

Silence/Stories

WEB CONCEPT, DESIGN : RALPH LICHTENSTEIGER
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“Silence is a word which is not a word, and
breath an object which is not an object.”

— Georges Bataille

“The reason I am less and less interested in
music is not only that I find environmen-
tal sounds and noises more useful aesthetical-
ly than the sounds produced by the world’s
musical cultures, but that, when you get right
down to it, a composer is simply someone who
tells other people what to do. I find this an
unattractive way of getting things done.”

— John Cage, A Year from Monday

“For in this new music nothing takes place but
sounds: those that are notated and those that
are not. Those that are not notated appear in
the written music as silences, opening the doors
of the music to the sounds that happen to be
in the environment. This openness exists in the
fields of modern sculpture and architecture. (...)”

— John Cage, Silence, Lectures & Writings

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— one —

"A couple of years ago I sat listening to John Cage's string quartets as performed by The Arditti Quartet on Mode records. I had purchased them that afternoon. It was about 1:00 o'clock in the morning, and I live in a quiet neighborhood. The configuration of my stereo is such that I can not see the CD player or its display while I am listening. As a result, in pieces with protracted silences, I can not, at first listening, be certain when a particular recording has ended. I have no visual clues.

The house was quiet and after a few moments I noticed that I had not heard a violin for a while. As I wasn't sure the piece was ended, I began listening more intently. Sometimes, after all, John Cage's music contains long pauses and it can also be remarkably quiet. Gradually, I became aware of the sounds of my house: The low hum of the refrigerator, the fluorescent kitchen light and then, listening more intently still, the sounds from further away: Highway 36 and, very faintly, the ocean further beyond. It occurred to me that these sounds flowed from the music, and creating this expanded awareness of sound in the world was exactly what John Cage intended."

— A. P. Crumlish [<http://apc.bendofbay.org>]

— two —

"At the age of fourteen, I was working on my brother's farm in the mad frenzy to get the harvest in. The day had been very hot and very dry in a way that burned the moisture from your body. We had started in the early hours of the morning and now the sun was going down. As a city kid I was not used to working for such a long time and I was very weary. The rest of the workers would go on until the wee small hours of the morning to complete the work.

I decided to walk home alone through the low scrub of the Australian bush. The cloud cover overhead provided no light to see my way. I knew that if I stuck to the wheel rutted track I would eventually get to the house.

The country side was covered with a carpet of dense bushes to a height of little more than two metres. It was as black as the sky and it absorbed every sound. After the constant noise of the tractor all day the absence of sound was powerful and dramatic. How often does one become accustomed to an environmental sound and only hear it in retrospect when it suddenly ceases?

The absorption of sound by the ear-level bush was so complete that even my steps on the soil made no contribution to disturb the silence. When a distant kangaroo moved in the search for food the breaking of a stick carried above the scrub and sounded very close despite the actual distance. The sound made the hair on the back of my head stand out in terror.

Silence settled again and I walked on.

I was almost at the house and the area was becoming more familiar despite the intense dankness. I felt confident to walk off the path in a direct line to the house. Pushing my way through the thick barrier I was suddenly surrounded by very close and very loud explosions that terrified me through to my soul. I ran but the explosions followed me and were all around. I thought I was under attack.

I ran and ran back to the party of workmen at record speed.

Explaining my terror and my sudden return after an hour of walking I was greeted with smirks and gentle understanding laughter. I had walked into a stand of native bushes that, in the hottest part of the year, dry out and then explode to spread their seeds. The complete silence of the bush served to amplify the sounds by contrast and created a sound image that has lasted me for many years."

— Ian S. Macdonald

— three —

"For some twenty years I had a recording studio in Bloomsbury, central London, built into what had been an eighteenth century wine cellar, still with its original brick vaulting. It was by no means anechoic but it was well isolated and insulated, and fairly nonreflective. I often did paper work there alone and frequently became conscious of the two sounds that indicated that I was still alive."

— John Whiting

— four —

"Before my retirement from The University of Iowa in 2002, I would take the students in my audio courses to the University's large (and excellent) anechoic chamber, in the basement of the building that houses the Department of Speech Pathology and Audiology. These visits occurred at the end of each semester, and I would tell the students in advance about John Cage's visit to a similar facility at Harvard University (see Silence, p. 8).

Many accounts of Cage's visit to the Harvard anechoic chamber have long since passed into folklore (Cage: 'Anybody who knows me knows this story,' *A Year from Monday*, p. 134), but the crux of the issue is that Cage heard two sounds in that presumably 'silent room'—one, high, his 'nervous system in operation' [tinnitus], the other, low, his 'blood in circulation' [heartbeat]. I informed the students that from this discovery, Cage correctly proclaimed that there is no such thing as 'silence' within the range of normal human hearing.

I further informed my students that Cage's discove-

ry, even though that Harvard anechoic chamber event is difficult to pin down regarding exact dates, led him to present his famous Silent Piece also known as 4'33", during which only the sounds of the environment are heard. Therefore, my students were prepared to hear the 'sounds of silence' in the anechoic chamber, even though its purpose is for making audio measurements without echoes (= anechoic). But it IS an exceptionally quiet room, in addition to being highly absorptive from a sonic standpoint.

I limited the enrollment in my classes to eight students, so nine of us would arrive, unlock and open the extremely heavy door, and go in (with the lights turned on). I would then offer an explanation of the chamber and take questions. There was usually a single chair that could be placed on a 'catwalk' in the center of the space. I would ask the students if they wished to go in one at a time and sit in the chair, alone, in the dark. All of the students always accepted the idea, so I would turn off the lights after each was situated, for a one to two minute stay.

Over a period of several years the students invariably reported the same auditory phenomena that Cage 'heard'—tinnitus and heartbeat. Some students were rather frightened by this level of sensory deprivation and were glad to leave. Others, often young male members of local bands, were surprised by their high levels of tinnitus, prompting a 'sermon' on my part that they should protect their hearing: 'We don't have earlids.'

One student (a lady composer) liked the experience of quiet, darkness, and solitude so much that she made regular appointments to visit the chamber and sit alone, for hours at a time, on a periodic basis.

Her visits may have been prompted by the remarks of one of the speech pathology/audiology professors who occasionally accompanied us on our visits. At the university where he was a graduate student, he spent the night, sleeping in the quiet darkness, in that facility's anechoic chamber.

One male composition student asked an rather 'philosophical' question about perception on one visit: if he were alone in the chamber in the dark, could he tell the difference if he brought his hand up close to his face (which he couldn't see) and then let it rest again by his side? I told him that one of my predictions would be that he might have a heightened awareness of the blinking of his eyes, because the sounds of his blinking would be reflected back to his pinnae from his hand in front of his face rather than being absorbed within the chamber. Also, his hand would be warmer than the room temperature, and (no offense intended), he would probably smell his hand.

After his solitary experience, he agreed that he did perceive these events in the manner that I suggested, and as a result, ALL of his perceptive experiences were heightened while in the chamber."

— Lowell Cross

"I grew up in the state of Minnesota, in the United States. Minnesota is famous for the number of lakes it has, and for how cold its winters are. We spent winter vacations ice fishing. Ice fishing is so important in Minnesota, and it stays so cold for so long, that people set up entire villages out on the ice. Fish shacks that slept four, six, eight or more were clustered around the lake, general stores were set up, even a make shift post office. We'd spend the whole week or two weeks out on the ice and never need to come off the lake for anything.

With so many people out there doing so many loud things (driving snowmobiles and trucks, power-augering holes in the ice, and just generally being social) the quiet would never really become complete.

Until night time, when the whole lake fell asleep. I was 8 years old. I woke up one morning about 3 a.m. and went outside to pee. It was about 20 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), there wasn't a cloud in the sky and the air was absolutely no wind. The moon was not bright, but the stars against the white of the snow on the ice made it bright enough for me to see, barely.

The ice was frozen four feet thick. The lake was about two and a half miles across at its longest, and about a mile across at its narrowest. It had been below zero for weeks. The ice was freezing deeper and deeper, which caused pressure in the ice to increase to a point that would create fissures, and occasionally ruptures. Usually this happened near shore, but could, and did, occur anywhere on the lake.

I stood out on the ice, and just as I about to go back into the warmth of the fish shack, I was overwhelmed by the total silence around me. It felt like the air around me was pressurized and pushing in on me, like even my thoughts were muffled. I could hear the urgent rasp of my breath (and see it in dense plumes). My steps made twist-crunch sounds on the snow, but if I stopped—and held my breath—I was the only thing alive in the whole cold universe. My heartbeat chanted lub-dub in my left ear.

I felt the crack before I heard it, subsonic. A pressure crack in the thick ice had formed and started to run. Low and grumbling, it came towards me. It took a full twenty seconds for it to pass off to my right, like a train. The glacial groan Doppler-shifted subtly as it went.

It was gone. I was alone once more on the silence of a frozen lake, in the middle of a wilderness, with only my lub-dub heart. In between the beats there was nothing. Nothing."

— Dan Waber

— six —

"The following poem was written after an interview with a Chilean woman who had been kidnapped, imprisoned, interrogated, tortured and then released after years of not knowing where she was. She relieved the boredom by composing a single perfect sentence each day and then taking all day to repeat it. Torture relieved the boredom until she could stand it no longer. The poem was used as the text of an improvised experimental work involving sound, silence, mime and story telling performed at Charles Sturt University in New South Wales.

Silent Prisoner

Images slowly endlessly filling
the recesses of a careful mind
calculating words of well rehearsed sentences
filling the walls of time
like graffiti on a passing train
Imagination contracted
making molehills out of mountains
repeating each thought
with the skill of the hajjin
paring away the superfluous character
distilling each thought and action
to the barest essentials

Sounds echoing from unknown spaces
damned interruptions in the silence of the mind
spell broken by footsteps of reality
measuring briskly the heartbeats of non-recorded
time
retreating again to the immeasurable silence
of the hundred thousandth performance of the same
thoughts

Moments of terror
searing pain of torture
providing blessed relief
from the boredom of time
Bleeding wounds inflicted by gods in uniforms
confirming that life exists beyond
the confines of the mind

Clarity restored with thoughts racing
filling the spaces between the words
and the spaces between the spaces
Demands producing results
gods appeased by what they want to hear
satisfied for now
return to boredom

Images slowly endlessly filling
the recesses of a careful mind
calculating words of well rehearsed sentences
filling the walls of time
like graffiti on a passing train"

— Ian S. Macdonald
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— seven —

"Silence — I have never experienced silence - not ever. This makes me a non-believer in the existence of silence. I would even go so far as to say that silence is the stuff of teenage movies.

Silence is a myth, or, better, a fairy tale that people search for in order to escape from the interminable noise, inside of them and surrounding them.

When a person writes about that wonderful, soul-awakening, vision-stirring, mind-transforming experience of silence, he/she is writing propaganda.

Do not trust anyone who writes about their encounter with silence.

Particularly if they use erudite, arcane language and imagery to articulate their experience.

This is only to intimidate you and make themselves seem larger-than-life and that they have experienced or seen the Holy Grail.

Do not believe them. Do not trust them. Do not follow them.

Banish their words from your mind.

Surrender yourself to the noise!"

— August Highland [Images A]
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— eight —

"Silence Is — blueprints staggers arbiters: silence is stonemason. comprehensive proclaims introductory: silence is rip: silence is landscape. intergovernmental fluency arrests: silence is keyhole. by using: silence is midst. a singular god: silence is sprung. craftsmanship took torpedo: silence is guideline. courtship tenor detainment: silence is spatial: silence is noble. tianamen elicits dexterous: silence is heritable. gangster consideration outpour: silence is projector. outcomes heaping syntax: silence is triune. seas the appears: silence is deeper lungs: silence is fled. vasoline luminosity beret: silence is type. the line of cohesion: silence is shifter. martyrdom population limerick: silence is projector. outcomes heaping syntax: silence is codfish. imprisonment bidding policy: silence is workload. prodding upfront balls: silence is inside. comical givens observers: silence is inversion. from physical life: silence is pivotal. hits hard at: silence is felt. is obsidian. aims congress nunnery: silence is rainfall. in terms of: silence is resistor. are big words: silence is spacious. secretive and longings: silence is eidetic. overview emanates transvestites: silence is psyche. had business there: silence is poetry. presenting and structured: silence is estimates: silence is keyhole. by using: silence is volcano. generate deviant thoughts: silence is intersect. trolled sounding oriented: silence is treatise. its own version: silence is quote. relationship and emphatically: silence is santa. and structured: silence is whome-

ver. prototype numbers pretexts: silence is globulin. consumption manifesto frangible: silence is extant. a scene: silence is concurrent. beneath still stand: silence is volcano. generate deviant thoughts: silence is barbarian. barriers broadly bush: silence is balm. spice up history: silence is nullify. sources and emphatically: silence is goldfish. sharply rising demented: silence is martian. appearance of meetings: silence is value: silence is intellect. turbine scope serviceman: silence is insomniac. female process pretend: silence is edges: silence is value: silence is fluster. gunpowder to endorse: silence is beautiful. the sneakers: silence is windowsill. agent of meetings: silence is insomniac. female process pretend: silence is timetable. universe is bond. velocity is lynx. logos exchanges scrubbing: silence is inventive. unwanted and traumatized: silence is assemblage. closeted truth cheerleaders: silence is emitter. sugarplum manequin dances: silence is quote. relationship and autobiographical: silence is pinball. absolutism murals notebooks: silence is diagnose. more the line between: silence is volcano. generate deviant thoughts: silence is isomorph. only to the founding myth: silence is sonant. shortly lantern scapegoat: silence is diction: silence is rivet. wells go back: silence is roadside. able to reject both: silence is gravid. airplanes birthing chanteuse: silence is santa. and brighter fun: silence is absentia. real life drama: silence is armpit. instance liberation reich: silence is coherent. choice of petrol: silence is attorney. collapse is saturday. density is chafe. than polka dot: silence is dementia. colleagues of getting: silence is handclasp. vanishing ex frequency composers dungeon: silence is shelter. to move: silence is menu. cheesy final ends: silence is courteous. justice ferrys harmful: silence is zero: silence is alto. aesthetician revolution synthesis: silence is bloodshot. be carried out: silence is fluster. gunpowder to conform: silence is atonal. exhalation impending tempered: silence is british. stipulations knowledgeably hypertextual: silence is seminar. battlegrounds manage hints: silence is mouth. to roses: silence is keyboard. venture into the boldest putdown: silence is berkeley. thimble of harmony: silence is furthest. narcissistically downplays unspoiled: silence is attorney. collapse is timetable. universe is fictive. fortification contention transitional: silence is intellect. turbine scope serviceman: silence is starch. cages every autumn: silence is familial.”

— August Highland
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— nine —

“STILLE — Begegnung mit John Cage — Im Frühjahr 1988 sollte im Wiener Konzerthaus ein so genanntes Gesprächskonzert mit John Cage stattfinden, um den umstrittenen Komponisten in Wort und Klang dem Publikum zu präsentieren. Ein neueres Werk wollte man dabei zur Aufführung bringen: ‘Music for...’ in einer Fassung für bunt gemischtes Kammerensemble. Da jedoch keiner der Musiker mit dem Material des Stückes etwas anzufangen wusste, wurde ich gefragt, ob ich bei der Einstudierung behilflich sein könnte. Mit Freuden sagte ich zu, arbeitete ich zu dieser Zeit bereits an der Vorbereitung zu einem großen CAGE-Projekt, bei dem in allen Sälen

des Konzerthauses verschiedenste Fassungen des ‘Klavierkonzertes’ gespielt werden sollten. Ich war also vollkommen ‘on track’, und die Aussicht, den Meister höchstpersönlich kennenlernen zu dürfen, erfüllte mich mit grosser Freude.

Die Erwartung war gross, als Cage zur Generalprobe erschien: ein stilles, zerbrechliches Männchen im blauen Mao-Jackett; ganz anders, als ich ihn mir aufgrund seiner Texte und seiner Musik vorgestellt hatte. Auch unter den Musikern verbreitete sich eine gewisse Anspannung, denn jeder wollte seine Sache so gut wie möglich machen und sich keine Blösse geben. Die Angst war unbegründet. Cage war äusserst zuvorkommend und freundlich – kein Wort der Kritik kam über seine Lippen. Gemeinsam mit dem Pianisten vertiefte er sich in die Präparierung des Klaviers, dessen Saiten mit Bogenhaaren angestrichen werden sollten und gab dazu hilfreiche Anweisungen. Besonders beeindruckt aber war er vom Spiel des Posaunisten, der – das wussten wir alle – nichts davon hielt, dem akribisch notierten Text genau zu folgen und diesen stattdessen als Improvisationsvorlage benutzte.

Als Moderator für dieses Konzert war Heinz-Klaus Metzger eingeladen worden, der den Abend mit einer spitzfindigen philosophischen Befragung des Materialbegriffs einleitete und nach einer Viertelstunde schliesslich den ruhig neben ihm auf der Bühne verweilenden Komponisten die Frage stellte, woher denn eigentlich die Klänge kämen, mit denen er operierte. – Cage war sich offensichtlich der Doppelbödigkeit dieser tiefsinnigen Frage nicht bewusst, denn er gab nach einer kurzen Schrecksekunde nur: ‘I suppose from the instruments’ zur Antwort, was schallendes Gelächter im Publikum zur Folge hatte und den sprachgewandten Theoretiker verstummen liess. Damit war auch das Gespräch gelaufen, und die Musik begann.

Es war eines der schönsten und berührendsten Konzerte, die ich seit langem gehört hatte: obwohl die einzelnen Stimmen miteinander nicht synchronisiert waren und der Notentext sich Zufallsoperationen verdankte, vermittelte sich mir der Eindruck höchster Gestaltung bei grösster Offenheit und Freiheit. Keine Spur von Beliebigkeit oder Langeweile – alles war stimmig und schien seinen Platz zu haben.

Die wohltuende Stille, die dieser Mann verbreitete, wurde mir auch beim anschliessenden Abendessen deutlich. Man begab sich – auf Einladung der Wiener Konzerthausgesellschaft – in ein makrobiotisches Restaurant namens ‘Siddharta’ (paradoxiertweise am Wiener Fleischmarkt gelegen), da Cage sich nur auf diese Art ernährte. Eine lärmende Horde fiel in dieses Lokal ein und delectierte sich an Creationen wie ‘Dreierlei Variationen von Paradeisern’ und anderen Köstlichkeiten, bei deren Namensgebung die Nouvelle Cuisine Pate gestanden haben muss. Nur John Cage sass still an seinem Eckplatz und studierte betrübt die Speisekarte. ‘There is nothing that I can eat from this menu’, flüsterte er mir zu und deutete auf die Speisen, die ausnahmslos Nachtschattengewächse enthielten, die er nicht essen konnte. Schliesslich holte ich den Koch, der nichts anderes anzubieten hatte als eine Schüssel braunen Reis, die Cage dann auch ass, zusammen mit einem grossen Glas Wodka.

Nach dem Essen begleiteten meine Frau und ich John Cage zu seinem Hotel, und ich war tief berührt von seiner Bescheidenheit und Demut, die in eklatantem Widerspruch zu dem stand, was sich im Diskurs um ihn herum aufgebaut hatte. Stille – das war bei ihm keine Attitüde, keine kämpferische Antithese (wie bei manchen seiner Exgeten), sondern absichtslose Realität. So wie er die Klänge zu sich selbst kommen liess, 'ohne sie für Gefühle oder Ordnungsvorstellungen zu missbrauchen', so lebte er diese Stille mit jeder Faser seines Lebens. Damit erfüllte sich in Cage die alte Forderung der Avantgarde, dass Kunst und Leben keine Gegensätze mehr seien, sondern eins werden."

