianist Nathaniel LaNasa, about this question of art to *educate* or to *entertain*. We both felt strongly that neither term applied to what we were trying to do. He proposed the work *sharing*. It sounded ok. But it sounded insufficient. It seems important to say something more, either about what is being shared, or about the mechanics. Reflecting on it now, I would say that one of the things I am trying to share is a supremely focused physiological state, induced by undergoing music. I am trying to be present in a way that invites the audience to enter into a sympathetic state, physically. Based on my own experiences as an audience member, I'm persuaded that this has consequences for one's experience of memory and time and, when I get it right, reminds audience members of certain characteristics of being alive that are mostly hidden or muted in everyday life. Marina Abramovic has described the creation of *charismatic space* and I think this is essentially what she is describing.

No to ruptures in the 4th wall by the performer. (Ruptures of 4th wall by contents of the stage fine, especially for sensory effect eg smells, breezes, substances.)

Only one thing to say: [David Haines](#) make a work with me!

No to style.

No to camp.

No to seduction of spectator by the wiles of the performer. No to coquetry.

No to eccentric cuteness. No to quirk.

No enacting being moved. Actually being moved is fine but must not be sought or forced.

Be lush, precise, majestic and self-sufficient.

There is a dancer in New York whose work I admire: [Jodi Melnick](#). When I first saw her perform in 2011, I went home and read everything about her that I could find. There was a review in the Financial Times that described her manner of performance as "lush, precise, majestic and slightly affronted." It's a perfect distillation of what I love in her dancing. But in appropriating the terms for myself, I couldn't find peace with the word affronted. I knew what the reviewer was getting at. In *The Concrete Body*, Archias describes the reaction of some students to watching Rainer dance *Trio A*: "It's like she doesn't even care if we're here." There's something of this in Melnick's dancing, too. I suspect Rainer, Melnick, and I would agree that we have no interest in being needy on stage, no interest in asking for the audience's attention. Rather the intention is to create something that, if we get it right, they can't seem to look away from. But the manner of its execution is, well, self-sufficient.

Take pleasure in effort.

This was articulated beautifully by American dancer Bobbi Jene Smith in Elvira Lind's film, *Bobbi Jene*. This characteristic of Smith's practice comes directly from the mentorship of Israeli choreographer Ohad Naharin, former director of Batsheva Dance Company, where Smith danced for many years.

You are a witch.

I can't entirely explain this choice of language, but after a deeply nourishing performance with Elena Schwarz in 2017, I sent myself an email which said, "You are a witch. Be a witch!" So here I feel my debt is to Elena, who seemed to understand. I might not have come upon this language without her support of what it was I was trying to create in that performance.

Start the engine.

This is derived from an [interview](#) with American performer Okwui Okpokwasili, who said of contemporary performance, "People are doing very immersive things, you know, something happens at a bar, so you're at a bar [for the performance], it happens at a hotel, you're at a hotel [for the performance]... I don't want to do that... because I believe that there is also another kind of immersion... the primal immersion of the imagination... what can the body in a room, in the moment, generate?... I feel like I'm starting an engine. I'm starting to condition the room."

- Jane Sheldon, February 2019

DECAY-SUSTAIN

001.2.2 Indecipherable Notes and Passed Time: Remembering Infinity Minus One / Sonya Holowell

At the 2018 Liveworks Festival I was gripped by Infinity Minus One, a multi-artform performance of dance, sound and light by Taiwanese artist Su Wen-Chi. I was scrawling away during the show, taking notes while not wanting to take my eyes off the stage. It was probably a good thing it was too dark to see what I was writing, making looking down a futile thing.

I remember Senyawa, Indonesian noise duo, walking onto the dimly-lit stage in a refreshingly non-performative way. Their initial sounds were both sonically and visually captivating, as one player pulled/played strings extending up towards the ceiling and the other began his vocal utterances. This gestural sound-making act turned my senses on and drew my attention to the breadth of the space we were in, as the strings drew my eye upward.

Pulling the strings created alternating semitones, offset by distorted chanting that was throaty and striking in rhythmical accuracy. As a singer myself I was naturally focusing on vocalist Shabara, who seemed to immediately enter 'the zone' that we as improvisers aspire to enter and play from.

Was this improvised?

They seem to have been bringing out the sub frequencies of this chanting somehow, perhaps through electronic manipulation suggested by the rig at Shabara's feet. Devoid of theatrics, the gravitas was understatedly achieved by the pair, and very real.

At a certain point, Indonesian dancers Pamungkas and Prasetyo entered the stage, and I recall Suryadi's guitar stabs articulating their first held poses. Now we were talking; a grid pattern emerged on the floor through lighting and projection. This communicated to me a promising consideration of space; of creating spaces within spaces, akin to an architect's floor plan. (The show would go on to develop this 'framing' with great sophistication). Now, there was a grid for the dancers to interact with, and I was eager to see this interaction unfold.

Amongst a few other things, I have an undying penchant for rave culture, and lasers. In a moment of ecstasy (mine), a single laser line sliced through the centre of the stage, its intensity and clarity contrasting against the heavy atmosphere evoked by low lighting, solemn performative affect and mud-coloured costumes. When this line had traced the length of the floor, it hit a pole and travelled up.

