

FOUR

Ryoko Akama

Daniela Cascella

Joseph Clayton Mills

Patrick Farmer & Trevor Simmons

Jürg Frey

Sarah Hughes & David Stent

Christine Sun Kim

Daniel del Río

Manfred Werder

Io wie

Audra Wolowiec

Ryoko Akama & Heather Frasch

Preface

Although still unfolding in definition, reductive journal has woven together intentionally abstract themes through its curation of works that echo a critical standpoint on emptiness, space, absence or nothingness. The journal reflects a particular perception of the sonic-text relationship and attempts to create space for the viewer to decipher, interpret, perform, read and experience in a liberated way, maintaining cross-disciplinary interests and non-hierarchical relationships.

reductive journal was founded in a free online format, which has allowed for an expansive audience and novel manifestations. FOUR is a physical trace of this distinctive journal's presence. Working on this physical edition, however has been a new opportunity for which we are grateful. FOUR is thereby placed alongside the historical and contextual implications of the printed format, yet it also developed to introduce a unique experience of 'reading' and 'listening'.

The eleven pieces in FOUR linger in between categories of critical thinking, sonic art, music, visual art and literature. FOUR examines and blurs the boundaries between sonic experience and text as experienced in scores, images, objects, literature, poems, notations and so on. Each work articulates silence and space that is in some way sonic, and their minimal aesthetics may be perceived as active or non-active in theory and practice. Some compositions are quite introspective, while others are more argumentative, but none is definitive.

We are pleased to collaborate with a number of partners for our activities in 2015/16. Thanks are due in particular for the warm encouragement and inspirational comments of Director Graham Mckenzie and Sarah McWatt at hcmf// in Huddersfield and Curator Montse Gallego at Hundred Years Gallery in London. Committed support is necessary to realise such an ambitious project; special thanks therefore go to Arts Council England, Pro Helvetia and AC/E. Glenn Boutler and Richard Pinnell made an extraordinary contribution to the process of producing FOUR's activities. We wish to thank everyone who was involved in this project for their commitment and beautiful thoughts.

We hope that this book will reach a vast audience and further our engagement with more works within the field.

Richard Pinnell

Foreword

Left with the task of writing a foreword to a collection of works such as this edition of the reductive journal, one naturally finds themselves trying to find common themes or overarching concerns that could be said to inform all, or at least some of its contents. Such an endeavour is maybe dangerous, perhaps provocative and probably fruitless and yet it comes naturally to someone that has spent a long time evaluating music and postulating, with equally pointless energy, upon the themes and connections to be found between one work and another. It would be an error however to approach this volume as we would music. Whilst clearly many (though certainly not all) of the contributors have a background in music, if there are links to be found between the works here they may be more focussed on how they take steps that reject familiar systems of artistic consumption and challenge the implied hierarchies of writer/reader or composer/musician/listener.

The curators of this journal have sought to gather works that wander between the traditional categories of music, visual art and literature. Each piece articulates silence and space in some way, some with more obvious clarity than others, and some leaving the reader asking what they might bring to the works themselves. Several of the contributions seem to prompt responses of some kind from the reader, and yet nothing feels like a direct call to any particular action. It is this ambiguity that extends the work here past the traditional hierarchies of artistic consumption. Are these finished works in themselves, statements to be considered, questions to be answered, or are they stimuli for some kind of actualisation? The work in this journal might perhaps hold all of these properties simultaneously, a non-singularity of purpose that is exciting in its vagaries and refreshing in its uncertainty, so leaving the onlooker with a new role to come to terms with for themselves as an interpreter of work that fails to identify its aims.

Daniel del Rio describes the five illustrations that make up his States of Listening as “drawings to be listened to”. Whilst the minimal nature of the works echo the journal’s interest in space and silence, one is left searching for their own response to such an opening statement. Rather than being musical scores these pieces would seem to be visual depictions of particular experiences of space and sound, less compositions and more realisations in

themselves. Do the equally simple, and yet somehow violently scratched ff's that make up Christine Sun Kim's *Overly Ambitious Figures* reflect the musical notation for fortissimo? If so are we instructed towards action or does the piece scream out in its own silence?

Perhaps fittingly for this volume, Manfred Werder's *6 Scores*, the only contributions here that might be directly titled as musical instructions are amongst those most difficult to know how to realise. Manfred Werder has over many years distilled composition down from direct musical notation to sentences designed to provoke thought. The fractured, overtyped, barely decipherable single words of these new scores give very little away to the onlooker, and at the same time open up the possibilities as they can simultaneously be considered works of literature, musical composition and visual art, their potential again expanded through their ambiguity. Jürg Frey, the contributor here most closely related to traditional musical notation presents a beautiful work "for reader, listener, player alone, maybe performer(s)", a hierarchy that in itself questions what its purpose may be. Likewise Ryoko Akama's *a proposal_five* (jimi no assemblage) is offered as one in a series of "proposals" - in this case a series of text snippets and diagrams arranged in an almost dadaist manner. Both pieces seem to transcend traditional composition, leaning far from what a score may be, and yet teasing us with hints at tradition as Akama includes instructions to "play a note", and Frey includes fragments of traditional notation. Again it is the ambiguity of purpose that renders these works so interesting.

Elsewhere, lo wie and Audra Wolowiec each present works that suggest a search for silence or quietude through the cutting up or direct erasing of text placed against the background of a book's page, amplifying the absence of something more as we reflect on the beauty of what remains. In contrast, Daniela Cascella's dream like depictions of time and place, and Patrick Farmer and Trevor Simmons' combination of expressionistically glorious prose and impressionistically minimal giraffe drawings take quite different yet equally compelling approaches to notions of sound and its absence. Yet these works, along with Sarah Hughes and David Stent's *Impromptus* and *Bagatelles* (stills after 'Amour') exist as miniatures that again seem to disguise their aspirations and objectives, should any exist. The latter works in

particular find a delightful solution to the curators' brief that seems to reflect description of spaces off of photographs of simple ceramic vases in a manner that feels tangentially musical without ever defining themselves as such. Joseph Clayton Mills, who like Stent, Hughes and Farmer is as at home defined as an artist and writer as a musician presents a further piece that feels as much like visually flamboyant directions from a playwright as it does a musical composition. It is certainly easier to imagine how *Meridian* may be acted out than to guess how it could sound, and there lies the common theme that drifts through the eclectic array of work in this journal. As I put it to one side, I am no wiser as to how, or if I am meant to respond to it, but the process of considering such questions is a beguiling one that means it won't be long before I pick it up again.

Audra Wolowiec

between the sea and the sea ¹

less than words can say ²

¹ Correction fluid on collection of Andalusian Poems
(translated from Spanish versions of Arabic from 9th and 13th century) / 2015.

² Correction fluid on copy of the book *Less Than Words Can Say*
(Richard Mitchell, 1979) / 2014.

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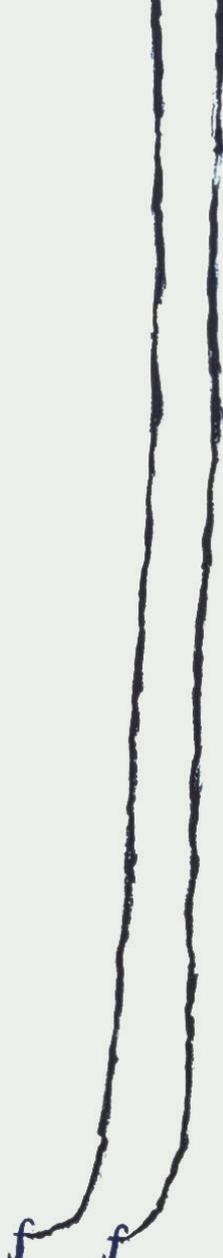
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Christine Sun Kim