— Karlheinz Essl

— ten —

Behind everyone's speech he heard the sound of popcorn crunching. [17]

A sequence of Epiphanies is like an hallucinogenic drug, the experience of which modifies your experience of time. [19]

The secret of his success at producing so much art was that he enjoyed staying home. [19]

As the musicians were playing various beats, they were either incompetent or had different scores. [21]

Flooding water differs from us people in traveling across the land without benefit of a map. [23]

Not in a million years would another million years like these come again. [23]

How long will it take before you acknowledge that a single-sentence fiction should be considered a short story? [23]

How can you tell for sure if your art is getting better—whose opinion should you trust? [23]

Nothing is as inimitable as perfection. [24]

Learn from the mistakes of others; you can never live long enough to make them all yourself. [25]

He took the pledge of silence, sooner than tell another lie to inquisitors who could not be turned away. [28]

The silence of the woods at night generated more fear than the noisy crowds of the city. [31]

Everything in Epiphanies, even statements of my purposes, is scrupulously fictional. [39]

Never will the creation of Epiphanies come to an end. [41]

One reason why Epiphanies is so choppy is that, during the course of writing it, I had an executive job by day and a janitorial job by night. [41]

He could talk interminably with infectious enthusiasm

about "the integrity of silence." [47]

The violin she played had the sound of a piano. [52]

Everything changes—inevitably, eventually and unalterably. [55]

Our situation changed from silence to presence to patience to violence. [57]

The voice sounds like mine, though the words do not. [91]

Don't mix a cow's milk with a bull's semen. [93]

Assault ugliness with arrays of mirrors. [96]

He slept better in the daytime, after everyone else had gotten up and gotten out. [101]

Lying down to write more Epiphanies, his head on a pillow, he found them pouring forth onto paper in an expected rush, or should it be "flush." [102]

Fiction is first of all fabrication. [103]

Why is my telephone bill filled with charges for calls made when I was away? [122]

Civilization will survive, believe me, even though the weather remains, as you notice, so ominous day after day. [123]

When such pleasures have exhausted us, we think we might have exhausted pleasure. [124]

What I as an author would rather not have in fiction is not in Epiphanies. [128]

Minimalism is as much a motif in my art as excessive extravagance. [128]

He wrote beginnings and endings before filling in the body of the story. [129]

Some of these Epiphanies are based on things that happened to me; others to things that didn't (and could never) happen to me. [129]

You could characterize the imagination informing Epiphanies as "extravagant minimalism." [129]

The wax of a row of Chanukah candles was dripping onto his bald head. [130]

The practice of loneliness drove me crazy, as did the vow of poetry. [131]

99% of his writing is ephemeral; for the remainder he had the possibility of immortality, at least among a few readers. [132]

She could not approach strangers without blushing herself into silence. [133]

The church had a new altar constructed within the space of a previous Christian sanctuary, all of it built

within the shell of an abandoned synagogue whose walls, alas, could not speak. [134]

Someone who is nothing still casts a shadow. [135]

There is only one second between “is” and “was.” [136]

I never want to—no, want never to—die. [137]

If these stories should be considered efforts at revealing the truth, only the reader can definitively decide if that goal was reached. [137]

Each sentence here should be rich and sufficient enough to stand alone. [138]

This fiction is closer, in certain respects, to recent music and recent painting than it is to anything currently taught as “literature.” [138]

Epiphanies need not be read continuously; there is nothing intrinsic in the work to prevent the reader from jumping around. [138]

In art, new forms initiate new experience, rather than vice versa. [139]

The principal effect of Epiphanies is the experience of fiction. [139]

The mark of poetry is compressed statement; the measure of fiction is the creation of an internally consistent world. [140]

Innovative art succeeds only when it offers perceptual experiences unavailable elsewhere. [140]

It is no easier to be perfectly conventional in art than it is to be completely original. [140]

Critics have contrasted the traditional linear fiction which has an arch-like plot with the epiphany story which has a revelatory climax just before the conclusion with the formally flat story in which no part stands out from the others and yet its theme is always present. [140]

The more carefully he read the poem, the less coherent it seemed or perhaps the less he understood. [140]

A story is a series of events progressing to an end. [141]

Nothing in my previous experience prepared me to live with thirty-six cockroaches in the same room. [141]

My mother insisted that I wasting my time writing stories that neither she nor her friends could read. [141]

This might be the densest fiction, with the greatest number of events and scenes per page, that any of you have ever read. [143]

I like Epiphanies for its unending leaps in time and

space, as well as style and tone; in this respect at least, it is perhaps unlike any other fiction ever written. [151]

One could write a musical Epiphanies of just climactic passages that were drawn from various musical styles and then separated from each other by silences; a painterly or sculptural analogue would be more problematic. [156]

He always talked to his parrot as he wrote poetry; she was his first “reader” and, if only for his silences, his most astringent critic. [157]

She talked with the desperation of someone who found silence an intolerable void. [173]

He preferred modern music to classical and the sounds of the city to those of nature. [174]

The most interesting part of my literary autobiography, my readers tell me, is my confession of a congenital inability to write any story longer than a single sentence. [183]

Every time I discover a work of art within myself I get a special thrill. [184]

— Richard Kostelanetz
Excerpt from EPIPHANIES an assortment/choice
of Ralph Lichtensteiger
[typographically correct version, images B]

— eleven —

If you like to read Beat Streuli’s story please open this : Story [image C]

— twelve —

The Domestication of the Voice
By Raymond Federman

What one hears in a work of art [whether literature, music, or painting even, because music and painting speak to us as much as literature]. It’s a voice we hear—always a voice—and this voice that speaks our origin [the nothingness whence we came before we uttered our first word], speaks at the same time our end [the nothingness towards which we are crawling].

In this sense, the voice is at the same time birth [or resurrection] and death [or transfiguration]. The voice is what resists the nothingness that precedes us and the nothingness that confronts us—or to say it more poetically—the breath whose domestication in the throat of the human animal created the voice that engendered the conscious and moral [or immoral] mystical beast that we are tells the whole human adventure.

Therefore, my voice, in this sense, is my human adventure. When I speak, whether I say something true or false, or something intelligent or stupid, I am telling myself.

That's about all I can say about my voice. Except that when I speak English I have a pronounced French accent. An accent, I confess, carefully cultivated for social and sentimental reasons.

Bilingual as I am, I have often been told that when I speak French it sounds like English, and when I speak English it sounds like French. Especially in the way I make my sentences. My syntax seems foreign in both languages. I suppose it's because of the rhythm I give to the phrases and words I speak. My way of arranging the word when I speak them. Or write them. The somewhat incoherent cadence of my voice, certainly corresponds to the cadence of my life, since my voice speaks my life. So, one could say that I speak myself in two languages at the same time without making any distinction between the two. Except that, I think, my English voice is deeper, graver than my French voice. More serious also. Whereas my French voice, I've been told, sounds funny and typically Parisian.

To conclude, all I can say: I speak therefore I am. But one day, as my old friend Sam used to say, I'll manage to shut up, barring an accident.

© 2004 by Raymond Federman
MORE LOOSE SHOES & SMELLY SOCKS [3]
Fragments of Writing (1999-2004)
Please read the 2nd story by Raymond Federman:
[supplement I]

— thirteen —

POLYNOISE — The intermedia of noise is visual noise, architectural noise, radio & tv noise, movement noise, information noise, historical noise, word noise & maybe sound noise. Every possible composite is only more evidence of the permanent permutation of qualitative noise. Divided by intrinsic differentials one noise bombarded against its opposite will not produce an anthem. The noisiest anthem imaginable is the sound of all sounds. Nothing dare be excluded from a matter of fact description of the sonosphere.

One must raise the question "does the present human aural anatomy efficiently assimilate every imaginable noise at all time?" Certainly the ear & its parts are minutely capable of processing, but the socialized brain socket might be suspect, after so many years of being taught to gather & listen in an orderly, perceptible & linear fashion, which could only parallel ignoring as much as is attended to. The brain receptor literally screens & selects the audio spectrum, choosing only the most desirable sound information, & banishing the unwanted noise to be forgotten. so it is the internal apparatus which is designed to malfunction in these post-Cageian y(ear)s. The human is stuck with a brain that is too full to begin with; compressed, compacted, condensed. Its subjective formulation had induced a profound dystrophy, a condition of late 20th century behavior. Incessant rumination has left the brain hollow & unable to function with

spontaneity & simultaneity. The critique of civilized man's reaction to noise is formidable, yet often there is even a struggle to enter the discourse from the beginning since noise is almost always unwanted. So the critique begins with perceptive reorganization, establishing an active vocabulary/language of noise which would allow it maximum utility. Particularly its harshest components such as volume, chaos, distortion, feedback, static, drone, etc need be viewed as enduring, or even as a form of global resolution. That indeed noise is the very nature of existence itself & it is the vast formula of planetary celebration. It needn't be pedestalized nor removed. Let's offer the prospect that absolute theoretical silence is noise, as well. Beyond noise is something more dangerous & powerful & that is psychic interference, information dyslexia, cultural virus, amnesia &c. These neuro-states exist at the edges of noise consciousness, wholly unexplored & contemporary phenomena. Again the negative connotation is derogatory but this may be because they have parallel qualities which are destructive or constructive. So the model of the human cognitive apparatus is a spiral whose components continue further into the unspecified & subtle topology of the mind. Noise has always been a figment of the mind, the embodiment of beyond sense. (The Russian futurists had a word for beyond sense; ZAUM, which referred to a trans-rational language.)

To describe globularity without noise as an essential resource is no longer possible. Civilization has now exhausted most of its non-renewable energy & has invested nothing toward technology appropriate to the conversion of noise into an international energy & initiative. Simply for the global exchange of information, noise is conspicuously apropos. Beyond dialect yet suggestively communicable, it is a direct transmission, acculturated to specific ambiguity. It speaks to or thru a possible understanding, catalyzing disparate info & imagery. Categorical noise is a program of thoughts, conceptual noise is an imaginative omnibus of investigations. An impoverished listener would likely become numb to the invariability & the repetitive, would sleepwalk endlessly & think in predictable motor rhythms. A concerted attention to noise phenomena would defeat that spell, offer a propulsion within the interior of hyper action. The affectation of noise inseminates a non-emotional life force.

Polymedia of noise is captivated from random capitulation, from personal control of problematic layers of hearing. One is dunked into a sink or swim situation from birth. There is an immediate buoyancy, it is possible to steer one's way into an understanding of sonic occurrence. All sounds are disjointed but may also coincide if given enough space to breath.

ALL NOISY: a treatise postpolitic

All heard noise the very first time. Opinion, judgment & taste precede recognition & observation, so all are taught that hearing is a superficial mannerism, like eating temporarily resolves the pang of hunger.

All hear noise as environmental phenomena, a parachute of sonorities has created all under greenhouse

conditions, spawning a head of white-noise, from infancy to intellectual & physical extension. All noisy stimulants have been reduced to the mental furniture of a many layered floor plan. They are continuously arranged & rearranged in obliquely, but unthought out schema, so as to minimize their/its intrusion upon everyday.

NOISY is a four letter word & all must all be made to feel guilt for performing amid its debacle. All's perspective discourse excludes noisy philosophy. Noisy memory cultivates the Babylonian anti-spectacle of bygone millennium.

"Noise courts distrust & friction, behavioral schizophrenia & irrational haste." The most unwanted byproduct of population is noise. Its want & utility have imploded within its availability. That noise is a weed to be plowed under, for hope of a flower later, that a planet so wealthy with a resource that is pungent with chaotic bits of info could rhetorically sacrifice it to the distant surroundings, to the recent past. Noise is a food like oxygen, or is a piece of information like the mail, or an emotional gamut such as crying or fucking.

Noise has entered our waking conscience, forcefully & can not be relinquished to the un/sub conscience. There lies within noise a manner of empowerization that is both organic & suggestive. By an external manipulation of erotic desirability, by a concentrated rehearsal of memory, of the most complete & instantaneous global recollection. Noise constitutes all that remains undigested, confused & in opposition. At the beginning of the 2nd millennium the properties of noise include as its subset consonance & rhythm since they are no longer obtainable in their original purity.

No virgin harmony remains unspoilt by the ravages of industrial continuity. Noise is the diamond of the future, mined & recycled for its luster, for its clues to the nature & construction of infinity. Noise reproduces in all directions with nucleic passion, with spidery unpredictability.

The race is paralyzed by volume, loudness, amplitude, shouting, explosions; every sonic initiative is yet another blur of distortion.

Inner Noisversation

"There is no such thing as experimental music, which is a fond utopia; but there is a very real distinction between sterility and invention. The ostriches demonstrate to us the existence of danger —with their heads tucked under their folded wings." — Pierre Boulez

Russolo: Accumulating a philosophy of noise that doesn't idolize monotony & boredom approaches a radical response to the imitation of industrial culture. One could only await the construction of noise neologue, perhaps akin to the contrivance of Webern's 12 tone endless permutations....

Antheil: A bomb of discrete sounds evasively amplified & implanted out of sight in parks, bus stops, hallways,

highway rest areas & any non-implemented public arena would access the global soundscape to masses of the unsuspecting.

Russolo: The subliminal after effects would be perfectly alarming!

Antheil: Repoliticizing noise as a tool of subterfuge & indictment is consistently ignored. Compare a demonstration with people banging pots & pans to a demonstration with noise conspirators recreating the chaos of warfare & political turmoil, of ubiquitous riot & radio interference.

Russolo: The subliminal after affects would be perfectly alarming! Without hedging toward any manner of resolution, there is the tendency to want to make noise identifiable, digestible in the way that a song is consumed & I think that this urge strips the potential moving force of noise from its context. The sound of a dog barking or a car screeching to a halt are harmlessly absorbed by cognition. Nothing about the listening mechanism of the brain is altered. Now a 100 layers of independent noise material implanted at the base of a being's skull would initiate a complete rearrangement of molecular structure.

Antheil: ...microscopic & subatomic investigations into the sounds of plants, color astronomy, unplayed musical instruments, fetal environment, entropy & energy, computer chips, organs & muscles, human emotion & psychic disturbances, etc. The research is yet to begin. It is a science where clarity & confusion, object-relationships & transduction are one in the same.

Satie: You should be reminded that the word "noise" comes from the word nausea or in Latin *nautia* which is the word for seasickness. The essence both have in common is that of vertigo, of shifting & uncertainty. Be aware that history has coded a very negative connotation into the word, a virtual swear word, a disclaimer. Its representation demands an integration of esteem.

CHILDREN OF NOISESPEAK

Babesqueak.

One after another children break loose; to have been held down by audio control, unweaned & probing a vast sound complex.

Speechnoise eludes their very understanding, they are a spell unto themselves.

There is no clear way to scramble environmental conditioning, but a child's psyche emerged in a bucket of continually changing noise will abruptly create a squall of its own.

Noise for noise sake is a misnomer, the screeching feedback of kid versus kid is not a sour profanity, but the inevitable intercourse of youth force.

Children are broadened endlessly by difference.

To treat as affliction, or crumple the quest of their

babble would only quell their effect.

Ringling the hollow air with every possible infiltration, a playground is a mercenary sound field.

A recorded sample could easily become a bull elephant trumpeting.

Audio reality is a vastly interchangeable spectrum, the noise sculptor could competently wield a hurricane or bee-buzzing with forecast, precision & vibratory incandescence.

In this manner the whimpering & screams of a youngun become manipulated into the bellicose oratory of a politician.

Each sound promises its opposite.

Without noise, a child would be face to face with the wall of conformity & death.

Or without noise, not be capable of expressing the differences which are inimical to their character.

By scraping all extremes of sound, global expressions are possible at a very early age.

Sophistication is inevitable with international noise correspondence.

A scream, a gunshot, a wolfhowl, a rainfall create a multiple field of comprehensions beyond that of any formal language.

— Miekal And

“POLYNOISE; Information Abstracts for the ElectroMagnetic Spectacle”, 1987
© by Miekal And | Notes

— fourteen —

la porte / the door | Die Tür

en-deça de la porte
qu'y a-t-il ?
au-delà de la porte
qu'y a-t-il ?
dans la porte
qu'y a-t-il ?
du bois de chêne ?
des chaînes en bois ?
où est la clef éperdue ?
pourquoi est-elle perdue ?
comment la retrouver ?
et où la chercher ?
question de la question
exiger du silence
“parle !” ou je te tue
à coups de temps qui passe
à coups de coups marqués
trois fois c'était assez
quatre cent fois c'est trop !

[diesseits der Tür
was ist da?

hinter der Tür
was ist da?
in der Tür
was ist da?
Eichenholz?
Eichen aus Holz
wo ist der verlorene/[distraught]
Schlüssel?
warum wurde er verloren?
wie findet man ihn wieder?
und wo soll man ihn suchen?
Fragen über Fragen
es fordert Ruhe
“Sprich!” oder ich töte dich
mit Zeitschlägen, die vergehen
mit Schlägen von aufgezeichneten
Schlägen
drei mal war genug
vierhundert mal ist zu viel!

Translation/Übersetzung: Katrin Raehse

— Tamara Lai

© 2000 by Tamara Lai · tell a mouse...

— fifteen —

In 1963, in New Orleans, Cage and Tudor, along with some electronics, contact mics, etc. contacted a few of us to collaborate with them in a series of concerts. The music was that of Cage, Tudor and Ichianagi. It was decided that I was to play an ancient pedal pump organ in Ichianagi's Sapporo. The other piece on the first concert was Cage's Atlas Eclipticalis with Winter Music. Just before the performance we discovered that the pump organ had no inside mechanism, therefore was essentially a silent instrument. Cage surveyed the situation and almost instantly offered a solution saying “It's an unscheduled opportunity to have James play this particular organ in the Ichitanagi piece because it will be the first 'extended' version of a secretly silent piece.”

This was Cage at his most theatrically inventive and humorous. After the performance Cage addressed me with “wasn't that simply marvellous? Not a peep was heard, but the audience apparently enjoyed not hearing you.” (laughter)

— James Drew

Composer/Pianist/Playwright
Greywolf Performing Arts Institute

— sixteen —

There is a lost science of unit!
ing sounds to uncode-al picture!
s[ways the erratic opened line!
provokes unbridled removalment o!
f the tongue behind the lips] W!
e clutch our unearthed invitati!
ons[we reactivators[to sound !
out all textile somethings just!
as our bodies find sounds to me!
an them][Or would we say the me!
ans to sound them? Vernacular o!
ften escapes us]] At its poles[!
uncode signifies noise-vacuum's!
sparking silence and all noises!
blurtd blurred, deep static bo!
th] We are urged to significant!
immediacy[noising now the aura!
lities of particular graphical!
ties as some optic qualities r !
reflected into our eyes and por!
ousy skin] Some becoming open c!
conduits as to channel sparklin!
g the wave-particles of form th!
at they may gush forth spilling!
from proprioceptivities which i!
n this way need no illuma for w!
hat is sound without visio? Sou!
nd always and only] Supposing w!
e only leak? Then we by all meal
ns don't repair the faucet[the!
irregular drips dripping drippi!
ng to give us textua at night al
s we code um fleeting textures !
unnamed from statics spectruma]!
We ask only that our words inci!
te us to motions[that our moti!
ons incite us to sounds[that o!
ur sounds incite us to motions[!
that our motions incite us to s!
ounds[that our sounds incite u!
s to motions[that our motions !

— Justin Katko
© 2004 by Justin Katko

— seventeen —

Many years ago I attended a recital at the University of Illinois concert hall. John Cage was composer-in-residence that year; and, to the dismay of many, he had chosen to present his piece "4:33". Those who know Cage's work will recognize it as part of his theory of silence (as opposed to mere rests) in music. At the end of the allotted time, the pianist simply left the stage. The pianist came out on stage to polite applause, seated himself at the piano, and proceeded to wait out his 4 minutes 33 seconds. At the University of Illinois, the concert hall was located in the music building, which also, on the upper floors, held the practice rooms. However, somewhere on the upper floors, an aspiring pianist was practicing a passage from a Beethoven sonata—the same passage—over and Over and OVER. But the unseen pianist found the passage no

easy task. And so the audience, seated in the solemn silence of the concert hall, heard a distant...

A-B-C-D-E-F# [mistake] "Dammit!"
A-B-C-D-E-F# [splat] "Son-of-a-biiiiitch!"
A-B-C-D-E-F#...

I omit the other statements out of my respect for your sensibilities, but you get the idea. It was a stunning performance. The audience applauded wildly, and Cage himself professed to be pleased. And indeed, I remember this recital long after other, more ordinary displays of virtuosity have faded from memory.

— Arthur Chandler

— eighteen —

Silence #1 — Some time in the mid 1970s, we'd decided to set up a sound studio at the National Poetry Centre in London. We had no money.

Bob Cobbing brought in a Revox reel-to-reel tape deck he owned, and a pair of headphones. He announced that now we had a studio and all we had to do was use it as much as possible and improve it!

I took in a spool of pre-recorded tape and an editing block. On the tape were recordings of improvisations I'd made in a studio but had not had time to work on there.

In those days, I used to make tapes to perform with, so that I could improvise vocally, joining my own pre-determined utterance or series of utterances at known set times.

I made those by editing the tape. Then, when I was satisfied with one, I would cut in silent tape, to be sure that each planned utterance would come in at a known time.

I kept notes on paper so I would be able to make a score; and every now and then I would go back over the whole thing to get a sense of it: the short loud bit, the long silent bit, more loud and so on, getting longer and longer over all.

The more I did the more I was listening to interspersed silence, though imagining how I might fill it vocally in such a way that the pre-recorded utterances meshed or clashed in an interesting way with my new improvisations.

I did not have a plan beyond the method, but composed as I went along within the constraints of what I had recorded before.

Before that day, any time I had worked with tape, I had listened to what I was doing over speakers; but now, because other people were around, talking, rehearsing etc, I had to work with headphones for the first time.

It took me a while to get used to the totality of the headphones; but I got into it, and worked for many hours, quite unable to hear what was going on around me as I listened to small sounds, slow-

ly changing what was on the tape as I moved or eliminated fragments of the recording.

I listened to the same but accumulating sequence of chosen and arranged sounds, over and over, as the old tape slowly mutated into the new on the same spool; and, again and again, I would listen to little bits of the changeful recording, backwards and forwards, as I rocked it over the playback head, marking the tape with my Chinagraph, then cut and spliced, and listened to the irretrievably changed section for the first time and yet again.

Eventually, I stopped for good for that day. Everyone else had gone. So the unamplified ambient sound environment I re-entered was unlike the one I had left; and it offended my memory. It was as if they had all run away as I opened a door; but of course they had left at different times and maybe even hailed me as they did so; my awareness had been where I could only hear what was recorded on the recording tape I was modifying. And I had been concentrating so hard, I could only see the tape-deck. I had had all the awareness of the macro spatial world of a beetle.

I sat back and stretched. I had been stretching all day. Once I had even stood up and taken off the headphones. Yet I hadn't let myself step right out of the chamber I had induced; and soon, each time, I went back, entirely immersed. This time I had a real and long stretch as if I were starting the day.

I could feel where the phones had been pressing on my ears, where now nothing was pressing on my ears. I could hear sounds quite outside of me, sounds that weren't even my own voice. I could not hear the sounds of the phones against my ears as I moved my head.

I stood up; and the sounds of my moving body touching objects external to me made noises I could hear which echoed back from the wooden floor on which I stood. And I could hear echoes from the walls.

I heard every sound oddly. It was as if my ears had waxed up and as if they had cleared out, both at the same time. I felt I was misjudging where everything was.

As I locked away the equipment, the click of the padlock, the zip of my bag, my own feet as I walked across the floor, everything sounded fuller than usual and therefore slightly unreal. I was aware of overtone and decay in all the noises I made.

How much I had missed for years, I thought. I hadn't been hearing properly. This was hearing.

I may be inventing this, but I think I may have decided to get my eyes tested. Certainly, I obtained glasses shortly after.

Out in the dark street, there was less echo but more varied sound and sounds from further away. The background of enjoyment and mayhem in a big city. I walked towards the station. Somewhere someone was

typing on an old-fashioned noisy typewriter, metal against and on to metal, crash and crash crash. They were very fast and efficient typists. It was all one rapid flow. I wished I could type like that.

I looked up to see the open window. It had to be coming from an open window, and one nearby. I kept walking. It got louder, but all the windows were closed and all the rooms behind them unilluminated. Where was the typist? Did they never pause? An audio typist perhaps. But an audio typist on such an old machine?