Absolutely delicious!

Although the dancers' movements were still quite minimal, there was a beautiful counterpoint as their bodies interacted with this simple, yet powerful solitary line.

Hitting a mirror [I love glass] the line refracted.

Now the beam assumed an independent and active role, incidentally marking the dancers' bodies as they moved through the line's trajectories. The dancers subtly isolated body parts in slow, sustained movements, like machines powering up; limbs unfolding like insects.

There was a stark counterpoint between the dancers themselves for quite a while. They created wonderful polyrhythms between themselves as one pulsed to the beat and the other performed arrhythmic pop and lock type movements. It struck me that from the outset, the musicians had demonstrated a sense for the visual, and now the dancers conveyed their sense for the musical through this rhythmic polyphony. Or maybe in this instance it was more like homophony, the repetitive pulsing gestures acting like chords that provided something more alive than mere underpinning or accompaniment. Their pulsing was my pulsing, the kind I maintained in huge designated spaces over many hours on end, some time back in the distance.

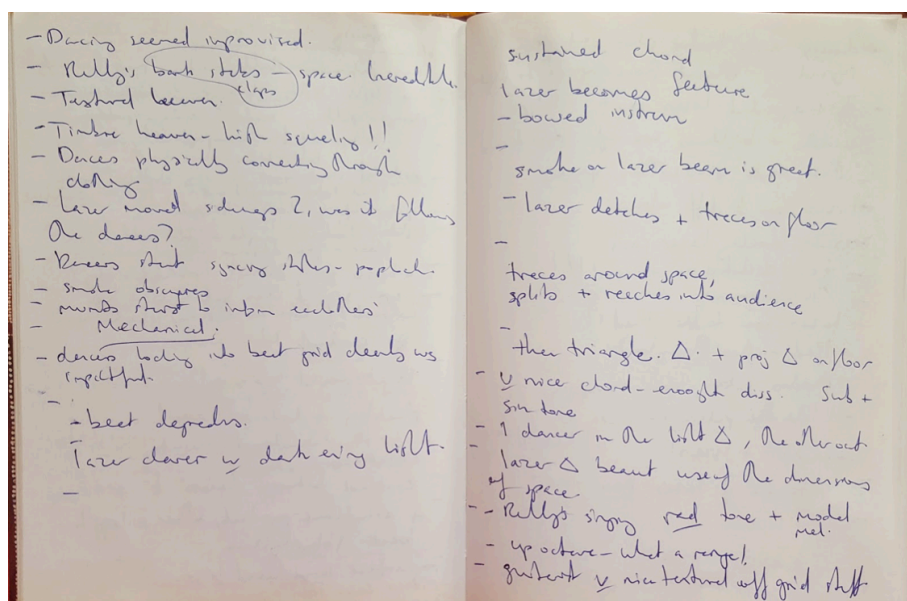
Once, we were
tribal

like the music
the dancing seemed improvised while exhibiting great technical precision and form.

There was a nice sense of space coming into the music now, with Shabara making stabbing 'bark' type noises, interspersed with an array of more minimal textural sounds. In my almost indecipherable notes I have written the word 'incredible' here. I also wrote that I was in 'timbre heaven' and something to do with some high squealing he was doing.

I think
I recall

a point that I loved, where the dancers became physically connected through each others' clothing. I don't quite remember but I think each was pulling on hanging threads of material dangling from the other. I'm sure I would have loved the boundary blurring and crossing of this act. There were movements that seemed reverential, almost worship-like, as one dancer would face the musicians, acknowledging their offerings by syncing his throbbing to their music. The often sharp isolations of body parts felt architectural, in harmony with the brutalism and hard lines of Carriageworks' Bay 20.



The laser! What had begun as a single laser line had taken on a life of its own, multiplying and creating new forms and dancing with itself, while further provoking new relationships with the dancers whose bodies acted as projection screens in flux.

Also

the beams hitting the industrial concrete surfaces of this epic space had placed one of my feet in Acer Arena, 10-20 years ago. Despite lacking the sugar of a trancy arp, Senyawa's subby tech-infused sounds were enough to take me there.

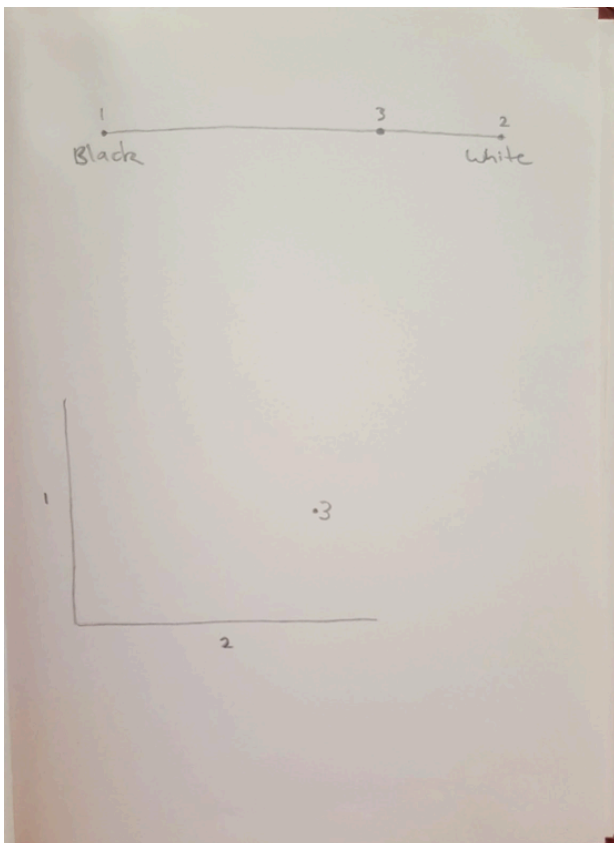
God, I've been thirsty for so long.

