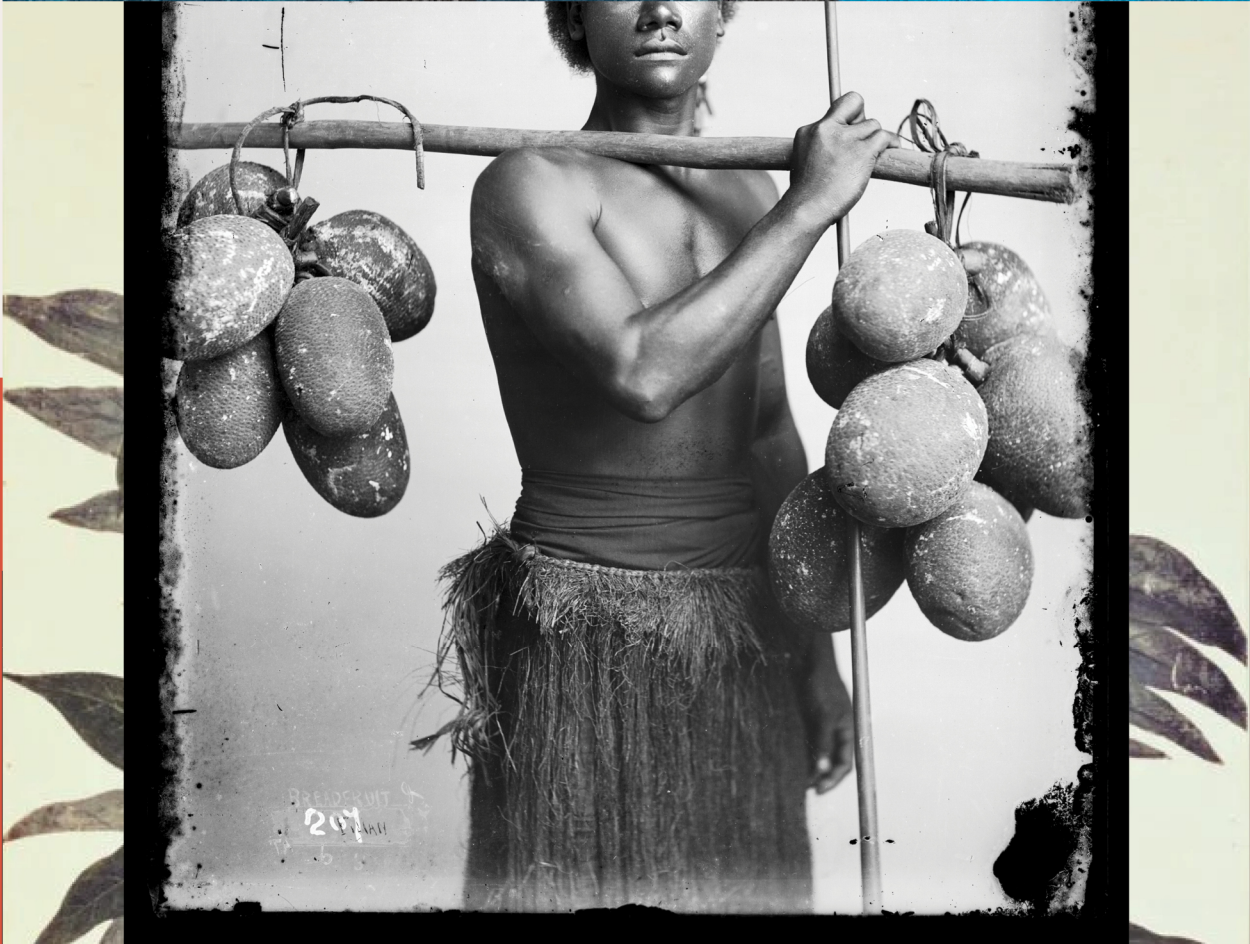
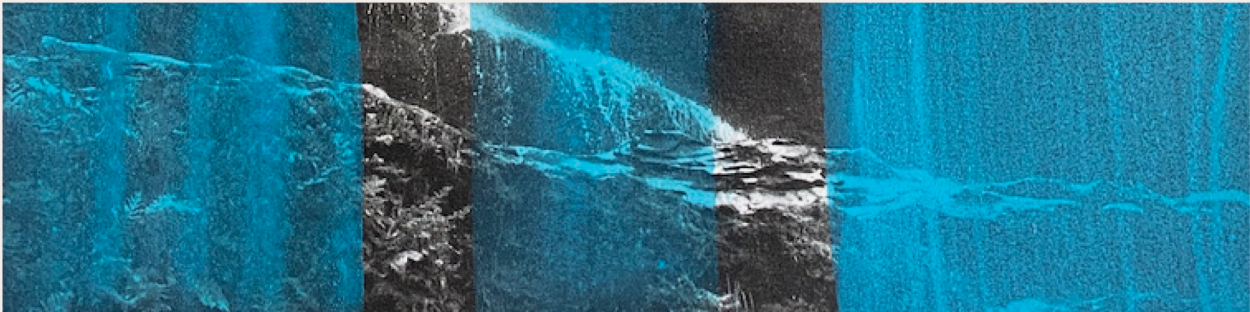
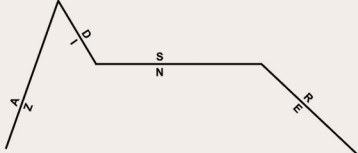


ADSR Zine
016



Painted and Engraved by T. Smith
TRANSPLANTING OF THE BREAD-FRUIT-TREES FROM OTAHEITE.
London, published September 1796, by T. Gifford, No. 11, High Holborn.



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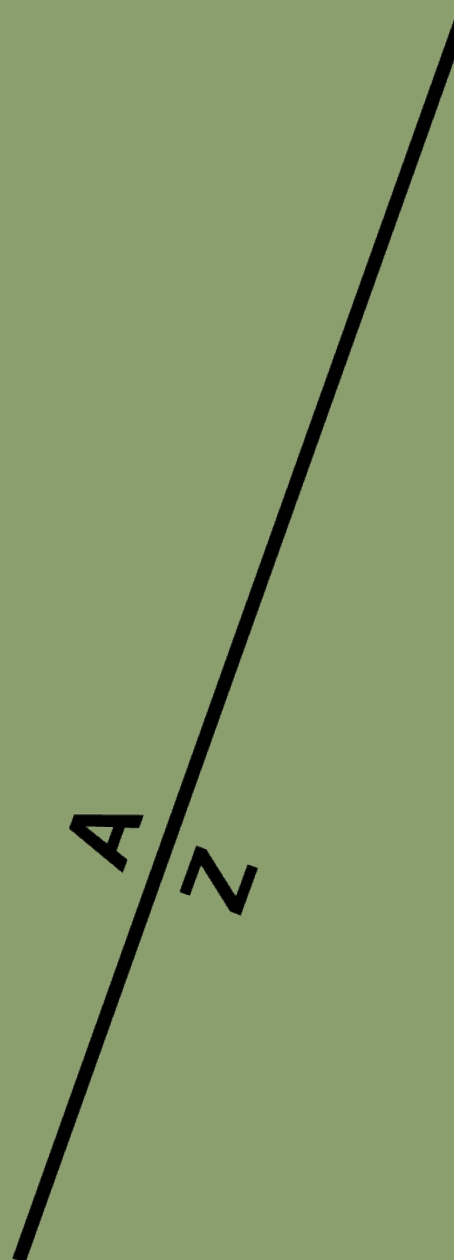
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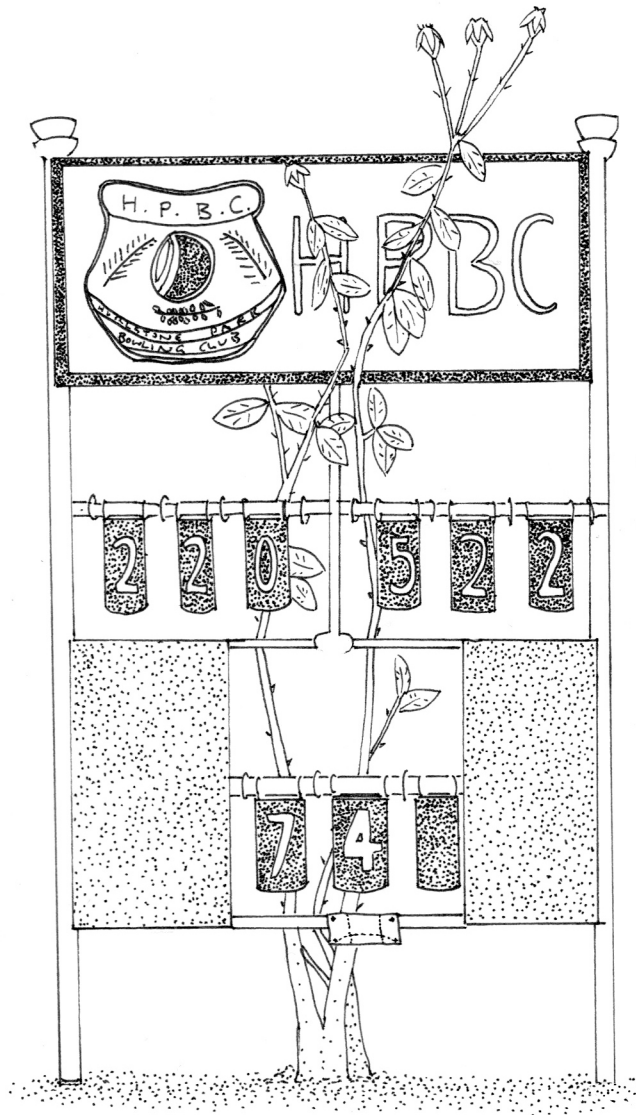
* This edition is co-curated with Cementa22, and features contributions by artists who participated in the biannual festival hosted in the small town of Kandos (2848). Cementa is a unique, regionally situated, socially-engaged, artist-led organisation dedicated to cultivating contemporary art in a regional context.