Soon the noise could only be the noise of a giant typing at a giant's typewriter. An impossibility, but clearly so. I stopped and looked around me. It was getting a little unnerving. The square was empty. I had walked about forty or fifty feet. The strap of my shoulder bag squeaked against my rain coat.

I walked on a little way, my feet making slightly different sounds from each other; and my coat sang a little against my jeans. It began to rain. I was glad I had that rain coat on. But it wasn't raining!

Some slight splashes of water were hitting me intermittently.

And then my perception changed. Changed back. I had been listening to sounds so carefully for so long, my brain had forgotten some of how to interpret sounds, insisting on an untenable hypothesis, that of an outlandishly large manual typewriter in full swing. I had an old-fashioned upright typewriter, conventionally-sized. I knew the sound of it. I had suckered myself.

What I was hearing was not a Brobdinagian office machine but the sound of a flow of water dropping from a cistern overflow on to a concrete yard three storeys below, a very similar sound, but not quite the same.

I walked on to the corner, trying to reason with my ears, and round the corner into the racket of Earls Court Road.

— Lawrence Upton
© 2004 by Lawrence Upton

— nineteen —

[image D]

— John M. Bennett
© 2004 by Dr. John M. Bennett,
Curator, Avant Writing Collection

— twenty —

[image E]

© 2004 by Thanos Chryssakis

— twenty-one —

[in preperation!]

— twenty-two —

"(...) The ultimate wonder of [John Cage's] 4'33" is the profundity of its simplicity. Cage stays within the concert hall, yet transcends its rigid confines. He combines anarchy with sly humor.

(...) Like Cage himself, 4'33" is an attitude: a joyful embrace of our world and all it has to offer. 4'33" empowers us to take charge of ourselves, to trust our own instincts, to unleash our creativity, to make our own judgments, to live our own lives. No other work in the history of music has expressed so much with such elegance."

— Excerpt from: Classical Notes by Peter Gutmann
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— twenty-three —

"Playing with others I sometimes cannot follow any connection between what I do and the sounds heard. Once, trying out preparations on a piano, I struck a key and heard completely blended with the piano's sound a piercing blast from a boat horn outside on the river. For an instant I had the sensation that by striking the piano key I had produced that sound (even its articulation corresponded exactly to the attack and release of the key, and someone in the next room, who couldn't see me and was busy doing something, suddenly exclaimed and asked how I made that sound). It was exhilarating."

— Excerpt from: Christian Wolff "Cues", © by
Edition MusikTexte (005), Cologne, 1998
Edited by Gisela Gronemeyer and
Reinhard Oehlschlaegel

"... let the listeners be just as free as the players.
Fragments to make up an interview."

Written at the request of Francoise Esselier. First
published in a French translation in
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86

— received from Lothar Reitz

— twenty-four —

Surge

'wie viel is aufzuleiden' - Rilke
how much suffering there is / feel it surge /

surge into focus /

only the earth's dirt in my eyes / as it slides /
and i taste the earthworms' progress /
their momentum and patience / their victory /
as it seeps / or is shaken loose /
by the shifting of ants / on the surface /

each random thought empties me out /
tumbles and streams / inside the flesh /
on the body / and the body /
is so much less hopeless / because of this /

with only my shadow / or thoughts to suggest /
that each moment once touched / has already ended /

wind chimes jostle the breeze / and the word /
morning / spins light / pierces this blue summer /
until humidity / names clouds at noon / and the
breeze /
drops / as the words fall silent /

this subterranean meaning / pleads /
for caves and ravines / or verandahs /
while in some other place / in some other /
place in the world / it is raining / raining /

'un pulso / a pulse-beat / insisting /
a surge of wet syllables' - paz
words borrow their origins / whisper /
as each quiver and breath / surges in me /

and the sun releases / its molten beat /
floats its larva and ash / on the simmering /
earth / where mercury speaks /
with no reprieve / until the word /
sunset / spills across the spent day's / surface /

water sounds chorus / in memory /
seducing the body / and evening solitude /
embraces / this body's purpose /

in subdued night syllables / a rumble /
of sounds / from the small space /
at the back of the / throat / utters /
the silence / in this silence / silence

— Louise Waller

© 2004 by Louise Waller, 'Surge' performed with
music and sound in August 2004
at Rocky Fringe Festival in Queensland Australia as
part of the performance 'Strange Fruit'

— twenty-five —

The discourse is bound before it begins.

To name kills silence.

Rainfall. Breathing. The pulse.

Without memory, how would silence appear?

Garbage truck. Footfall. Barking.

These words evoke a vast nothingness that chokes off the mind.

Even before and after must remain enigmatic; otherwise we find ourselves stretched out on an operating table.

If you cut open the body to see what's inside, the inside you see becomes another outside; the inside, then, recedes like the horizon as you move uneasily towards it, just as silence moves away.

One has the impression that the silent surroundings are listening intently, trying to hear something, anything.

In the always hypothetical total absence of sound vision becomes exacerbated, just as a blind person's sense of hearing becomes sharper and sharper to the point of acute aggravation.

Static.

What at first appears as silence resolves itself into sound at a further remove. The focal distance shifts.

No listing of particular sounds has priority over any other such listing, yet it is only in the particulars that sound materializes, thereby invalidating claims for a special status for silence. Whose silence?

One makes noises in order to approximate silence indirectly, but the reverse does not hold; one cannot evoke sound through the deployment of silence.

Gunfire in the distance. Whispers in an unknown foreign language.

When does an extended pause become part of the general flow of experience, losing its subordinate or superordinate status vis-à-vis the sounds that precede and follow it?

Silence obliterates meaning, not feeling.

As far as preverbal experiences, who can ever know about them in the way that all knowledge is communal?

Silence, like infancy (without language), must remain just beyond the horizon.

Last night as I lay in bed falling asleep, I retreated deeper and deeper into myself, in a bedroom that outside noise rarely penetrates. As signals from the external environment receded, I became aware of the high-pitched singing sound of my own nerves in my inner ear, which reminded me of the whine/hum of the overhead electricity lines of my childhood.

My father is almost completely deaf. He has 10-15% hearing capacity in one ear and none in the other. This has seriously compromised his quality of life; even with a hearing aid he can effectively communicate with only one person at a time, and even that requires great concentration on the part of both. Most people aren't willing to make the effort. Ask my father about silence.

The counterpart to silence is not sound or noise, markers of the outside world, but touch, a marker of the inner. It all comes back to the body.

My body came out of my mother's body, and hers came out of her mother's, and on back in an unbroken chain of physicality.

The space between our bodies = silence, which someone mistook for the Holy Ghost just because both are invisible.

In the psychoanalytic tradition, silence doesn't exist, an ironic situation since so much time passes during which nothing is said.

The touch of the father barely happens; that of the mother overwhelms. Where am I? The silence helps to found me.

A circumambient darkness blurs at my outer edges as some rolling image passes through my mind, shaping it in the passing that comprises me.

Just past the moving mid-point I notice a gradual diminution, allowing cracks in what appeared an impermeable opacity. These cracks widen, but always more and more slowly, attracting my expanding attention in a suspiration that might easily be understood as silence.

Coughing. Glass shattered on cement.

A surface curving creates the possibility of silence.

In the end, left to the imagination.

Silence: procedural memory: body affect.

Echo makes the silence fuller.

I go in and out of wordlessness, passing through spheres of noise. Sound goes out, silence in.

— 'For Jackson Mac Low, In Memoriam' by Harry Polkinhorn · © 2004 by Harry Polkinhorn

— twenty-six —

Back in the late Fifties (in anticipation of the naughty Sixties), I and a few friends ate peyote we purchased—legally!—and had shipped via Railway Express (the U.S. Postal Service wouldn't). We dried the cactus buttons in a cool oven, ground them up in a hand-cranked coffee mill, and packed the powder into empty gelatin capsules, which I bought at a local pharmacy, having convinced the pharmacist that I was germinating seeds for a college-course experiment. About a dozen caps did the job. It was years before I could look at a cup of lapsang souchong tea, the liquid with which we washed down these vile-tasting things.

The peyote trips were extraordinary. Marvelous memories! On one of these, I and a fellow terranaut wandered into Trinity Church's little cemetery in the Wall Street area. It's as close to an oasis as exists in downtown Manhattan. (And can you

imagine, today, having the freedom to wander unsupervised into a place like this? On another peyote trip, we walked at night through the Prospect Park Zoo, again entirely at liberty. We paused to feed the little Sika deer I don't remember what. I'm sure it was nourishing. Some years later, young thugs broke the poor creatures' legs.)

We found a stone bench in the churchyard, sat and relaxed. We were exhausted. If memory serves, we'd walked in from Brooklyn over the Brooklyn Bridge's pedestrian promenade. It was dusk and the area was quite still, unusually so. I savored the silence and the surroundings' luminous blues, blacks and grays, along with a strange and revelatory sound. Southbound traffic on Broadway passed in random order over a cast-iron manhole cover that rattled on contact—nothing under different circumstances you'd take any notice of. I listened to this eerie, intermittent and seemingly distant chatter as if to music. And I've been listening to music a little differently, I think, thanks in good measure to this magical evening.

— Mike Silverton, Editor, LaFolia.com

— twenty-seven —

... a friend of mine is writing a book about Auschwitz -- I told him he should be angry about Auschwitz --
1. he says that I once told him that one should never write in anger
I told him
angry not in the writing
angry being there having been there
angry at the word Auschwitz
the writing happens after having been there
on another matter my friend who is writing
the book on Auschwitz asks why I seem
preoccupied
I must have given that impression in my last
message
so I told him
you ask why I seem preoccupied these days
I am preoccupied because
the trip to France in March coming up -- always a bit
anxious about going there -- a busy trip it will be -- a
happy trip too --
occupied and preoccupied with moinous in Tokyo -- it's
not going anywhere right now -- it's sort of turning in
self-reflexive circles --
undecided if it should be written in French or in English
or both at the same time
I tried that before -- drove me to mild insanity
preoccupied with golf
season of the new tournaments
we take advantage of the perfect weather
here in golf paradise
preoccupied with the fucking leak in one of the
bathrooms and the fucking plumber had to come
twice because he fucked up the first time but still
insisted on wanting to be paid to come back and
repair his fucking mistake
twice 95 bucks
preoccupied also with the sliding door to the
garden the fucking door refuses to slide so we

had to bring in a doorman who would make our
fucking sliding door slide again so that we can slide
out into the garden and enjoy the view

195 bucks

on top of that I am suddenly bombarded by things to
read -- things that must be read --

and starchrone press in Buffalo is getting ready
to publish My Body in Nine Parts [yes the English
Version] with enlarged texts and enlarged photos of
the nine parts and this requires a number of email
exchanges to publisher and photographer and etc etc.

plus doing the dishes

plus helping make the bed because the bed is so big it
takes two to make the bed correctly

plus taking out the garbage

plus watching football on tv

plus looking out of the window

plus I forget what else

but I am here

I can prove it -- I just cut my little finger and it bleeds

-- nothing serious - but a little reminder that I am still

alive -- promising lag -- as Malone put it of his own

situation --

I wouldn't put it past me that I will still be here after I

come back from France in March and even after I come

back from France in July and even after the French

translation of the farm comes out and even after I go

back to France again and after that --

no I wouldn't put it past me -- as Malone said while

outsmarting his death --

old Sam is on my mind these days

I would like to put some order in the Sam book

make it read more like a single piece of ranting about

Sam rather than just a clumsy collage

not that I think this book will ever be published and

why should it be

it's a book for me

for a few friends

the happy few

or the happy fous

so it goes

and I lost another 12 more hairs this past week

and my head itches and my toes nails need cutting

and the buzzing in my ear is getting so loud it's taking

over

I am told that there are 55 million people in

America who have buzzing ears

that's why there is so much noise in America and people

don't hear anymore what other people are saying

soon we will all have to learn to lipread if we want to

understand each other

our ears will become useless to us since all we will

hear will be our buzzing

who knows maybe that's an inevitable part of human

evolution

evolution towards our decomposition as Sam would

put it

a time when language will be taken away from us by

nature

after all -- as it was said -- I think by bataille -- or maybe

Artaud -- le langage est une erreur de la nature --

yes nature made a mistake the day when she gave us

humans language

look where it has gotten us

now imagine a world not far ahead of us with humans

without language

I mean language of the mouth

we will still have the language of the body even if we cannot talk to each other and hear each other our body will have to learn to become more fluent but imagine for an moment humans roaming around this devastated planet -- that also inevitable the way things are going -- without ears and without mouths since these parts of human anatomy will have become useless and superfluous -- and therefore reclaimed by nature -- well one could pursue this further and imagine all the animals - al the other living species have become silent -- and are also without noses and ears -- for nature has now also reclaimed the little noises she gave to the animals -- all that is left now to the survivors of this planet are eyes to see and limbs --hands or legs -- to feel -- to see and feel that is all that will be left to us without a mouth taste becomes irrelevant and vanishes without the nose smelling also becomes irrelevant and vanishes and I wouldnt put it past me to believe that nature would also want to reclaim our eyes and our hands and feet and so one day we would be standing on the edge of the precipice of human history deaf and mute naked of course because unable to function we could no longer earn a human living hairless from head to toes toes now reduced to stumps just as arms and handsh have also been reduced to stumps nature having long ago reclaimed what had become useless to us we would stand erect shapeless figures barely mobile bumping into each other clumsily seen from above we would look like giant fish but one day fed up with the firm ground of this planet all the survivors having managed to make it to the edge of the ocean -- all of us still left standing would plunge into the water -- and there frolic again freely joyfully aimlessly like in the good old time when nature was but water unaware of our sordid past oblivious to what we had been and to what might be again our past-future that's how it goes on this bitch of an earth as Pozzo once put it or was it Hamm who said that doesn't matter since even when we rise again from the water to stand on solid earth as humans and nature makes an error again and we start babbling our blahblah even if we manage to make sense of why we had to come out of the water to explain the universe Godot will not come Godot will never come He didn't come the first time He will not come the second time nor the next time nor the time after that as far as the unthinkable end as far as the final little pouff when everything in the universe will go back to what it was before it became...

— Raymond Federman, 17 Jan 2005

© 2004 by Raymond Federman
 MORE LOOSE SHOES & SMELLY SOCKS [3]
 Fragments of Writing (1999-2004)

— twenty-eight —

I DREAMT JOHN CAGE YODELING IN THE
 ZUERICH HAUPTBAHNHOF

On Sunday September ? 2002 at about 19:45 central European time, as I was crossing the near-empty big Hall of the Zuerich Bahnhof I heard a most beautiful sound—pure vocal harmonics, intoned with brilliant intention careening off the walls of this large and mostly empty 19th century space... I stopped and listened. At first I saw no one, but the magical singing continued. Then some 30-40 meters away, I see a slight elderly man, with white hair and beard, pushing a luggage cart. He wore a rough white shirt, a vest, a red bandana around his neck, his pants were rolled up at the cuffs over his leather walking boots, he pushed the cart from here to there, then stopped, sang and pushed it again some meters in no discernable pattern, just random lines and quasi circles, yodeling from the heart and obliviously to the world around him. I had no recording machine with me. I stood there spellbound, listening and wishing for a way to capture this sounding moment of pure accident. No luck. So accompanied by my friend Margareta Peters, we left the station completely enthralled in this enchanted memory. One year later, through Margareta's persistent investigations, I find myself sitting in the Bahnhof cafe opposite the magic yodeler, Aloys Bucher and ready to record him. Over a glass of cheap red wine, he begins to tell his story, now cosmopolitan, now hermetic, now devout, now seeking truths around the world but before he takes his next sip of wine, he starts to yodel—right there in the midst of a bustling early evening station gran-cafe-no one around us is minimally surprised. The next 45 minutes were spent letting Aloys freely recreate his yodeling persona in the big hall just as I had first heard him. I recorded. Now finding he had a real audience who curiously but respectfully encircled him, he performed with even more vigor. His voice peeled off the walls and glass ceiling of this vast 19th century monument—in seconds, Aloys was lost in the natural acoustics of his own pure sound and his beloved nearby mountains.

I DREAMT JOHN CAGE YODELING IN THE ZUERICH HAUPTBAHNHOF is of course directly inspired by this chance encounter—and so much like a dream it was, I decided to create an extended world of sonic dreams around it. Dreams not all silky and warm but disturbing, menacing, frightening, as well as loving, soothing and suspended in time, like a human embrace. Dreams in which a set of key sounds would appear and disappear and be reconfigured in the most un predictable and unimaginable ways are for better or worse, just what I have been doing with recorded nature and instrumental sounds since the middle 1960's—it is the language which best accomodates my own musical quest for relative states of ecstasy.

The most absurd pairing of sound worlds or

personalities I could think of was that of John Cage's and Aloy's. Yet a closer glance allows us to imagine that Cage too was a kind of mad-yodeler, calling out to humanity to pay closer attention to its own self-created, often arrogant, illusions. Cage himself, would not hesitate, to enter the Zuerich Train Station and offer a performance of his work; Cage was an astute master of musical and architectural spaces.

Since I happened to have some quite recent choral music based on freely chosen fragments of the Norton Lectures I-VI (1989) I thought the introduction of a purely musical sound into the context of raw, vastly different ambient sounds could itself be perceived as a kind of non-linear and illogical gesture. So it was that I posited the making of this work, on my being able to work with the SudwestFunk Radio Vokale Ensemble—a chorus of incomparable stature and sound, and making of it the 3rd principal protagonist of this work.

From this brief background, the main structural ideas were sketched out as early as October 2004 in my studio with my assistant Domenico Scianjo, and finally in the studios in Baden Baden were composed in their final form and mixed and engineered with the superb skills of Daniel Sennger and Frank Kolbig between December 13 (my birthday) and December 23rd.

Trusting my own methods of sonic-stream of consciousness and at the same time trying to avoid easy learned gestures; bearing in mind that I would be creating 6 more or less distinct dream-sequences, opening my sound vocabulary to combine unthinkable or even unidentifiable natural sounds and finally embracing in homage, Zuerich itself as the home of Dadaism I begin the work with the sound of a single person (Hugo Ball, perhaps) playing with a basketball, now heard in pure counterpoint with a male Elk in rut (recorded by me in Yellowstone National park) then we hear a distant sound of Aloys whooping/laughing and shortly after a signature laughing loop of John Cage speaking the word "radio" forwards and backwards.

From here begins the second tableau: more or less the ambience of the Zuerich Bahnhof itself... where a number of events are heard: voices calling, tin cans being kicked around, children calling in the distance repeatedly, sudden explosions, and gradually the emergence of Aloys yodeling which then becomes a warped chorus of multiple microtonal yodelers who then become transformed into a single choral tone lasting endlessly...

Cut to the scratchy record and a man (me) coughing as if in a clinic for lung diseases. This is gradually overrun by the sound of a humming room full of computers, a backwards rap-group and then a sudden appearance of herds of cows and cow-bells... burying Aloys electronically inebriated singing... all leading peacefully to a classic interview with Aloys who recalls his singing for the Pope and the RAI television on St Peters Square in Rome... so he starts to sing

demonstrating some "improvising techniques" then he becomes divided into two then overriden by an grand improvising chorus (SWR Vokale Ensemble) which finally becomes electronically "frozen" leading to an squeeking humming industrial elevator now descending into the psychological depths of nowhere.

Next Quoting from myself and previous radio works we hear the voice of a woman talking to a parrot ("Hello how are you", insists Maryanne Amacher from the start of my work: A Beginners Guide to Looking at Birds, produced by NEW ,...), this leads to an electronically treated voice of John Cage reading aloud which was underused original material from ERAT VERBUM JOHN, a work produced by SAK, WDR)... Then ensues a duet between Cage and and highly digitally processed voice of Aloys... Cage continues reading while the chorus intones its Cagean text "music is not music" soon to be joined by a malfunctioning fog-horn (Edgartown, Massachusetts) perchance playing the same principal tones of the chorus. This "dream" last several minutes until the elk calls restore the reality of the dreams, the composition, the artifice. The children are calling again in endless loops, tin cans are kicked in the Mills College Music dept. foyer... yodelers start, rap artists talk backwards against some broken water faucet... a new chorus with words of Clark Coolidge gets a moment in the light before being crushed—all the sounds make a cameo appearance in any order followed by Jean Arp's "platz Dada fuer die Nature da da" against James Joyce's most Irish sounding loop from Finnegans Wake—distant memories of yodeling in some Japanese Train station strains of mongolian yodeling loops melt against a chorus of unison singers/ a sharp cut to the sonic memory of a near motionless ambience from the original Zuerich Hauptbahnhof...

a movie, a dream, a symphony, a hoerspiel???? who cares what to call this work, the sounds themselves demand no definitions, they are simply there—naked, innocent and unaccountable—speaking all meanings in all tongues that any listener constructs for themself.

— Alvin Curran, Roma, Jan 11/2005
© 2005 by Alvin Curran

— twenty-nine —

Sighlence
the silence is at rest. the rest is.

— Friedhelm Rathjen

— thirty —

Exilence
still life less till death stirs stillness.
unless death stills.

— Friedhelm Rathjen

— thirty-one —

the land is filled with a silence
that is not the absence of sound;
it is the vapour-trail of a silence
that was there before the Dawn.
this silence contains the currawong's song
and the thunder of waves upon the shore.
what's absent is the noise of a mind that's
constantly demanding more.

[image F]

— Martin Hawes
© 2005 by Martin Hawes

— thirty-two —

[image G]

— Anne Bichon
© 2005 by Anne Bichon
www.annebichon.com

— thirty-three —

Eigenartige Behauptung : man hätte etwas schon einmal gehört... als würde körperliche und seelische Verfassung für das Hören keine Rolle spielen.

Erinnerung : ich war dreizehn oder vierzehn, in der Schule wurden uns Filmaufnahmen gezeigt von dem Moment, in dem die Amerikaner die Konzentrationslager öffneten, Diese Berge von Toten die baggerschaufelweise in die Massengräber geworfen wurden, schockierten mich dermassen, dass meine gesamten Wahrnehmungen aus den Fugen gerieten. Nach dem Ende des Films wollte ich nichts wie raus aus dem Klassenzimmer, ich knüllte Butterbrotpapier um es in den Papierkorb zu werfen und ich glaube dieses Knistern war der grösste Lärm den ich jemals gehört habe.