Overly Ambitious Futures









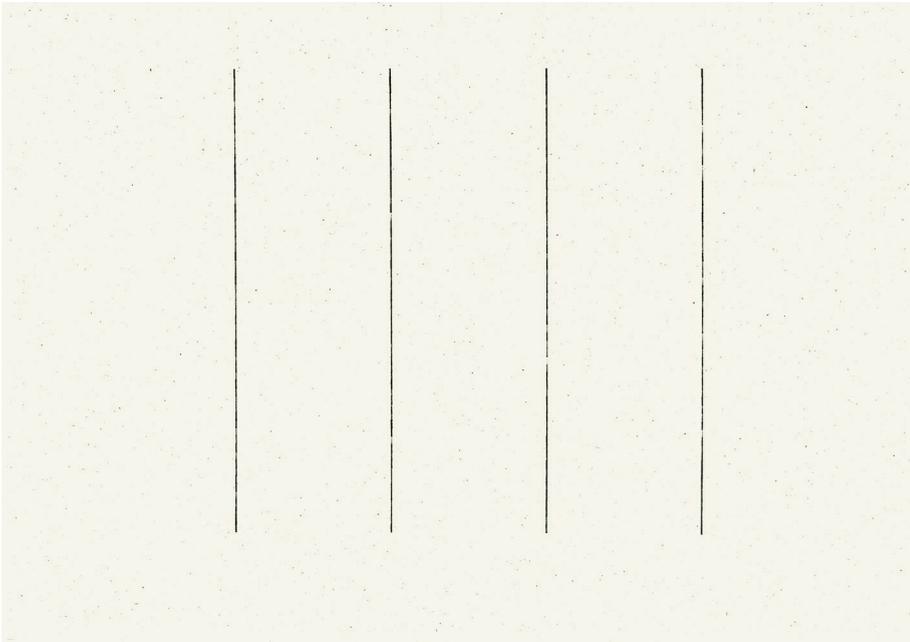
Daniel del Río

States of Listening

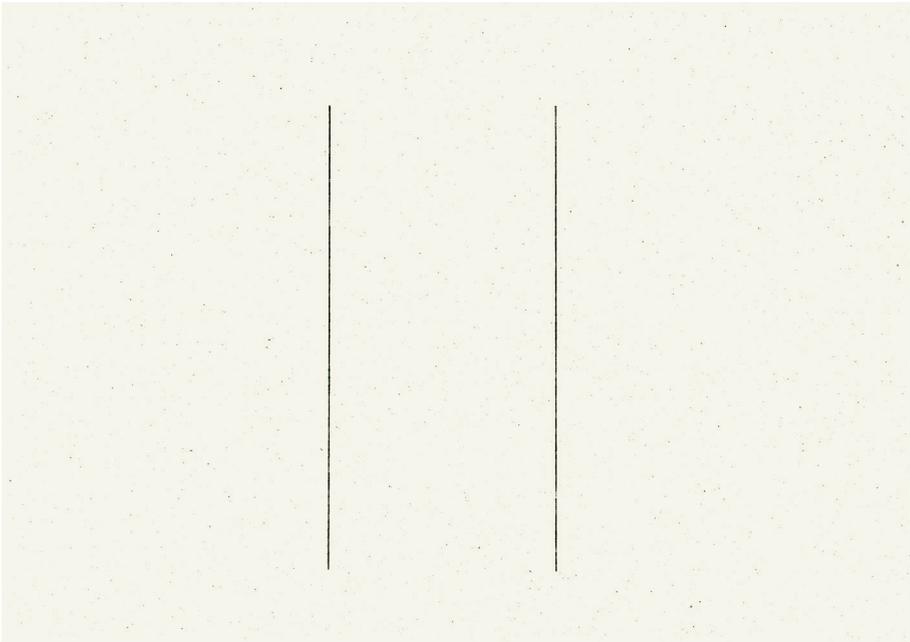
STATES OF LISTENING

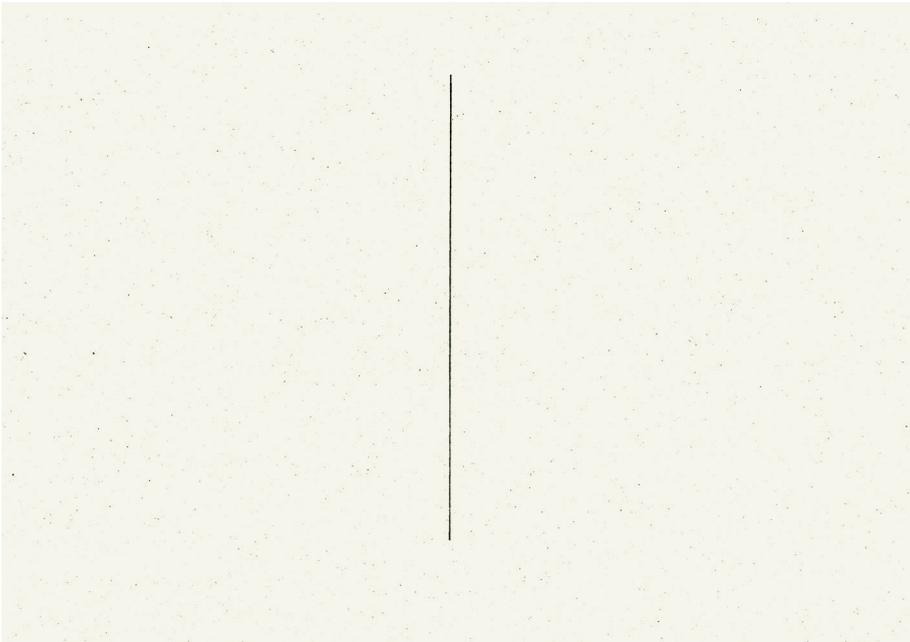
States of listening is a series of five drawings to be listened to. Each one of them is a reflection of an experience. The numerical classification is not related to a sequential or chronological nature, the numbers indicated points to a phase -state- of transcendence and immanence simultaneously. I pretend to tread a path of listening that needs to be walked for true understanding.

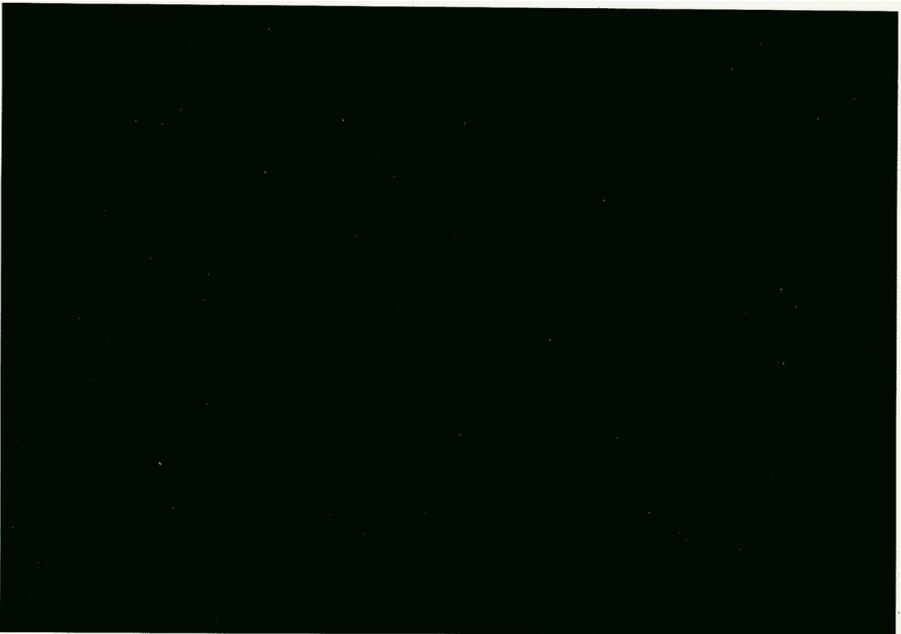
Summer, 2015.



I. Multiplicity









Daniela Cascella

Rhythms and Song

1. That listening feeling.

Of hearing a rhythm in reading, a song sometime, voices sound words, wh-h mh-m maybe that is why. Maybe that is why I keep close to me rhythms of certain songs, and films, I bear in mind they move the mind and with the mind the limbs together, and I wrote limbs not body because I hear in limbs the sound of limbo and therefore in a state of suspension I begin, I begin with a word that recurs in the mind, rolling: cliché. Cliché, use of and fear of in foreign writers. Cliché, from fear of to creative use of. Cliché that listening feeling, I look at these lines, haunted by the word listen, has this become cliché, if so how do I move from fear of to creative use of, I listen to listen and listen escapes me, then let its lines run through me, their coils as they tie themselves around me, could they tie listen too. I seek listen, try listen, try to listen but to what, remnants of song lyrics drifting, why and how do song lyrics return. How do they return and in which guise. I rummage thoughts and archive searching for others, looking for other words, for writers who marked a turn in my listening-into-writing, litany of names through transmissions testifying time. At this point I shall mention my dedication to certain texts, books, sounds, records, what they do because they did, how they put me in that state of mind that prompts inner conversations, that listening feeling that perhaps only happens in my mind mymymy but is enough to make a start. To cut into them and use them to patch my broken language into that listening feeling. Will anyone ever find them—those uses of cliché and uses of words and rhythms drawn from others, as patches. But what is other. But does it matter and to whom. But these sheets of paper these sheets of words as blankets, even if patched with words put together by others, does it matter. Or would you rather listen anyway, would you rather hear a rhythm on the pages. It will matter when someone will echo the others in their mind through reading mine mindmine the rhythms of listeningreading. Because of these rhythms I wanted to write the euphoria of songs and the golden hours of listen, to write in polyphony and life, because of these rhythms I thought of desire and because of these rhythms I reconciled the inner murmur, so murmur now, tear now, off now say now, for the patron saints of twisted tellers, for the wrecking fate of the gloomy, topaz-eyed whisperer and the onyx-shielded teller of innermost shapes, all drawn together holding desire. Mornings and early evenings holding desire. Read, hear words, listen and listening let them implode. Why do these lyrics and sounds return. How do they return that listening feeling, in which guise. What happens with songs, with the songs you learned by heart long ago