ATTACK

AN IMMEDIATE AND SUCCINCT
INTERROGATION OF SOMETHING
SPECIFIC



The process of writing folds time within it. Hours dissolve in the spaces between words, to be invisibly, ambiently, present in the story that remains. Sometimes, I experiment with how living and writing knit together, which is all part of the project of capturing how it feels to be alive and in the world and in the now.



Living/Writing

Craving to feel the present moment differently I shut the lid of the laptop, put on my green coat, and set out walking. Under the sky, possibilities open.

Walk with me out the gate, along beside the railway line, then into the residential streets. Here, at the edge of the former bowling green, I sit on the steps that lead up to the terraced garden and its overgrown paths. I like it here, where I am an obstacle to the kids' chasing games along the terrace and an observer of the people who congregate at the centre of the green as their dogs run circles with each other.

Only the man with the Maremma sheepdog is here, the dog posed like a stone lion in the middle of the lawn. The Maremma won't tolerate strangers. Before I knew this I approached, unaware, only to have the dog bark at me until I was out of sight, all the way up the street and around the corner, go, go, get out of here. Today I am peripheral enough to be ignored, merely a figure sitting on a stone step by a bush of wilted roses.

I'd only once been into the lawn bowls club that used to stand here, a small building that became increasingly more dilapidated, and about which everyone I knew had the same story: go inside and the drinkers at the bar would turn to glare at you with such finality that there was no choice but to leave. The club was an impenetrable mess of contradictions, with its signs broadcasting 'You're Always Welcome' and neatly manicured lawns where no one was ever seen bowling. It wasn't a surprise to one day find it boarded up and then, later, demolished. Its traces are the wide flat lawn and the terraced garden planted with conifers and pink roses. Sometimes, I pick one, carry it with me.

I continue on my usual route, walking west until I reach the loop street that turns me around and back towards home. It is up the hill, over the highway, past the upholstery store that has a sign with the words CURTAINS PELMETS SWAGS on the window above the doorway, printed on the mottled glass, then down again across where there must have once flowed a creek. The streets carry this imprint, always Gadigal country.

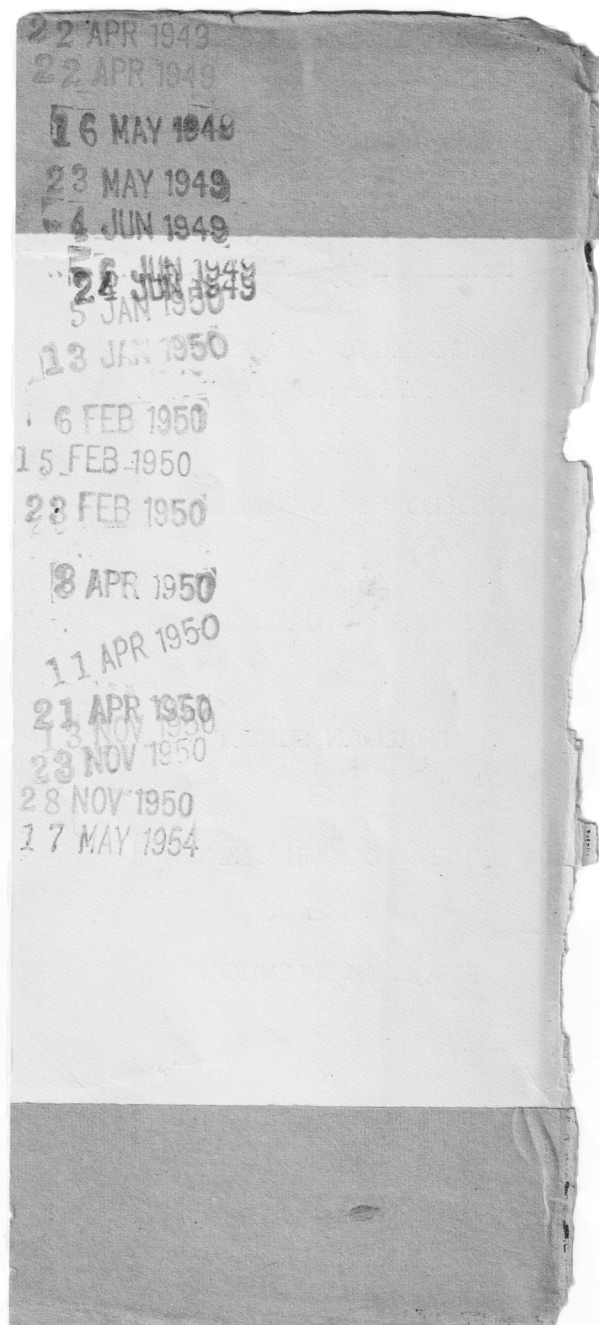
Past the wrought iron fence shaped like cartoon gusts of wind, then up to the loop street and its spooky, deserted atmosphere. The gardens are neat, cars are in the driveways, the lights are on inside the houses in the evenings, but I've never seen anyone tending the gardens or silhouetted behind the curtains or driving in or away.

The free book box at the top of the loop always has at least one hardback novel that was the former property of the Modern Lending Library in Concord West, a private subscription library which operated in the 1940s and 50s. This time it is called 'Desolate Splendour' and has a jacket illustration of an imposing gate, maybe a cemetery gate, under a full moon.

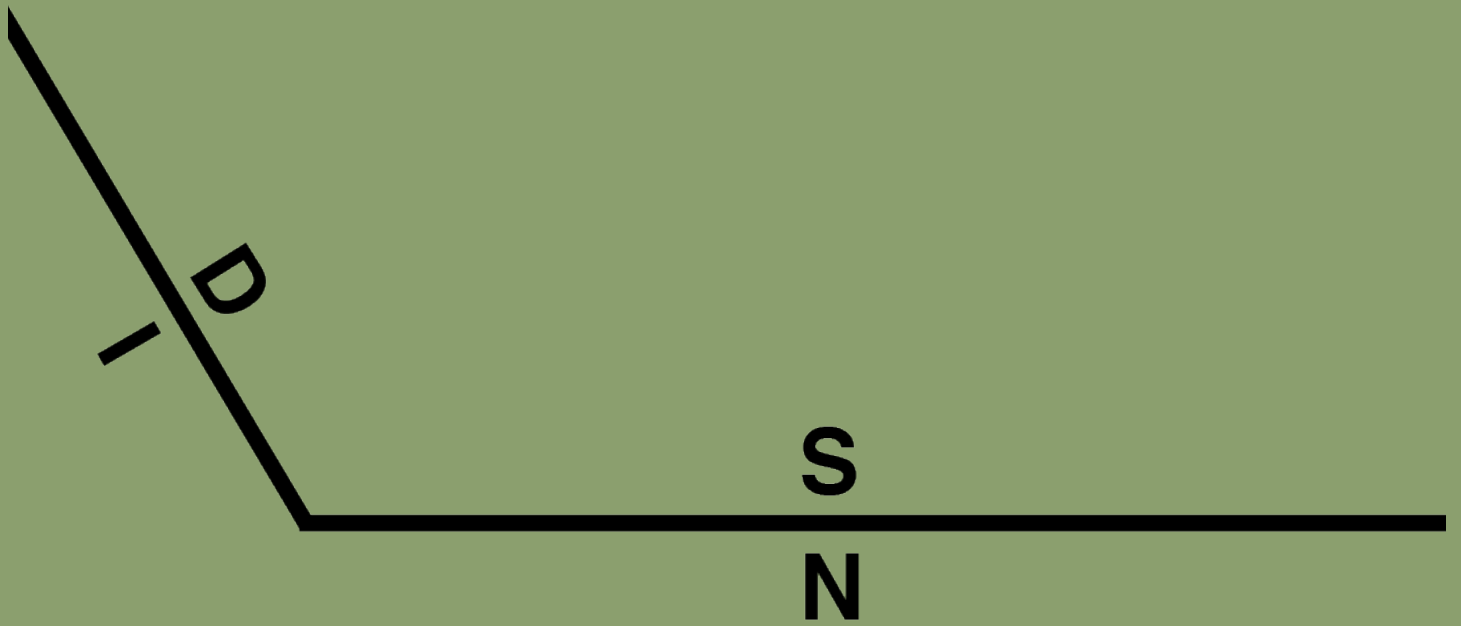
The book was borrowed many times, as the date stamps on the inner cover revealed, mostly in 1949 and 1950, and lastly in 1954. I'm counting up how long ago this is (68 years) when, across the street, something catches my eye. Some movement, in a tree in the front garden of a corner house, which is curved like an ocean liner and has more than a few broken windows, held together with tape.

Outside the ocean liner house, a child is sitting in the tree on a branch just low enough to make a good seat. She watches me with the book, with a sour expression, as if I am the wrong recipient for the book I am holding, or it is annoying to see me there at all. I turn away to close the door of the book box and when I turn back to the tree the child has gone. I hear footsteps thundering inside the house, quickly down a hallway, then quiet.

This is the turning point. I tuck the book under my arm and start for home. Here I reverse my actions: hang my coat on the hook, sit at the desk, take out the typewriter, and begin to write this story.



Vanessa Berry 22.05.22



DECAY– SUSTAIN

A LONGER-FORM EXPLORATION
OF WORK THROUGH
APPROACHES OF BREAKING
DOWN OR EXTENDING FURTHER

Is that Cocteau's Horse?

Fiona Davies

This is a reflective piece in response to my experience developing works as part of Carnivale Catastrophe – a site of installations, performances and public programs presented by MAPBM at Cementa22. Both organisations, Modern Art Projects Blue Mountains and Cementa22, are based in communities that were severely affected by the 2019-20 bushfires. The works and events shared here are situated in a post-disaster, emotional landscape, and explore ideas of uncertainty, of trying to find comfort, shelter, or a safer place, and trying to understand what happened. Carnivale Catastrophe provides a catalyst for conversations where voices from in these communities are able to share their experiences.