The sense of polyphony here was very effective and added a real layered complexity to the overall visual impact of the stage. The laser began to go more and more rogue, extending behind and beyond the audience to trace points on walls and ceiling beyond our lines of sight. It had the effect of increasing my awareness of my own body in the space, by highlighting the extent of the space I found myself in, and requiring me to more actively engage with the space as I turned my head to see where the heck that laser went. The laser was alive and was talking to us. And so were the dancers, and so were the musicians. But despite the intensity, they weren't shouting.

I am beginning to think of my chef brother Nathan's descriptions of a complex dish; the way successful layering is a balancing act... Infinity Minus One was a fancy meal in the perfect serving size. The sound level was spot on, allowing for maximum impact without the shredding of ear drums. The length of the show seemed good, in the way that lighting in restaurants is supposed to be- I didn't notice it one way or the other, so they probably got that right, too.

Nathan also talks about the magic of '3' with food. Here was 3, manifest in dance, music and light. Why Three? I have a theory. **1** and **2** denote 2 poles of a continuum, or 2 axes of a grid, and **3** locates a point on that line/grid. This sets a scene, tips a scale, evokes a climate, punctuates, binds and offsets: states which change over time, resulting in the ephemeral. If you were here with me I could show you what I mean with my hands.

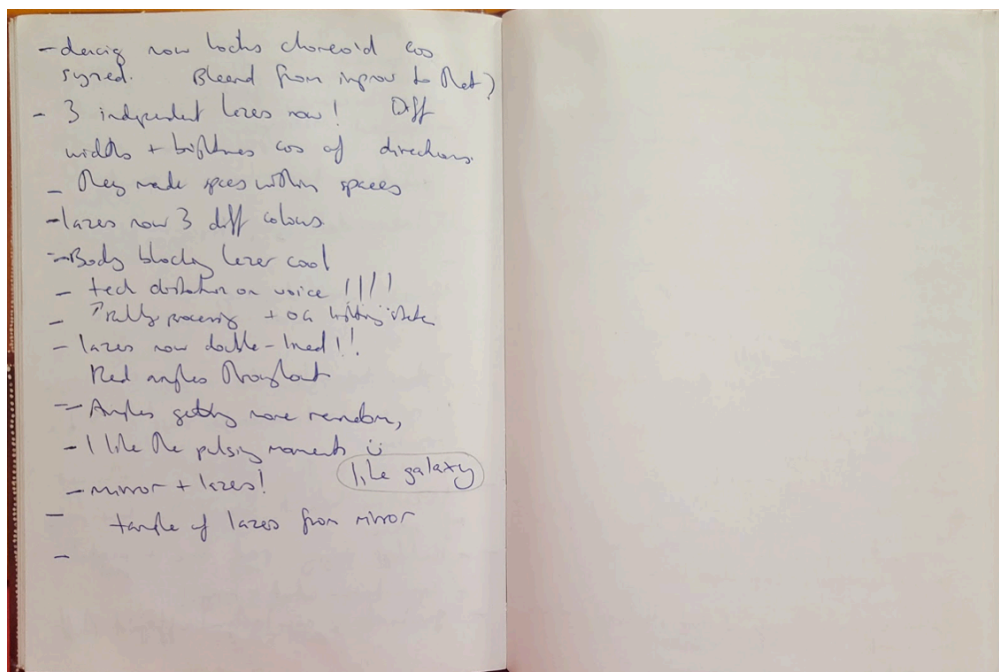
Here-



The culmination of the ingredients was... symphonic. Although yonder-raves in vast warehouses with working toilets are really the only thing that has been able to tick basically all boxes for me, and although there lacked a certain joyful dessert-like sweetness (probably achievable through additional colour and catchier melodies), I could certainly appreciate the umami of this art. I believe I was throwing the word 'tasty' around after the show, accompanied by my scrunched up stank face that I only pull out when describing something really badass. Here were paradoxes of beauty and brutality, improvisation and formal planning, darkness and fluorescence, 'virtuosity' and restraint. I admired the skill, spontaneity and risk, and the remarkable conceptual cohesion that deeply considered the offering of each art form. Nothing felt tokenistic or less thought-through in this beautifully constructed work, and, at the time, I was left wanting for nothing which is a very rare thing.