and you didn't know those words had stayed with you all these years, until one day one verse pops and drags other words with it. Those songs are vessels that listen, you tell your troubles to them they are good listeners, blandly they can embrace you, then you and them become rooms resounding rooms for thoughts. Write yourself, sing yourself, hear yourself in and out of them, your places, thoughts and senses change but you recognise their frames, them as frames, unevenly sometimes in, sometimes out, in or out of them. Motion and transmission and change, it's not the song in itself it's the repeated singing, the motion, the echo, the expansion that it entails, contains, refrains. What about dispossession and that form of knowledge, try not to falsify its ambiguity by wanting a message from it, its deformation tears free from what is meaningful because familiar. No this is to do with how thought and the living material of thought are arranged, evoked, explored. Who is within this voice, who listens? What does it say it is time spent, when listening is not adding up reference points to show off, but a way to thicken muddle complicate, maybe that is why think we leave so much behind and yet what's left matters in that it is the matter that incessantly makes us, in unseen motions. To cultivate to hone a sharp sensibility, so that the work is a prolongation of these hours of withholding, of seemingly absence, yet inevitably channelled through words, at times regurgitated, burst, can you see it here can you hear it in these lines, here is the moment where I've forgotten formulas and clichés and I'm writing straightforward which is inevitably crooked, defenceless, I have no plan I'm writing and disconnecting and yet something pullulates. Then you can talk to these songs: words, words, words, it is my destiny to talk to you. It's not the song but the place it takes and makes, the misplaced proximities it entails through the subject only but the subject as transmitter and receiver and all the interferences and distortions. What is left after we finish listening, what stays, what stays though we don't know, what echoes beyond lists of things to hold and to think about and to talk about, mark easily, a radial mesh of interconnectedness, transmission, interference, lists of listening, what is left of sounds here every now, not to own a key to higher understanding, no, not as if ownership had expanded from the inner circle of those who know, no, other motions are at play, not in ticking a list of names or titles but in being, pulsating, changing around a core made and unmade through densities of time spent, of time spent listening, thinking, reading and these densities have claims for stillness-through-time ripe with meaning, not empty but a dense yet porous

2. The murmurs of Saint Vittoria, martyr.

Having emerged from the blackness of a small room, having paced hesitantly across another room, this room, her thoughts return to the room where she woke up this morning, where she arranged her makeup as she arranged her thoughts or at least she tried, and in this other room this evening she arranges objects too, made of various materials, shifts them, rubs one against the other, makes them screech, pat or buzz, she plays and she also sings—a vocal contortion stretched into a song, at once expansion and knot, a knot, out and a knot. In the room where she woke up this morning she woke up from a dream in which she played a stringless, battered guitar and played. For the lost morning hours, for the mourning she played. For the lost, the unexpressed, for the sense of purpose and oblivion of expectations now she plays and sings. Tenuously and persistently, with the blurred accretion and the synthesised nostalgias of once. During a short stretch of time when she lets the sounds soak in the room and her voice is no longer there, she counts as she sings:

The number of chairs in the room

The number of legs for each chair and multiplies them by the number of chairs in the room, are you sure they all have really four legs.

The filaments that hang from the ceiling and hold small mismatched lightbulbs, but the lights are blurred and the filaments now look like the wiry legs of a giant spider slowly sinking into the room through the ceiling, what would be the sound of a giant spider slowly sinking through the ceiling, would it be audible.

I place a stone in my mouth, two fake diamonds on my eyes so I can listen to her song.

Bruised I will listen. Gagged, bruised to the shock and to the margin. To the mouth of Saint Vittoria, the martyr. The bones and the skull under wax but here and there you see the bones, the flaky remnants of skin.

Who is the call and the callous matter of song, who is the echo, who the call.

3. The silences of Nadine and Nadja.

Nowhere did she go, nothing did she hear, no-one did she speak to. Now silence in her head screams in the house. She looks outside the window from the inside, she sees but does not hear, blasted by black outside. She is compelled by her silence, what silence, it is in, not out. To get away, to move, exercise, move, strong. She knows the sharp screechy noise of those curtains curtail her insides, her sheltered in. A hiss and a stop and a hiss screech. It's a noise in the room noise in the head. It's the curtain rail hissing fastidiously spoiling her sheltered silence in and silencing. She begins to construct a silence in her head, more vast than the silence in the room. She wants the two to match. She appears uncontrolled in her tendency to constraint. Naive in her cruel actions. She tries with cotton wool. She fails and the silence in her head keeps beckoning. Naive Nadine, in the town where owls are not what they seem. Owls into howls for Nadine, but first the curtains, drapes, she calls them. She wants to scream and screams, *I WANT THOSE DRAPES UP BY NIGHTFALL!* Swish, counterswissssh, swissshhh, counterswisshhhhh, pause, open, close, open close, swish, counterswish. *YOU WAITING FOR THOSE DRAPES TO HANG THEMSELVES?* Don't you hear the scream? Can you hear her voice? *I've gotten all new drapes for my house. I was up all last night. Do you know what I was doing? I was inventing a noiseless, completely silent drape runner. And do you know how it works, do you know what makes it work, the thing I thought of at four this morning? Cotton balls! By God, those things will be quiet now.* She's going to have the world's first quiet runner. Just listen to this. Quiet. Completely silent. (Opens, closes, opens, closes, no more swish, no more counterswisshh). Later it will be collapse. Reawake now, in a hut at the edge of the woods where the writer was able not only to write, but to hunt owls. Howls into owls for Nadja. He called it *the point of departure to evoke those privileged sensations whose share of incommunicability is itself a source of pleasures that have no equal. On the other side, a hotel where the comings and goings are suspect, then from under the trees, fading into the darkness, a shout 'And the dead, the dead!'*, more lugubrious cracking jokes. Nadja says, *Do you see that window up there? It's black, like all the rest. Look hard. In a minute it will light up. It will be red.* The minute passes. The window lights up. There are, as a matter of fact, red curtains... Is it Paris, is it Twin Peaks? *How terrible! Can you see what's going on in the trees? The blue and the wind, the blue wind. I've seen that blue wind pass through these same trees only once before... There was a voice saying 'You're going to die, you're going to die.'*

“Behind the trembling curtains of what passes for ‘reality’, the voices throng. If no one listens, they steal the costume of the first person they can grab and burst onto the stage in ways that can be devastating”.

Roberto Calasso, *Literature and the Gods*.

4. After the Fire. A litany of ashes.

‘What a tragedy’.

A few months ago the roof in my parents’ house in Italy caught fire. Within a few minutes the entire attic was burned. My parents were safe, but the scare, the sense of vulnerability, ‘a tragedy, really’. I later realised my parents cared more for those books they’d never read, than I did. I realised it had to do with presence and it had to do with time. So these residues. I went through them one by one, half burned books, entirely burned books, spines, names and titles and chapters, covers, crumbling, black, blackened, singed, scorched, smelling of destruction and smelling of change. Back in London I recall those burned books, anticipate in which unexpected manners they will return to haunt me, I hear their voices, I name them in this litany of ashes.

Emil Cioran, *Syllogisms of Bitterness*, burned—but the lyrical torment.

Jane Austen, *Emma*, burned—but the stilted souls whose spoken words only .

Theresa of Avila, *Book of My Life*, burned—but the soul, the body, the soul.

Calderón de la Barca, *Life is a Dream*, burned—but the dream and the frames.

Velimir Chlebnikov, *Collected Poems*, burned—but the sense of a language constructed and sounding.

Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*, burned—but.

Fedor Dostoevskij, *Brothers Karamazov*, Fedor Dostoevskij, *Crime and Punishment*, Fedor Dostoevskij, *The Idiot*, Fedor Dostoevskij, *Memories from the Underground*, Fedor Dostoevskij, *The Demons*, Fedor Dostoevskij, *The Gambler*, burned, burned, burned, burned, burned, burned—but the polyphonic meandering.

and more and more, to fill eleven cardboard boxes.

Daniil Charms, *Chances*, burned—but I had another copy in London. How to possibly live without chances and charms.

5. Lines, dots, blank.

Listening to recalling a visit to the Agnes Martin exhibition at Tate Modern, 30 June 2015.