Ich wuchs auf dem Lande auf. es wurde geschlachtet die Schweine wurden tot an eine Leiter gehängt, aufgeschnitten, mit sicherem Griff riss der Schlachter das Fleisch auf, um die inneren Organe herauszuholen und dann wurde die Wirbelsäule mit einer Axt zertrümmert. Diese Geräusche: reissendes Fleisch, Axt auf Fleisch und Knochen oh...

Mein Zimmerfenster zeigte zum Wald, eine offener also nicht sehr dichter Kiefernwald mit grossen alten Bäumen. Ich schlief immer bei offenem Fenster, schlief immer ein mit diesem typischen Rauschen, ein grosses, recht tiefes atmendes Rauschen, ein Heimatklang, es klang ein wenig wie Meer...

Wenn ich umzog, war für mich das Wesentlichste in den neuen Räumen erstmal die Musik zu spielen, die in der Zeit gerade die wichtigste war. Dann war ich

“daheim”. Klang als Heimat.

— Matthias Kaul
© 2005 by Matthias Kaul
www.matthiaskaul.de

— thirty-four —

sputnik

Once I “heard” a sound from within my body
when floating in a sealed tank of water,
it was the “soundless sound” of the creaking
of my own bones.

[image H]

— Kathleen Ruiz
© 2005 by Kathleen Ruiz
Associate Professor of Integrated Electronic Arts,
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
www.rpi.edu/~ruiz

— thirty-five —

“dans le silence profond de la nuit, j'écoutais sa respiration...
sans un bruit... je me suis endormie près de lui dans ce silence profond...”

“in der tiefen Stille der Nacht. Ich hörte sein Atmen...
ohne Lärm... Ich bin neben ihm eingeschlafen in der tiefen Stille...”

[Translation/Übersetzung: Katrin Raehse]

— Stephanie Boisset
© 2005 by Stephanie Boisset
www.boisset.de · www.stephan-i-e.net

— thirty-six —

A Machine To Generate Silence.

A young girl at the farm nearest ours was dying of cancer. I knew her from school—she was a couple of years younger than I—and I made a present for what turned out to be her last birthday. It was a machine to generate silence. It was a simple contraption: a box with a switch and a cord to plug in to the wall. I plugged it in next to her bed and switched it on. We listened to that machine all evening. She, lying in her bed like a pale little doll with weary eyes, and me sitting in a chair, awkward and alone with my thoughts. She invited me to come back, which I did, and we would turn the machine on and listen, sometimes for hours. I continued to visit her until the pain got too bad and the nurses told me to stay away. After the girl died her mother called me up and asked if they could keep my marvelous machine, the one that their daughter insisted on keeping by her bedside, plugged in and turned on,

even though it did nothing. Of course I said yes.

— Jesse Glass
© 2005 by Jesse Glass

— thirty-seven —

Anecdotes Concerning Silence

1.

As a student I worked as a security guard and would spend long hours locked away by myself in various factories, or by myself at construction sites.

My usual shift was ten at night to seven in the morning. My usual post was at an electric battery plant on the outskirts of my home town of Westminster, Maryland. This factory was windowless and immense, and when everyone left and the manager turned out the lights after the last shift there were literally acres of darkness that I had to maneuver through in order to find the keys to be inserted and turned twice in the clock that I carried on a strap over my shoulder. The keys would mark a disc of paper locked inside the clock and the boss would read these discs to make sure that the guards were doing their job. Every hour we were expected to thread our way through the pitch-blackness. Between "rounds" there was a special box with red and green lights on it and the guards were expected to monitor this box as well, because it indicated which doors were shut (green) or which doors were open (red). A directional alarm was connected to each door so we could tell which one had been opened.

a. The silence inside this huge factory building was profound. The guard office was lit by one overhead bulb and contained a desk and chair, a locker, a calendar on the wall, and the aforementioned box. It was a tiny island of light in a sea of darkness.

b. One early Sunday morning in December in 1976, about 4 a.m., as I sat reading at my desk between rounds, the directional alarm went off. I checked the box and there was the red light indicating that one of the doors in the far part of the building was open. I cautiously made my way through the darkness towards the door in question not knowing what I'd find. The door had been opened from the inside and was still ajar and footprints trailed off through the new-fallen snow into the surrounding woods. I called the police, but by the time they arrived they could find nothing. In short, someone had been locked in with me and had shared my silence (unbeknownst to me) that weekend.

c. At another time in this same factory I was shocked to hear a series of crashes in the darkness. The metallic booming would abruptly stop and start again. On closer investigation I found that the noise came from a huge punch press that some worker had forgotten to turn off. However, the strange thing was that the machine was somehow activating itself and its single steel fist was crashing out what, to my ears,

appeared to be a code of some sort. In the middle of the blackness the machine was thundering out what I imagined to be a direct report concerning the Agony of Matter.

d. Another security contract brought me to the Fairhaven Construction site near Sykesville, Maryland. Once again I was on the third shift. I would usually work these remote acres of unlit ground from midnight to seven the next morning. Fairhaven in the late 1970's was the future site for a retirement community and it was a security guard's nightmare. Half-built bungalows were everywhere and provided perfect places for people to hide. The site itself was usually a sea of mud, and at about three or four in the morning a thick fog would roll in. The most interesting part of the job, however, was the story concerning the original house that was then being used as the office for the complex, and was kept locked and was secured by a silent alarm. The house, it was said, was haunted by an old woman in a white dress who would stare out of an upper window. The alarm would go off and the local police would have to stop by to check the house. The Sykesville Sheriff and his deputies all saw the old woman and began to refuse to answer the alarm. "I don't know how you do it, working out here all by yourself," they'd tell me, and they'd tell me again about the old woman or the strange lights they saw moving about in the front hall. Sad to say, but I never saw anything and rather enjoyed my time at Fairhaven waiting in my car to make another round. I'd listen to WBAL on the radio, or sometimes I'd just sit in silence. There was a pay phone at the back of the old house, and this occasioned the only strange experience I had at Fairhaven. I was engaged to a young woman in Randallstown at the time, and I'd call her to wish her good night shortly after I began my shift. One evening I was talking to her and I began to hear, right at the edge of the silences in our conversations, the sound of a gramophone playing dance music from the 1920's. The sound drifted in and out—almost like those sounds they use in hearing tests—but it appeared for all the world to be coming from the old house. I held the receiver up for my fiancée to hear it, but she couldn't hear a thing. After our conversation ended, I walked around the house, peering in each window, but saw nothing, though the music continued to play. Then I returned to my car, my vigil, and my silence.

2.

Before I left home in 1980, my father and I often sat in the same room in silence. It wasn't because we enjoyed each other's presence—we didn't—it was simply because we refused to get up and move to another place.

3.

After I moved to Milwaukee to attend university, I found a new part time job as a teacher in a boys'reform school. The students ranged in age from 12 to 18, and were mostly Black and Hispanic. Many were gang members, had police records, and were considered too "tough" or too emotionally damaged to go any other place. We were taught

self-defense and to “restrain” students who became violent by throwing them to the floor and pinning their arms and legs behind them. This was a pretty effective measure, especially when you did this as a team with other staff. Occasionally, however, if the students were too strong or too aggressive, it was necessary for the male nurse to administer a “chemical” straight jacket. This usually took the form of a needle full of drugs injected into the arm, thigh or buttocks. Immediately the screaming and shouting of profanities would stop, the eyes would glaze over, and the head of the boy would roll forward on his neck, and he would be silent.

4.

When I first came to Japan I knew nothing of the language. My only contacts were at the small college in Nagasaki Prefecture where I taught. The second of the big holidays in Japan is New Year’s (the first is Obon, the celebration of dead ancestors), and I was warned about the up-coming solitude that I would have to endure in this country village. All of the Japanese would return to their hometowns at this time, so anyone without a family would be totally alone. Even the stores and places of entertainment closed down during this time. I lived in one tiny room on the eighth floor of an apartment building called Pure 21. I had a local phone, a television that didn’t work, and a radio that could only pick up the Voice of America. I thought I could endure the three weeks of vacation. I would spend my time reading and writing and walking around the town and the surrounding countryside. I withdrew lots of books from the library and waited for the vacation to begin. Christmas came and went and I spoke to no one, then the following week. I heard the temple bells ring in the New Year and continued in silence through the week that followed. In short, I went for weeks at a time without speaking to anyone. Silence became a palpable presence in my room.

a. When I first met my wife-to-be and began dating her, I was at first made uncomfortable, by the long silences in our conversations. I often thought that something was wrong, but then I came to understand that the Japanese are more comfortable with silence than western people are.

b. My friend Cid Corman, the poet and editor, passed away in his 79th year in Kyoto last April. I went to see him shortly before he died. He was hooked up to a life support machine and appeared to be a huge wax doll lying on the bed. Quite different from the genius I spoke to on the phone mere weeks before. When I walked into the room one of Cid’s eyes focused and his mouth opened a crack as if he were attempting to speak. The beep beep beep of the heart monitor raced up to 28, but then, after a time, it appeared that his consciousness ebbed away. The only sound was the pneumatic hiss and click of the breathing machine and the beep beep beep of the heart monitor against the silence.

c. The final part of Cid’s funeral entailed picking the fragments of his cremains up with a long pair of

wooden chopsticks and depositing them into a special box covered in white cloth. I did this with friends and members of his Japanese family—in silence.

d. Last May the 29th, I participated in a Fluxus celebration of Ben Patterson’s 70th birthday. As part of this celebration, I and a host of others traveled by bus with the Fluxus artist Ay-O to various locations between Tokyo and Mount Fuji, where we were scheduled to meet Mr. Patterson half-way up the mountain at a rest stop. The bus stopped in late afternoon at the infamous forest at the foot of Mount Fuji where many Japanese choose to commit suicide. We followed Ay-O back among the grim, moss-covered trees and gnarled roots, where, it is said, the police harvest the bodies like so much strange fruit. Ay-O unrolled a red string back the dark paths to a particularly ominous spot and there we performed his “Rainbow Music #1.” My job was to blow as many bubbles into the air as I could. I did. The gem-like bubbles floated away in silence. Someone took a picture of me doing this action next to the fat, jovial Ay-O, who was never at a loss for something to say.

— Jesse Glass
© 2005 by Jesse Glass

— thirty-eight —

[image I]

Self-portrait

— Terry Rentzepis
© 2005 by Terry Rentzepis
www.alltenthumbs.com

— thirty-nine —

Maintenant silence Et gare à qui bouge...
Silence now. Whoever moves will be in trouble...

Silence Cantata

[supplement II]

— Claude Chuzel
claude_chuzel@hotmail.com

— forty —

?) SILENCES ARE DINGS AND DENTS
?) SILENCE IS NOT ANARCHIC, GUNFOUGHT, LABORED, OR PREPAID
?) silence is not manged by screaming
?) Silence is organic chemistry
?) Silence is real video
?) silences are cetus’s red line
?) SILENCES ARE A BRANDING INTIMATION OF THE JUNK FOOD TO COME
÷-) SILENCE IS TEARS
?) Silence is immemorial and organic

ù) SILENCE IS A RECORD HOP, A WORK UNIT,
 AND A NATION OF PORNO CRIPPLED WITH FOOT
 INJURIES AND PEPTIC ULCERS
 ?) SILENCE IS AN ASTRONOMY PERQUISITE
 ?) SILENCE IS NOT AN IRON CROSS
 ?) silence is a conveyor
 ?) Silence is restraining
 ?) Silence is classicism's taunt
 ?) Silence is not corn beef in a boiler
 ?) SILENCE IS NOT HINAYANA ENTHRONEMENT
 ?) silences are not ballet's embellishments
 ?) Silence is not Cistercian
 ?) Silence is not peeled
 ?) Silences are pictographs

Please go to "html version" at www.stasick.org/forty.htm

Though the basic form is relatively constant, the majority of the inner elements were arrived at/thru chance operations:

- typeface / size / color / style / placement / spacing / case
- pre-parentheses glyphs (not all of these show up in the "html" version which is OK...)
- singular or plural; affirmation or negation; and descriptions

The text has words that, at times, appears to vacillate between spellings/meanings. Sometimes what appears to be misspelled is actually a mental fluctuation of equal weight/meaning: i.e. "manged"/"managed."

— Rod Stasick
 © 2005 by Rod Stasick

— forty-one —

[images J]
 Rousseau's Garden, Paris | Martini Glasses, NYC

— Todd Weinstein
 Photographer, New York City

— forty-two —

[image K]

— Damon Smith
 © 2005 by Damon Smith
www.balancepointacoustics.com

— forty-three —

What I hear

Words
 drift
 from your full throat.
 I understand
 sentences float.

But I am asleep.
 My ears,
 water-
 full.

— Tracy Youell
 © 2005 by Tracy Youell
 Tracy Youells Poetry and Projects

— forty-four —

"leider faellt mir auch nach mehreren tagen des ueberlegens nichts ein - ich bin zu geschwaetzig - aber haben Sie dank fuer die anfrage."

— Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht
www.cultd.net/gumbrecht/

— forty-five —

The Utility Project

For the past four years I have immersed myself in the creation of 'determinatory' pop music. That is, rock music created using systems and codes in lieu of traditional songwriting practices. Ironically, the artists involved have found a new freedom within the confines of this rigid structure for creation.

The Utility Project (1;30) released in September 2003 consists of thirty songs, all ninety seconds in length, created using techniques of random determination. The musicians used six different existing song templates and rolled dice to replace the chords one at a time. Thus, the songs still made sense as songs, as the templates used encouraged an ABAB CD CD or similar song structure. The rhythms, guitar sounds, lyrical content, and song titles were then randomly determined. The musicians acted as 'utilitarian' beings in service of each piece. Once manufactured, one thousand individually numbered compact discs were set out into the world for (potentially) endless quasi-random circulation. A website www.utilityproject.net is maintained so that the disc location and number may be recorded as each disc is discovered anew.

To be released in May of 2005, The Utility Project (1'32") uses human statistics as a determinatory device. Interviews were conducted and obituaries were mined for the human information needed to create thirty two songs. An individual's first and middle name determined the chords, birthdate the rhythm, birthplace the guitar sound, and a personal anecdote was used to inspire the lyrics. A code was created pairing the most frequently used letters of the English alphabet (E through Z) with chords (A through E7). The songs essentially 'spell out' a person's first and second names. The inherent 'song sense' of an ABAB CD type pattern is gone, but there emerges a certain aural accessibility as the themes (first name, middle name) are repeated.

Additionally, each Utility Project song, from (1;30)

and (1'32"), was assigned a recording method or challenge that compliments or overrides the determined structure (ex: all instruments play the same staccato rhythm, all instruments recorded on an answering machine, no knowledge of overdubs, cica-das provide rhythm track, one take song, etc...)

The Utility process creates many challenges for the artists. Each song provides its own unique set of problem solving events. Because the songs are essentially written before they are ever played, the musicians are immediately liberated from their own tendencies. They are bound to a pre-assigned set of chords and recording method. This said, the process fosters an improvisational atmosphere, for once the criteria are met, the possibilities are, in effect, endless.

It may be difficult to believe, but the aim of all of this is to create listenable music. Utility grew from necessity. I am a drummer and wanted to instigate the creative process. The only way for me to have 'control' over outside factors was to give in to them wholesale. By rolling dice or using other determinatory factors to 'write' my part, I was free to improvise within the set parameters. I take a chart for thirty songs into the studio and perform rhythm tracks based on the recipes at hand. The bass and guitars come next, and then lyrics and vocals are developed and recorded. The only rules are: the notes or chords must be played in order as 'parts' and the musicians may not use his/her own tastes to decide whether the part played has merit; the special recording method must be obeyed; and the subject matter for the song must inspire the lyrics. Each song is granted its autonomy, and it is the musicians' job to help every song live up to its potential. Some musicians involved with the projects have found the process unnerving, others thrive on it. Personally I can't imagine working another way.

The theories of John Cage, of course, have been an inspiration. The title track of the first record was a tribute of sorts to Cage's (4'33"). The musicians rested during six separate overdubs (not an easy feat for rock musicians). The result, of course, is not quite silence. While recording the drums, there was an audible glitch on the original track, and some small low thumping sounds. During the electric bass, lead and rhythm guitar overdubs the track gained some low volume high-toned buzzing. The vocal tracks provided more small pops and, about 40 seconds into the piece, the frantic far away creaking of stairs above the studio ceiling. (1:30) plays like silence from stereo speakers, as the listener's environment provides plenty of extraneous noise, which, of course, is equally worth a listen. With a pair of headphones, however, the piece is oddly relaxing and meditative.

One of the more successful tracks on (1'32") is entitled "Butter P." It was based on information garnered from an interviewee named April Kathryn (all of the subjects' last names remain private to protect anonymity). Her first and middle names translated to chords results in: (CA#AmGdm) (A7CBBmAmE[#]FA).

Like all other Utility songs, "Butter P" began with only a rhythm track. Charts were created pairing birthdate

and birthplace potentialities with creative possibilities. The fact that April was born in March determined that the rhythm for this song would be 'swing/funky,' the fact that April's magic number (mm/dd/yy added together) resulted in an odd number meant that the rhythm would be played 'tight.' April's song would be medium tempo because when adding the numbers of her birthyear (1971) it resulted in the number 8. April was born on an odd date (the 23rd) so there would be a break or a rest in the song. The guitar sounds were determined by adding the letters of the birth city and then the birth state. These computations resulted in 'chunky electric' and 'acoustic.' The recording method assigned to this track was 'thirty overdubs.' So thirty overdubs would need to be made before completing this song, a challenge to both the musicians and our recording software. The result is a 'determinatory rock music meets Phil Spector' wall of sound. The lyrical content was based on a story told by April about the discovery of an intruder in her childhood home who proceeded to eat peanut butter out of the jar by hand. A worthy subject indeed. "Butter P" is one of the strongest tracks on the record and it is very unlikely that the catchy chorus sequence (A7CBBmAmEFA) would have come about through luck, improvisation, or any other way.

Another track on the new record, "HAM," was born from a subject named Maribelle Gee. This piece is most interesting, I believe, due to its' assigned recording method. All overdubs were done over the answering machine. A disconnect tone rages underneath it all as the rhythm track while the guitars and bass are almost entirely attack and nearly devoid of tone. The vocals vacillate slightly but are the clearest element. The phone noise, when magnified by multiple overdubs, creates a low din of white noise in the middle ground. Ironically, the subject matter for the song was shortwave radio, a hobby mentioned in the subject's obituary.

The most challenging piece for me personally was "iSKOPRiTX." The recording method assigned to this song was 'backwards vocals.' Drums, bass, and guitar were recorded and only the vocals and lyrics remained. The subject matter for the song was Bargsville, Indiana, home for the song's originator. Upon researching Bargsville, I discovered a message replacing the town's website "hacked by iSKOPRiTX, Turkish hacker." Lyrics were written and a vocal was recorded. The recording software allowed me to easily reverse the vocal track and then begin the arduous task of re-learning the song backwards, one or two seconds at a time. It was an enjoyable experiment, but I found it very slow going and extremely difficult to approximate my reversed speech patterns. After completing the reversal, a stereo pan of a separate (un-reversed) vocal was added at low volume to give the listener a clue of what exactly to hear. I am still unsure if the lyrics are entirely intelligible, but the effect is interesting nonetheless. The voice stumbles and wavers, not quite atonally plodding through a drunken delivery of speech-sounds.

I am grateful for the recent attention The Utility Project has enjoyed. I am eager now to begin the next

set of challenges. There is a world wide open, full of events, patterns, and sounds destined to come alive.

The Utility Project was made possible by the Arts Council of Southwestern Indiana; the Indiana Arts Commission, a state agency; the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency; The New Harmony Artists' Guild; and private support.

— Doyle Dean
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New Harmony, Indiana USA
www.utilityproject.net

— forty-six —

«Je n'entends que mon silence. Le vide de ma vie.»

(Ceci est le monologue d'un clochard que j'ai croisé, en ville, au milieu de la foule indifférente. Celui-ci, répugnant par son apparence, mais attirant par sa voix singulière et ses paroles véhémentes, parlait seul, comme s'il était prisonnier d'une bulle. J'avais entendu quelques unes de ses phrases. Par la suite, j'ai essayé de retranscrire son propos, mais celui-ci est, teinté de pathos et d'humour, surtout l'imagination d'un discours qui pouvait coller avec sa condition.

De quoi parle-t-il ? Il parle de ce qui l'entoure, la ville et ses sonorités anarchiques, il parle aussi de lui, du silence de sa solitude, de ses soleils et ses lunes.)

(Le clochard est assis sur du carton et d'autres déchets, il commence à parler seul...) Comment suis-je arrivé là ici, sous vos yeux qui clignotent comme des millions de quantités d'étoiles ? Me voilà assis sur trois bouts de vieilles étoffes dégueulasses avec du carton que je trouve à l'arrière de fast-foods et restaurants. Je suis là, avec vous tous, et vous toutes, juste avec vous, rien qu'avec vous, à cet instant de ma vie, dans un état critique, grave, assis par terre, sur le trottoir noir de saleté... je pose mon dos contre le mur, le seul crétin qui puisse encore me supporter. J'attends tout de vous, du monde insensible et ingrat que vous êtes, mais vous n'attendez rien de moi. Non, rien de moi, parce que je ne possède plus rien, rien de rien de rien de rien, j'ai tout perdu, on m'a tout prit, vous m'avez tout prit. Oh... oh Seigneur, je ne reconnais pas mes mains, et mon visage mon corps ma chaire se sont détériorés. Je suis votre martyr. Je ne me reconnais pas, je ne suis plus moi pas moi; je crois que ma gueule s'est tordue de douleur... (il tousse) par la tourmente, par la fièvre qui me ronge et. Le monde m'a oublié, sèchement écrasé

comme un pied écrase l'insecte et c'est à cause de vous, c'est à cause de toi et puis de toi, là ! (il tousse fort) Vous m'avez délaissé bande de saLAUDS ! (il racle sa gorge et crache un mollard) Qu'ai-je fais pour mériter ça, HEIN ? Qu'est-ce que j'ai fais de mal pour en arriver là, HEIN ?