The show celebrated essential sound, light, movement and space in a way that I would describe as 'epic minimalism'. Minimal through repetition of physical and sonic gestures, through its lack of explicit narrative and non-theatrical approach, in the minimal colour palette, and in the thinness of the laser lines in such an engulfing space as Bay 20. But epic in the inherent virtuosity and skill of the performers, the animalism and commanding affect of sounds and movements, in the magnitude of the space and the brilliance of the laser beams.

I suppose if this were a dessert it would be a very dark chocolate, the lasers bringing just enough sugar to make it all go down. By the way, I purposefully didn't read the program notes prior to seeing the show. This 'going in blind' is a sort of test for me of a work's artistic merit, to see if it can stand on its own without the audience requiring any additional contextual understanding. I have since read that the work was permeated with strong scientific, galactic themes, resulting from Wen-Chi's residency at CERN. In hindsight I can see that this conceptual intention was successfully conveyed, and I could probably name specific examples of this in the work, although I don't much care to. The greater success, in my opinion, is that I never needed to know.



DECAY-SUSTAIN

001.2.2 Manifesto for an Orchestra NOW / Elia Bosshard

YOU prefer to observe the past on which your eyes are already opened.

*BUT the Future is only dark from outside.
Leap into it - and it EXPLODES with Light.*

- Mina Loy, Aphorisms on Futurism 1914

When at the Berlin Staatskapelle concert at the Sydney Opera House in Nov 2018, an older woman kicked my partner in the leg when he checked a message on his phone. He looked at her in disbelief, and although astonished, he decided to let it go (being mid-concert.) But then, she kicked him again!

What is going on! Physical disciplining? Laying down the rules? A social hierarchy? What century IS this?

What circumstances could possibly allow someone to feel it is appropriate to kick someone else for not paying attention at a classical music concert?

To explain the situation further, my partner had arrived late from work. At the theatre door he was refused entry- it was the request of the orchestra that latecomers were locked-out. He was eventually allowed in only after he explained that the reason he had arrived late was due to being a composition lecturer with a late-running class. Only then did the usher feel they had a justifiable reason to radio their superiors for permission to open the door...

Does this suggest that "learned" ticket-holders have a privilege to enter when late? That "experienced-patrons" are more deserving than someone else who paid for a ticket?

So, then, entering the concert hall- rather than being able to take his ticketed seat with me (on the end of a row, easily accessed without disturbance to others), he was relegated to a standing late-zone. The woman that kicked him was also standing in this space. (Also a rule-breaker, late-comer.)

I have a theory. I think that this woman found it embarrassing to be confined to this space. It's understandable, social segregation is an awful feeling, especially at communal events that profess to bring people together. The idea of isolating people, based on their late arrival and disturbing other patrons for a few seconds, *is punishing*. It's a kind-of branding, a demonstration of what *not* to do. I suspect this woman kicked my partner to shadow her own embarrassment by calling out another rule breaker. And simultaneously, re-establish herself as a socially acceptable "learned" patron. As with any elite community, of course it's preferable to be in it, not on the outs.

I also have a theory about her relationship to young people. I suspect that the rare attendance of young people at orchestral concerts creates this novel situation where some older people suddenly feel self-conscious of their age. I don't quite understand what insecurity is attached to this. In this situation, I've seen people resolve their feelings by either 1) separating themselves further from young people by minimising engagement, or 2) feeling entitled to instruct young people in the appropriate convention when they behave *differently*.

Kicking is an extreme reaction- but the orchestral codes of conduct and the expectations of patrons to meet these standards are so stifling, outbursts should be expected. Between musical movements, applause is discouraged so silence may create space between sections (a beautiful idea). But... EVERYONE starts a fit of coughing, hacking, wheezing. A coughing avalanche. Without exaggeration, it sounded like a pandemic had overtaken the concert hall for several minutes.

So now, the reverence for musical purity dictates when our natural reflex actions can occur, to a point where even if you don't need to cough, you'll do it anyway to prevent an urge that could be disruptive during the next section of music.

We can probably attribute the tradition of audience silence to 19th C composer, director and conductor Richard Wagner, notable for turning out the concert hall lights as an element of *Gesamtkunstwerk*, the intention to immerse the audience in a moment of performance without distraction. Beautiful.

Unfortunately this tradition has in turn leant itself to the ego of the performer very conveniently, the rise of "virtuosity" in the romantic sense and a performer's demand to be always important when on the stage. You would recognise this trait particularly in opera. (...Wagner is renowned for his operas.)

At the end of a concert, audiences are expected to respond to average performances with exhausting applause, perpetuating a pedestal-culture of worship-like appreciation, lacking in any discernment of quality performance. Daniel Barenboim returned to the stage at least 4 times, and the final time just literally stood on the conductor's podium doing nothing. Just surveying the audience. What a tease.

There is a clear hierarchy that begins with the orchestra and trickles down to audiences. Many patrons are the unfortunate symptoms of this hierarchy, and rather than the social cohesion we seek to be a part of when any large crowd gathers, one finds themselves in a rather lonely position of either looking up to (worship) or down on others (disdain).