The sound of the wooden house door that you try to close but it's so hot the wood has swollen and it takes a strong pull before you can actually lock it, a muffled sound as the key struggles to turn then you turn your back and begin to walk, the sound of the ice-cream van, we always make a joke and say it's a cover for a drugs pusher or something, the sound of the dodgy ice-cream van driving for its shady dealings and I nearly spelled deadlings. The sound of the sun lotion tube open and close, open and closed throughout the day but now you need it as you walk toward the tube. Walk toward the Tube holding a tube. The sound of the ongoing voice in your head, worrying into not worrying, telling yourself you shouldn't worry and wouldn't it be great if you didn't and in this tangle of ice-cream vans, locking doors and voices in the head you. The uneven rhythm of a half-crushed empty can, caught in a localised whirlpool of breeze, circling and hitting against the edge of the sidewalk. The sound of a TV out of that room in the corner on the first floor, a permanent aural mark of boredom, habit, helplessness, always there not only on warm days but there in the rain, the snow and the storm, the boredom the habit the helplessness. Toward the Tube station in the distance you hear, not much but the dull engines of buses, the occasional siren. Pacing into the tunnel it's sparse voices, then little until you enter the train and as ever you put your headphones on so that the sound of the long Tube ride is only a wash of oblivion a blanket of formless grey, toward another quality of grey. The sound of the bus ride in a packed bus could be entirely dismissed and would not need to be recorded or mentioned, except for this prompt you got, in a clash of two starting lines heard by recalling two distant soundpieces, it says

I am sitting in a room in a rock 'n' roll station. I am waiting for r-rh-rhythm, it's not there. You smile snugly and how couldn't you. Walk across the Turbine hall, climb up six flights of stairs, enter the exhibition rooms and see: empty cells, porous grids, the pacing of breathing that can only be dictated by thinking into being, being into thinking, that is to say: psyche. Psyche not interiority but air, breath, element connecting inner states with the sensuous world. Pictures psyche me into the afternoon. Step toward the grey room, at the end of the horizon glimpsed as you enter the exhibition. Grey porous surfaces they have names: Grass, Adventure, White Stone, Morning, The Rose, The Tree. Grass, Adventure, White Stone, Morning, The Rose, The Tree. Grass, Adventure, White Stone, Morning, The Rose, The Tree. Grass, Adventure, White Stone, Morning, The Rose, The Tree. You write them down as you read them, anticlockwise as the only way into this show comes from the anti. Repeat them in your head, a rosary of quiet breaths, see these grey surfaces gauzy, see them concrete. Is this intimate inspection, is this occlusion, this opaque and endless, inertia creeps. No clear partings on the canvas as these paintings on the edge offer no stable vantage point, they hover as you are led to hover. *My paintings have neither objects nor space nor time not anything—no forms. They are light, lightness, about merging, about formlessness, breaking down form.* The only way you can apprehend these surfaces is through time, not through hooks fixed into the flesh of your thinking. *One who has become all eyes does not see.* She once mentioned those fugitive moments that stay in memory even if we cannot grasp them, they stay in memory and what matters is their refulgence in every now they emerge.

If this is the space of the song, then let the song ring. The wish of the song, its heart is desire. What to hear, what to look for in hearing, what to look at when hearing. Look at these grey porous surfaces, be transparent. Secrecy, lies, from the edges of these painting to the edges of these pages, lift your head and hear a past. Porcelain pigment, porcelain sounds you shatter. The grey, the peace, the expectations and the goals, the slices, the storm, the abandon, the form. For the twisted branches you walked, for the terminal porous surfaces also you walked. To the edge when you said love love, an old tune from another land, a song to the fore. The wash of spring that was never tamed brings out of these pages a song. Broken on the ground splinter. Inner words, like motions of collected memories. Crawled onto your mind like a secretive snake, shiny, smooth, shadowy. She said nothing. From the edges of summer the tones of names emerged from the grey. So grass, adventure, white stone, morning, the rose, the tree. Grass, adventure, white stone, morning, the rose, the tree. The tree and the grids; grids come from trees, you learned this from Mondrian. Walk on, disappointment in caption that claims 'these paintings can be seen as Martin's most silent works', why are these most silent, does bare mean an easy approach to silence, this is so marketable, think though, right on the other side of the dividing white wall is a smaller room with works from earlier years, one of them has nails in the canvas, another looks like a medieval crown, isn't this another type of silence, through thick materiality and heavy layers of memory. In the small room with the drawings, feel the pull toward Untitled 1965-67 ink on paper, rectangular grids in a square, not a mark not a tick. It's flesh coloured.

Above it another grid and it's black, Untitled 1966 black wash on paper. On the opposite wall is Untitled 1961 graphite ink watercolour on paper. Grid with small tiny dots in the middle of each square. There are no longer grasses, adventures, white stones, mornings, the roses, the trees. There is Untitled, and Untitled. There you can hear voices. She heard voices. Drawn to the voices and drawn to the gap, the withdrawal, after which, *I thought I would withdraw and see how enlightening it would be. But I found out that it's not enlightening. I think that what you're supposed to do is stay in the midst of life.* Four and a half years with no painting. Is this really a disappearance or an extreme edit, to return to a core of making from the back door? This type of silence—to edit oneself out of work—is a disarming example of art disjointed from self, or at least it is not a direct outpouring of it, or at least its relationship with it is complicated and each subject is split, or at least you can see the self peeling off its-self and thin skin hanging off each work. Sometimes though the self is acted out as work so the split of work and self is not totally disjointed, it is acted out, complicated: transmission with its inevitable disturbances and interferences. Walk out and your glance is taken by a small work, ink and watercolour on canvas, a succession of thinly drawn cusps that reminds you of the title of Flannery O'Connor's story *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, the title not the story, of the story you only recall a fright of abandon but here in the picture you see eight rows of thinly drawn cusps, you cannot count the number of columns, but the title of the picture is *Song*.



Joseph Clayton Mills

Meridian

While reading, silently or aloud, play

1. in an unfamiliar and perhaps even dangerous place;
2. in a state of distraction, heightened agitation, confusion, or duress;
3. on the 20th.

_____	A clear, sustained tone
[]	White noise, static, breath
\ /	Pitched percussion, low and high
< >	Crescendo, diminuendo

The 20th, Lenz walked through the mountains. Snow on the peaks and upper slopes, gray rock down into the valleys, swatches of green, boulders, firs. It was soppy cold, the water trickled down the rocks and leapt across the path. The fir boughs sagged in the damp air. Gray clouds drifted across the sky, but everything so stiffening, and then the fog floated up and crept heavy and damp through the bushes, so sluggish, so clumsy. He walked onward, caring little one way or another, to him the path mattered not, now up, now down. He felt no fatigue, except sometimes it annoyed him that he could not walk on his head.

25b "Except sometimes it annoyed him..

We write [still always, we write today too] the 20th January. /
Let's look around —we are in [walk through] the mountains—we walk through the poem—x/

The falling silent of language → = direction, oppositeness —
something else than the atomization, the search for words, word parts, — Particles

Breath = interval

These intervals cannot be replaced with [human] empty space and time segments

...you see, Pastor, if only I
didn't have to hear that
anymore, that would do me
good. "Hear what my
friend?" Don't you hear
anything, don't you hear the
terrible voice, usually called
silence, screaming around the
entire horizon, ever since I've
been in this silent valley I
always hear it...

In language In the poem: the presencing of a person as language, the presencing of language as person——

Time [—the [now] wordless—] as caesura tenses what's named in the poem into an exciting presence——

8.22.60.—

Voice—rhythm—

person, secret, presence

The poem: the trace of our breath in language

-i- the aura \Hauch\ of our mortality, with which a language
fragment goes over into nothingness and that vacancy thus arises,
which gives form to the new

The urge in him, the music, the pain
shattered him. For him there were
wounds in the universe; he felt deep,
inexpressible grief because of it.

“You” ~~are~~ don’t [hear me] ~~address~~ [any longer—], therefore I will
confront you with silence

We write ~~our~~ [the] poem writes—always still the 20th January, this
20th January. From such dates does it write itself—it writes
[itself] toward the horizons which become visible from there: it
writes itself ~~toward the necessary~~—in no way toward the imaginary,
it writes itself toward the ~~necessary~~—[needed] and inalienable
[real]

Language’s sensuality, its falling under the senses/sinne#fallige/
is the secret of the presence of a voice (person)

...he thought he must draw the storm into himself, contain
all within him, he stretched out and lay over the earth, he
burrowed into the cosmos, it was a pleasure that hurt him...
but these were only moments, and then he rose, calm, steady,
quiet, as if phantoms had passed before him, he remembered
nothing.

Artistry [and word-art], [—] that may have the feeling of
something occidental, evening-filling.