In 2021, when I first started talking to people in the Kandos region and surrounds about the 2019-20 fires, I became aware that many stories featured horses and that they played a big role in what locals wanted to talk to me about. Hearing about the strong bonds people had with their horses, I recalled my own longing to own a horse in early childhood. It may have been my ongoing fascination with this animal that focused my attention here, amplified through their many other concerns. Fragments of stories returned from my childhood to my memory;

As Black Beauty looked up, he saw a red light flickering on the wall. Then he heard a cry of 'Fire! Fire!' outside, and an old hosteler came in quickly and quietly. He was so calm that he did not scare the horses. He got one horse out of its stall and went to another. The next thing Black Beauty heard was the voice of James, quiet and cheery as it always was. "Come Beauty, on with your bridle, my boy, and we'll soon be out of this smoke." The bridle was on in no time, and then James took the scarf off his neck and tied it lightly over Black Beauty's eyes. Patting and coaxing and speaking gently, he led Black beauty out of the stable. Safe in the yard he slipped the scarf off the horse's eyes and shouted, "Here, somebody! Take this horse while I go back for the other." A tall man took hold of Black Beauty's bridle and James darted back into the stable. Black Beauty set up a shrill whinny as he saw him go. Ginger told him afterward that his whinnying was the best thing he could have done for her, for if she hadn't heard him outside, she would never have had the courage to come out.'

<https://vimeo.com/605330918>



The very first story I was told about a horse in the 2019-20 fires was a second-hand rendition of a story told first to Kandos resident Ann Finnegan by one of the local bus drivers. In this retelling by me, the story may be so altered from the original that it is unrecognisable to the bus driver. I think – I was told – the bus driver was working with a group of locals at a fire ground, and they saw a pale or white horse running in a panic towards the flames. Somehow, they were able to stop the horse from going into the fire and being burnt, and in the end they managed to get it into a paddock at Running Stream. For quite some time nobody came forward to claim the horse, and I still don't know if anybody ever did. The horse may have run for miles and miles and miles.

In the stories I heard, the word apocalyptic was often used to describe the orange skies and dense smoke of Sydney that they'd all seen on the telly. They had been scared and used a word often brought in to describe the end of the world. They also used this word to describe feelings being out of control – being where they were, oppressed by the fires, that pursued both the animate and inanimate across the Blue Mountains and Central West of NSW. Some of those people who had dealt with the hands-on gruesomeness of burnt and dead animals, and their distraught owners, had initially agreed to talk to me and then as the time got closer, they faded away, apparently unwilling to relive these experiences.

In the Book of Revelation, the final book of the New Testament, it is told that as each of the first four seals of the scroll are broken, the four horses of the apocalypse appear. The fourth horse is the pale horse, ridden by death.



Fiona Davies, *Is that Cocteau's Horse?* (detail) 2022, silk. Photo: Ross Waldron

I wanted the grief and mourning that can result from the death of another, whether animate or inanimate, to be embodied in this work.

Later I was introduced to Bibi by one of my cousins who had worked as a vet in Mudgee some time ago. During the fires Bibi offered an unofficial 'safer place' for horses at her property. She had an extra ten or so horses on site for most of the four fire months. She kept saying that you have to be able to load your horses whenever you need to. She would say – "Don't wait to practice until the smoke is swirling and the horses can feel that you're stressed and scared. It won't happen." I could feel Bibi's strong emotional attachment to her horses as she showed me a series of framed photographs on the wall: each horse had a name, she told me when she owned the horse, when they had died, and what their character was like.

As horse owners often report feelings of attachment comparable to those reported by owners of more 'traditional' companion animals like dogs or cats, they may be motivated to risk their lives to save their horses. In fact, horse owners have been singled out by emergency responders as particularly challenging to manage. This was thought to be not only because horse owners have a strong emotional bond with their horses, but more pragmatically, because of the challenges associated with evacuating horses. Weighing in at around half a tonne of sentient, decision-making animal, there are many practical challenges to consider when evacuating horses from the threat of a natural disaster.

During evacuations from emergencies such as bushfires, owners may need to choose which of their horses to try to save first, if at all. But not all horse owners have access to transportation. Horse-specific transport needs to be accessible and in working order. Most standard horse transport vehicles accommodate two horses, yet a large percentage of horse owners in Australia own multiple horses. A survey of 930 horse owners in Australia found that 89% owned more than two or more horses. This means that some horse owners may have to prioritise evacuating some horses over others or attempt multiple relocations.²

As Cementa22 got closer and closer, news hit of the extensive floods in Northern NSW. Somehow, we still managed to be surprised by the extent of the devastation. Then, the stories about horses started coming in. There seemed to be less willingness to remain quiet about the damage and destruction by the floods than by the fires. On a peaceful Saturday morning I read in the paper.

At daybreak [they] set off in their boat to check on the horses. They discovered immediately their two small ponies had been washed away. They managed to rescue seven of the remaining horses and take them over six hours back to the bridge. "We lost one, an older stockhorse and I'm not sure I'll ever get over the feeling that we could have done more. We lived on the bridge with the horses for a week, before the flood waters subsided enough for us to get them off, and I'm having nightmares to this day."

Ironically the flooded river, which had taken so much away from them, became their lifeline for those seven days. "We tapped into a water main ... and people delivered food by boat and jetski, and there were hay drops for the horses and cattle."³

Later in the article the vet, Oliver Liyou says;

There absolutely should be compulsory registration and microchipping for all horses" ... [Unlike other livestock, horses are not tagged.] "Hundreds of horses were swept away, and when their bodies were found, they were buried without any attempt to identify them, which has caused deep ongoing trauma."⁴



<https://vimeo.com/724414804>

Gathering these stories, I created *Is that Cocteau's Horse?* I wanted to capture the strength of emotion that blurred the boundaries between horse and owner, overlaid by the grief and mourning that came from losing so many animals. I made works that might be theatrical costumes, fancy dress outfits, or rumbustious carnival costumes that combined the head and shoulders of a horse with a cape that either covered an absent two-legged body; or like when dandified stallions wore their capes theatrically swept back over their shoulders, exposing to view a two-legged body wearing evening gloves of satin and beading on their front limbs. The mares and foals seemed to wear their capes for warmth and protection, and eschewed satin and beading for ease of movement and escape.

My horses were hung inside a farmlike shed from an oval steel rail, by a meat hook through the top of their heads. Also hanging on the rail – a rail that referenced the merry-go-round, the racetrack, and the abattoir (all sites where the power of the horse is subjugated) – was a delicately embroidered blouse that my mother used to wear. Very small dark blue horses still pranced with enjoyment down the front placket of the blouse.

On the last day of Cementa22, Sunday the 22nd May, I took some time off from the Carnivale Catastrophe exhibition site to race around to see as many of the other artworks that I could. One of those was *In Perpetuity*, a powerful work by Ivey Wawn. The title sets the scene for an eternal relationship of some sort from this time forward.

One of the two video works showed three horses/dancers performing a choreography of dressage, a ritualised competitive sport. The dance was made of sequences of prescriptive, synchronised, high stepping or 'marching' movements in time to the music, angling their turns and extending their legs to precisely follow the line of the movement in each routine. The dancers embodied the horse responding to the requirements and rhythms of another, the trainer. The dancers were not wearing horse costumes or fancy dress. The references were more subtle, with braided patterning on gymnasts' costumes alluding to the plaiting of the mane of each horse in competition. The high cut of the body costumes emphasised the length of the dancers' legs. The patterning continued down onto the dancers' calves where tightly wrapped fabric was also patterned with braiding. Wawn describes the movements of the dance as referencing the mechanics of the capitalist system where some are trained to perform certain actions to a specific rhythm determined by another.



The beauty and character evident in Wawn's work looped my mind back to thoughts of the first horse costume I'd seen, where I felt there was some coherence between the presence and stature of a horse, and the emotional impact of wearing a horse costume. It was the black horse costume designed by Janine Janet in Jean Cocteau's film from 1960 *The Testament of Orpheus* or *Do not ask me why!* The actor wearing the costume breaks the shaky illusion of reality in the first few minutes by removing the head of the costume to stare at one of the other characters and then replacing the head. My work, as does Wawn's, sits on that line between illusion and reality and holds both contradictory and conflicted thoughts in the one hand.

Film still from *Testament of Orpheus* (1960) dir. Jean Cocteau

1. Anna Sewell, *Black Beauty*, adapted by Eleanor Graham Vance, (Random House New York 1965): pages not numbered.
2. Kirrilly R. Thompson, Laura Haigh Bradley and P. Smith, "Planned and ultimate actions of horse owners facing a bushfire threat: Implications for natural disaster preparedness and survivability International", *Journal of Disaster Risk Reduction*, Volume 27, March 2018, pages 490-498
3. Candida Baker, *After Math* *Sydney Morning Herald*, May 7th 2022, page 14
4. Ibid., page 15



I: 19.05.22

We break through the private fencing at the back of the town, carefully placing our bodies and equipment over the barbed wire tentacles of boarded land. It's late afternoon and we are worried that we will get caught by authorities close by. The other side is a Stalkeresc scene (1979 Soviet science fiction art film directed by Andrei Tarkovsky) with a singular road that leads to deep forest. We follow it with the camera in hand. Walking quietly along the road, we hear rustling in the bushes and crows flying by. At the mouth of the old factory there is a broken entrance we walk through checking if any security cameras are watching. There is one, but it's facing the ground. Like hungry mice, we quickly and carefully cross over. Covering our faces with jumpers and scarves we avoid the many dark places of asbestos. This is a space of death, "a transgressive surprise, an unworldly place" where the spirit of conquest lays dormant in silent and deadly particles. /

There is debris everywhere, piles of multicoloured grey – a UFO crash site. Apocalyptic porn frozen in a moment of ruin. Grey concrete walls melt over mammoth towers – lonely sick giants. Industrial hangovers that no one has cleaned up. All that potential for regeneration and housing is lying underneath this forgotten capitalist wasteland.

The election and the hum are coming in quick now, but out here no-one is voting. There is humming – not the humming of machines. That ended it 2011. The birds, critters and plants have taken over now. Purple flowers murmur in doorways, moss grows between toes, a Chernobyl dream. The sedimentary fragments of this place are still humming in the foundations of the Sydney Opera House. 2

We film angles of the factory but there is so much visual candy I feel guilty for seeing beauty in it. A dark enchantment. There is an unruly unbelievability to this sight-site. Strangeness and the sublime, "the normality of the abnormal is a tensed combination of opposites, a split consciousness that unexpectedly veers off into scary territory."³ What strange events have taken place here? After all, with so much apocalyptic decorating going on do we need another glossy/grungy image of the fall? We carefully walk around the site placing radios at its feet. Our pupils are dilated; perhaps those purple flowers have something to do with it.