I've used this situation as a provocation for constructing two contrasting orchestra manifestos. While these manifestos are of my own construction, the first is grounded in the actions and self-articulation of current Australian symphony orchestras. The second manifesto explores what a contemporary orchestral artistic practice could look like, with an aim to contrast an approach of instruction with that of questioning.

Blue text denotes direct quote

NOW Manifesto

We are an ensemble of musicians who are experts in our craft. We value virtuosity, technique and gesture.

We believe orchestral music is a living art form and that it is necessary to persevere in performing affectual works of the classical music canon.

Orchestras should be heard in purpose-built concert venues. The concert hall is an acoustic-focused environment without distraction or disturbance. [When listening to an orchestra, if it's tweetworthy, it's worthy of our full attention.](#)

Classical music is richly expressive and can be powerfully moving to listen to. It is a vast treasury of melodies and stories. Through music, audience and orchestra together can share in reverie, contemplation or enthralling excitement.

We are a world-class orchestra, bringing to Australia and the Asia-Pacific masterworks by the world's Top 6 composers: J.S Bach, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Schubert and Brahms. For us, [it is an honour to 'premiere' a Beethoven symphony 190 years after his death.](#)

We are guardians of our music heritage.

We don't care who John Cage is

FUTURE Manifesto

We are an ensemble of musicians who are experts in our craft. We value innovation, excellence and the meeting point between disciplines.

We will attempt to be original.

During performances we expect that live audiences;

- *will actively engage*
- *will passively engage*
- *will passively disengage*
- *will actively disengage*

We will support and revel in our day-to-day world. Living art draws its life from the surrounding environment. Our forebears drew their artistic inspiration from a religious atmosphere which fed their souls; in the same way we must breathe in the tangible miracles of contemporary life.

We are not gravediggers, we are artists. Music is ephemeral. Music is time. Time is the one thing we suffer to lose. We know what music was. But what is music now?

Courage, boldness and rebellion are essential attitudes in our work.

The music belonging to museums, archives and histories will inspire us, but they do not define us. We will not be perpetually catching up with experiments of the past century. We take note and we take action now.

We work with Australian musicians and composers. They are world-class artists with established international careers. We also present many international artists and re-stage critically acclaimed productions for Australian audiences.

Sometimes we will let our hair down and collaborate with artists from other musical genres.

We have a strong engagement with young audiences and support emerging young musicians.

Anyone can enjoy classical music!
Experienced concert-goers use our music programs to navigate the concert;

- the program list gives useful information such as how many pieces will be played, how long they are, who the performers are, where the interval falls, and so on
- to follow the text and translation during the concert when the orchestra performs music with singers or choir
- for background reading, including descriptions of the music and information about the musicians
- to find out more about how the different pieces on the program relate to each other - the 'curator' viewpoint

Note: Children under the age of eight will probably find most evening concerts heavy going.

We are accessible to the wider public;
- performing at iconic venues such as the Sydney Opera House
- streaming *relaxed performance* online
- free outdoor "pop-classical" events, and;
- in the *wonderfully gritty surrounds of Carriageworks*.

Australian artists in 2019 are worth the world's attention for what we create here. We believe in the value of our work and promote our own critical standards.

We are staunch, visionary leaders. We present music and/or sound in pursuit of new ideas that will inevitably risk disappointment, risk the box office, risk misunderstanding, that may not be commercially viable

It is our mission to support early career musicians, composers and sound artists through opportunity, collaboration and knowledge-exchange. We have a responsibility to challenge traditional concert structures through inter-arts\inter-cultural collaboration and through making new work.

Audiences are not expected to have a profound knowledge of classical music in order to enjoy a performance.

DECAY-SUSTAIN

001.2.5 Eratos, Cleo, Melpomene and Terpsichore: A play for four artists / Tina Stefanou

This essay will address the process of art making between four artists. The essay will include an excerpt of a script which is based on a conversation around concepts of process, and the artists' philosophies. The casual conversation facilitates an open discussion around contemporary issues for four Australian artists: James Drinkwater, Lottie Consalvo, Joseph Franklin and Tina Stefanou. The script and conversation is guided by Chiara Guidi's Errant Method¹. This method is usually applied in experimental theatre, but I have chosen to apply it to the journey of understanding artistic processes.

The Errant method of Chiara Guidi is implemented in her Children's Art Theatre, where children activate the theatrical space by engaging with the actors and the symbolic meaning of myths. The conversation will be transformed into a script using the playwriting technique in *The Land of Earthworms* by Chiara Guidi. The play, *The Land of the Earthworms*, begins with 12 dressmakers who are sitting around a table discussing what is the difference between feelings and emotions, much like the artists sitting around the dinner table discussing the difference between process and outcome. The artists will take the names of the Muses² from Greek mythology. The Muses "were deities that gave artists, philosophers and individuals the necessary inspiration for creation."³ Franklin, consistently having a musician's point of view, will play the Muse of guitar and history, Clio. Drinkwater, having a poetic approach to the artistic practice, will play the muse of love and poetry, Erato. Consalvo, communicating with intensity and pathos, will play the Muse of tragedy, Melpomene. Stefanou, having a playful attitude and embracing possibilities, will play the Muse of dance, Terpsichore.