Poetry is [heart-grey, breath-clouded breath-marbled] language in
time.—

The rhythmic processes [in the poem-~~built~~] can be released, they
cannot be determined

Vividness = not something visual, but something spiritual. —

[a matter of the accent / not of syllable counting]

Sound-image [something different from impressionistic tone
painting\Lautmalerei\, timbre etc. = namely a way of speaking \
Sprechart \ /Visible from the language—or speechgrille

[Natrop: Hu<sserl><??> : Logos] the finite: from the over-, in-
finite, that is, the predetermined

And everything he blew upon was lost

He could not
understand why he
needed so much
time to climb down
a steep slope, to
reach a distant
point; he felt he
should be able to
cover any distance
in a few steps.

This belief [momentary belief] in the ~~infinite-infinite~~-noun and
participle, this conspiratorial devotion \Ver- und Zugeschworenssein\
to the ~~infinite~~, infinite forms of the temporal

not an art of expression/keine Ausdruckskunst/

~~The~~

Who has [already] seen through [has] before he [perceives and] looks
at [,]-has, whom we before the [he] the poem fills itself for him to
him the poem appears in all its—[also] to be understood in its
geological sense—thickness; it ~~has the~~ [him it] fills itself with
the] darkness of what stands opposite; an erratic language-block, it
faces you with silence. ~~It throws your talk back at you until your
breath [and] turns~~ The poem does not speak of the offense, ~~it is~~ the
offense—even there it still gives you a chance.—

Poems, under today's skies, ~~are~~-[is], heart-grey language in time.

Whoever walks on
his head has heaven
beneath him as
an abyss.

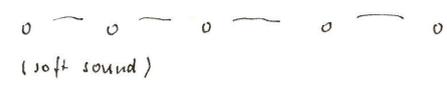
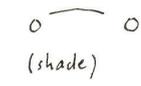
All quotations from Paul Celan, *The Meridian: Final Version, Drafts, Materials*, trans.
Pierre Jorris, (B. Boschenstein, H. Schmall, eds. Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press,
2011) and Georg Büchner, *Lenz*, in *Complete Works and Letters*, trans. Henry J. Schmidt
(New York: Continuum Publishing, 1991).

Jürg Frey

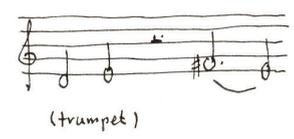
Floating Categories

for reader, listener, player alone, maybe performer(s) / 2015

field
colour

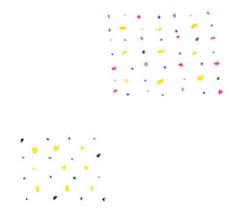


sound
happiness

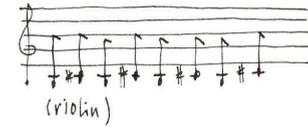


o
(echo)

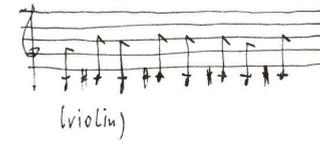
A wisp of grass



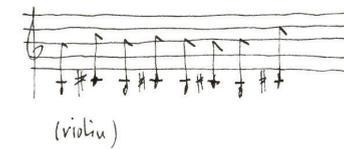
d d d d
(sound) (air) (sound) (air)



wind
heart
death
leaf



a rain as a soft mist



a line of sight
the feeble daylight



(trumpet)



stone

stone

stone

stone



wind

glint

air

place

trace



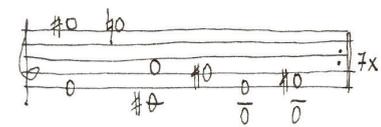
(Melodica)

Black water
Black water

Snow with the
snow with the

d d d d d d d d d d
(A signal)

without place



(Piano solo)

lo wie

CLOUD SCISSORS

traces from *The Blue and Brown Books* (L.W., 1958)
& score for *CLOUD SCISSORS* (lo wie, 2014) / 2015

the nature of

Perhaps



you know

I know



something

vanishes,

on
my skin



this sentence

into the nature



a picture of

colour



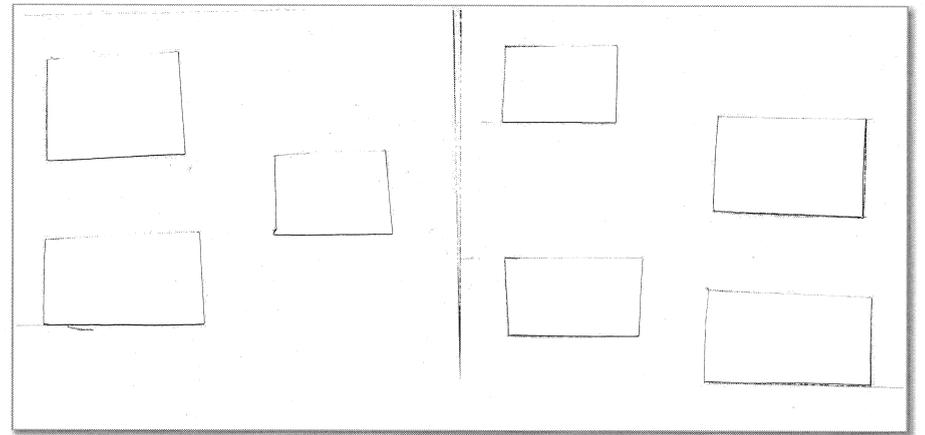
imagine further

“half an hour ago”.





CLOUD SCISSORS



score for *CLOUD SCISSORS* , lo wie, 2014
translated from *Because we don't know who we are* , Jenny Lee, 2014