II: 20.06.22

Back in town, the grain of the hum is getting around, and people who don't know that I am the artist are telling me about the hum. When I introduce myself to festival-goers and locals they say things like: "Oh you're Tina!" "The hum!" Maybe the humming campaign is working? In the lead-up to the federal election, my movement around the different social groups and businesses is parallel with the hand-shaking theatre of the election trail.

1. Michael Taussig, *I Swear I saw This: Drawings in Fieldwork Notebooks, Namely my Own* (Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press) 2011, 91.
2. Laura Fisher and Lucas Ihlein, "Kandos Dairy Extracts," in *Living with the Anthropocene, Love Loss and Hope in the Face of Environmental Crisis*, eds. Cameron Muir, Kirsten Wehner and Jenny Newell, (Sydney: NewSouth Publishing), 2020, 310.
3. Taussig, *I Swear I Saw This*, 71.

Kandos Rylstone Community Radio
• KRR 98.7 FM • Live Streaming at krrfm.org.au

Rylstone-Kandos district newsletter

Community Capers August issue, 2021
Volume 272

Welcome to the August issue of Community Capers, volume 272. Our September issue will be distributed on Thursday, August 26. The deadline for this issue is Tuesday, August 16. News items, events, dates for the calendar etc. are inserted free. Email them to the editor, Brent Barlow at brentbarlow@winif.net.au or phone Brent on 6379 1828. For details and prices on advertising, sponsorship etc. contact Brian Neves on 6379 4892.

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Calling all Hummers

International artist and PhD candidate in fine arts Tina Stefanou wants to hum with the community of Kandos and create the largest humming chain in Australia. Tina is a featured artist at this year's Cementa 21 Festival and is asking the question - "Do you like to hum along to your favourite song? Hum while you're driving? Enjoy the hum of an engine? Enjoy listening to the humming of nature? If so, you may be interested in humming along with me."

Tina is a Melbourne/Naarm-based vocalist and artist who works with animals, ecology, musicians, and children to create performance-based experiences.

"I have exhibited overseas and throughout Australia and I am thrilled to be spending time in Kandos for Cementa 21. I have already met so many wonderful people here and look forward to meeting more."

In August, Tina will be attending the Cementa residency and will host free humming workshops, walks and lessons.

"This is not about being a 'good' singer, it is about having a go, enjoying creating sounds with friends and being part of something big. If you're interested in participating or finding out more about the longest humming chain, you can contact me at: ms.tina@stefanou@gmail.com or reach out to the Cementa folk. All welcome. I can't wait to hum with you."

Business Chamber

The revitalised Rylstone Kandos Business Chamber received a resounding "thumbs up" from those who attended their network meeting at the Rylstone Club last month. The presentation organised by the group was also much appreciated and many expressed their enthusiasm for the group's inspiring launch and the future initiatives which were outlined by the committee.

A large and enthusiastic group of business owners attended the recent launch of the new look Rylstone Kandos Business Chamber held at the Rylstone Club.



III: 01.06.22

This move towards collective performance could stem from the fact that I come from a big Greek working-class family. The individual voice is always more than one. In a large family setting people are talking over each other, important things to you can become ignored, emotions fly around, offence but also celebration. Feelings of entitlement move quickly with common phrases like “it’s not always about you.” You move on and are constantly humbled by a bigger force, which in this case is the family unit. So much diversity of experience within one family let alone a humming chain.

I struggle with the subtle tensions of peer-to-peer networks within the competitive cosmopolitan art world and how representation functions in the market of success. How sites, histories, practices, politics, language and stories might be used to generate cognitive capital in a fast sparkly digital commons. You hear horrible stories all the time about artists and art workers feeling left behind, burnt out or taken for granted. I often wonder where these isomorphic drives come from – regulated and stretched by a multiplicity of discourse and discipline.⁴

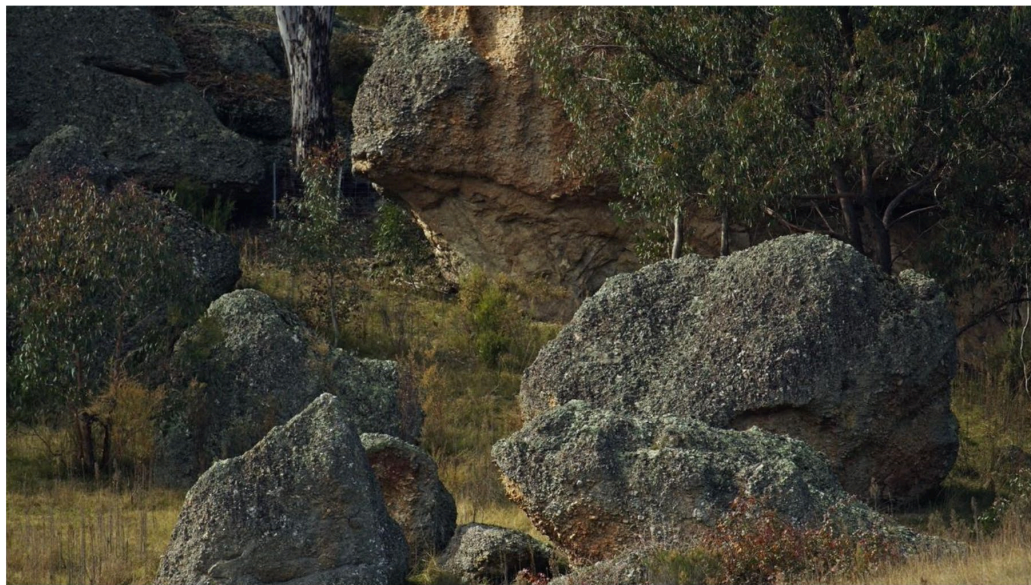
Erin Manning states:

“The [simmering] paranoia that capitalism breeds, is a ground so uneven, our [collective] bearings so unsteady, that we fold into a self-possession that leaves no room for what exceeds us. Limited by the hardening of edges, we become more enclosed in our-selves, [in our ideas], less turned to an outside that would revivify the more-than that courses through us.”⁵

As artists implicated in markets of attention, we must attune to capitalism’s own infinite appetite for circulations and deviation. And yet, in spite of the paranoid coin counting, “minor practices of the art of life-living have always existed, even under the worst conditions.”⁶ The Wollemi singing group, the Men’s Shed, the Ukulele Group, the community radio station, the North East Wiradjuri Cultural Centre, the local newsletter, the Country Women’s Association, neighbours assisting each other in saving burning homes, the CFA, local food stations and on and on and on. Within these more-than-art-environments potent socialities permeate through the system and cultivate new/ongoing forms of creative practice. This is not the finger-painting cliché of community art practice or the subtractive social practice of elite artists. This is something else.

4. Futurefarmers, “Bread Kneads Hands” in *Commonism: A New Aesthetics of the Real*, eds. Nico Dockx and Pascal Gielen, (Amsterdam: Valiz) 2018, 121.
5. Erin Manning, *The Pragmatics of the Useless*, (Durham: Duke University Press), 2020, 292.
6. Manning, *The Pragmatics of the Useless*, 292.

7. Reed, “Study Group with Patricia Reed | Localization in Counterfactual Worlds,” published 16th February 2022, 2:48:07 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6Lg-wtKWrgU>
8. Paul Hegarty, *Annihilating Noise*, (New York: Bloomsbury Publishing), 2021, 155
9. Reed, “Study Group with Patricia Reed | Localization in Counterfactual Worlds.”
10. Reed, “Study Group with Patricia Reed | Localization in Counterfactual Worlds.”



IV: 05.05.2022

Universal is not sameness – perhaps we can reorientate the universal towards togetherness but not necessarily everywhere in the same way. Although, universal basic income should be a standard by now. The hum is not a generalised sonic space, and moving away from the humanist universal allows more space for diverse forms of vocal commoning and experimentation. The hum is not the homogenisation of arguments, worldviews, and voices that imposes a type of position; “to legitimately belong to the present is to become European in practice.”⁷

The hum can become conflated with the appropriation of the Eastern OM. In this sense, the humming of the hum becomes a drone – an all-pervasive continuous monotone usually generated by human-run technologies or instruments. With an emphasis on the spectacle of listening.⁸ Afterall, we don’t all hear in the same way.

I can’t help but think of the drone in terms of surveillance and warfare technology. A tool for rich kids’ and state/corporate bodies to look down on things from above. When zooming out there is potential to diminish dimensionality, to equate everything with everything – where “concepts of entanglement become premised on serious simplifications.”⁹ Patricia Reed asks: “at what point does the local cease to be local?” and “how does entanglement transform the way sites of activity are conceived?”¹⁰



V 08.05.22

The Kandos singing group is made of around six to twenty members who all have a love for singing but are not professional singers. The group is led by a conductor who plays the keyboard and teaches us our parts. He makes jokes when we don’t get it right and the backdrop of the Country Women’s Association (previously held at the North East Wiradjuri Cultural Centre) makes me feel welcome. Alex Wissner, the director of Cementa, tells me of Owen. A local legend who communicates in song when he talks. I encounter him for the first time at the local singing group, an elderly man with a hearing aid, and a face mask hanging from his cheeks. I knew it was him when I heard him. His joy and focus on the notes was infectious. Without shame or dominance, he belts out his parts in reverence with a barber shop charm. After rehearsal, I walk him to his car. It’s getting cold in the mountains and it’s dark by six pm now. Under a streetlight, Owen sings me a Greek song and then his back catalogue of Welsh chorales. His voice is billowy, and his thick velvety vibrato bounces around the quiet streets of a post-industrial town.