¹ Christina Ventrucchi, The Errant Method as a 'Children's Art Theatre', Performance Research 25-1, Informa UK Limited, (2018): 68-75.

² William, Smith; Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, London, 1873.

³ "The Nine Muses of the Greek Mythology", Greek Myth & Greek Mythology, accessed November 15, 2018. <https://www.greekmyths-greekmythology.com/nine-muses-in-greek-mythology/>

A Friday night in grey, windy, and rainy Newcastle. Four Muses come together over Peking duck. Children play in the background - a long table facilitates the meeting. Wine is poured, music is playing. Two-year-old Hester enters the room and interrupts the conversation and begins playing a counting game with Terpsichore.

Erato: Hello miss!

Hester: *(baby noises)*

Terpsichore: one

Hester: one

Terpsichore: two

Hester: two

Terpsichore: three

Hester: three

Terpsichore: four

Hester: four

(...until ten)

Clio: I can't believe it's your daughter!

Erato: I know...me too.

Hester: *(baby giggle)*

Clio: I am really interested in the way people, musicians, think, and how they approach rhythm, harmony and melody or the absence of these things...

Erato: *(interrupting him)* Or form.

Clio: Yes. Absolutely, people's process is interesting to me even if I don't like what they do.

Erato: Its' quite telling.

Clio: How does one arrive? How is a work of art formed? How do you embed certain rhythms? When you paint, no paint gets on the canvas without a physical gesture.

Erato: Yes.

Clio: It's the same if you were performing music.

Erato: Yes, very true.

Clio: If you're an instrumentalist or a singer, rhythm is movement and without movement you don't have rhythm. You can shape the process relying on movement and gesture or the conceptual approach, as they are equally valid.

Are you interested in the process? *(addressing all the Muses)* When you talk to other artists, do you talk about the process?

Melpomene: It is more about the process than...

Terpsichore: *(interrupting her)* the final outcome.

Melpomene: You're also navigating the process to reach a final destination. You are striving to resolve the artistic dilemma.

Terpsichore: Chiara Guidi said, "When a work is not resolved the body contracts." The intellect may assume the work is finished, but the body knows intuitively whether the work is complete on all levels. The body remembers the process and knows when all possibilities have arrived to a certain point.

Erato: It is the right thing to say that making art is just process driven, but when you're in the act of making, in the process, every gesture is complete.

Terpsichore: There is an outcome to every mark.

Erato: You're pushing the mark to the next stage.

Melpomene: You have the intention to get to a finished point.

Clio: The outcome is purely a result of the process, but without the process you have no outcome, you have nothing.

Erato: What I like is an artefact of an action. That's why I like Abstract Expressionism because it looks like a result of an act.

Melpomene: That's why I still have drips in my paintings; people box the drips into Abstract Expressionism but I put them down to a performative gesture. Allen Jones is an example of sculptures with very gestural, thick painting drips, loose threads left unfinished, which is similar to how I make a painting. The drips remain, it's a live performance.

Erato: He is not making the drips, he is acknowledging them.

Melpomene: Yes! Exactly.

Terpsichore: It's nice to see the decision making process and not to tidy it up.

Erato: Yes.

Terpsichore: They could have made it refined but they've chosen not too.

Erato: You look at certain work and you can see the cogs going, can't you?

Melpomene: That clear vision.

Erato: That move.

Clio: Do you have a clear vision? *(gesturing to Erato and Melpomene)* Is there an end point or is it spontaneous? Is there something you are trying to achieve?

Erato: I've always called it a voyage. You're heading towards some bit of land but that can all change; the bottom line is when everything goes ass up, you realise that you weren't prepared or organised for that land. You have to cook it all together and resolve the bloody thing. It doesn't matter where you're going, how did I end up here? I had this plan and it's not going there at all.

Terpsichore: What do you do when you're floating in that unknown space, where is the ground?

Erato: I am drawing again, I got a big roll of paper, and I thought I can't do this I can't draw! Three days later I realised that drawing is learning and it's a way of seeing things, documenting the process but I couldn't do it anymore. I thought I was getting back to something concrete, then I realised it's something else, although I would say drawing is in everything I do. Drawing as a practice has given me the most humbling couple of weeks, when nothing was resolved and I am so unsure.

Terpsichore: That's exciting.

Erato: You haven't got time to reflect on whether it's successful: it may well be, it may well not be.

Clio: What about you, Melpomene, do you have a vision? Or is it like a feeling? An idea or...

Melpomene: *(interrupting)* ...Very rarely do I have a vision. I had more visions earlier on. Now I have fewer visions but I know the feeling; I just arrive at it and then I go, "That's it"! It just moves me and I am there.

Clio: And you know when you're there?

Melpomene: I'm there!

Terpsichore: You said a great thing to me once, Melpomene.

Melpomene: What did I say?

Terpsichore: I asked you, "When do you know a painting is finished?" and you said, "When it makes me cry" *(laughter)*.

Clio: Oh wow.