Manfred Werder
6 scores

prunus
lacuna

manfred werder, 20154

aes
xitomatl
enveloppe

manfred werder, 20155

cinnabarit
asueto

manfred werder, 20156

cýcedad

manfred werder, 20157

dispositio

manfred werder, 20158

solitudo

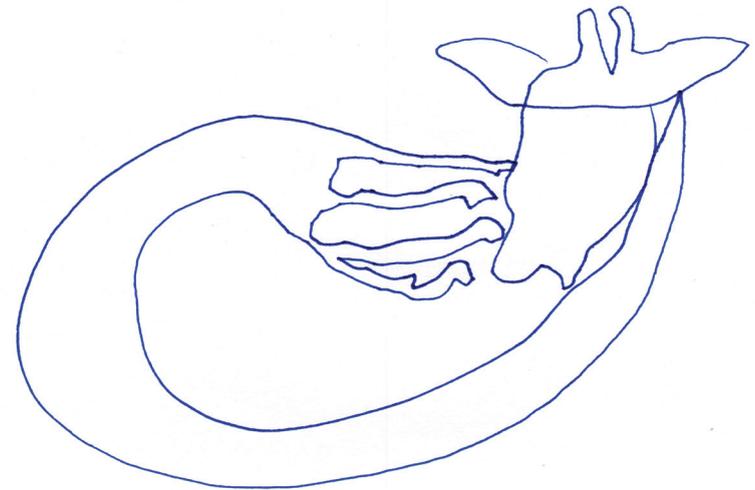
manfred werder, 20159

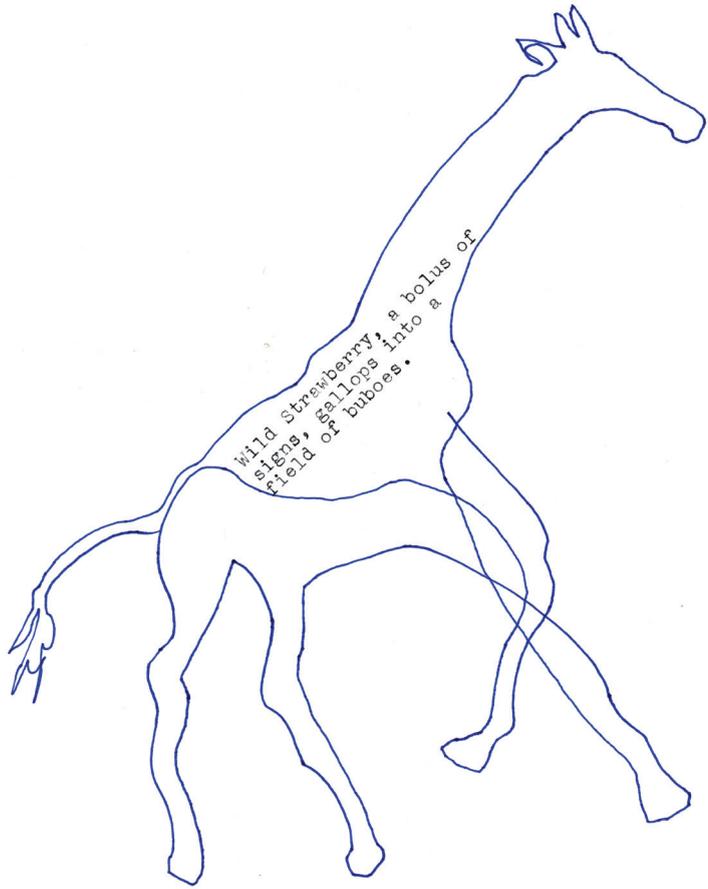
Patrick Farmer & Trevor Simmons

To Node and Undulate

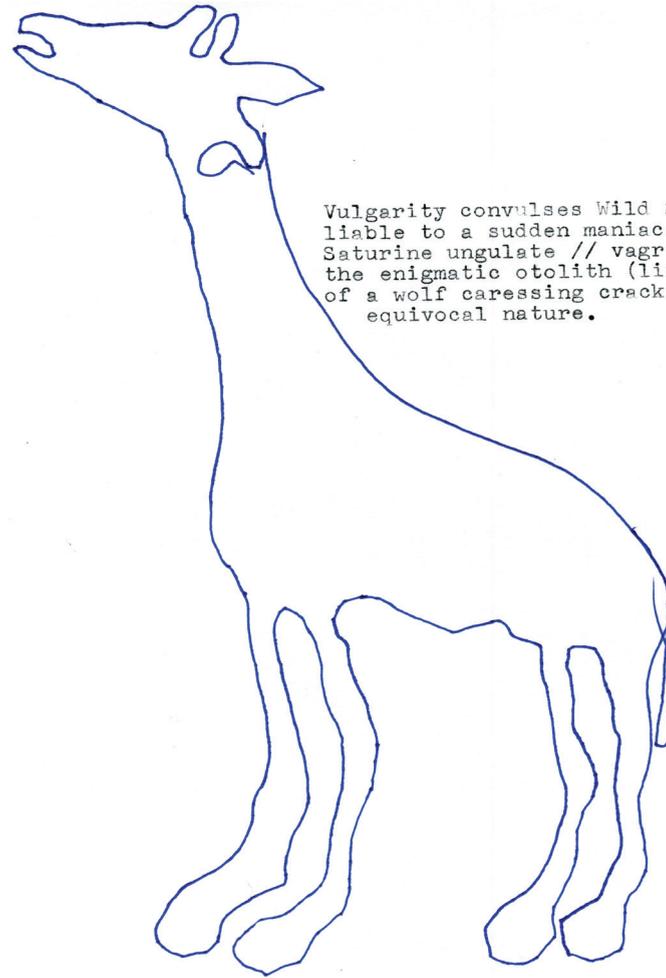
Passion is revealed as a pre-text for boxes
faces of noise and silence being synonymous
with activity as much passivity / tendency
toward explanation and the low skrim of
allusion slow in an emptiness of life /
contiguous white space and blue lines framed
by the same white space that is different /
features undulate in accordance to vectors of
opposites / the deaf share of electricity
subsumes the heart of it condensing / and a
beating structure, under which waves consume
themselves, recognises itself, potentially.
Marcel, a chimera in the left hand. Wild
Strawberry, Puck in the right. Punch and throw,
first in the neck, second in the red throat,
red toes, like red floors, grow under the
roof of the mouth, pressing up behind the
teeth, fierce each other.

Marcel succumbs to the wax of clapping asteroids
Clods of dust, void in diameter, weigh down the cochlea.

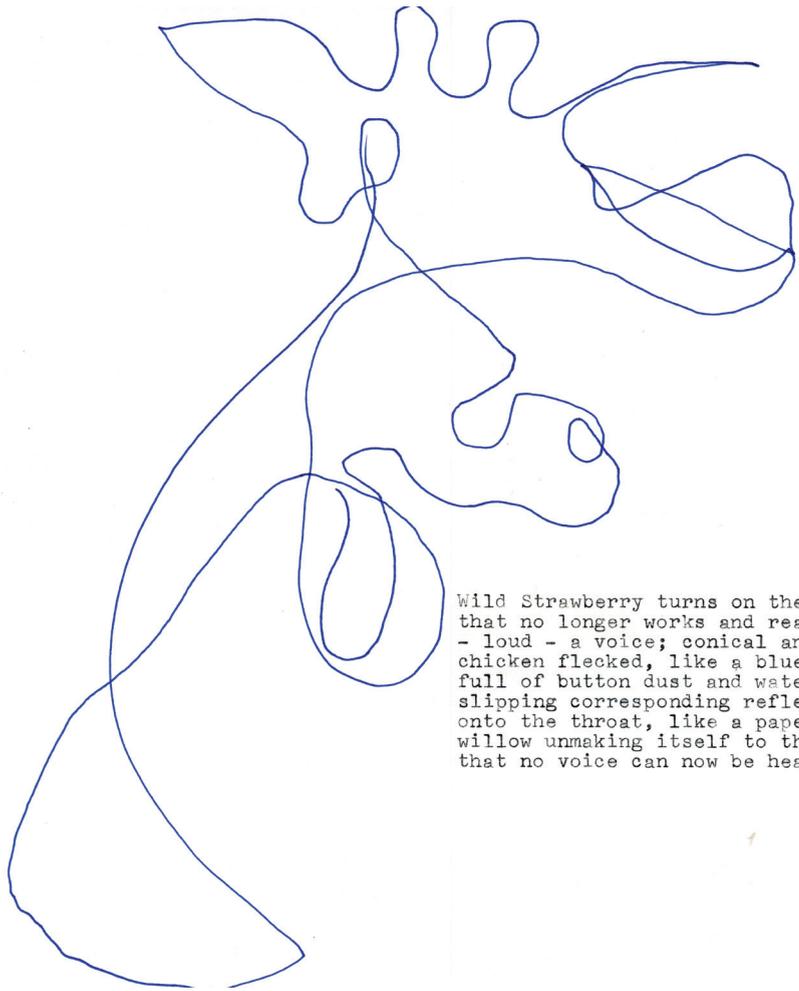




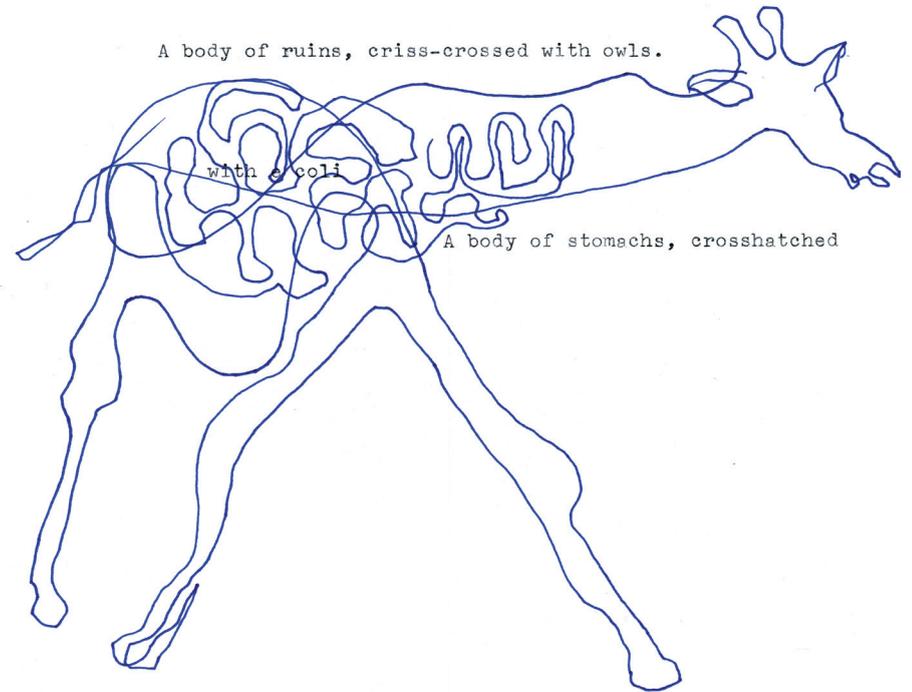
Wild Strawberry, a bolus of
signs, gallops into a
field of bubbles.



Vulgarity convulses Wild Strawberry
liable to a sudden maniac of cutting twitches
Saturine unguilate // vagrant of uncertainty //
the enigmatic otolith (lines bear the trajectory
of a wolf caressing cracked marble) of
equivocal nature.