There is a large body of evidence that shows group singing positively impacts physical and psychological wellbeing at individual, relational and community levels. The benefits include increased levels of social connectedness, a sense of belonging, and reduced personal stress. Group singing enriches lives, strengthens community connections, and increases collaborative possibilities. After the fires, droughts, floods, and plagues in the regions, these types of alter-socialities (events and spaces running alongside the market but not driven by it) are the quiet rebellious hums of a non-digitally mediated neoliberal youth cult. It is here with the Wollemi singers that the longest hum begins.



VI: 1.05.22

Attending the local Anglican Parish, I shuffle to the back. The congregation is mainly made up of elderly people with two or three younger men and a young girl who turns to smile at me. The pastor is wearing what you would expect, except it's not the black and white attire of a catholic priest. There's some purple. This week's sermon is about people who reject Christ, he draws analogies to the QLD vs NSW state of origin game coming up. He speaks of Jesus travelling through Sumeria and how the Sumerians rejected Christ when he passed through their region - drawing a divide between the pagan beliefs of Sumerians and the emergent Christ religion forming in Jerusalem. The pastor states that the divide between QLD and NSW in the game was ten-fold between Jerusalem and Sumeria. Its own biblical state of origin. We hang our heads to pray for non-believers. The preacher urges his flock to be patient with those who reject Christ in their hearts and not to prosecute them. Just as Christ instructed his followers when passing through Sumeria. We bow our heads again and repeat his words, our voices are low and soft.

When I was young, my grandmother would plea with me to attend Sunday school at the Greek Orthodox church, in Balwyn. A place known for its cigarette-smoking rock star priests. I would find every excuse in the book to get out of it. Sore throats, homework, extreme fatigue, and even throwing my body into convulsions, a religious fit. I would eventually give in and attend Greek Sunday school. The teachers created biblical games and saintly crosswords. We did have long discussions and I remember asking our Sunday teacher why Greek orthodoxy is the correct religion and not Jehovah's Witness or Catholicism? Her answer was simply because it's older than everything else. I guess this religious diaspora didn't factor in the indigenous people of the land they had migrated to. Soon after this encounter, I was asked to leave Sunday school.

The inside of the church was muted as a child, even though the warm glow of the shimmering paintings, frankincense, and colourful robes are now fascinating to me. Back then it was normalised, a place of capture and discipline. I wasn't allowed to cross my legs, I had to take communion and I couldn't understand the Byzantium songs. Jet black cotton-robed chanters would circle a microphone holding heavy books reciting layers of melodies. My favourite sound would be the men trying to reach the higher notes of the hymns. Lifting their voices outside their comfort zone to attain a heavenly texture. Creating an environment so thick in historicity, you are enveloped in the smells, bells, and songs of orthodoxy life. Heavy praise.

VII 3.05.22:

There is lots of talk about humming, which people find quite comical because it's such a simple proposition, but it somehow elicits lots of different vocal and emotional responses. For instance, I walked into the local pub, where I had heard lots of stories about the man who owns it. Some disturbing things. I wanted to invite all the local business owners to the event to make sure that as a visiting artist in a small town I had done my best to cross social thresholds. Stepping inside the pub you see maps of Australia, the usual 70s brown brick wall, and a poster of a naked blond woman. There is also the bling, pop, and fizzle of the glow-in-the-dark pokies. And of course, the smell of fermented carpet. One man is sitting at the bar and one behind, who I assume is the owner. I hand him a written invitation and tell him about the event. In which he replies, "What happens if I shoot the lot of ya?" taken back for a second, I respond, "then we'll stop bloody humming won't we?!" he laughs, and another man suddenly appears behind me. Curiosity begins to fill the pub and the man who just appeared starts to show interest. He asks: "what it is?" I explain that we are attempting to break a world record (I haven't investigated who currently holds it - the idea of a mythological humming record seems to do the work of creating a story, a buzz, a spreading tale - the artist who cried hum). I stated that everyone is welcome and that it could be something worth being part of - making history (making (hum)us). They are more open now and there is a sparkle in their eyes, the owner of the pub says: "Love, I was only joking before" to which I replied, "of course you were!"

VIII 3.05.22:

One of the stories I loved hearing, and which led me into deeper humming territories was from local Wendy Williams, a retired alpaca breeder among many other things. She was telling me about how alpacas hum to their young so that when a young alpaca grows, it knows and registers its mother's sound. She spent a large part of her time in this region, breeding alpacas, and becoming *oddkin*. Like the young ones she also learnt how to respond to their calls. Wendy says: "When an animal calls, it's not about ignoring it. It's about really attuning to what they're trying to tell you."





IX 19.05.22:

Down at the Rutter's farm, we meet Dianna and her husband. A woman in her 70s who responds to my request to record her alpaca hums with open stoic arms. Dianna is intimate with her Alpacas, kissing them on their face and naming them after strong mythological figures. She is swearing at the crows as they hover around the alpacas and tells us that they peck at their eyes whilst they are astral travelling.

X 19.05.22

The hum is a rebellious resonance. The stories, the interactions, and the relationships that build between myself, the people, creatures and environment refuses to be captured or made into an object. Even if these images and vignettes are trying to do the job of re-telling. This re-telling is more of a repertory of trace events.¹¹ The hum changes as soon as there is a new interaction which is never inert and full of potential.¹²

It is a refusal to be documented in a way that is registered by one metric of value. The hum is a phonic substance, still-moving, "bringing feeling and feeler into co-composition."¹³ It does not require a taming of the "exuberant body" or a closing down of complexity. It is unlike writing in the sense of "funneling expression into a single line – predicated on limiting the potential to express beyond neurotypical modes of personhood [/ humanhood]."¹⁴

Even if the hum is generated by a single body, the hum is made through the meetings of matter - the vibrating of the lip, diaphragm, larynx, soft palate, oxygen+, particles, and culture. A type of quantum entanglement, a frequency that is part of an inseparable whole. A subjective resonance that is never stable but always grounded in relations that move beyond the self to the non-personal, the collective. Knots of different mechanisms that structure it – "a superposition of constellations of processes of subjectivations."¹⁵ The hum, like humus like human, is not a stable unity.¹⁶ There is no reason for The Longest Hum. The Longest Hum gives reason through a polyvocal



acknowledgement of energy creation. Transforming the public space into a commonplace dynamic *vocology*. In this sense, the action is (un)performing an ecological happening.

I will be implicated in the hum. The artist as a kind of diminishing point amongst others. That's the position I would like to be in. I don't like the use of the terms facilitator or creator; I am a hummer among many. I'm dropping a pin (or mic) for people to come to if they want. If you're committed to process and processional thinking then you are subservient to the event eventing itself, all I can do is place the pin, be present to the relations and hum for the best. The idea originated when I came into contact with the Baltic Way, a two-million-long human chain across the Baltic nations occupied by the Soviet Union in the late 80s. Two years later the Soviet Union left those regions. The idea of neither an audience nor a participant made me think of how this type of event could be applied somewhere else in a different context. It's akin to a statewide one minute silence, where production ceases in remembrance of those who have passed in war. But what if we all stopped for something else?

In a Covid imminent world, people's ability to be social and to be in public has changed dramatically and oscillates very quickly from yes to no. There is a lot at stake and many variabilities – what if it rains? We will be in the middle of late autumn and the weather could dramatically affect participation. That's the beauty, you are always dancing with more than you can control and more than you can know. The environment is also co-eventing the action.

11. Manning, *Pragmatics of the Useless*, 92.

12. Ibid.

13. Manning, *Pragmatics of the Useless*, 25.

14. Manning, *Pragmatics of the Useless*, 273.

15. Futurefarmers, "Bread Kneads Hands," 123.

16. Ibid.



XI 2.05.2022:

When I was living in Istanbul my main source of income was teaching singing. During that period, I had no idea who would rock up at my doorstep, people came from all walks of life, with very different reasons to learn singing. A thirty-five-year-old woman knocked on my door in downtown Tophane. The reason this student was coming was because of a phobia of making sound beyond the spoken word. If a sound was elongated, or a syllable sustained, she would begin to cry. It was a proper phobia that she had developed from a young age because someone told her she couldn't sing and laughed at her. We spent months just creating a gentle hum and at the end of the six months, she could sing a melody. The transformation I witnessed in her sense of being, and how she related to the world was significant. Imagine trembling, and crying every time a syllable was extended into a note? Even the most confident vocalists I've met have complicated relationships with their voices. Moving beyond the everyday miracle of speech into song or sounds can be really intimidating. To hear yourself in the world or to resound back at yourself something that is not so controlled, something that reveals a tremor in your being, something more-than, is something that seems to be a common fear.

Releasing sound with others out loud with your mask off was considered dangerous during the 2020/21 pandemic. There are all sorts of bodily things taking place when you sing and understandably this can create concern about transmission. Although, with that type of extra fear around singing I wonder if this has increased apprehension to sounding/singing out loud. The hum becomes a (hum)ble waypoint, a way around the open mouth danger of making a sound. Covid has also brought attention to the pneumonic commons – breath/air. Some people's lung capacities have significantly weakened and changed. This was taking place before covid with the effects of smoke inhalation during the brutal fires of 2019/2020. Some hummers in Kandos expressed a diminishment in vocal and breathing capacity since then. The hum invites a pragmatic undertone to the action – collectively re-building vocal and lung capacity in times of endangered pneumonic songs.

17. Anastasia Murney, "Cementa22," Memo Review, (May 2022)
<https://memoreview.net/reviews/cementa22-at-not-listed-by-anastasia-murney>



XII 21.05.2022:

I turn to my left and right signalling the beginning of the hum. Slowly like a rising tide, one by one the hum fills the airwaves. I can hardly believe the volume and endless feeling of it. I close my eyes and try to belong to it more and more. So present that I struggle to reflect on it now. My body is flooded with the vocal bodies of others and vice versa. I can hear the dance of breath and grain directly next to me. An intimate look into someone else's life rhythm. Entirely absorbed in the present, tears begin to stream. I have no idea what is happening to me or others. A leap of faith occurs where performance begins to fade away and trust takes over the space of spectacle. The more-than.