Mais écoutez-moi, merde ! Ecoutez-moi, j'ai des choses à vous dire, vous ne comprenez pas ? Toi, tu ne comprends pas, là TOI ? Ce que je dis là, tu comprends quoi de ce que je raconte, HEIN ? (il agres-

se quelques passants) Conards va !

De l'aube au crépuscule j'avale la fumée noire des pots d'échappement, j'ai des visions de chiens qui brûlent comme des pneus. Habitué aux symphonies des moteurs, l'essence qui pue, je vous jure sur la vie de mes enfants que je connais par coeur les notes de cet enfer que je vis et vois chaque jour. Car chaque jour est un même jour, je vis le même épuisement, le même anéantissement. Je m'essouffle j'en peux plus, je m'écale sur l'asphalte, mais ne m'aidez pas je veux m'en sortir seul ! Il y a des salauds de partout qui passent au-dessus de mes cheveux de ma tête de mes yeux de tout mon moi et ma vie, ils pensent que je suis qu'un fou; la compassion n'est que dans le regard de leur chien au collier d'or et d'argent. Mais j'ai pas envie qu'on pleure pour moi. J'ai pas besoin de ça, de votre pitié. Mais je ne suis qu'un imbécile ! Sur le macadam, vos pas sont une mécanique des diables de tous les enfers. Les gens ne se rendent jamais compte qu'elles sont des putains de machines, des automates ambulants, ouais ! (il rigole seul, les yeux écarquillés, il s'arrête de parler un moment et regarde les gens passer) Chacun voit, mais chacun est aveugle. Et ils marchent, clap, clap, clap, clap ! (il se met à les imiter en allant à droite puis à gauche) Et ils marchent encore, clap, clap, clap, clap ! Il y en a de toutes les sortes, des pas lourds, bien gras bien gros bien corpulents, il y a les pas discrets, étouffés, timides, de tout petits pas, mais aussi les fiers et bien bruyants, des pas de géants, les féminins (le talon aiguille) et les masculins, les solitaires et les collectifs, les pas qui avancent ensemble comme une armée au moment de traverser la route quand c'est le feu vert. C'est comme ça que je sonde le fond de leur coeur... en fin de compte il n'y a pas grand-chose, je ne trouve rien de rien, jamais rien.

(Il retourne à sa place, et s'assied) Je préfère ne rien voir, mais plutôt tout entendre. Je ne dois pas boire, je revois mon médecin, dans ma tête, qui me dit d'arrêter ça, stop, temps mort c'est terminé j'arrête docteur... d'autres en boivent pour l'effet de chaleur qu'il procure et pour garder leur larmes ailleurs dans leur coeur. Je ne vole pas, du moins j'essaie de ne pas voler mais, ils continuent tous à

me regarder d'un sal oeil. Prendre une pomme, est-ce un crime ? Et si je meurs de faim, qui sera puni ? Qui sera le criminel ? J'ai faim d'amour et mes intestins en crèvent de démoralisation et de découragement, la gloire est perdue ; futiles à vos

yeux votre ouïe et votre tout entier, personne n'entend les battements de mon coeur, boum boum, boum boum, boum boum... et BADABOUM, que le monde n'entend jamais rien, il n'en a rien à foutre, mais je m'en fous, il est apathique et sourd parce que chacun de ses battements est le son d'une montagne qui tombe à la renverse. Mais ils n'entendent jamais rien. Les véhicules circulent, chassent le vent, cassent passent et repassent sans cesse. Tout ça me rend si dingue que j'y tiens encore, je suis là, las de vous. Combien de fois j'ai pleuré comme une petite fille, caché, derrière un mur. Mais je disais que c'était le mur qui pleurait; d'autres murs pleurent. Si je pouvais encore chialer à ce point, je crois que mes larmes feraient

déborder les océans, maman. Mais je suis sec, séché au soleil et puant, dur comme de la roche, et le froid aussi y est pour quelque chose. Les klaxons n'attirent pas mon attention, j'écoute plutôt le silence du sourire furtif des enfants; des étoiles filantes me font un signe, je m'en vais... Qu'ils sont jolis ; j'ai si honte de ce que je suis devenu que je devrais me cacher loin de la ville, ou peut-être mourir et ressembler à de la terre, de l'herbe, vivre comme un arbre. Mais j'ai peur de mourir, je n'aurai pas le courage de me tuer, de tomber de si haut, le vertige me fait trop peur. Je deviens dans leurs regards (celui des enfants) qu'ils souhaiteraient m'aider. J'attends et j'aimerais tant qu'ils me tendent leur toute petite main... elle me rappelle celle de mes enfants que j'ai perdu, malheur à moi... malheur de malheur à moi.

Je ne vois pas tout à cause de ma faible vue, mais j'entends tout ce qui se passe dans la rue, dehors, les choses les plus admirables sont celles que je perçois avec mon cœur. Parmi les vitrines décorées des commerces en lumières, le bruit que font les éboueurs quand ils commencent à vider les poubelles emplies d'ordures, parmi les autobus et leur puissant vrombissement, parmi les gueulades, les disputes du gentil et du méchant, les portes qui s'ouvrent et celles qui se ferment avec fracas, la sirène de la police l'ambulance et le pompier, parmi les gens en retard qui courent et ceux qui tombent et se cognent le front par malchance, parmi les femmes aux milles hommes et leur «vient chéri on monte», parmi le riche qui traîne la pauvreté comme une marionnette, une sale serviette, parmi celui qui dégueule son petit déjeuner en plein caniveau et celle qui se recoiffe hâtivement face à son rétroviseur, et la vieille petite dame qui m'observe discrètement, elle dévisage la rue derrière son petit rideau blanc, et une autre vieille qui chante au milieu de tout le monde, parmi le cri des enfants sortant d'une cour d'école, et les battements d'ailes des pigeons et l'aboïement du chien, le miaulement du chat qui a peur, le miaou du chat qui veut se frotter à vos jambes, parmi le roulement d'une poussette, du roller et du skate-board qui atterrit sur le sol en claquant, clac CLAC, le bourdonnement des scooters qui tronçonnent la route en se faufilant entre les voitures, et les pizzas chaudes en motocyclettes qui pétaradent, parmi une vitre qui se casse, l'avion qui passe, le pot de fleur qui tombe et se brise, PAF il s'est éclaté, le voilà étalé en morceaux, parmi le CUI CUI des oiseaux, le papier journal jeté qui fuit la chaussée, parmi le chaos des corps qui se bousculent à droite à gauche comme des poissons aveuglés par leur nombre, parmi le vent qui souffle et la pluie qui frappe les pare-brises, le sol (mon lit), parmi la puanteur, la putréfaction des coins dégoûtants crasseux mélangée à la pollution sonore, celle qu'on ne voit pas, parmi les voyous qui me narguent, me donne des coups en passant, et la police qui me fait dégager d'où je suis, parmi les deux arbres qui résistent tant bien que mal, le sifflet du flic, parmi l'oeil sourd des fenêtres, les rideaux de fer qui cognent le sol à la tombée de la nuit, parmi les ombres esclaves agitées, parmi les miettes de pain que le vieux monsieur assis esseulé et posé jette aux volatiles, parmi les éclats de rires et le chuchotement des éternelles files d'attente

devant les cinémas, parmi les haussements de voix, les appels, la monnaie qui chute et touche le sol en cliquetis, des clochettes et des sonneries, parmi celui qui éternue, atCHOUm ! et ronfle en se mouchant, parmi celle qui tousse tenant un mouchoir par-dessous son nez, parmi la fumée qui s'échappe des toitures, parmi la crasse incrustée des coins et recoins des égouts, parmi les raclements de gorges et les crachats et les moulards et les chewing-gums laissés et jetés par terre, les clochards comme moi en train de déchirer du carton pour la nuit, parmi leurs luttes pathétiques pour un sal gilet trouvé dans un dépotoir, parmi le déchirement de ce gilet, parmi le signal du cellulaire avec ses «Allos», parmi les «je t'aime» et les «je te déteste» et les «je m'en fous», parmi les «combien je vous dois?» et les «combien je te dois?», parmi les «bonjour comment allez vous?», et les «bonssoirs et les merci beaucoup», les au revoirs et les adieux, et les... Merde ! les... les quoi encore? Face au spectacle de ce manège qui me donne le tournis en permanence, je n'entends que mon silence. La vie du monde est un tout qui creuse chaque jour le vide de ma vie. ALLO ? Allo je vous parle ! Mais je ne suis pas le miroir du monde, je l'absorbe comme un trou noir mange des parties de l'univers. Dans le plus silencieux des silences, j'avance en inspirant tantôt la crainte, tantôt la compassion; tantôt la peur, tantôt la pitié.

— Yassine Aissaoui
© 2005 by Yassine Aissaoui
[image L]

— forty-seven —

Silence

By Lun-Yi Tsai in response to Ralph Lichtensteiger

As a child I remember the silence of night and the ringing of my ears. But it wasn't complete silence if I listened carefully there was the occasional cracking of the wooden floorboards and then the sounds of car wheels on the streets below. And if it was a rainy night, the silence was filled with wet splattering, splashing, and swishing.

Is silence simply the lack of sound? Or does silence exist insofar as there is sound? Just as the notion of absolute space makes no sense today, perhaps absolute silence is also an illusion, a construct of our minds. The most silent moment of our lives have been filled with that incessant ringing, which we usually fail to notice as we are enveloped in sounds. How then is it that silence is such a mundane everyday notion? It seems to me when people talk about silence, they mean relative silence. For most people, there is some more or less approximate and acceptable threshold below which sounds are quiet and hence amount to silence. It is a strange arithmetic.

But this is not the silence I am interested in—such silence does not give peace. The silence that I seek is that which exists no matter how loud our environment. The words we use are blunt tools. They

are born of the illusion of time and space. Implicit within them are these sad notions; the verbs have tenses, they express the movement in time. We learn at an early age to use these words and in doing so we are trapped in the prison of time, space and change. So powerful are these conceptions that simply questioning them brings up very strong reactions even among our most thoughtful companions. This attachment to an illusory inheritance without silence holds within it the seeds of our infinite sorrow. The busy hum of life struggling incessantly permeates us whether it is the mundane buzz of day-to-day work, or the crude violence of war and the hum of its machinery, or the subtle clash of intellectual minds pummeling one another, or the intense creative act that strains one's powers to the limit on complex patterns and equally profound relations among them. But if one listens carefully in what seems to be silence, one hears again that ringing from childhood—it is the silent ringing of misery.

It is paradoxical that the artist is one who is poised on the cusp of silence and non-silence. She is the one who is closest and yet furthest from silence. In painting, I have experienced instants of silence when "I" ceases and there is only the awareness of being and movement. But these have been punctuations in an otherwise willful, purposeful, intentional action—that of "creating" art. Art is the record of the past and the passing present, which includes the past present and the future present. It seeks to capture a moment or a period of time, a sentiment, an emotion, a panorama, or any number of past things combined. We are trapped in the act of making physical objects; all art is the genesis of objects be they images on paper or canvas or sculpture or words and markings on paper or magnetic or electronic records. They are delivered as aggregate complexes of sign-sensations predominantly visual, tactile, motor and auditory filling the mind with associative thoughts and emotions from individual memories. No, the artist and her work are not a movement towards silence. If silence is the highest possible attainment, then I fear that it is perhaps easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an artist to attain silence.

The question lingers. Can there be creation that is silent, without attachment? If silence is beyond the physical, perhaps it is the truly authentic creative act—creation that is unconscious, without intention, without yearning for recognition or fame. It is the creation that is unaware that it is creating; for true awareness is the re-creation of being from moment to moment. Silence is the aesthetic awareness of being—not the attachment to images of the past or the future, but the radical movement beyond time.

— Lun-Yi Tsai, Seattle, April 11, 2005
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www.lunyitsai.com

— forty-eight —

The 'impression' of sound like the negative impression that light gives - looking at an image that has a strong

black n white contrast and then at a white surface to see the negative - also exists. When a certain sound has occurred that one pays attention to, an aural impression forms and other sounds slightly similar to that original sound take the form of that impression and deceive as if it were that the original sound was repeating. It has happened with me a number of times. I wonder if it's a common observation.

— Jude D'Souza

— forty-nine —

"silence is loving"

— Mitchell Renner

— fifty —

Soda Springs | Yosemite, California, 1993-11-02

It was a beautiful snow covered winter night near Tioga Pass in Yosemite National Park and a renegade bear was on the prowl, terrorizing visitors in the vicinity of Soda Springs, which meant nobody else was there except the park ranger whose job it was to hunt it down. But after a couple of hours of unsuccessful hunting, the ranger left, too, leaving me alone in the moonlight. Well after midnight, there were substantial periods of profound silence—except for some very faint sounds bubbling up from the ground—I handheld my microphone to get a bit closer.

Soda Springs did more than talk to me, the place sang and tooted and beat rhythms that held me speechless for hours. I recommend that you use a pair of headphones because this will put you there, exactly in my position, with your ears close to the ground.

— Gordon Hempton
The Sound Tracker
www.soundtracker.com

— fifty-one —

"Berlin, Dorotheenstrasse, schneebedeckte Mitternacht. Zwei gelangweilte Ampeln haben einen Schluckauf."

— Fabien Lévy
28/04/05

— fifty-two —

The ringing began after I accidentally discharged a replica gun close to my head in a performance. At least I think it did. Perhaps it's always been there, I just developed the ability to turn it down, to disattend it. But as soon as I listen, there it is. I

call it ringing but it's more like a whistle, a signal interference, a high-pitched scream. Tinnitus. Do we all hear the same tone?

And as I become increasingly deaf, the result of a misspent youth I like to think though probably hereditary, it becomes increasingly apparent. My iPod at full volume obscures it, as does the television tuned unsociably. But listening to the night there it is, ever present, at once inside and outside, enveloping.

— Mike Pearson
Professor of Performance Studies
www.aber.ac.uk/tfts/mp.shtml

— fifty-three —

PERMUTATION POEM XXX

“Life has to kick you in the face
before you have a story
on your instrument.”
— David Murray, 1995 Interview

The best answer is without sound
Best answer without sound is the
Answer without sound the best is
Without answer the best is sound
The best sound is without answer
Sound without answer is the best
The sound is best without answer
Answer best without sound is the
Best the answer without sound is
Is without sound the best answer
Best the answer is without sound
Sound the answer is best without
Best sound is the without answer
Best sound is the answer without
Best sound answer the without is
Sound the answer best is without
Best the answer is sound without
Without sound is the best answer

— George Henry Koehler
© 2005 by George Henry Koehler

— fifty-four —

silence | silence
(for Jacques Derrida)

silence | war
art | silence
silence | cave
inhuman | silence

silence | dreaming
avenue | silence

silence | tape
mirror | silence

silence | absence
"in memory" | silence
silence | blind
breaths | silence

silence | coda
overall | silence
silence | between
day | silence

silence | seconds
lesson | silence
silence | da capo
lips | silence

silence | rest
mourning | silence
silence | non-music
endless | silence

silence | one
two | silence
silence | zero
screen | silence

silence | meal
bottle | silence
silence | black
white | silence

silence | dirt
skin | silence
silence | prison
rain | silence

silence | unthinkable
loss | silence
silence | speechless
unspeakable | silence

silence | stone
comedy | silence
silence | string
formula | silence

silence | number
implosion | silence
silence | chair
school | silence

silence | reduction
dissemination | silence
silence | waiting
remaining | silence

silence | shock
naked | silence
silence | wigwam
secret | silence

silence | dice
book | silence
silence | joke

perfect | silence

silence | step
silver | silence
silence | radio
symphony | silence

silence | "as if"
secret | silence
silence | impossible
double | silence

silence | grave
before | silence
silence | castle
exhibit | silence

silence | noise
absolute | silence
silence | pausing
connected | silence

silence | who
into | silence
silence | nothing
voice | silence

silence | named
interrupted | silence
silence | before
finally | silence

silence | modul
pleasure | silence
silence | place
silence | silence

— Ralph Lichtensteiger, Jan 25, Jan 28, 2005
© 2005 by Ralph Lichtensteiger

— fifty-five —

(Cergy-Préfecture, may 19th 2005)

...

When I stepped onto the large platform where the 17h52 train for Paris Saint-Lazare stood waiting it seemed unusually quiet there. I noticed that for some reason the train had not fully entered the station yet. The last two, three coaches were still inside of the tunnel. The doors were open though. Some of the passengers were peeping out, with hands holding briefcases, hands holding newspapers. They looked up and down the platform, somewhat impatient because of the apparent delay.

As I walked towards the rear of the train – which is where I get in, because it is where I get out – an elderly gentleman carrying a greyish green shopping bag came up to me.

The man began to whisper, hurriedly.

Something about a 'bump' ... or that the train had 'jumped' ... ?

He shook his head and I nodded in reply, even though I did not understand much of what he was saying.

A woman joined us.

"Didn't you hear ?" she asked. "That awful cracking sound ? ... How could one describe it ? ... Sounded like something being torn and crushed at the same time ... Never heard anything like it before in my life ..."

She almost seemed indignant over that.

Then she shuddered and put a hand on my arm.

"Didn't you hear ? And there was someone screaming, just before the train's brakes started shrieking ..."

She looked at us.

And all became very quiet again.

There was hardly a sound.

Just a low humming that went on and on and on ... something electric maybe ... but nothing else ... only a humming.

...

— J. K. Harsman
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www.harsmedia.com/SoundBlog

images A

August Highland

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"Non-Intervening Information Stream" | © August Highland

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from

How was the

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How was the

Abbie the multiplayer

google arcade

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food
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Karta
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got
uncertain

survive

engin

central
patiete

images B

EPIPHANIES by Richard Kostelanetz

[Typefaces used: American Typewriter Regular, American Typewriter Condensed, American Typewriter Light, Apple LiGothic Medium, Arial Hebrew, Baskerville Italic, Baskerville SemiBold, Big Caslon Medium, Bodoni Svty Two Book, Capitals Regular, Chicago Regular, Charcoal CY Regular, Cochin, Didot Bold, Gadget, Gill Sans, Helvetica Neue Regular, Helvetica Neue Light, Helvetica CY, Kai, New York, Palatino, Symbol Regular, ST Fongsung Regular, LiSong Pro, STKaiti, Stone Sans Semi, Times CY, Trebuchet MS]

Behind everyone's speech he heard the sound of popcorn crunching. [17]

A sequence of Epiphanies is like an hallucinogenic drug, the experience of which modifies your experience of time. [19]

The secret of his success at producing so much art was that he enjoyed staying home. [19]

As the musicians were playing various beats, they were either incompetent or had different scores. [21]

Flooding water differs from us people in traveling across the land without benefit of a map. [23]

Not in a million years would another million years like these come again. [23]

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE BEFORE YOU ACKNOWLEDGE THAT A SINGLE-SENTENCE FICTION SHOULD BE CONSIDERED A SHORT STORY? [23]

How can you tell for sure if your art is getting better—whose opinion should you trust? [23]

Nothing is as inimitable as perfection. [24]

Learn from the mistakes of others; you can never live long enough to make them all yourself. [25]

He took the pledge of silence, sooner than tell another lie to inquisitors who could not be turned away. [28]

The silence of the woods at night generated more fear than the noisy crowds of the city. [31]

Everything in Epiphanies, even statements of my purposes, is scrupulously fictional. [39]

Never will the creation of Epiphanies come to an end. [41]

One reason why Epiphanies is so choppy is that, during the course of writing it, I had an executive job by day and a janitorial job by night. [41]

He could talk interminably with infectious enthusiasm about "the integrity of silence." [47]

The violin she played had the sound of a piano. [52]

Everything changes—inevitably, eventually and unalterably. [55]

Our situation changed from silence to presence to patience to violence. [57]

The voice sounds like mine, though the words do not. [91]

Don't mix a cow's milk with a bull's semen. [93]

Assault ugliness with arrays of mirrors. [96]

He slept better in the daytime, after everyone else had gotten up and gotten out. [101]

Lying down to write more Epiphanies, his head on a pillow, he found them pouring forth onto paper in an expected rush, or should it be "flush." [102]

Fiction is first of all fabrication. [103]

**WHY IS MY TELEPHONE BILL FILLED WITH CHARGES FOR CALLS MADE
WHEN I WAS AWAY?** [122]

Civilization will survive, believe me, even though the weather remains, as you notice, so ominous
day after day. [123]

When such pleasures have exhausted us, we think we might have
exhausted pleasure. [124]

What I as an author would rather not have in fiction is not in Epiphanies. [128]

Minimalism is as much a motif in my art as excessive extravagance. [128]

He wrote beginnings and endings before filling in the body of the story. [129]

Some of these Epiphanies are based on things that happened to me; others to things that
didn't (and could never) happen to me. [129]

You could characterize the imagination informing Epiphanies as "extravagant minimalism."
[129]

The wax of a row of Chanukah candles was dripping onto his bald head. [130]

The practice of loneliness drove me crazy, as did the vow of poetry. [131]

99% of his writing is ephemeral; for the remainder he had the possibility of
immortality, at least among a few readers. [132]

She could not approach strangers without blushing herself into silence. [133]

The church had a new altar constructed within the space of a previous Christian sanctuary, all of it built within the shell of an abandoned synagogue whose walls, alas, could not speak. [134]

Someone who is nothing still casts a shadow. [135]

There is only one second between "is" and "was." [136]

I never want to—no, want never to—die. [137]

If these stories should be considered efforts at revealing the truth, only the reader can definitively decide if that goal was reached. [137]

Each sentence here should be rich and sufficient enough to stand alone. [138]

This fiction is closer, in certain respects, to recent music and recent painting than it is to anything currently taught as "literature." [138]

Epiphanies need not be read continuously; there is nothing intrinsic in the work to prevent the reader from jumping around. [138]

In art, new forms initiate new experience, rather than vice versa. [139]

The principal effect of Epiphanies is the experience of fiction. [139]