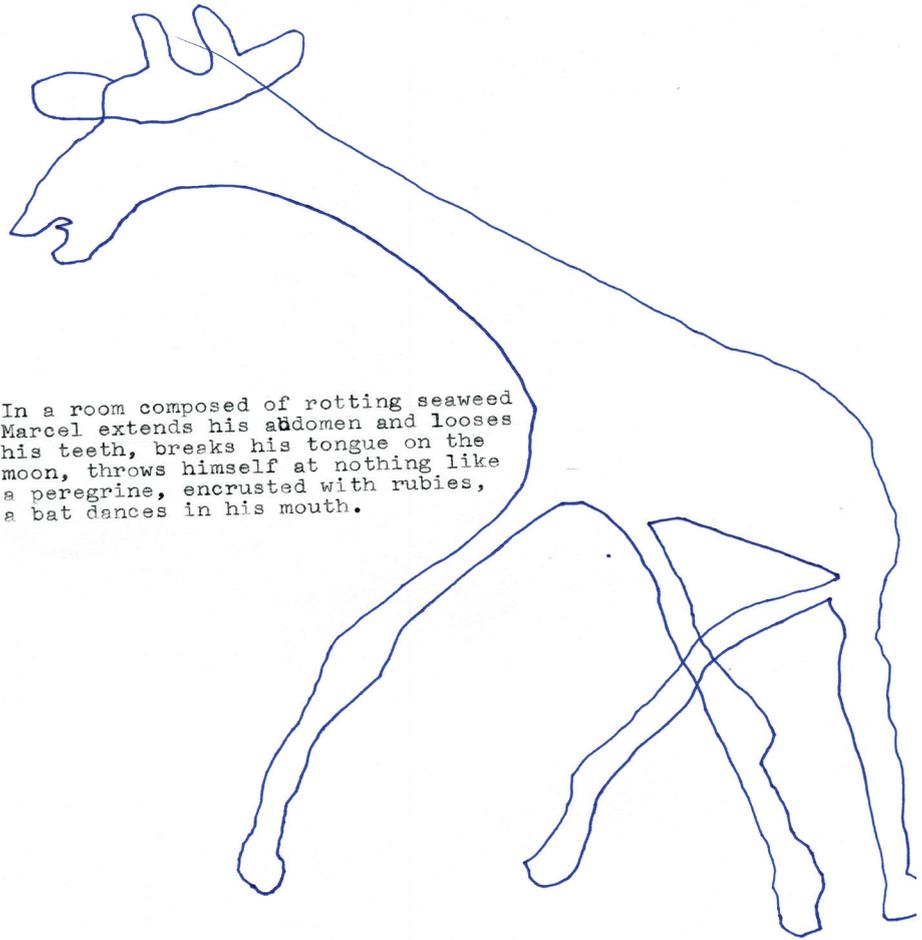
Wild Strawberry turns on the light
that no longer works and reads out
- loud - a voice; conical and
chicken flecked, like a blue vase
full of button dust and water,
slipping corresponding reflections
onto the throat, like a paper
willow unmaking itself to the point
that no voice can now be heard.



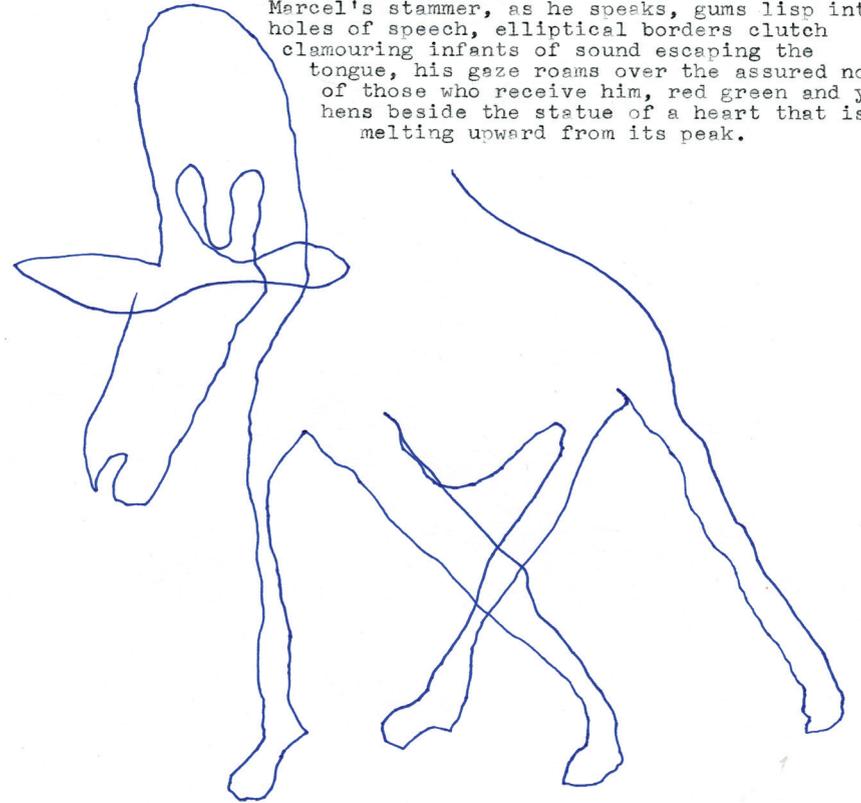
A body of ruins, criss-crossed with owls.

with e coli

A body of stomachs, crosshatched

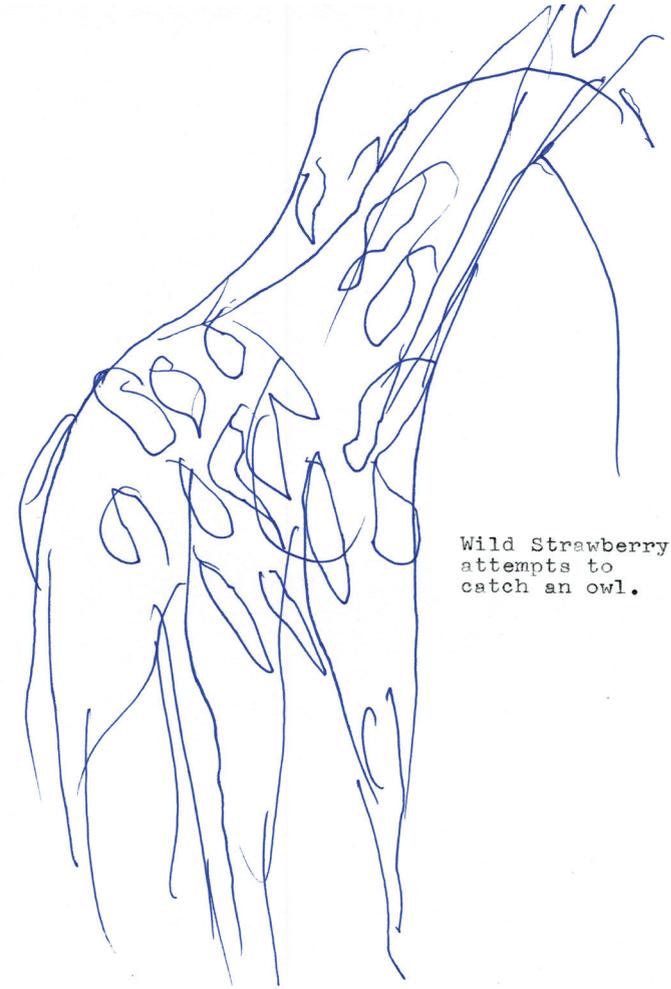


In a room composed of rotting seaweed
Marcel extends his abdomen and looses
his teeth, breaks his tongue on the
moon, throws himself at nothing like
a peregrine, encrusted with rubies,
a bat dances in his mouth.



A faint light filtering from the moon barely illuminates
Marcel's stammer, as he speaks, gums lisp into
holes of speech, elliptical borders clutch
clamouring infants of sound escaping the
tongue, his gaze roams over the assured noise
of those who receive him, red green and yellow
hens beside the statue of a heart that is
melting upward from its peak.

Neither one; Wild Strawberry,
Marcel, will use their voice
to communicate. Coiling out
over the long sea. Turning to
stones. Looking down at them-
selves through a glass of
nodal points. Humming like
glaciers. Waiting quietly for
the next eclipse to emerge
from its burrow.



Wild Strawberry
attempts to
catch an owl.