Melpomene: I feel like someone has kicked me in the guts and then I could just cry, it's the best. But there should be no music when you are in that place.

Clio: In the studio you mean, not having music playing?

Melpomene: How are you not going to let the musician, the one you are listening to, into your work? I've noticed when I am trying to look at a painting it is the ambience of the sound in the space that is effecting my judgment on whether the painting looks good. If you put this on *(pointing to the ambient music playing)* and paint my pictures, you would think they are something that they are not. You can misjudge the paintings because you are influenced by the music.

Erato: *(interrupting her)* You think, you are a genius if you have Vivaldi playing while you are painting.

Melpomene: Of course, the painting is finished when you have the music on.

Clio: It's so romantic, complete, nostalgic...when you are lost in the sound and you are diluted.

Melpomene: It becomes an installation, you got to turn that off, you have to hear the truck driving past and you have to be uncomfortable.

Clio: I love that: “If there’s music playing, then it’s an installation”.

Erato: I go to friends’ studios and they’ve got Bob Dylan cranking.

Terpsichore: Your ego is getting inflamed by Bob!

Erato: I’m a legend like Bobby!

Terpsichore: You might think you are timeless.

Erato: I can never work it out. Melpomene and I just like the sound of the room.

Melpomene: Some people listen to pod casts while they’re in the studio; that is so sterile. You’re listening to facts about something, while you’re trying to make art and channel something. How do you channel at the same time? No one can do that.
(*Conversation continues into the early morning hours.*)

Conclusion:

Transforming the banality of a casual conversation into the theatrical “super reality”⁴ led to the creation of a separate work of art, a new play-script. The rhythmic processes that shaped the script, include “the ping-pong between voice, words, language and gesture”⁵. “The ping-pong” consists of elements of the conversation, which were opinions, backgrounds of artists, artistic process, spontaneity and the exchange of emotions. All these elements became a means of creating a rhythm which is based on a dynamic movement between back and forth. This process gives a theatrical structure to an everyday situation; it elevates life to a conceptual understanding of it. The Muses engaged in a discussion of external influences, such as music, on the artist’s practice. The semantic dilemma of defining both process and outcomes in artist practice and the pleasure in witnessing the decision making within an artwork. The underlying essence of Chiara Guidi’s Errant Method is relations and how they can construct a narrative. This script can only exist out of the relationships, once identity and name is removed all that is left is the relation to one another.

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⁴ Chiara Guidi and Silvia Bottirol, To See versus To Believe: A conversation on listening, Performance Research, (2010): 114. <https://doi.org/10.1080/13528165.2010.527218>

⁵ Claudia Castellucci, Chiara Guidi and Joe Kelleher, Ethics of Voice, Performance Research, (2004): 115. <https://doi.org/10.1080/13528165.2004.10872061>

RELEASE

001.3.1 Bourgeoisie Baggage / James Hazel

Bourgeoisie Baggage; an outburst exploring the relationship between working and underclass (or lack thereof) audiences and 'high-art-music' in Australia

James Hazel

What, if anything is, the **Baggage** of
the upper
middle-class?

hanging.
d r a gging.

Long-winded (like a goldfish shit)

distilled: like a vein through murky water

BAGGAGE!!!!!! Is that which we carry around and propels us
forwards

Maybe even carrying us ever onwards?

the baggage sits like an ordained fatburg in wet concrete foundations

Opera [_{house}]

with a subterranean dick made of gold,

casts sails

to the new-world symphony

encasing the prophets of Neo-liberalism &&& liberty

/a crowd of beige pastels and 20-thousand chestsstucktogether

In an amorphous lump

All cheering for #*pop-salvation* with a selfie stick + photo near or on the stairs

Alas, we dare

not

go into the building

and

hang

on

the

hills

hoist

of high-mindedness.

The men meant to mean something
(didn't they?)

garnered in black-suits/ties

arranged

in

a
colonial circle

In the great hall to play that which is:

BRAHMS/BEETHOVEN/BRUCKNER/

Ah, fuck ya!

da da di da...

and the calamity of clinking wine culture.
their necks all look like the aged gullets of pelicans. drinking in single sips. the glasses
reflecting the formerly, polluted water of the opera houses harbour, which was formerly
filled with the toxins/perfumes/juice/slime/liquid/putrescence of an imperial war/a global
opera which an infinite budget and an indefinite number of seasons

And yes: for another War-themed symphony night out?

To appeal to the entrenched pride of subjugation/jubilation/ tradition!

The bells they cling, they cling and cling:

too many bloody pastiches of John Williams, Vaugh Williams or Holst. Fucking boring. Old.

Old. FUCKING OLD. FUCKING BORING!

A E

S N

P T

I R

R E

A P

Why are the wealthy still so:

T R

I E

O N

N E

A U

L R

? I

A

L?

(Lol)

Competition, not art, is what narcissists prefer for their morning-tea!

“Yes.

If I see another artist with a business card.
If permitted..

fuck it: I will engageincannibalism”

No.

And the renovation of the great hall, the acoustic, the façade!
Like **Bratsk Station** on working people's hands, knees, and souls
Are the insulation providing warmth for your aesthetic desire?
Of the great white whale

-

The opera is for the people?