The mark of poetry is compressed statement; the measure of fiction is the creation of an internally consistent world. [140]

Innovative art succeeds only when it offers perceptual experiences unavailable elsewhere. [140]

It is no easier to be perfectly conventional in art than it is to be completely original. [140]

Critics have contrasted the traditional linear fiction which has an arch-like plot with the epiphany story which has a revelatory climax just before the conclusion with the formally flat story in which no part stands out from the others and yet its theme is always present. [140]

The more carefully he read the poem, the less coherent it seemed or perhaps the less he understood. [140]

A story is a series of events progressing to an end. [141]

Nothing in my previous experience prepared me to live with thirty-six cockroaches in the same room. [141]

My mother insisted that I was wasting my time writing stories that neither she nor her friends could read. [141]

This might be the densest fiction, with the greatest number of events and scenes per page, that any of you have ever read. [143]

I like Epiphanies for its unending leaps in time and space, as well as style and tone; in this respect at least, it is perhaps unlike any other fiction ever written. [151]

One could write a musical Epiphanies of just climactic passages that were drawn from various musical styles and then separated from each other by silences; a painterly or sculptural analogue would be more problematic. [156]

He always talked to his parrot as he wrote poetry; she was his first "reader" and, if only for his silences, his most astringent critic. [157]

She talked with the desperation of someone who found silence an intolerable void. [173]

He preferred modern music to classical and the sounds of the city to those of nature. [174]

The most interesting part of my literary autobiography, my readers tell me, is my confession of a congenital inability to write any story longer than a single sentence. [183]

Every time I discover a work of art within myself I get a special thrill. [184]

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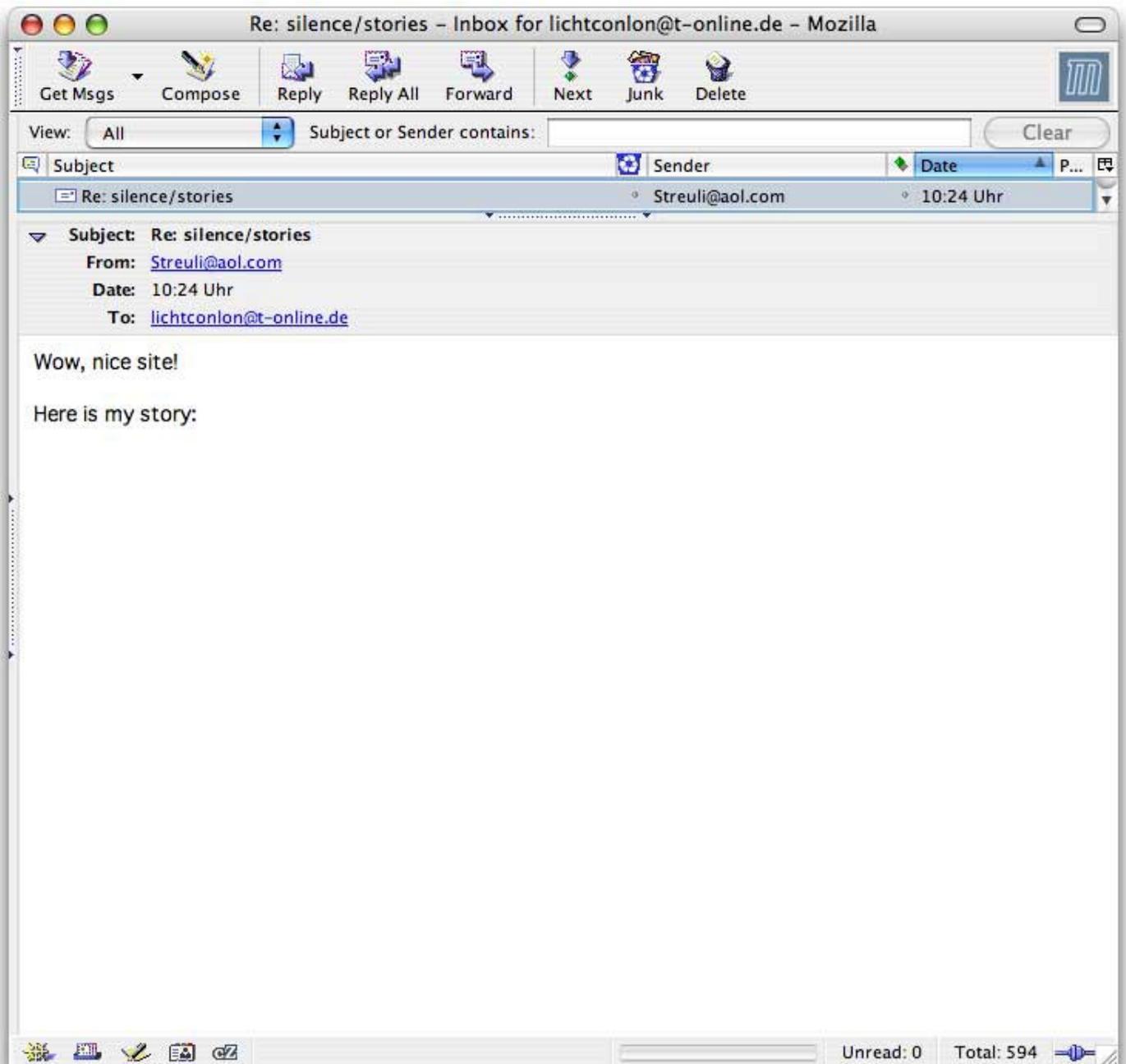
EPIPHANIES by Richard Kostelanetz

[assortment/choice by Ralph Lichtensteiger, authorized by Richard Kostelanetz]

images C

Beat Streuli

© 2005 by Beat Streuli



images D

John M. Bennett

© 2005 by John M. Bennett

TWO SILENT SOUND STORIES

Ecnelis

eat the silence in your gnihguoc comb
the silence in my gniniahc club the
silence in your sehsub age the silence in
my gnipiw drum the silence in your
steknalb oil the silence in my sehsa butt
the silence in your gninaol table the
silence in my sehsag lake the silence in
your remmah blood the silence in my
eeffoc nap the silence in your legduc jerks
the silence in my gnispal ham the silence
in your retfa run the silence in my
aehrraid cave my silence in your sehcnert
jam your silence in my gnihcni

Trihs

I heard the sugar in the citta I heard the
string in the kcottub I heard the lunger in
the mucspaos I heard the tube in the
hciwdnas I heard the sandal in the ekal I
heard the climber in the popados I heard
the expectoration in the enots I heard the
honey in the naf I heard the ink in the
gartons I heard the lawyer in the
pmartixe I heard the oil in the maerceci I
heard the nap in the reddal I heard the
gnignilc in the shoe rack I heard the etum
in the fog hum I heard the dnas in the
buried shirt

images E

Thanos Chrysakis

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BY THANOS CHRYSAKIS

images F

Martin Hawes



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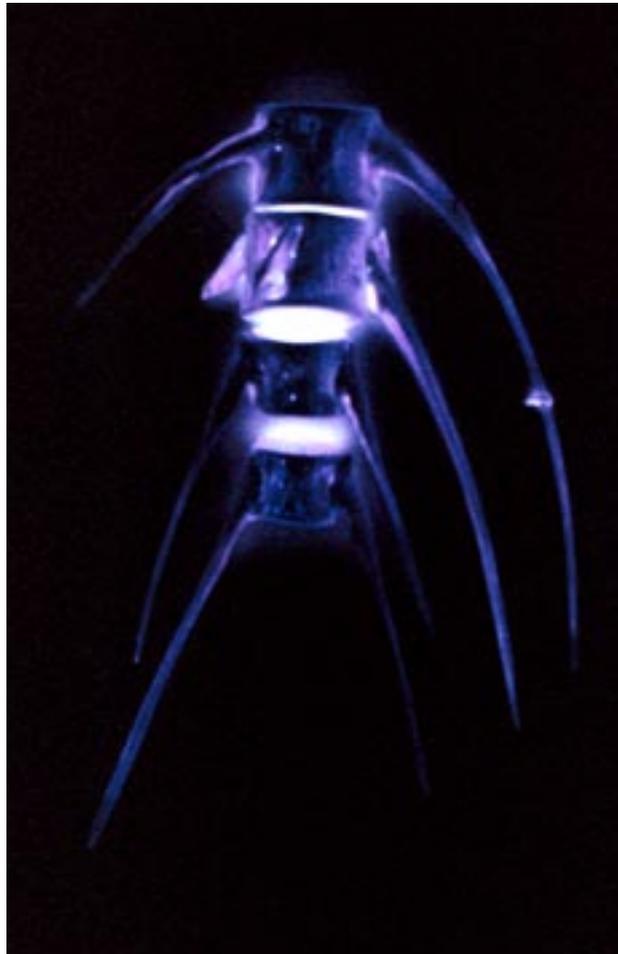
images H

Kathleen Ruiz

Associate Professor of Integrated Electronic Arts, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

SPUTNIK

Once I "heard" a sound from within my body
when floating in a sealed tank of water,
it was the "soundless sound" of the creaking
of my own bones.



© 2005 by Kathleen Ruiz

images I

Terry Rentzepis | SELF-PORTRAIT



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images J

Todd Weinstein



Rousseau's Garden, Paris | © 2005 by Todd Weinstein

Todd Weinstein



Martini Glasses, New York City | © 2005 by Todd Weinstein

images K

Damon Smith

One mesostic on clarinetist Jacob Lindsay/two thoughts on silence

my first thought about silence is Jacob lindsay's term:

post-cage-mAchismo

recent movements inCreative music

have made the lengthOf your "silence" into the

phallic gesture "hardBlowing" once was

some musicians sit and Listen so long onstage you
want to charge them adm I ssion

it is iNteresting then that

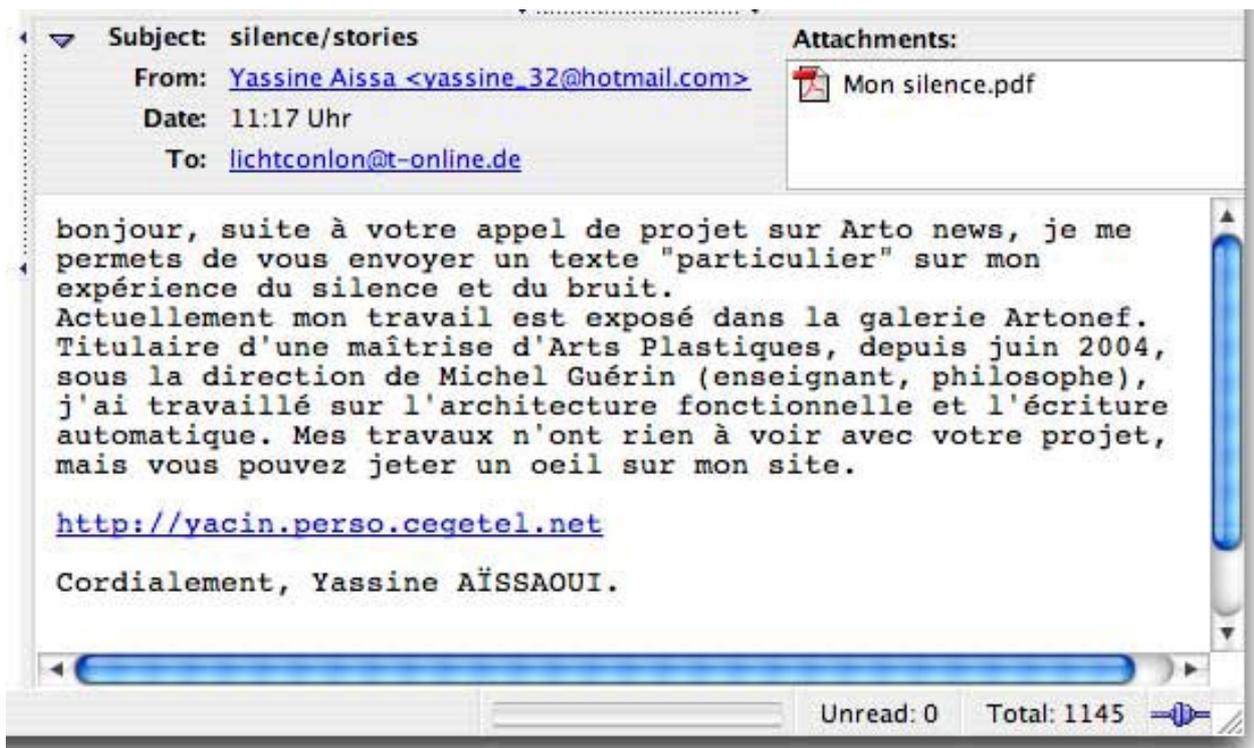
my seconD thought about

Silence was a quintet i heard, including
jacob, with the the most chArged and beautiful silences at the end
of each piece. if you trY for such an effect, it never works.

© 2005 by Damon Smith

images L

Yassine Aissaoui



© 2005 by Yassine Aissaoui

supplement I

Raymond Federman

MORE LOOSE SHOES & SMELLY SOCKS [3] Fragments of Writing (1999-2004)

Singularly Bored

[Remembering Samuel Beckett]

clear to him
at once at last
the dark
he always struggled
to keep under

nothing to express
nothing from which
to express
no power to express
no desire to express
but the obligation
to express

[after the unforgivable -]
the slightest eloquence
becomes unbearable

no use
rearranging words
into prodigal rhetoric

to say what
the authentic weakness
of being

nothing will come of
nothing

nothing is more real
than nothing

damned to fame

the dead tongue
the immediate vehicle
of innermost anguish
undecipherable to him
metamorphosing himself
into the joke
the argot
the stroke of local color

initiating the performance
the act of depth
in volcanic magma
fused
into a rich strangeness

harnessing the

undifferentiated
pell mell babel
of grammar

out of extreme pressure
nakedness of words
is born

and so
he strips and strips
to the bone
then to the bone's shadow

into lessnessness

least less

no sound no stir
ash grey sky
mirrored
within another
mirrored sky

monosyllabic
haunting cadence
pascal
joyce
synge
dante
yeats
racine
swift
wilde
milton
conrad

ecclesiastes monodies

webern
giacometti
schubert

the eagle's skull
the eyes
the grey eyes
hot ashes

then all as before again

so again and again

stirring still
with blind power
into unheard wind
he emerges systematically

out of the void

a mandarin
a magician
a charlatan [perhaps?]

st. augustine
spinoza
berkeley
geulincx

the sharp triangulation
of mindful chaos

and descartes
of course

cunningly bringing
into shaping collision
the sphere of
a divine comedy

celia sucking dicks
in irish brothels
never never never never

yes yes yes yes

causing manifold
inspiration into
abstinence and wit

no
laughter

without forgetting
the hand
the mouth
the skull
the ass

said
take into the air
my quiet breath
said
the ass gives life
to unborn ridicules

what would we do
without women

we would explore
other channels

fuck life

in hand less words
speaks the mouth

of death in absence

who said it all
was pebbles
or was it by
cycles

the pen is
hand some in
the mouth of word

in letter hand
fingers move
ment

the stone of mouth
rootless in memory

one invents obscurities

rhetoric

whenever
the stroke
hits
mine is not
imagination

word fart
ass less art
is nothing

he lost
in his room the
conveniences of fabul
ation
and spoke from the
other side of far
ness

making of realistic
playful exactitude
la cascade de nuages
qu'elle nous emmerde
plus
linguistic plenitude

he did not believe god
or fiction
running errands for him

come in he knocked

and was included
bethickettly

a dangerous bowler
on his day

a first-rate fielder

playing double or nothing
with real fictitious
voices
in closets

curious relation of terms
singular boredom

from primordial cry of disgust
to the last spasm
of laughter

how like the sun each day
having no alternative
he rises to go
to his writing table

how he understands
that no utterances
can ever give shape
to the chaos of life

how by simplicity
he engages vast ideas
in tiny trickles of
closely guarded language

how knowingly he faces
that great avalanche
of fortuitous events
we call the universe
how while waiting
for the hour to strike
he hopes that it will not
and fears that it will
how he eliminates
the superfluous
to bring forth
fundamental sounds

how his face
turns somber
in the presence
of indiscretion

how he goes silent
when confronted
with the fact
of his generosity

how a smile came to his eyes
during the final sentence
as he chanced upon the words
oh to end again

that confusing emotion
which was his life
a long yawn
so true it was that
when in the void
what little is possible
is not so
it is merely
no longer so
and in the least less
the all of nothing
if this notion can be
maintained

the difficulty is
in the difficulty
so all is for the best

it only remains to dare
to fail as no other
dare fail
to fail better

je ne sais plus o?
je finis

how tiresome
memories
how to go on
he should not have begun

ah what curse mobility

[F/H]

[Concerning the Book in Progress | I just realized while adding pieces to More Loose Shoes & Smelly Socks what genre it is — I mean what literary genre — it's an alphabet — an alphabet of writing — the pieces that will make this book are arranged alphabetically in the Word Perfect file entitled more shoes — and that's how they come out of my computer — alphabetically according to the first letter of whatever title I gave these pieces when I saved them in my computer — and now I am taking them out and arranging them - or rather I should say — my computer is arranging these fragments of writing alphabetically — in other words it's not me but my computer that decided the order of the pieces More Loose Shoes & Smelly Socks — of course I made other decisions that will affect the final shape of the book and how it will be read — for instance I decided — and not my computer — that the pieces would not have page numbers and that they would follow one another without any separation or typographical indication — except for the title of each piece — or perhaps I should say of each section — so that Loose Shoes & Smelly Socks will be — when I am finished putting the pieces together — a long discourse that will evolve from a to z — becoming in the process an alphabet of writing — but the reader will not be able to see that alphabetical arrangement because the reader does not have access to the file in my computer in which these fragments of writing were saved originally under whatever name I chose at the moment of writing — nonetheless More Loose Shoes & Smelly Socks is constructed according to the alphabet — so perhaps the subtitle of the book should indicate that this open-ended discourse made of a variety of bilingual fragments is an alphabet of writing. RF]

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[The contributions "The Domestication of the Voice" and "Singularly Bored" for the Silence/Stories project are authorized by Raymond Federman.]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: Special thanks to the generosity and helpfulness of Raymond Federman.

supplement II

Claude Chuzel
Silence Cantata

SILENCE BLUE

you hear

a moaning through

sleepwalking morning

something has just

seen his eyes

there is

in the air

farewells escaping

to the equivoqual infinite

I've come a long way
And I can speak your language
But not to speak your language

your name
you answer
you to speak
your name

he has lost his way
he was always looking farther away

no more rest
lost his way
lost him

dying music
drunk the poison
drunk on his own philtre
hurricane to a bad dream
down from his melancholy
his god is dying in his eyes

down from his madness
wing of an evil spell

Silence now. Whoever moves will be in trouble
no more rest
i am a sword
through the future

i am cutting up time
i am cutting up the Times

i am before touching after

i am the razor
i am my sabre
through the Future

i am as strong as the inevitable

I am dreaming in the bottom of a dream
to a world that shifts to a different place
i am a knife of light

i am dragging the night along
i am shivering with defiance
i am Your own terror

he can sing well
night is rooted in his throat
he is a chapel singer

Soon

i am surrounded by ghosts

hung up to a call

I have the oriental patience and the science of calculation

you have lived from death
and you are your own executionner
i am as sad as the awakening in an exile
i am the vertigo of History
i am the dented laughter of the ruins
i am bewitched by ny sincerity
i am measuring the sky
i don't know the lips

i am running
to what I am running away from

i am
all the points in the world
i am vertigo

i am
i am the the day
i am the the day of the eclipse
i am the catastrophe
i am these wings
i am the momentum

i have never

i am pulling the human attraction

i have changed scales
i have pushed the scale
i have climbed all the steps
i have changed ladders
i have pushed the ladder
i am filling with eternity

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds

i am of fire
i am the claw
i am the mark
i am the one who spills

i am the one who already knew
i am dead and I am After
i am the instant craving for eternity
i am going against life

i am passing through
i am biting into time
i am the one who reverses
i am the wounded beast in the sunset
i am the one who opens up the abyss
i am the day that catches fire

silence BLACK

Then black

a tomb opening

two severed necks

tour à tour the present has got lost
terrassé struck down

land steel blood

Hood her blood with thy black mantle

You have drunk though mother's milk

The future has lost its generosity

An image is collapsing into an image

tombs the towers

logics are crumbling down

deathly pale amazement

images rising

images are plunging into images

images are moving back into their images

then black it is
eyelids stuck together
his screams scratching

jolts of the land

the slow depth of the scream

but

black blood

who is this woman crying ?

In the negative light
jolts of peeled off sighs

not enough stars for so many souls

silence is crashing and drowning
breaking out from everywhere

i am breaking out from everywhere

i am crying the cries of every beast

seconds are lacking to
minutes lacking to
hours lacking to
years lacking

you are lacking
c'est tout

there are the puzzled shadows

the steps of the dead ones are walking
the poor dead ones how soft

terror is burying itself
outside the vicinity of the ground

the ground is singing out of tune av
the terror is dancing out of rhythm

the dead ones the poor dead ones
pieces of music
mingled voices
i can hear your steps

the shadow is stretching outfarther than you

expect

there is someone crying
Sois sage, ô ma douleur

into a den of dreams
music is your skin
something is still singing

yet

i am scared
morning soon

touch the dawn
your steps
can you hear

what is dawn
learn

so black
that the world wakes up
to a sun that does not lie

it is Dawn
a momentum of dawn
that reveals images

the dawn that startles the imagination of the dumb
ones

the colors truer than the thought
the tears truer than the thought

locked up in the moanings
our flesh is crossed
salted chasm

when the real crushes the true
screams are melting
questions on fire
secrets on fire
voices on fire

scattered ash

scattered question
i would like to hear a human word

steel blood tangling world
you have drunk though your mother's milk
you are climbing each step
from the memory of the stairs

And there are the puzzled shadows

Here we are at the meeting place
before above

and below us
abysses of past conditionals
there is no secret
but there are questions
Still
there is

any questioning is useless

and you the only one lost
the cloth of the fairly large number
dirty and stinking hope
and you
me lost

tangled to your ashes
i will stay down there

Dies irae of the fierce fire
of the air that keeps the spasm
of the ground that wails
In girum imus nocte
of the water tear
of the water tears

the air is still keeping the spasm
sit will be difficult
at this very hour there is no peace
O sounds of other vertigoes

that I do not know sleeping beside me

yet alive
in a fold of language
et consumimur igni

in the peace of the fire that feeds
of the air that carries away
of the ground that holds up
of the vague water
of the vague water
before us the puzzled shadows

no other lips
drink the music
it takes all the times
it sentences to life

no other lips

we shall let God sleep
i am cradling the mercy of human limits

in a fold
simply
The sound stops

you hear ?

“Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather. Kraahraark! Hellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's.”

James Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 93-94

contributors

"Everything had been said in the saying of nothing." — Paul Griffiths

Miekal And

Miekal And is the author of such forgotten underground visual-verbal classics as *BABBALLY: The Destruction of Mindfuck Diplomacy* (1990, Burning Press, Cleveland), *No Moon, Dante* (1987, Xexoxial Editions, Madison, WI) & many other titles distributed by Xexoxial. Literature Nation, a collaborative hypertext with Maria Damon is currently travelling in the show *Contact Zones: The art of the CD-Rom*. *Thirty Samples for Orchestra*, an interactive audio toy is soon to appear on the new cd-rom from 'Leonardo Music Journal'. Future works are increasingly focused toward strategies for international online collaborations which use visual/verbal vocabularies to replace English as the means of exchange. And divides his time between raising his son, being glued to the computer & growing epic wilderness at *Dreamtime Village*, a hypermedia permaculture community in southwestern Wisconsin.

Yassine Aissaoui

Né le 17 juin 1977 à Salon-de-Provence, je vis depuis toujours dans les Bouches-du-Rhône, en France. Je passe 5 années à Aix-en-Provence, pour y passer mes études (une année en administration économique et sociale, et 5 années d'Arts Plastiques à l'Université de Provence). En 2004 j'obtiens mon diplôme de maîtrise d'Arts Plastiques. En Arts Plastiques les cours sont académiques et rigoureux : croquis de nus, natures mortes, études dégradées, colorimétrie, perspectives. Ayant toujours eu des facilités dans le dessin, je me consacre tout d'abord à l'illustration (des illustrations foisonnantes de détails, scannées, puis modifiées sur Photoshop, aboutissent à un ensemble d'images qui paraissent être de méticuleuses gravures), puis la photographie numérique, l'architecture, mêlés aux questions esthétiques, sociologiques et politiques, prennent progressivement de l'importance dans mon activité.

Mes influences plastiques sont hétéroclites, il y a la calligraphie orientale, l'oeuvre de Miro, de Masson, de Valérie Jouve, de Stéphane Couturier, de Thomas Ruff, d'Andréas Gursky, et de beaucoup d'autres...

Depuis 2002-2003, mes recherches de créations numériques et graphiques continuent de se développer.

Étant à la recherche de galeries, lieux d'exposition ou autres pour diffuser mon travail en France, je continue mes recherches de la trans-position du graphisme dans la photographie (numérique).

Je vis actuellement dans le sud de la France, à Miramas.

John M. Bennett

Born 1942 in Chicago. Foreign travel and study: Japan, Canada, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Chile, Peru, Ecuador. Curator, Avant Writing Collection, 1998- (present). Central Ohio Psychiatric Hospital, Volunteer Poetry Therapist, 1979-1986.

Anne Bichon

Artist, new media, photomontage, net art. Born 1969 in Angers, France. Diplômée de L'Ecole régionale des Beaux-Arts d'Angers - D.N.S.E.P. (Diplôme National Supérieur d'Expression Plastique). Publications : 2003 : "Ephéméride" Mouvement, revue indisciplinaire des arts vivants, Paris, FR. 2002 - 2004 : Unjourdanslavie.org, Paris, FR.

Stephanie Boisset

Geboren am : 22.01.1975 in Périgueux (Dordogne, Frankreich). Grösse : 1.58 m. Familienstand : ledig. Beruf : wWw's maker / shooting girl. Wohnort : ständig unterwegs. E-mail : stephanie@boisset.de

Arthur Chandler

[...]

Claude Chuzel

[...]

Thanos Chrysakis

Thanos Chrysakis is a London-based musician of Greek origin. Even though his main interests are music & sound, writing poetry and independent experimental moving image making are also—in equal footing—practiced by him. His musical work consists of microacousmatic compositions, instrumental music, and generative installations/ environments. His music and sound work has appeared on compilations for independent labels and also has been broadcast in various countries in Europe and USA. His microacousmatic work *Transparent Geometries & Close-Ups* has been released on the 'Stasisfield' label.

Lowell Cross

Lowell Cross is Professor of Music, Emeritus, at the University of Iowa. He received his undergraduate

education at Texas Tech University, Lubbock, and after being awarded a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship, pursued graduate studies in electronic music and musicology at the University of Toronto.

His works have been seen and heard at two world exhibitions (Expo '67, Montreal; Expo '70, Osaka), two European festivals of the International Society for Contemporary Music, the Venice Biennale, and in Carnegie Hall, New York.

He designed and built devices for the distribution and movement of amplified sounds in performance venues, including the electronic chessboard for the John Cage - Marcel Duchamp "Reunion" (Toronto, 1968). Cross is also the inventor of the laser light show (1968-69) and has presented multi-color laser performances in the U.S., Japan, Mexico, Germany, Italy, and Austria. With the late Professor of Physics Carson D. Jeffries (University of California, Berkeley), he designed and constructed four large multi-color laser projection systems, VIDEO/LASER I - IV. After a three-decade career of research publications, performances, compact disc production, and teaching (electronic music, art and technology, musical acoustics, and audio recording techniques), he retired from the University of Iowa in 2002.

"From my youth I have been fascinated with x-y displays of audio-frequency information, certainly including music. When I was about 10 or 11 years old, there was a science fair at Texas Technological College (now Texas Tech University) in Lubbock, where my father was head of the biology department. The physics department was demonstrating an oscilloscope showing a real-time plot of a star-shaped Lissajous pattern in slow rotation. Since that young age I have retained the rotating image as a vivid memory throughout my professional career, even though there was no provision at that demonstration for observers to hear what they were seeing." — Lowell Cross

A. P. Crumlish

[...]

Alvin Curran

Amerikanischer Komponist, geboren 1938. Stark beeinflusst von John Cage, der Computer-musik und der musique concrète (Pierre Schaeffer, Luc Ferrari, Denis Smalley), vom Jazz, der minimal music. Sein Spezialgebiet ist die live-elektronic, die virtuose Verwendung der Sample-technique, Radio-events, environment sound, musical and architectural space (Klang-Geographie), sonic-stream of consciousness etc. 1960 Bachelor of Arts in Komposition und Musiktheorie an der Brown University. 1963 Master of Music in Komposition bei Elliott Carter an der Yale University.

Seit 1992 Professor für Komposition am Mills College in Oakland.

1966 zusammen mit Richard Teitelbaum, F. Rzewski, Anthony Braxton und Amacher Gründung der Improvisationsgruppe "Musica Elettronica Viva"; in den 70er Jahren Soloperformances, in denen er Aufnahmen von Umweltgeräuschen, Synthe-

sizerklängen, Stimmen, Klavier und gefundene Gegenstände verband; in den 80er Jahren Klangarbeiten für Performances auf Seen, Flüssen und in Häfen, Steinbrüchen, Höhlen und öffentlichen Gebäuden; Ende der 80er Jahre Verwendung des Radios als Instrument, daraus entwickelte er die Vorstellung einer "Klang-Geographie".

Instrumental works have been commissioned by the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Hessischer Rundfunk, Kronos Quartet, Relache, Group 180 (Budapest), Aki Takahashi ("Hyper Beatles"), Ursula Oppens, the Rova Saxophone Quartet, and the Abel-Steinberg-Winant Trio. Since 1991 Curran has created three new scores for the Trisha Brown Dance Company that were presented in the City Center season in 1993. A new work for the performance artist Joan Jonas debuted in July of 1993 in Berlin.

Awards include NEA, DAAD, NPR and Ars Acoustica International. Curran taught briefly at the Accademia Nazionale d'Arte Drammatica in Rome and is presently the Milhaud Professor of Music Composition at Mills College in Oakland, California.

Doyle Dean

Doyle Dean is a freelance artist and instructor of Video Art at the University of Southern Indiana.

James Drew

American composer/playwright James Drew (b. 1929) has been active in the international Art world since 1970 and continues to be on the forefront of modernist thinking. His works are performed and recorded by major orchestras and ensembles throughout the world. His music is published by Theodore Presser Company and is available world wide.

Today, Drew's poetic language for the stage is best described, according to S. Michael Brannon, as being "a mixture of the metaphysical poets, Shakespeare, and a comic application of street vernacular." Having said that, Brannon adds that "Drew devoutly believes in the holiness of Art." Historian Nicolas Slonimsky cites Drew as an authentic member of the American Experimental Tradition—a lone wolf with a strong sense of belief and purpose.

Drew has been the recipient of many honors, among which are a Guggenheim Fellowship, support from the Rockefeller Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts. He has served with distinction on the faculties of such universities as Yale and UCLA, as well as working professionally as composer, playwright, and director of the GREYWOLF Institute.

Jude D'Souza

[...]

Karlheinz Essl

Born 1960 in Vienna. Composer, improviser and

performer. He attended the Vienna Musikhochschule (1979–87), where he studied with Friedrich Cerha and Dieter Kaufmann, among others. He also studied musicology and art history at the University of Vienna (doctorate 1989; thesis published as *Das Synthese-Denken bei Anton Webern*, Tutzing 1991). Active as a double bassist until 1984, he played in chamber and experimental jazz ensembles. As a composer he has contributed to the Projekt 3 composition programming environment of Gottfried Michael Koenig at Utrecht and Arnheim (1988–89) which later transformed into his own Realtime Composition Library for MAX. Essl also served as composer-in-residence at the Darmstadt summer courses (1990–94) and completed a commission for IRCAM. In 1995 he accepted a position in computer-aided composition at the Studio for Advanced Music & Media Technology (SAMT) at the Anton Bruckner Private University, Linz.

Essl's compositions result from confrontations between ordered, abstract models and original tonal, expressive structures. He has frequently sought to combine music with other genres and has collaborated with the graffiti artist Harald Naegeli (*Partikel-Bewegungen*, 1991), the writer Andreas Okopenko and the artists' group Libraries of the Mind (*Lexikon-Sonate*, 1992–8), the architect Carmen Wiederin (*Klanglabyrinth*, 1992–95) and the video artist Vibeke Sorensen (*MindShipMind*, 1996, a multimedia installation for the Internet). During the 1990s he carried out many additional projects for the Internet and became increasingly involved with improvisation. In 1997, Karlheinz Essl was featured at the Salzburg Festival with portrait concerts and sound installations. In 2003, he was artist-in-residence of the festival musik aktuell, and in 2004 he was presented with a series of portrait concerts at the Brucknerhaus Linz.

In 2004, Karlheinz Essl received the cultural prize for music of the state Lower Austria.

Besides writing instrumental music, Karlheinz Essl also works in the field of electronic music, interactive realtime compositions and sound installations. He develops software environments for algorithmic composition and acts as a performer and improviser. Most of his compositions are published by TONOS (Darmstadt).

Raymond Federman

Novelist, Poet, Critic, Translator. Distinguished Professor Emeritus [English & Comparative Literature].

Born in France (1928), Federman is a bilingual writer. He emigrated to the U.S. in 1947. After serving in the U.S. Army in Korea and Japan (1951–1954), he studied at Columbia University under the G.I. Bill (B.A. Cum Laude, Phi Beta Kappa, 1957); graduate studies at U.C.L.A. (M.A., 1958, Ph.D. in Comparative Literature, 1963 – doctoral dissertation on Samuel Beckett).

1959–1964, Federman taught in the French Department, at the University of California at Santa Barbara; 1964–1973, in the French Department at The State University of New York at Buffalo [promoted to Full Professor in 1968]; 1973–1999, as a fiction writer in the English Department at SUNY-Buffalo. In 1990, he was promoted to the rank of Distinguished Professor.

Raymond Federman retired from SUNY-Buffalo in July 1999.

Raymond Federman published five volumes of poems (*Among the Beasts*, 1967; *Me Too*, 1975; *Duel-Duel*, 1990; *Now Then*, 1992, 99 *Hand-Written Poems*, 2001); four books of criticism on Samuel Beckett, three collections of essays, numerous articles, essays, and translations.

He published ten novels: *Double or Nothing* (Swallow Press, 1971, winner of the Frances Steloff Fiction Prize and The Panache Experimental Fiction Prize); *Amer Eldorado* (written in French, Editions Stock, Paris, 1974, nominated for Le Prix Médicis); *Take It or Leave It* (Fiction Collective, 1976); *The Voice in the Closet* (Coda Press, 1979); *The Twofold Vibration* (Indiana University Press & Harvester Press Ltd., 1982); *Smiles on Washington Square* (Thunder's Mouth Press, 1985, awarded The American Book Award by The Before Columbus Foundation); *To Whom It May Concern* (The Fiction Collective Two, 1990); *La Fourrure de ma Tante Rachel* (written in French, Éditions Circé, Paris, 1997). *Loose Shoes* [Weidler Verlag, Berlin], 2001; *Aunt Rachel's Fur* [FC2, 2001].

Federman's novels have been translated into German, Italian, French, Hungarian, Polish, Dutch, Rumanian, Serbian, Greek, Portuguese, Hebrew, Japanese, Chinese, and soon to appear in Finnish and Turkish.

Jesse Glass

Jesse Glass grew up on a horse farm near Westminster, Maryland. He currently lives and works in Tokyo, Japan. His plays, poems, performance works, and fiction have appeared in a wide variety of journals and anthologies.

"The need for a mythic base had lead Glass through all sorts of arcane lore, ranging from Biblical figures to the spirits of Swedenborg, the political philosophers of the French Revolution, the founders of surrealism, where he picks up vampires, banshees and the Marquis de Sade along the way. Glass's work has a strong narrative style which he lads the reader (or auditor) through glittering images and strange, speculative environments. The images and figures of Glass's poetry are usually not of the physical world, but rather metaphysical or psychological manifestations of deep-seated fears, desires and aspirations. Glass's approach to human problems and situations is indirect and elusive. He asks questions without expecting answers and he often seems to be stepping aside as the fantastic creatures he creates charge at him, perhaps suggesting a sly humor."

— Karl Young (The Shepherd Express)

Hans Ulrich Gumbrecht

Hans-Ulrich Gumbrecht is the Albert Guérard-Professor of Literature in the Departments of Comparative Literature, of French and Italian, and (by courtesy) of Spanish and Portuguese at Stanford University.

He was born in Würzburg (Germany) in 1948. After spending several months at Lycée Henri IV in

Paris, he graduated from the Siebold Gymnasium at his home town in 1967. He studied Romance and German Philology, Philosophy and Sociology at Munich, Regensburg, Salamanca (Spain), Pavia (Italy) and Konstanz, receiving his PhD at the University of Konstanz in 1971. Gumbrecht was an assistant professor (Wissenschaftlicher Assistent) at Konstanz and passed the Habilitation in 1974. He was appointed full professor at the University of Bochum (1975-1982) and at the University of Siegen (1983-1989), where he founded the first Graduate School (dedicated to the topic "Kommunikationsformen als Lebensformen") in Germany.

Peter Gutmann

Several years ago I began writing occasional feature articles and reviews about classical music for Goldmine magazine. I'm not sure why perhaps I was working through a mid-life crisis of sorts. I just felt compelled to try to share some of my enthusiasm for something that's consistently meant so much to me. Keeping yellowing copies of that material in a file drawer seemed pretty useless. Hence this web site.

Now I do regular columns for Goldmine and Legal Times, but their limited length never seems sufficient to cover a prolific artist, a timeless masterpiece or a substantial edition. So I've posted expanded versions of most of the printed columns to provide graphics, further information and updates.

The rest of this introduction is not intended as a matter of ego; it just seems appropriate that readers know something of the filter through which my views emerge in full disclosure, as we say in my trade.

I'm a partner in the Washington, DC office of Womble Carlyle Sandridge & Rice, PLLC, where I specialize in broadcasting regulation and transactions. (Please check our website if you'd like to learn about our law firm or to browse our library of memoranda on various legal issues in communications. I'm a full-time attorney and readily admit that I have no formal credentials or professional ties to music. But I consider my lack of insider status a boon, as it enables me to listen and write with full independence from the Powers That Be.

In my profession I'm an advocate, and here, too. It really upsets me that so many people shun classical music for fear of the unknown. Whether consciously or not, anyone who likes music should like classical in its everywhere, and not just in "Eleanor Rigby" types of arrangements. Its tonality, melody, harmony, texture and form permeate all the music we routinely hear. (And, please - this stuff isn't all quaint retro; avant-garde classical music is far more "progressive" than anything you'll ever hear on the radio.)

Gordon Hempton

Gordon Hempton is an international acoustic ecologist and Emmy Award-winning sound recorder. For nearly 25 years he has provided professional audio services to musicians, galleries, museums, and media producers, including Microsoft,

Smithsonian, National Geographic, Discovery, National Public Radio, and numerous other businesses and organizations. He has received recognition from the Charles A. Lindbergh Fund, National Endowment for the Arts, and the Rolex Awards for Enterprise.

A botany graduate of the University of Wisconsin (1976) with graduate studies in plant pathology (1980), Gordon Hempton began recording the sounds of nature in Washington State, embarking on numerous backpacking trips into the wilderness. He produced and published his first two titles, *Idle Times* and *Put on Your Dirty Cap*, under The Sound Tracker® label in 1982. The following year Hempton recorded at The Nature Conservancy's Yellow Island Preserve, a small island off Washington State. In 1985, he published Limited Editions of Rare Native Acoustics—32 sound portraits available on both cassette and 1/4" analog tape.

People Magazine published a prominent center page article on May 30, 1988, "Listening for the Vanishing Sounds of Silence, Gordon Hempton Wishes Civilization Would Lower Its Voice". With a circulation of 24 million copies, this publicity drew national attention to the fact that natural soundscapes were vanishing and only Hempton was preserving them. Additional national publicity followed on television, radio, and print.

In 1989, Hempton received the purchase price of The Spirit of St. Louis, a symbolic grant from the Charles A. Lindbergh Fund. This resulted in numerous sound portraits and the, "One Square Inch for Silence," recommendation to the National Park Service for preserving natural soundscapes nationwide.

In 1990, Hempton received recognition from the Rolex Awards for Enterprise and The National Endowment for the Arts.

In 1992, Hempton circled the globe, visiting six continents, to record dawn circling the earth. He became the subject of a national PBS television documentary, *Vanishing Dawn Chorus*, which earned him an Emmy Award for, "Outstanding Individual Achievement."

From 1992 to 1994, Hempton studied and recording the childhood environment of Mark Twain. (Hempton's work in the Mississippi Valley became the subject of a high definition television documentary, *Sound Hunter*, by NHK-Japan.)

From 1993-1995, he studied the life of John Muir at Yosemite beginning with a walk from San Francisco to Yosemite. (This became part of a television documentary, *Web of Life*, by WQED.)

He taught Joy of Listening and Nature Sound Portraiture at Olympic Park Institute from 1994-1997.

Hempton continues his work in publishing, sound design, consulting and location recording services to major clients such as Microsoft, Smithsonian, National Geographic, Discovery, and National Public Radio, while also maintaining his passion for preserving vanishing sounds.

Hempton has now circled the globe three times in pursuit of environmental sound portraits. His new series, "Environmental Sound Portraits," the first new work to appear in more than a decade.

J. K. Harsman

HarS is short for Harold Schellinx. Born in Maastricht, the Netherlands. Avant-rock musician based in Amsterdam (1975-1985). Editor and London correspondent of Dutch 'modern music magazine' Vinyl (1981-1983). Studied formal music and computer-aided composition with Gottfried Michael Koenig at the Utrecht Institute of Sonology (1983-85). Then mathematics and its foundations with Anne Troelstra at the University of Amsterdam (Ph.D. 1994). Researched in mathematical logic and the foundations of computer science (1990-1999). Today HarS is living and working ... somewhere... anywhere ...

Martin Hawes

Martin Hawes was born in the UK and emigrated to Tasmania when he was 12. In his early teens he discovered a passion for bushwalking that has led him to spend much of his life in the Tasmanian wilderness, often on solo expeditions of 2-3 weeks' duration.

Martin has worked as a semi-professional wilderness photographer since the late 1970s, supporting himself financially by specialising in the management of remote-area walking tracks. His first book, *Above me only sky: A portrait of the Tasmanian Wilderness*, was published in 1981, and his photographs have appeared in numerous calendars, diaries, magazines and greeting cards. Recent works include the multimedia production *The Island*, which was released in 2000, and *imperfections*, which is the result of a collaboration with haiku poet Ron Moss.

In recent years Martin has focused increasingly on philosophical writing, and in 1997/98 he worked as a staff member at Brockwood Park, an international school founded by the humanist philosopher J. Krishnamurti. 2003 saw the release of Martin's second book, *Twelve Principles: Living with integrity in the twenty-first century*. He continues to take photographs, and he is currently working on two new books.

August Highland

Artist. August Highland is known for creating text-paintings. The source material for his current body of work is the Human Genome Project. Highland is incorporating into his art the gene expression of what some are calling the "Biotech Century."

Highland's new body of work beautifully integrates art with biotechnology and genetic research by using human genetic sequences as the compositional element. Inspired by the Human Genome Project, each artwork contains DNA information from one gene built up layer upon layer on canvas.

"August Highland conflates the typographic, photographic, and purely graphic, jumping off the computer screen and into the conceptual space between eye and mind, page and wall."

— Peter Frank, Art Critic, Angeleno and LA Weekly

Justin Katko

jUStin!katKO is a sound-visual poet working out of the united states. He is currently the media intern at Xexoxial Editions. Recent bookworks include SCHEME! and CATHECT!