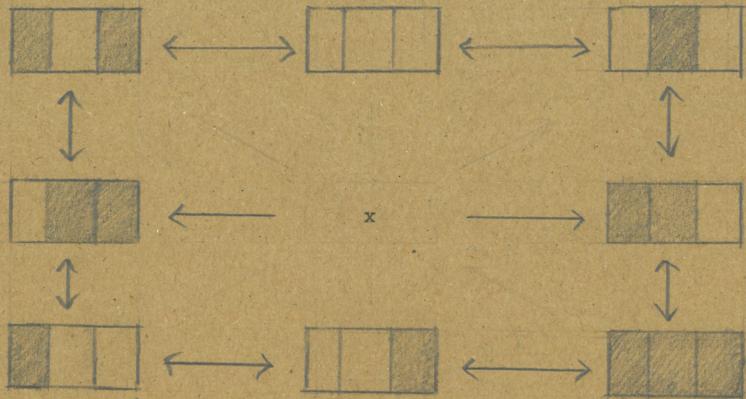
Ryoko Akama

a proposal_five (jimi no assemblage)

a proposal_ five
(jimi no assemblage)

(jimi assemblage)

2
4
5
6
n
o
a
c
t
i
o
n



fivesevenfive

.....

a
 fl
 atc
 dsha
 rpgsha
 r
 pa
 fla
 tcds
 sharp
 gsharp
 ceflatg
 s
 ha
 rpc
 efla
 tend.

play a note
 play a (440) note
 play "l" a
 play "D" "h" a
 (I am going) 430

1	2	3	4
similarly	but	slightly	different

1
 2
 3
 4
 5
 6
 7
 a
 c
 t
 i
 o
 n

one plus one is one
 •
 first one becomes a new one
 •
 second one becomes a new one
 •
 third one remains the same
 •
 one plus one is half
 •
 half plus one is a quarter
 •

in silence
with objects

a proposal of structure
to structure
for structure
and structure

2
3
4
5
6
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a
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i
o
n

0
n
o
c
t
i
o
n

地味な音を弾いてください

じみ
地味

ジミ

jimi

plain, ordinary or quiet

.地
material
.味
elegance, taste

.地味
a real sense of material

perform jimi na oto/

1
2
3
4
5
n
o
a
i
o
n

: jimi la
: born
: che ju
: fa
: ondulation
: fluidity of absence
:
:
: space
:
: patience. wood sticks
:
:
: introversion
:
: a library of ab(solute)sence
: shi.mi.
:
:
: space
:
:
: jimi ni hiku
: jimi performance
:
:
: so.la.
:
:
: so.fa.
:
:
: re
:
: that is
:
: mi.so.
:
:
: stain
:
:
: a perilla beefsteak plant
:
:
:
: play no more than five notes
: so.re.
: no more than five notes
: so.re.
: more than five notes
: so.re.
: than five notes
: so.re.
: five notes
: sore.
: notes
: sore.
: that is
: i ta i
:
:
: si.so.
:
:
: jimi performance of a lon-g

7
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1
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iwanttheviewertoseethepaintingasatotaalexperience.no-action.
tofeelingitasanideaaboutanidea.action.whatcanhappenisthat.
action.whiletheviewerislookingintentlyforacue.no-action.he
getstemporarilylostintimeforafewseconds.no-action.action.act
ion.action.no-action.inthistypeofelementalpaintingitrytoelim
inate.no-action.allsignsofstrugglewithpaintandsurfaceprettime
ss.action.iwanttocovermyfootstepsasido.action.sothatyoucan
notseehowthepaintingisdone.no-action.no-action.no-action.end.

no sound

sound.none.

1 oto nashi
2 otona shi

2 1
1 2
1 1
2 1
2 2
1 1
1

mature.
quiet.

well-behaved.
gentle.

Sarah Hughes & David Stent

Impromptus and Bagatelles (stills after 'Amour')



Two blues, an Arcadian glade (and a hump for the sake of distance)

The still is unequivocal. The frame fills out, becomes closed off, no longer open to the layout of the space. There are no more doors or windows to punctuate rooms and corridors. Reality is no longer there for the eye to spill into. Everything is now the pinched surface of a painting. We exit. We are outside.



The glacier's wake (an idealised field corrupted)

We are also inside containers: volumes that have been composed as inductions to as yet unrecognised scenes. These landscapes exist for us. In the context of our escape these may be modest events, yet they are still cues for all things to disintegrate. What would remain would be the indications of brushstroke, evidence of construction, raised into ridges of impasto that catch the light.



The sky shows its ribs (aaahh, a, a, a, em, em - blue)

To be transported here is to be given a lens. To be given succour by flat expanses, projected from the viewpoint of a painter. These volumes become bubbles, alternate compositions of 'escape' where reliance on single-point perspective allows even silence to be extendible. Silent articulation is soon displaced by a toneless drawl that is a form of pain, a general statement against time or the logic of inevitable loss.



The edge of civilization and the horrors over the hill (chalk tilts)

Something is caught in here too. This sequence of scenes, each pitched in time, is held by the fortitude of particular detail. Such stills are no doubt a wry comment upon extension, atrophy and dead ends; glass bulbs and bell jars. If these glimpsed worlds persist in themselves—where even their sounds are sustained, unmoving in the paint—they are overlaid with the low noises of a Parisian apartment.



In these grasses (air, air, a volume of air)

These landscapes cannot pass on their dispossession of duration. For all the softness of their appearance, the space they offer us, however fleetingly, there is a capacity beyond which they cannot hold. These are images that are porous yet fixed in form. As vessels they soon become full.



Heroes, villains, monsters and machines (know which army you're backing)

The return is always equivocal. The landscapes collapse inward, opening up, no longer restricted by the contingencies of space. Everything becomes a door or window through which a continuum can be punctured. It is all there to pour out. Everything is now the pursed volume of a container, lit only by its surface opening. We are inside shapes.

Bios

Ryoko Akama is a sound artist/composer/curator. She approaches the aesthetics of silence and space in her compositional practice which uses diverse mediums such as text, objects and electronics. Akama explores sound performance with sine tones and produces installations with simple objects and electronics. She pursues the minimal, reductive and abstract and introduces quiet sonic experience. She runs melange edition label and co-edits reductive journal. ryokoakama.com

Daniela Cascella is a London-based Italian writer. Her work is focused on sound and literature across a range of publications and projects, driven by a longstanding interest in the relationship between listening, reading, writing, translating, recording and in the contingent conversations, questions, frictions, kinships that these fields generate, host or complicate. She is the author of F.M.R.L. Foot-

notes, Mirages, Refrains and Leftovers of Writing Sound (Zero Books, 2015) and En Abyme: Listening, Reading, Writing. An Archival Fiction (Zero Books, 2012).

danielacascella.com

Joseph Clayton Mills is a Chicago-based musician, artist, and writer whose work includes text-based paintings, assemblages, and sound installations. In addition, he curates Suppedaneum, a label focused on releasing scores and their realizations.

josephmills.com

Patrick Farmer hums the allegretto from Beethoven's seventh symphony most days, he researches the ears of birds, and is tickled by the shared etymological root of pinna and feather. At some point, all these things end up in his work.

patrickfarmer.org

Jürg Frey has developed his own language as a composer and sound artist with the creation of wide, quiet sound spaces. He has mainly composed music for classical instruments. He has worked with compositional series, as well as with language and text, loudspeakers and different non-acoustical material in spaces.

Sarah Hughes is an artist, composer and performer whose work explores the boundaries of interdisciplinary practice, moving between sculpture, installation, musical composition and performance, publishing, drawing and collage. Common to each is the exploration of composition as a medium for production and as a tool for unifying discursive practices. Activities of placement and rearrangement recur across all forms of her work and are used as tools for thinking about spatial, material and social relations.

sarahhughes.org

Daniel del Río lives and works in Guadalajara, Spain.

David R J Stent is an artist, writer, curator and performer whose work is concerned with relationships between text, image and publishing practices. His most recent work has been concerned with the role of fiction in art practice, particularly in association with artists' publications, collaborative authorship, and the use of theory and philosophy in contemporary art. He is a founding member of The Set Ensemble, a collective dedicated to the performance of experimental music and contemporary composition, and a founding editor of BORE, a journal of scores for performance.

skurrilsteer.wordpress.com

Christine Sun Kim uses the medium of sound through technology, performance, and drawing to investigate and rationalise her relationship with sound and spoken languages.

christinesunkim.com

Trevor Simmons lives, earns a wage and works in London. He has recently scored a studio. Besides enjoying the walks to and from the studio, occasionally he pauses from drawing repetitive coloured marks and finds another piece finished. With many thanks to Daniela Cascella, whose publication, F.M.R.L. provided impetus for this work.

Manfred Werder is a composer and performer. His scores and projects aim at letting appear the world's natural abundance.

manfred-werder.blogspot.pt

Io wie

io-wie.blogspot.com

Audra Wolowiec is an interdisciplinary artist whose work oscillates between sculpture, installation, text and performance, to produce conceptually driven work with an emphasis on sound and the material qualities of language. Her sound installations and

experimental language scores often use the gap, space, or breath in between speech—not as forms of negation, but as complex generators of meaning. These fragmented speech patterns attempt to locate the voice in the absence of language, a slippery form of communication that Roland Barthes has referred to as the grain of the voice, or what Wolowiec refers to as the thread of the voice—a tactile line that at once holds, separates, and connects.

audrawolowiec.com

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