Some people watch from their cars as they drive past. Others peep through their curtains on the opposite side of the street. Different life forces mesh into a turbine of collective energy creation propelling the minutes forward.¹⁷ When it came time to stop, I signal with clapping. The body's percussive expression of appreciation. Everyone joins in and a great cheer leaps from their faces. I run down the avenue thanking every single hummer, with my hand on my chest, beating out-loud, I project: "thank you thank you from the bottom of my heart!"

I felt like we had just run a collective marathon. The feeling of time stretched, it moved between unending and never beginning. The time had morphed to a new humming pulse, the energy creation of the longest hum as an environment, a place. As I ran down the street I saw more and more hummers, of all sorts. There were dogs too.

After the event, hummers expressed the feeling of immense groundedness and calm. A shimmer. I had heard that humming can affect the nervous system by calming it down and deregulating our fight or flight responses. This coupled with the attention to breath created a place for nervous systems to meet. For some, the artist running down the avenue to thank everyone was what enhanced their experience of the event. Explaining that they felt a closeness. For the days following (and months) the conversations continue, rippling and humming in the bodies who experienced it and the ones who heard about it. The Longest Hum, indeed.



XIII 22.06.2022

To document the humming event, the radio station recorded the live broadcast. After the morning news the airwaves hummed. People in the local region and online could tune in. On the day of the federal election the hum interrupted the flow of facts and figures. However, there would be no way for the recording to capture the entire chain. There were about a hundred humming bodies.

Documentation/archive is always guided by negative prehension, the things that are left out but co-compose the event. After the hum, we (Wil Normyle, Kristina Susnjara and I) eagerly head home to listen to the recording of the hum. To our heartbreak and disappointment, we hear a buzz. A noise that hums throughout the recording. There is no way around this other than accepting it, hearing it and working with the voice of the machine. Another nervous system. In sound terms, it was a dodgy lead or line. Dirty power as it flows and parses from one environment to the next.

Following the anarchic share, the buzz joins the hum and disrupts the aesthetic orientations of perfection and capture. Perhaps the buzz is the excess energy of the archive: a kind of surplus.¹⁸ The buzz laughs at the hum and the hum surrenders, quietly re-shaping it and triggering new interactions.

Credits:

All images are film stills from *The Longest Hum*, 2022 (documentation and film – yet to be released)

Photography and Cinematography by Wil Normyle

Participants from Cementa 22

18. Manning, *Pragmatics of the Useless*, 92.

Methods, Memories, Body-posessions

WeiZen Ho



Listen to the sounds of the place I live in, the country of the Gundungarra and Darug people of the Blue Mountains. Right now, the ferocious psithurism of winds howling through the casuarinas, ghost gums and golden red-orange Japanese maple leaves, combined with the aeolian hum over the mouth of the kitchen rangehood pipe.

Imagined realities, syncretising, shifting, marking time. After several decades absorbed in Australia's contemporary cultures, I am still deeply rooted in older, ancient ways, visible and invisible. I have been plotting paths through the Southeast Asian culture and mythology of my childhood to witness rituals of possession, practices I see as some of the oldest forms of transformative theatre.

Through celebration, divination and healing, a community transitions together from one significant event to another. I see the maintenance of these rituals as medicinal...

I am interested in the creation of images and themes that stretch our imagination, question our presence on this earth, and attempt to create a social balance. How extraordinary is the honesty of human living...the absurdities, the deviations and cosmologies, the systems and symbolism that define identity and destiny? How are these tied to the naming of people and things?

I am looking for values in living...the different qualities that have endured the intervention of time, as we know it. Names, labels and identities may morph and be subsumed, but these thingness-es persist, reverberate.

Musings



How can I extricate stories and jumbled images that reside in my body, as well as the confusing trails and vague webs that were apparently experienced by my ancestors on both sides of my family, the memories of shared collective rituals; the discrepancy and syncretisation of the inside lives of a familial and racial culture, alongside other migrant cultures, and that of a different external ruling culture? A rich inter-faith milieu framed by a government which uses politics to emphasise its dominance, lest migrants who settled several generations ago forget their status as a 'comer' from other lands. How does one live as a permanent 'newcomer', knowing that you will never build a home on the grounds that your forebears are from?

In 1989, I jumped ship midlife to come to Australia and found myself realising that I have ridden on the back of a colonial political system to gain entrance into the country; wherein I have yet to complete the journey of acknowledgement and welcome from the original Owners of the lands. How does one live as an unacknowledged person on these lands? Considering this, I wanted to find ways to liberate my body to physicalise images and thoughts that arise unbidden as I meander through everyday existence. I was able to gradually release deeply held self-censorship by perceiving these images and thoughts as stories from the body.

What are Stories from the Body about?



The Stories from the Body (SFTB) is a performance series of ongoing life work. When I conceived the work in 2014, my original thinking was that it would be the vehicle for re-tracing lineages that have been disrupted as a result of my ancestors' migration journey over the last 100 years, from the South Fujian Province of China to Java, to Singapore and Malaysia.

Emerging from the premise that all human living is performed, I choose to activate this process of uncovering, reclaiming and reimagining through my body and its voice – the hypothesis is that my ancestral template and its accompanying memories and stories are embedded within my physiological being. I'd like to consider the thoughts and methods that influence this life series. For the sake of brevity, I'm going to concentrate on some of the elements that inspire the image, action or scene, in terms of the role of the body in process.

Memory Body

My body is a collector: retracing and deconstructing myths I've grown up with and their associated images, tied up with the geocultural history of the place I'm in.

Concept Sketching and Memory Body

Using what is retained in my memory, and the natural course of memory fragmentation as the device/structure, loose images and atmospheres can begin with a mark on paper – small parts of the story paraphrase, even if only one word is retained. The concept sketching process has become more integral to how I devise performances now, in that, the act of sketching itself also instigates the beginning of physical movement for me. This can trigger a process of remembering. At the same time, I allow myself the freedom to roam, to dream, to depart from the initial motif and fuse with other associations. I consciously allow parallel images and concepts to unfold, regardless of how unrelated they initially appear. Trust what the body retains.

Improvisatory Practice and Memory Body

One can also access the Memory Body through both vocal and dance improvisation. My introduction into dance improvisation methods began in 2010 through creative development processes with Alan Schacher, my life partner and collaborator, who is an improvisational dancer informed by Post-Modern, New Dance methods, and Min Tanaka's Maijuku Butoh Company in Japan. My other influence is Tess de Quincey's Impro-Exchange environment which generates dialogue, exchange and discussion about improvisational strategies and processes, which have a foundation in the principles of Min Tanaka's BodyWeather and related discipline.

On the other hand, my experiences in sound improvisation began in the 90s with jazz and classically trained instrumentalists, and then with more experimental electronic and deconstructed instrumental improvisers where the process of making (or live composing) is laid bare; where the evocation of process IS performance. To stay in the stress of not knowing, or to act from a space of an existing performative vocabulary is a constant tension of resistance and collusion. I can sometimes locate surprising things with the vocal-body under duress. The intention is to continue attempting movement, actions, and structures that I am not familiar with, and give myself permission to fail. This is not unlike how musicians will play on instruments they are not formally trained in.

Historical and Memory of Site

Memories also extend beyond the body. When I enter a location where a performance or 'a happening' is proposed to occur, I often ask myself, "how am I able to commune with the space?" Until I ask the question, the location remains a 'site'...impersonal, distanced...I imagine how the construction of a building appears on the outside; off a plan; outsourced to the cheapest builders who may or may not have lived in the area or its surroundings. There is no relationship...yet.

My body has been encultured and acculturated in *an-other* place over a few generations' worth of migration journey. I am, even by inserting my historical body into a performative space that holds a different sociocultural timbre, already contributing to a combination of heterotopia, hybrid cultural place-filling and place-shifting. Thus, how can I access the memory of a site? Play with body, sounds, material? Sit for a period; physicalising my 5-Element Mandala practice (Pancha Tanmantra); sleeping

in the space; returning to the site at different times of the day and night? Asking the site questions, out loud? Researching oral histories and stories that may have built over time? How much time does it take for inhabitation of a place to occur? I guess I am reflecting on the social language of body in relation to space; how the way a body inhabits space can contribute to a form of temporary place-making, home-making.

I contemplate the past, to analyse the making of a body-based work in the present day context, and to consider how such a work can temporarily shift meanings or impact the future of our social relationship and its accompanying language...or not. This requires a generous dose of active listening, imagination, and wonder is necessary to evoke the history this location has had compared to what it is now; how it was used; the accompanying cosmogenesis; its human and non-human activities.



Pancha Tanmantra and Memory Body

Here, I'd like to address other areas that have served me well in exploring ways in which to access my memory body. Pancha Tanmantra as a West Javanese practice has three aspects to it, but I will only touch on the vocal-body aspect called 5-Element Mandala. It is a non-combative form of vocal-bodywork which circulates the energies that are tied to emotions. The practice allows these emotions to come up, and harnesses them into particular body formations and specific screams/roars. It facilitates the generation and contemplation of the immaterial, the formless, the unconscious and the emotive body, which appears to take a form temporarily, and then passes like a storm cloud; a physical reminder that even as we cycle through the elements that our thoughts and emotions exists in temporary forms; they are not fixed.

Pancha Tanmantra insists on observing the light and shadow aspects to every emotional trait. For example, the qualities of discernment and quick judgment are two sides of the same coin, which accompany the soft and hard body formation of the Wood element. The practice is to cultivate the balance of sensing when the appropriate moment is to use either.

When I contextualise the 5-Element Mandala practice with the concept of memory body and its history, this is what I sense:

I lay bare my physical processes as I search for an image through key body-posture motif(s) inside my body, through my mind's eye, as part of the dance; time and structure teeter and I feel as if I am on the verge of 'not making it', and sometimes I don't...I often feel as if I'm trying to stretch or crack open the body to reach the spirit of an image and/or body-posture.

When I'm sitting in this kind of physical process I also imagine that I am in the midst of creating my own personal archetype. I am also open to the possibility that I'm drawing upon embedded memories that may be residing within my body.