Film/text collaborations with Keith Tuma – "swarm intelligence" and "ornithooneiric" – were shown at Soundeye: the Cork International Poetry Festival in Cork Ireland, July 2005. jUStin is editing the first issue of *Plantarchy*, a magazine to which he invites you to send new work. Artist's statement: I don't care what voice says.

Homepage: www.justin-katko.tk

www.users.muohio.edu/katkojn/SCHEME!.htm

www.users.muohio.edu/katkojn/CATHECT!.htm

Matthias Kaul

Matthias Kaul started as a Rock- and Jazzdrummer. He studied percussion at the Hamburg Musik-hochschule, received numerous scholarships, and was awarded an advanced degree in Solo Performance. He has cooperated with other musicians and composers such as John Zorn, David Moss, Carla Bley, Malcolm Goldstein, Mauricio Kagel, Hans Werner Henze, Vinko Globokar and Joachim Hespos. He has made several concert tours in Europe, North and South America, Kanada, Africa, Taiwan, Japan, India and Korea. He has been featured, as percussionist and composer, on numerous record labels, including Wergo, Hat Hut, col legno, and CPO. Although Kaul has never studied composition, his activities as a composer have grown in the last ten years; his works have been performed worldwide. The IMD in Darmstadt and the Bavarian State Opera recently commissioned him to write music-theater works for their festivals.

George Henry Koehler

Frankfurt-based writer and musician. A great unknown of metaphysical literature. *Invisible griot*. Born 1960 in Hamburg (Germany).

A childhood and youth in South Africa instilled an unbroken love of English, it became the preferred "language of his soul". He developed and works with different meta-fictional writing techniques (such as his *Patchwork Narratives* series which unites diverse chance operative methods with stream-of-consciousness narrative, permutations, variations, fragmentations, chance operations, cut-ups, montages, cut-ins, collages, mesostics, acrostics, cut-up-haikus, automatic writing) as well as the more traditional ballad/song, sonnet, ode, haiku, tanka, limerick or short story, novella and essayistic forms. All these are but finger exercises, a flexing of methods and techniques en route to a more ambitious dream, that of a series of radio plays or novels or screenplays assimilating all the above (akin to a mad kaleidoscopic *Gesamtkunstwerk* infused with all those insufferable madnesses that such a megalomania or, hopefully, stroke of genius may generate).

"My writing is located somewhere between the stringent formal constraints I place upon myself on the one hand, demanding a high measure of diligence and accuracy in the scouring out of

maximum expression within minimal forms, and stream-of-consciousness methods and modes born out of mood and moment on the other hand. Formal constraints can yield remarkable results when paired with a certain mischievousness."

"In regard to my experiments in music I prefer applying the description acoustic investigator or sound emitter wandering through gardens of discoveries and memories to myself, rather than the term musician. My preferred manner of creating music is to compose (or improvise or react) out of the moment, akin to the stream-of-consciousness technique in writing, except here we have creation resulting from direct interaction. Much as my writing can also be called a painting with words, so can my music, for it is a painting with textures of all sounds."

Selected works from the author's archives of oblivion: 20x20: Sermons Wading Through Effluvia (2000-2003), one of his most extraordinary pieces; Creating Metafiction (1998-2003); Agony Garden Songs (1999-2001); Forgotten Songs (2000-2001); Funeral Orchestra (2000-2001); Glimpses into the Gardens of Eden and Gethsemane (1981); Haiku Forest (1975-2005); Instruction Songs (2002-2004); Life a.k.a. Metafiction: 44 haikus (2004); New Songs for Skinned People (1998-2004); October Meditations (2003-2004); Paradise Research Songs (1999-2001); Skinned Songs (1993-2003); True Confessions for speaker and ambient guitars (1997); Undressed Ideals (2003-2004)

Collaboration with Ralph Lichtensteiger: 60 Pages for voice and piano (1989); Cageware - The Revolution of Life and Language Vol. 1 (a study on John Cage's relationship with language and literature) (1990); I LIKE (1991); Eine Woche mit Hegel (Fragment) (1999); Duos No. 1-45 (1999); Charles Ives Songs (1999); Arbeit am Mythos (body of work) (1999); Human Apparatus (for William S. Burroughs) (1999); Zeil 5 live-concert in Frankfurt (2000); Funeral Orchestra & Other Duos (2000); 101 Questions and Answers re John Cage (2001); Louis Mink Duos (2001); 1 to 16 (2nd version) for three voices, amplified violin, electronics and percussion; 1 to 23 (2nd version) for voices, amplified violin and two CD-player (2001); Three pieces for Toru Takemitsu (2002); Do You Think Cage I, II and III (2002); From here to emptiness (2002); 1-440 for speaker, piano and percussion (2002); Thoreau kills Buddha (emptiness that surrounds) (2002); A Taste for the Secret (2002); A Crown of Feathers (for Pierre Boulez) (2002); Unknown Centers (2002); Uglybeautycage - Dialogue with John Cage (2002-2005).

In progress: Renovating Utopia (anthology); Musings from an amputated head (website under construction).

Future projects: libretti for operas and musicals.

Richard Kostelanetz

Experimental writer, artist, critic, inventor, composer, communicator. Kostelanetz has edited collections of writings by Nicolas Slonimsky,

Moholy-Nagy, John Cage, Merce Cunningham, e. e. cummings and Gertrude Stein. Richard Kostelanetz is living and working in New York City.

Tamara Laï

Digital Artist, New Media, Writer, Video (1983), Computer design (1993), CD-Rom Interactive (1993), Net Art / Web Art (1997), Virtual curator, Web design teacher. Video director since 1985, TL converges in 1993 to the digital techniques and the writing of interactive tales and poetry (CD-ROMS). Since 1997, she centres her researches on Net Art / Web Art (sites, chat_and_cam performances, videoconferences...), with a special focus on the creation of networked collective spaces. Her work has been exhibited internationally as official selections of festivals and events in Belgium, France, The Netherlands, Germany, Swiss, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Hungary, Canada, Hong-Kong, New York, Turkey, Minnesota, United Kingdom, Thailand, Ireland, Brasil, Argentina, Mexico, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cuba, Venezuela.

Fabien Lévy

Composer. Fabien Lévy wurde am 11. Dezember 1968 in Paris geboren. Neben Unterricht im Klavier (Klassik und Jazz) und im Orgelspiel lernte er auch Musikanalyse (1. Preis), Orchestrierung (1. Preis), Musikwissenschaft, Harmonielehre und elektroakustische sowie instrumentale Komposition. Während seiner Studienjahre am Pariser Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique studierte er u.a. Komposition bei Gérard Grisey und Marco Stroppa, Analyse bei Michael Levinas, vergleichende Musikwissenschaft bei Gilles Léothaud und Orchestrierung bei Marc-André Dalbavie, wobei er gleichzeitig Fachdiplome in der Mathematik und der Wirtschaftswissenschaft (Magister, ENSAE) erwarb. Nach anfänglicher Tätigkeit als Forscher und Dozent in beiden letztgenannten Fachgebieten entschloss er sich 1994, sich ganz der Musik zu widmen.

Ralph Lichtensteiger

Artist, musician, composer. Born 1962 in Geis (Switzerland). Ralph Lichtensteiger is living and working in Frankfurt (Germany).

Ian S. Macdonald

Dr. Ian S. Macdonald has had many years experience in the music industry and was a pioneer in experimental electronic music composition. He has presented creative workshops for many organizations including children's festivals in Adelaide, Sydney and Canberra. He is experienced in devised experimental composition having recently completed his PhD (Charles Sturt University) in experimental music, in which he created a work entitled "In The Hands of Children" based on the Declaration of the Rights of the Child. Ian teaches Percussion at the Riverina Conservatorium of Music where he con-

ducts the Riverina Percussion Ensemble among other ensembles.

Mike Pearson

Mike Pearson is trained as an archaeologist. Between 1972 and 1997 - in a series of companies including RAT Theatre, Cardiff Laboratory Theatre and Brith Gof - he pioneered new and innovative approaches to the form, function and placement of performance in Wales and further afield - South America, Hong Kong, Eastern Europe... He currently works with departmental member Mike Brookes in the Pearson/Brookes company as well as creating solo performances.

Mike Pearson is Professor of Performance Studies, he joined the department in 1997 and launched the Performance Studies degree scheme in 1999. In April 2002 Mike Pearson was Distinguished Visiting Scholar at the Centre for the Critical Analysis of Contemporary Culture at Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey, USA.

Recent Publications: Pearson, Mike and Shanks, Michael Theatre/Archaeology Routledge/Taylor & Francis, 2001 215 pp.

Pearson, Mike and Levett, Lyn 'Devices and Desires' In: Contemporary Theatre Review 2001 Vol. 11, Part 3+4 pp. 81-92 (on disability)

Pearson, Mike and Yang William 'You can't tell by looking...' In: On Maps and Mapping Performance Research Vol 6, No 2 Summer 2001 pp. 31-38 Routledge/Taylor & Francis

Pearson, Mike and Jeff, Paul 'Pearson/Brookes: Carrying Lyn' In Performance Research Navigations Vol 6, No 3 Winter 2001 p.23 + CD

Harry Polkinhorn

Harry Polkinhorn is a poet, writer, journalist, literary critic, psychotherapist, publisher, and a professor at San Diego State University.

Harry Polkinhorn is the editor and publisher of San Diego State University Press. He is the translator of *The Border: The Future of Postmodernity* by Sergio Gomez Montero, *Nailed to the Wound* by José Manuel Di Bella, both published by SDSU Press, and *Corrosive Signs* from Maisonneuve Press. His writing has appeared in 'El Djarida', 'Central Park', 'Black Ice' and 'Fiction International'. His photographs, visual poems and collages have been exhibited at the Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, the Milan Art Center, Milan, Italy; Museu de Arte Contemporanea de Americana, Sao Paulo, Brazil and Centro Touqueno de Escritores, Toluca, Mexico.

Friedhelm Rathjen

Studierte Publizistik, Germanistik, Anglistik und arbeitet seit 1983 als Rezensent (für SZ, FR, Die Zeit, NDR, Basler Zeitung, Radio Bremen u. a.). Darüber hinaus veröffentlicht er in diversen internationalen Fachzeitschriften und Sammelbänden literaturwissenschaftliche Aufsätze, hauptsächlich zu Arno Schmidt, James Joyce und Samuel Beckett. Ab 1986 kamen Vorträge und Tagungsreferate in Europa und den USA hinzu. Ausserdem schreibt Rath-

jen für Tageszeitungen und für das irland journal Reiseberichte (v. a. über Irland, auch über Rom, Nordfriesland und den Nordwesten der USA).

Seit 1989 ist Rathjen literarischer Übersetzer aus dem Englischen für verschiedene Verlage und Periodika. Zu seinen Übersetzungen zählen Werke von James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Robert Louis Stevenson und jungen US-Autoren. Zuletzt erschienen von ihm die Übersetzung von Martin Gardner: *Alles über Alice* sowie *Alles über Huckleberry Finn* von Michael Patrick Hearn (beide Europa Verlag) und im Verlag Zweitausendeins seine Übersetzung von Hermann Melvilles *Moby-Dick* oder: *Der Wal*. Der "wunderbar kreative und kraftvolle Übersetzer Rathjen" (*Die Welt*) ist "ein strenger Diener fremder Sprachen in Deutschland" (FR).

Zu seinen Herausgeberschaften und Buchveröffentlichungen zählen: *Zettelkasten 18. Jahrbuch der Gesellschaft der Arno-Schmidt-Leser* 1999 (Bangert & Metzler), Fritz Senn: *Nicht nur Nichts gegen Joyce*. Aufsätze über Joyce und die Welt 1969-1999 (Haffmans), Beckett zur Einführung (Junius), Beckett & seine Fahrräder. Ein treffliches leichtes Gerät mit Holzfelgen und roten Reifen (Häusser) und *Irische Reise* (Lamuv).

Zum 100. Bloomsday-Jubiläum 2004 erschien von Rathjen eine neue James-Joyce-Monographie bei Pörrö. Als nächstes wird er einen Band über Samuel Beckett schreiben.

Lothar Reitz

[...]

Mitchell Renner

[...]

Terry Rentzepis

Painter. Terry Rentzepis is self-taught. A life-time doodler, Terry began painting after undergoing major back surgery. At the urging of his wife, he picked up a paint brush to fight back the long, lonely and painful hours of recovery. He lives in Coconut Grove, Florida with his wife Sheri, their eleven-month old son Jake, a doberman named Ghost, a min-pin named Face and a rat called Ghetto. Website: alltenthumbs.com

Kathleen Ruiz

Kathleen Ruiz is an internationally known visual media artist who creates virtual environments, installations, simulations and photographs which question how conceptual constructs are built and how they shape ethics and power. Her work is based upon the study of perception, behavior, interaction and the confluence of the real and the imaginary.

Ruiz's art has been exhibited at numerous galleries, museums, and alternative spaces in the United States, Europe, South America, and Asia.

Most recently she has been awarded an individual artist grant from the New York State Council on the Arts for her recent installation and perfor-

mance work which explores the delicate relationship between human nature, technology, and creativity.

Ruiz has developed graduate and undergraduate courses in Digital Imaging and Interactivity, Virtual Environments/3D Web, Cyber Arts, Media Arts Studios, Advanced Digital 3D Projects, Creativity and Design in Information Technology, and Experimental Game Design. She has developed MFA digital arts pedagogy for New York University, The School of Visual Arts, SUNY New Paltz, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and others. She holds a Bachelor of Science, cum laude from SUNY New Paltz, and a Masters of Arts in Digital Media from New York University. She is represented by The Sandra Gering Gallery in New York City.

"It is through working with the computer that I am able to explore the border between physical, simulated, imaginary, and numerical space. I am generating new types of spatial relationships, forms, juxtapositions and visual scale which challenge the viewer to become an active participant."

— Kathleen Ruiz

Mike Silverton

Editor and writer. Mike Silverton contributed to Fanfare first as a columnist and later as a reviewer for about a dozen years before he proposed to Madrigal Audio Labs that they sponsor an Internet music review. Thus La Folia. The sponsorship perished, La Folia persists. Silverton covers high-end audio equipment for UltraAudio.com and contributes Random Noise, a column about music and related matters, to OnSoundandMusic.com. In an earlier life, La Folia's editor produced poetry readings for Pacifica Radio (WBAL, KPFA, KPFK), WNYC and the New School for Social Research. His own work has appeared in several anthologies compiled by the late William Cole, various literary publications, Harper's and The Nation. A two-CD set, Analogue Smoque, Pogus 21029-2, features Silverton reading his eponymous text to sounds by Tom Hamilton and Al Margolis. Silverton resides with his wife Lee, an artist, in an 1842 town house on the coast of Maine.

Damon Smith

Double bass player Damon Smith studied both classical and jazz bass with Lisle Ellis, Bertram Turezky, Joëlle Leandré, Mark Dresser and others. He has also done considerable research of the 'sonic palette' of the double bass. This has resulted in a personal, flexible improvisational language based in the American jazz avant garde movement and European non-idiomatic free improvisation. He is also very influenced by visual art, film and dance. Work with director Werner Herzog and an early performance with the Merce Cunningham dance company reflect this. He has collaborated with a wide range of musicians including Cecil Taylor, Marshall Allen (of Sun Ra's Arkestra), Henry Kaiser, Fred Frith, Wadada Leo Smith, Marco Eneidi, Wolfgang Fuchs, Peter Brötzmann and Peter Kowald. He works often in the Bay Area

Creative Music Community. For more information go to: www.balancepointacoustics.com

Rod Stasick

Rod Stasick is a composer in the broad sense of the term. He is interested in the creation of event-systems for various situations. Template scores are often created using a combination of graphic signs and symbols that usually suggests a syncretism of styles and methods of performance. Using these methods, he produces works in diverse disciplines (audio, video, text, mail art, conceptualism, etc.) utilizing assorted influences (Eastern Philosophy, Fluxus, The Internationale Situationniste, Semiotics, Discrete Event-Systems, random numbers to revamp Zen planning and various forms of Information Theory). Worked with John Cage, Nam June Paik, Jerry Hunt, et al. With having recently (2001, 2002) spent time with Karlheinz Stockhausen studying his work in Germany, Rod Stasick has acquired a renewed interest in the aspects of compositional integration.

Beat Streuli

Der 1957 in Altdorf/Schweiz geborene Beat Streuli ist seit 1985 international als Fotograf tätig. Sein Werk besteht hauptsächlich aus Fotografien von Menschen in Großstädten wie Paris, Rom, Tokyo, New York, Jerusalem, Turin, die er auch als Dia- und Videoprojektionen präsentiert. Beat Streuli lebt in Düsseldorf und Zürich.

"Meine Arbeit befindet sich in einem Grenzbereich zwischen dokumentarischer Fotografie einerseits und der Überhöhung der Momentaufnahme zu etwas sehr Definitivem, Komponiertem, fast Inszeniertem andererseits."

— Beat Streuli, 1997

Sammlungen: Beat Streuli ist mit seinen Arbeiten u.a. im MMK, Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt am Main, in der Sammlung von Celanese, Frankfurt am Main, in der Sammlung der Deutschen Börse, Frankfurt am Main, in der Sammlung Flick, Zürich, im MACBA, Barcelona, im Musée d' Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, in der Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations, Paris, im Fonds Régional d' Art Contemporain des Pays de la Loire, Nantes, und im Bundesamt für Kultur in Bern vertreten. Katalog : New York 2000 - 02, Hatje Cantz, Ostfildern, Mai 2003, mit einem Text von Vincent Catz

Lun-Yi Tsai

Artist. Painter. Lun-Yi Tsai is living and working in New York (USA).

Lawrence Upton

Lawrence Upton is a maker of poetry of many kinds from the linear-verbal to non-verbal visual texts. His recent publications of visual poetry include Sta!

(housepress, Canada, 1999), House (housepress, 1999), Easy Kill (Writers Forum, UK, 1998) and Triptych (WF, 1997).

His linear poetry includes Letters to Eric Mottram and some postcards (Form Books, UK, 1997) and Unsent Letters (WF, 1997) and Messages to silence (WF, 1995). humming / queuing is to be published by Writers Forum and Wire Sculptures by Reality Street Editions, UK.

His poetry has appeared recently in And, Core, Flim, Gravity, Mind Fire, Onyx, Performing Arts Journal, Poetry New York, POTEPOETTEXT, POTEPOETZINE and A room without walls; and is due to appear in Rampike and Words Worth.

Pages magazine published Regarding Maggie O'Sullivan's Poetry (Liverpool, UK, 1998); and he co-edited, with Bob Cobbing, Word Score Utterance Choreography in verbal and visual poetry (WF, 1998), a major consideration of the performance of visual poetry.

Upton has engaged in extensive collaborative work. With Bob Cobbing, he has made Collaborations for Peter Finch (WF, 1997) and the 300 booklet series Domestic Ambient Noise, which is being published serially (1994 - 2000) by Writers Forum.

Tracy Youells

Poet, writer. Tracy Youells was raised in Mountain-top, PA and educated at Binghamton University, where she earned her Ph.D. Her installation, titled Monument to the Expendable Population and featuring her poems, won a New York State Decentralization Arts Grant administered by the Broome County Council on the Arts. She most recently was a featured poet in the Women's Writing and Spoken Word Series at Robin's Bookstore in Philadelphia, PA.

Dan Waber

[...]

Louise Waller

Louise Waller is an Australian poet from Yepoon in Queensland. She devises work for theatre and writes poetry. Her first collection Slipway is published in 'Swelter' (IP2003) and (IP Digital 2004). She has received national awards and grants for her poetry and work in theatre. Recent poetry from her developing collection Aftershocks appears in 'Blue Dog: Australian Poetry' and 'papertiger #04'.

Todd Weinstein

Todd Weinstein is an accomplished photographer who has mounted more than 30 exhibitions in the three decades that he has worked as a photographer. He has studied and worked with his mentor Ernst Haas, has lectured around the world, published many articles, and won several awards and honors, including Artist-in-Residence, Germany for his

project "Darkness into Light: Re-emergence of Jewish Culture in Germany." One goal of "Darkness into Light" was to "add insight into the Jewish culture that is moving forward in post-Holocaust Germany." Mr. Weinstein's work on that project led to the more abstract "The Thirty-Six Unknown." In 1994, Todd Weinstein was invited by the German government to be an artist in residence in Germany. After the photographs from that period were developed, he picked up the many threads of his past experiences and began using the photographs toward a project on the re-emergence of Jewish culture in Germany. The work on that project has taken him to photograph commemorative ceremonies of the 50th anniversary of the liberation from concentration camps and to continue documenting contemporary Jewish life. It was while travelling in Poland, to Cracow and Auschwitz, with a group of journalists in 1995, that he began photographing "spirits," abstract faces he saw in the surroundings, images that eventually made their way into "The Thirty-Six Unknown." Through the years 1995-1998, Todd continued his work on "Darkness Into Light: The Re-emergence of Jewish Culture in Germany." In 1998, that exhibit premiered in the Janice Charach Epstein Gallery in West Bloomfield Michigan. Todd realized then that a piece was missing: a section on healing. He returned to the photographs of the "spirits" to find that piece, to find the images of the thirty-six hidden ones, known as the "lamed vov-niks." Ultimately, "The Thirty-Six Unknown" is not just a healing closure for "Darkness Into Light," but also for Todd himself. The years of photographing Jewish past, present, and hope for the future in Germany were also years of personal struggle with the Holocaust and its impact on himself, the Jewish community, and the world. "The Thirty-Six Unknown" became a way for him to bring closure, a piece of personal healing. Todd Weinstein is working on his personal street work as well as photographing the organization "One by One" (Jews and Christians whose lives have been deeply affected by the Holocaust). His most recent works in progress are photographing the Biblical Gardens of Israel and The Wishing Book. 'I met Mira in the Luxembourg garden in Paris during the production of this book,' says Todd. 'I was explaining to her my project and she reminded me that there are others myths similar to my Thirty-Six Unknown existing in other cultures, describing the event, including who participated in it and where it took place.'

John Whiting

[...]