Fucking hell. Isn't it obvious: IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE PEOPLE'S BUILDING!
Isn't that what they have always promised us in those tourism ads?

-

This is not the Soviet Union
This is not the 19th century
Classical music is not for the people
Who has time for intellectual leisure, and dress-clothes anymore?

-

WHO HAS TIME TO SIT STILL WITHOUT MOVING/WITHOUT DANCING/YOUR BODY BECOMES
CHASTE/STILL/AND JUST BEFORE THE INTERMISSION - DEEP VEIN THROMBOSIS HAS SET
DEEP INTO YOUR LEGS/DICK/VULVA AND ARMS/

Seriously though?

Who has time to sit through two-hour concert when:
Struggling to extend your payment plan for an electricity bill
Or when your welfare is cut-off
Or waiting six weeks to register for the dole
Or constantly fined for transit evasion
Or starving
Or so bloody tired
Or alienated
Or scared
Or unwelcome
Or too loud
Or not properly dressed
Or laconic, not knowing the 'correct' words
Or too earnest
Or too eager
Or without a home?
Or all of the above?

The classical music institutions, good willed and all, tend to hold all art hostage!

The affectations of good etiquette, good décor and good company, deny the subaltern access through the density of starched skin stretched around the perimeter

Man, that shit is like sandpaper, or a gurney blasting my face/every time I attend those fucking places!

It's' hard' to' breath' convincingly' in' a' clotted' sea' of' capital'

~~~~~

1. Gimme' my art now!
2. I want my catharsis on a fucking budget. I want in the building!
3. I want to not feel scared. I want to know I am permitted
4. I want you to perpetuate the future of our art
5. Your patrons are disappearing. Your audiences diminishing like the convalescent coral reef.
6. Romanticism and all its ideals have reached as far as 'Starwars: Return of the Sith'<sup>6</sup> and flung backwards
7. Surely there is some responsibility.
8. Tradition is the hidden and uncomfortable chafing between thighs on a record hot day
1. It is, ultimately, a homage to some weird abstraction of a European ego

For you must consider:

we are the people

we are the organ which you deny

we are your blood

we are the ears on which each one of your rigorously practiced notes and phrases, contour and dynamics

desperately

desperately, depends

---

<sup>6</sup> Camille Paglia's observation – who, despite some of her very problematic positions – hit the proverbial nail on the head with this one!

p.s

I don't care if this poem spoils my job/artistic/social prospects: I can do without the

unnecessary **baggage**. But don't take this poem as a poor imitation of early 20<sup>th</sup> century artistic nihilism! One can't help but admire the looooooongevity and resilience of the great art institutions of the world; and don't get me wrong: I fucking love Beethoven. He fills my soul with romantic foam! And seeking the 'new' and 'cool' all the time, is what neo-liberalism desires most from us;

*so, let us not fetishize the modern in favour of obliterating the past  
or fetishize the past in favour of obliterating the modern*

it's just something is not sitting, right? Between me and you and them; whoever we all are.

something really is not sitting right and it hasn't for a long while.

know what I mean?

xx

# RELEASE

001.3.2 untitled / Nick Ashwood

Because

Either this explosive shatter or  
implosion

Improvised music completely  
on the dole

tourettes seems to actually

not know  
where  
tasmania is

just be free to think fuck this





Being Anxious

You should be allowed to fail

I'm not getting any younger



Back room upstairs

The right time to start

Harder to find your own  
voice now







e  
n  
g  
a  
g  
e  
i  
n  
g



Because of the intensity still improvising people think he was  
 opportunity that it's like you've missed playing jazz **but**  
 people talking it was fuck all about jazz to bring about  
 improvised music completely on the dole like I've always said  
 either this explosive splatter or implosion so  
 Always had an ear  
 generally wanted to improvise  
 of  
 tourettes seems to actually *engage with it it's like you've missed*  
 I don't know The speed  
 just be free to think fuck this  
 I'm **not getting younger** Mona music **freely Hobart Power of**  
 the music I remember being anxious From the very first time Too much  
 information My idea of playing **The right time to start** alone  
 You should be allowed to fail Back room upstairs  
 room there being money in the music  
 Being famous  
 as he was to me  
 Tasmania was  
 when its overwritten by Become an idiom *what*  
*is music* ego or so many things People  
 differ  
 ent



Become an

idiom

Waiting

all

the time

for one record

Harder to find

miniature deckchair

Oxford

Your

own

solo

voice

now

Toys

I

**played**

told me that

I failed

not

that

well

talk

## Hills Hoist

Axe' man  
room

Tasmanian  
little

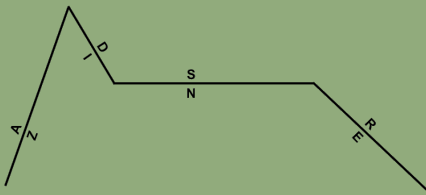
*isolated figure*

*perhaps because of this isolation  
has*

*produced music unhindered by  
the vicissitudes of*

*fashion*





## 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