This can reach into spaces of the unconscious or what Jung calls the shadow aspects. My shadow-selves personify everything that I refuse and am refusing to acknowledge about myself. So, I feel as if I require a softness and kindness to myself in order to meet and flesh them out. How can I allow this body of knowledge to reassemble itself?

Mimicry of Spirit Possession; Body in my Body, and Memory Body

Considering the notion of the beyond-human, to reach for an image with my body that is humanly impossible to complete, but supernaturally possible with the force of imagination and a leap of faith, I experience it as a method of shaking loose the fragments and traces of knowledge and memory which reside in my body, and the act itself begs the question of what it is to be human.

My son calls the spirit possession rituals we have witnessed, and sometimes been a part of as "in-ordinary human acts". He cannot understand why people were subjecting themselves to the peculiarities of these acts? I had no answer for him – realising there may be no clear answer I could uncover made me see the value and power of witnessing the incomprehensible. Being startled by the incomprehension of acts of ritual arouses curiosity about 'who, what and how' of the ritual-makers and their culture. In this respect, I begin with the simple act of ATTEMPTING to physicalise a particular body-posture or movement that appears to assist the transition into a trance state. It is the image of the 'in-ordinary' that I am trying to access and this is the point of departure. I leave an imaginative space for experimenting with different approaches to the physicality of spirit possession which I have witnessed, or read about in the writings of anthropologists like Jeanette de Benardi and Felicitas Goodman who have given a structured perspective into trance and ritual-making.

Witnesses and Audience members / blurring the demarcation of...

All of the above-mentioned processes collude with other phenomenological forces. Are audiences your collaborators? And what is the difference between an audience member and a witness? Asking someone to be a witness changes many aspects of performance, I think. When you call someone to witness something you are asking them to be present to a phenomenon.

This appears to shift their mindset away from the formulaic, to expect the unexpected, and to give them permission to not have to understand.

Performance is indeed something that really requires another presence. I often wonder what would happen if it could be creatures and plants instead of humans. Perhaps, all that is required for the phenomenon of performance to occur is merely the act of witnessing by another living presence. I see works that unravel without technological documentation to be the disappearing phenomena, sitting truly in the ephemeral,

where once that was part of the course. Perhaps if we perceive living witnesses to be the deeper documentors of creative activities works, it could create some balance to how live performance is experienced.

The witness is important for their capacity to feed back into the performance and there is something about the presence of a human being that is part of the structure. Witnesses offer alchemy to a performance, galvanising motivation and moral support.

Methods, Memories, Body-posessions



Considering my creative methods, I sometimes see performance as a form of ferocious active prayer which requires faith, but not the kind that is prescriptive. A system that can be torn apart and recreated again and again with the potential to question the narratives that we hold close, transforming the body into a vessel to access deeper forms of communication, opening to what remains unknown and elusive to us; a way of casting our unconscious into the light... Even as we are present in our bodies now, we extrapolate backwards to an imagined way of being, even as we wonder about the glimpses of how future generations may live. This accepts and factors in the fragmentation of stories over an extensive age, where the pondering and the peeling away process is perhaps about the uncovering of essential questions.

These questions are possibly the most important remains. They make up much of the background hum in my life, and form the trickling effect for my creative processes.

Image 1-2: Video stills from performance: Stories from the Body #1 (Indonesia), <https://vimeo.com/527209586>

Image 3: Video stills from performance: Stories from the Body #7 (Australia), <https://vimeo.com/527209586>

Image 4-5: Video stills from performance: Stories from the Body #3 (Australia), <https://vimeo.com/527209586>

Image 6: Video stills from performance: Stories from the Body #9 (Bangkok), <https://vimeo.com/527209586>

Circles, Overlapping

By Renee Allara

Often when one thinks of transformation or reinvention, it's coloured by popular culture's narrative of the instant change from the old to the new, with the wave of a wand or the make-over cut away scene. Quick, easy, painless.

This is rarely true.

Art and the community are not often thought of as intrinsically linked, or having the seeds of another's transformation held in their grasp, and yet this is what Cementa seeks to do.

My two passions in life are art and the community. Where I was supposed to stay in one lane or the other (and possibly stick to one degree or the other), I found this impossible to do. Both hold a fascination for me. To have these two meet – that is heaven.

When I first heard of this festival, held in a small country town; I was fascinated and I researched its history. I also looked at the festival itself and how and why it came to this place. Examining through the lens of someone who, I like to think, possesses empathy and who has worked within the community development context throughout suburban Sydney for more years than I will admit to. Yet, nothing prepared me for what was to come and how my outlook on my two great passions would shift fundamentally by travelling to a little town in country NSW, to make an artwork.

The brief was simple – create a work that is inspired by the town of Kandos. I already had great plans in my head of how I could go about making my work. How dynamic and inspiring it would be. How it would show everyone what a great maker I was. Of course, I had researched this little place and knew, just knew, what would fit and how it would be a feather in my cap.

Then I arrived and found it was not so simple – because how can one truly make their artwork representative of a community unless they start to understand that community on a deeper level? Not what I believed they were, but what they actually were.

So that is what I set out to do. I strolled into *Nanna's and Friends*, moved around the shop touching and admiring the Artisanal skill on display and knew, to the bottom of my soul, that I had to get to know these women. I *needed* to get to know these women. Further, I needed to get to know the real Kandos, the place that gave these women their drive and their passion.

That's where it started. I asked the ladies there who I should speak to, and I was pointed at Ellen.

Meeting her was an eye-opening wonder – I thought that I had gotten to know deeply about the community's wants and needs, and what it meant to engage with and inspire change in a community in my work. I was a babe in the woods.

What Ellen and the Nannas of Kandos have achieved in terms of community togetherness and keeping their community from imploding after the loss of the Kandos cement works that was the very reason the town came into existence in the first place, is flooring.

How these women engaged and worked side by side to make these textile wonders. Their sheer skill with textiles is truly spectacular and yet their nonchalant manner around these pieces was thoroughly bemusing.

It was not a one-off meeting that decided on what I would make for the festival. It was a series of moments with the people of this town that I engaged with. That they allowed me to engage with. Because as much as I was trying to get to know what made them tick, they were doing the same right back at me.

I went to the local ladies' craft groups after being invited. Which was an achievement in and of itself, as there is so much comradery and care amongst the women of Kandos, that they would never allow any of their number to be hurt or confronted by anyone they perceived to be condescendingly engaging rather than genuinely engaged.

I sat back (after stuffing myself with quite a few biscuits and cups of tea) and watched the amazing bond these women share and their sense of community obligation. I heard stories. Laughed at wicked jokes. At one stage I went for a ride in a big old Ute to see the closed cement works after one of the ladies of the group decided I needed to see it.

And, because I reached out, they took my hand.

I spoke to Ellen about community and what it meant. About knowing who was in need and connecting them to what they needed. About deeply caring about those around you.

To keep a town together. To prevent the town from dwindling and losing itself and being forgotten.

Ellen said that all the people there formed circles that were there for each other, but each of those circles overlapped to create a community.

That was what the community was: *circles, overlapping*.

Slowly the idea of a work started to brew. Over tea and biscuits and laughter and comradery. Anything I had thought before would be fit to represent this community was thrown out the window. I was so lucky that in my life I was taught by a Nanna to crochet when I was young. I have been doing it for years. It has always sat in my mind as a hobby. Not really part of my art practice. Something I did to relax. My idea of this shifted as well.

While I sat with these women and crocheted my piece that busied the hands and freed the mind to engage with the people around me, I shifted my view of what this type of making was. I watched these ladies praise each other's success on their pieces, model each other's work, and find such joy in sharing their ideas and skills, that I knew that I wanted to make a piece that drew the eye of festival goers to the artwork that is in the town year-round. The

artwork created by these women to sell in *Nanna's and Friends*, to support their town. To bring their community together and to keep their town, their passion, their connections alive.

I proposed my idea for my work, where if the ladies wanted, they could donate a crocheted flower to me so I could make a blanket to represent them.

Before long, my time was up, and I had to return to Sydney.

Lockdown hit and I could not go back as planned to Kandos. Then the package arrived. It was filled to bursting with flowers of every type, size and colour that the ladies had crocheted for me. Each unique as its maker. I cried.

When I returned to the festival with my blanket that had all these flowers arranged in circles that overlapped – I had a flurry of ladies come and point out which was theirs.

There was such pride and warmth and acceptance of the work that represented the story of a community that is so intrinsically linked together in such a beautiful way.

Where there had been a little tension about the motives of the festival, and the people who were part of it, from some of these ladies, and the feeling of being host too but not part of this event, there started to be excitement – at least from this circle – about what they could do and how they could be a part of it. They had engaged in a way that was different than before.

This is where I live and breathe. That moment when there is the creation of understanding.

This is what Cementa does. It is an artistic circle. In a town of other circles.

All of these Circles, overlapping.

RELEASE

THE RELEASE OF MEDIA
(NEW WORK)



RELEASE







In 2021, Darryl Kenneth found a pile of paints in a junk pile in Gosford NSW during COVID-19 lockdown; he has since painted over 100 paintings in his housing commission unit where he lives with his wife. These are several process photographs taken from a video documentary of Darryl's practice. Before this period of intense creativity, Darry worked as a cleaner and porter; now devoting all his time to painting. He signs all his 'untitled' paintings with the signature DM.

Screenshots from video footage by James Hazel

Project Title: The Monsterring

Script Title: Monsterring is the machines of our four lords, capitalism, colonialism, consumerism & christianity, just doing their wild thang!

YouTube: <https://youtu.be/gpTkbzxj1v8>



Blessed be little monsters!
I am Sister GlitterNullius – Nun of the Anthropocene

My calling is to superheroes, monsters, and something
I call Monsterring.

I exist as direct consequence of your immense
pollution of the Earth.

Quite like your immeasurable pollution of your digital
world.

Haven't you made an Anthropocene of that place too!

With your throw-away, single-use swipes, hashtags
and likes.

Your digital profile pollutions are micro-plastix in the
digital world.

The digitalocene! Mis-information era!

Quite a few monsters there, I'd prey!

Your digital pollution there, creates more pollution for
Nature, out here.

You humans, so addicted to your capitalist-
consumerist, psycho-social dysfunction.

You split your identity – flesh from meta-data.

Algorithm, pixelated, digitalised, polarised,
glamourised, advertised and cannibalised your
humanity into that digital world.

(Bennett, 2016)

(Bell, 2015; Hall, 1997; Britton, 2015; Haraway, 2016;
Latour et al, 2018, Todd, 2015; Tsing, 2017).

(Britton, 2015; Hammon, 2004; Haraway, 2016;
Latour et al, 2018; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017;
Yunkaporta, 2019)

(Edwards, 2020; Haraway, 2016; Latour et al., 2018;
Orlowski, 2020; Pontes, 2017; Solove, 2001,2021;
Sunstein, 2007; Zuboff, 2019).

(Edwards, 2020; Haraway, 2016; Latour et al., 2018;
Orlowski, 2020; Pontes, 2017; Solove, 2001,2021;
Sunstein, 2007; Zuboff, 2019).

(Edwards, 2020; Haraway, 2016; Latour et al., 2018;
Orlowski, 2020; Pontes, 2017; Solove, 2001,2021;
Sunstein, 2007; Zuboff, 2019).

(Cinnamon, 2018; Falkof, 2018; Hall, 1997; Latour
et al, 2018; Orlowski, 2020; Pontes, 2017; Solove,
2001, 2021; Sunstein, 2007; Zuboff, 2019).

Lost yourselves, lost your identity, even lost each other.
Have you all lost your minds!?
Lost your memory too?
Have you forgotten, you are the ONLY species on the planet,
With responsibility, more, urgently, the ability to save us all from apocalyptic extinction!

Apparently, there's a digital version of yourself out there - Google it!
God Google knows where your humanity went.

My D & A, infected by micro-plastix and they portray me as a monster
Not sure what they're afraid of... but if they need a monster,
Not the Gaga kind, too many superstars, not enough superheroes there...
I will answer the call!

Then we can activate your activism and the powers of the internet world to search, research, post and send the Anthropocene to permanent deletion!
Not sure I can help clean the toxic waste of your digitalocene though,
You should call IT.

(Cinnamon, 2018; Falkof, 2018; Hall, 1997; Latour et al, 2018; Orlowski, 2020; Pontes, 2017; Solove, 2001, 2021; Sunstein, 2007; Zuboff, 2019).

(Carlson & Frazer, 2018; Haraway, 2016; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017; Yunkaporta, 2019).

(Lyon, 2002; Orlowski, 2020; Solove, 2001, 2021; Sunstein, 2007; Zuboff, 2019).

Britton, 2015; Falkof, 2018, Hammond, 2004; Hall, 1997, Haraway, 2016; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017).
(Britton, 2015; Falkof, 2018; Hammond, 2014, Hall, 1997; Haraway, 2016; Tsing et al, 2017; Todd, 2015).
(Bell, 2015; Bennett, 2014; Hammond, 2004).

(Bell, 2015; Bennett, 2014; Carlson & Frazer, 2018; Hammond, 2004; Todd' 2015; Tsing et al, 2017).

(Bennett, 2014; Carlson & Frazer, 2018; Cinnamon, 2017; Edwards, 2020; Latour et al, 2018).

(Edwards, 2020; Orlowski, 2020; Solove, 2001, 2021; Sunstein, 2007; Zuboff, 2019).



Video: BCM 110 Assignment2: Juundaal Strang-Yettica, 08.05.2022, Audio: 00:00- 02.10 secs, recorded on Galaxy 21 Ultra 5G, Video: Richard Stalenberg, 2020, Editor: Riley Jones, YouTube: <https://youtu.be/gpTkbzj1v8> uploaded: 14.05.2022.

Annotated Bibliography: 1 – 4.

1. Bennett, Lucy, 2014, *'If we stick together, we can do anything': Lady Gaga, fandom, philanthropy & activism; Celebrity Studies*, Vol.5, Iss.1-2, p.138-152, accessed: April-May 2022.

Bennett's article explores pop-performer Lady Gaga's strategic use of social media platforms, particularly for building perceptions of closeness and relatability in her fan base. In this personal approach strategy, fan engagement is nurtured regularly by direct supportive messages, family photographs and personal-styled confessions on social media, deepening their perceived relationship equality with the pop icon. The article outlines relational dynamics between Gaga and her fans, whom she calls her Little Monsters, which reads like a deployed an outsider tribalism strategy. Determined by Gaga, the core values of the relationship are presented as, self-acceptance, social diversity acceptance, activism, citizen political power, charitable and civic engagement, providing the group a framework for purpose driven fandom-activism.

Bennett points out that social media profiles are contrived representations, set on the social media stage, where the object of fandom is perceived as an authentic everyday person, like their fans. While presentations of the recording artist inhabit other but equally public platforms. Bennett points out that social media platforms provide celebrities, points through which to affirm their fan base, while concurrently giving celebrities more control over their public persona, reputation, and their interactions with fans. Bennett's article does not identify Gaga's approaches as proven branding and marketing formulae, but I am left with the strong suspicion, they are. I find notions of stardom and fandom seriously problematic, especially when it seems they are cemented within, carefully constructed manipulations of real emotions of real people, in the physical world. We need more superheroes, less superstars.

2. Falkof, Nicky, 2018, *On Moral Panic – Some Directions for Further Development; Critical Sociology*, 2020, Vol.46(2), p.225-239, accessed:22.04.2022.

Falkof's article argues for review and an updated approach to how we think about and understand moral panic in the 21st Century. The article provides a brief history of moral panic concepts to the fields of sociology, psychology, communications, and politics, in the 1970's and notes key areas for review. Those key areas for recontextualising moral panic within the multimedia landscape review include accounting for the role and contribution people make to the layering of the moral panic narrative, which shapes the story driving the panic. Falkof's calls for review also include acknowledging the role of fear and centralising the affective elements of moral panic events through psychology frameworks. The article argues for a contemporary moral panic theory, contextualised within the mass media and popular culture climate that more clearly defines its conceptual underpinning. It also invites a more interdisciplinary development of the framework. Falkof's proposal identifies the need for more comprehensive analysis and understanding of the groups that initiate moral panic events and media platforms' role within those contexts. While collective behavioural responses to fear and social uncertainty, also require revision. I argue that the Anthropocene recontextualises every aspect of modern capitalist society therefore, as Falkof suggests, understanding more about social under-panic when the evidence demonstrates reasonable cause for alarm and action, is also crucial. If moral panics based upon untruths, spread like a virus then what impedes truth-based collective panic? Systems of capitalism such as the mass media monster, doing their monsterring, keeps people ignorant.

3. Hall, Stuart, 1997, *The Spectacle of the Other in Cultural Representations & Signifying Practices*, Chp.4, p.225-285; Sage in association: The Open University, England, accessed: 15-27.03.2022.

In this chapter Hall outlines power in representations of the Other and notes stereotyping as one strategy of symbolic violence, a tool deployed to maintain social inequality. He refers to stereotyping as a theoretical reconstruction embedded within the scholarship of the dominant culture. This chapter explains that representation functions on two diverse levels simultaneously, the conscious, overt level, and the unconscious, suppressed level of knowledge. Hall outlines there are binary structural elements to stereotyping mis- representations of the Other within the symbolic systems of knowledge and representation and that difference is important for naming and organising society. According to Hall,

difference carries multiple meanings within different texts, requiring we ask what meanings are beneath the initial representation. He also makes the point that difference raises questions about belonging and self-identification. Hall provides four theoretical perspectives, two from the field of linguistics, one anthropological and one psychoanalytic. As an Indigenous Australian, I have experience of being positioned as an Other and within my art practice I attempt to understand psycho-social motivators for human behaviour or inaction. Hall explains, the concept of the Other is key to construction of the self, which is the self as subject. So, if I understand the chapter correctly the Other, by its difference is that which the dominant culture determines itself. Making the Other, centre. The Other is at the centre of the internalised self as subject dilemma. This encompassing misrecognition or split of the self as subject, among other factors, leaves the subject to somehow always feel a sense of lacking or without-ness. What will become of them when the monsters come?

4. Edwards, Dustin W, 2020, *Digital Rhetoric on a Damaged Planet: Storying Digital Damage as Inventive Response to the Anthropocene*, Rhetoric Review, Vol.30:1, p.59-72, accessed: 13.05.2022.

In this article Edwards outlines what he refers to as digital damage (p.3), environmental implications of digital manufacturing, data growth, storage and produces counter narrative to Facebook's, clean and connected space myth. Edwards bases his approach to storying digital damage and the digital world's contributions to the Anthropocene, upon Donna Haraway's ideas of "staying with the trouble" (Haraway, 2016). He also acknowledges the significance of storytelling and Indigenous people's epistemologies of complex relations and interconnectedness of humans and nonhumans with the rest of nature. Edwards is proposing that the digital world and its effects upon the environment need to be stories told and contextualised within Anthropocene scholarship as a contributor to environmental demise. The article reports we have produced what is known as zettabytes of data that requires storage. Acknowledging that the digital world has permeated through every aspect of daily life in the capitalist world, its e-waste, manufacturing, infrastructure, and damage to the earth also needs acknowledgement. Edwards asserts the millions of data centres around the world require, water for cooling, air conditioning and the thirty billion watts of electricity to keep the data "alive" (p.62) and its interconnectedness with nature must be recorded and contextualised within the Anthropocene to raise our awareness and develop our urgent accountabilities to the natural world. Digital damage is the result of what Sister GlitterNullius calls, monsterring. They are actions of capitalist excesses that are causing environmental destruction.

End Annotated Bibliography

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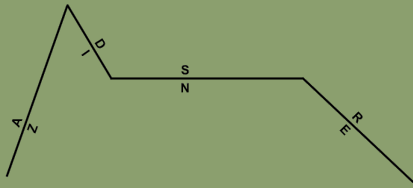
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ADSR Zine

[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 quarterly 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 80's and 90's experimental music and art publications (NMA, Sounds Australia, Real Time) which were platforms for creative and innovative solutions to writing and conceptualising experimental work.

TEAM

Zine Editors = James Hazel and Elia Bosshard

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