

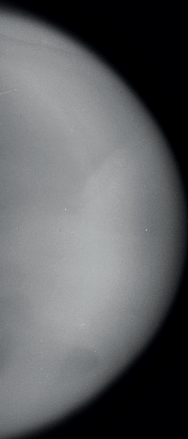
# An Inexplicable Hunger

flutist)body(flute (dis)encounters

Marina Pereira Cyrino



UNIVERSITY OF GOTHENBURG



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Marina Pereira Cyrino

Academy of Music and Drama

Faculty of Fine, Applied and Performing Arts, University of Gothenburg

Thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Musical Performance and Interpretation at the Academy of Music and Drama, Faculty of Fine, Applied and Performing Arts, University of Gothenburg.

Published by Göteborgs universitet (Avhandlingar).

This doctoral dissertation is No 72 in the series ArtMonitor Doctoral Dissertations and Licentiate Theses, at the Faculty of Fine, Applied and Performing Arts, University of Gothenburg.

[www.konst.gu.se/artmonitor](http://www.konst.gu.se/artmonitor)

The doctoral studies of Marina Pereira Cyrino were funded by CAPES Foundation, Brazil.

The dissertation *An Inexplicable Hunger – flutist)body(flute (dis)encounters* contains a book and ten sound/video essays available at URL: <http://hdl.handle.net/2077/59147>

Graphic design and layout: Nathan Clydesdale

Cover photo: Marina Pereira Cyrino and Liis Ring

English proofreading: Helen Runting

Printed by: BrandFactory, Kållerød, 2019

ISBN: 978-91-7833-213-7 (printed version)

978-91-7833-214-4 (digital edition)

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# Abstract

**Title:** An Inexplicable Hunger – flutist)body(flute (dis)encounters

**Author:** Marina Pereira Cyrino

**Language:** English with a Swedish summary

**Keywords:** flute practices, flutist, performance, composition, improvisation, artistic research, musicianship, standardisation, specialisation, fragmentation, co-creation, collaborative processes, encounters, mixture, mixed practices, multimodal practices, metamorphosis, transdisciplinary, transversality, flexible subjectivity, processual subjectivity, politics of subjectivation, otherness, othering, resonant body.

**ISBN:** 978-91-7833-382-0 (printed version)  
978-91-7833-383-7 (digital edition)

**URL:** <http://hdl.handle.net/2077/59147>

This doctoral research is structured by singular encounters, that happened between 2014 and 2018. Together with a series of collaborators, I have developed a critical and poetic methodology through what I call “mixture”, “contamination” and the practice of “un-goaling”, in which my “flutist-body-flute” relation encounters the practices of other artists. A search for flexible modes of being a flutist, as a way of working around a dominant characteristic of Western musical practices: what I call a fragmented specialisation, or a specialised fragmentation.

A flute-body traverses a body-flutist, a pulsating: *metamorphosis*. A practice of metamorphosis traversed my body-musician. It sowed a fragility, awoke a taste for a creating-in-mixture that also traversed the transverse flute that keeps up with me. It stirred a mixture-experimentation flavour that was already inside, but constrained. It aroused an inexplicable hunger. It taught me how to sustain the time of an estrangement.

From the practice of metamorphosis, I imagined a mixture, a “mix-arts” as a method of artistic investigation. I would mix art modalities. I would mix roles: interpretation, improvisation, composition. I would mix “mine” with “yours” through co-creations. I would mix my body with a body-flute until it becomes a “flutist-body-flute” relation.

Mixture as method grew out of my growing concern at being an expert at being an excerpt of myself. Without being able to combine the practices that coexisted inside me, almost isolated, I searched for a way to tune out a certain being-flutist, an image-inside that has guided my practices so far. But the mixing did not happen in a random manner: it was guided by encounters. Encounters emerged as method and structure; as a method for finding ways of de-anaesthetise the forces of creating, for finding ways in which artistic creation is guided by a vulnerability to the other as a living presence.

The practices of co-creation/composition and performance have been translated into sound/video and written essays, in a process of “deciphering” and “remembering”. Through this method, I claim that each encounter sets the practices that will guide the mixture. These practices are as many as possible encounters, and made sensible to the reader through the present dissertation.






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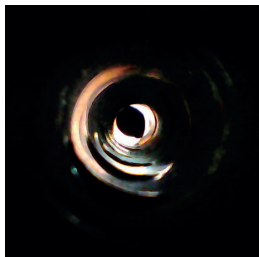
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If, the end.

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# Acknowledgements

Kristina Hagström-Ståhl (main supervisor)  
Anders Hultqvist (co-supervisor)

Maria Bania

Liis Ring  
Jorge Alcaide  
Marina Nazareth  
Felipe Amorim  
Henrik Olsson  
Mansoor Hosseini

Nathan Clydesdale

Merje Kägu  
André Alves  
Magda Mayas  
Ariana Amacker  
Stacey Sacks  
Eva la Cour  
Natalya Ivanova

Matthias Koole

Elisabeth Hjorth  
Ilan Sebastian  
Sverker Jullander  
Sara Hammarström

Catarina Rutström    Christoffer Rutström

Helen Runting  
Miguel Garcia-Yeste

Anders Carlsson

Anna Frisk

PhD fellows  
HSM staff

CAPES Foundation

Terezinha Vareschi  
Alvaro Bruno Cyrino

My gratitude.  
Gratidão.



# An Inexplicable Hunger<sup>1</sup>





1

The following essay is an extended version of the essay “Uma Fome Inexplicável”. Cyrino, Marina. “Uma Fome Inexplicável”. In Felipe Amorim and José Antônio Baêta Zille (eds.). *Música, transversalidade*. Belo Horizonte, MG: EdUEMG. 2017. The publication is a compilation of essays around music and transversality, published by the State University of Minas Gerais, Brazil.

2

Lispector, Clarice. *Aprendendo a Viver*. Rio de Janeiro: Rocco. 2004. p. 73. My own translation. “Não há dúvida: pensar me irrita, pois antes de começar a pensar eu sabia muito bem o que eu sabia.”

3

See “The Craft of the Poet”, an essay by Elias Canetti. In *Das Gewissen der Worte: Essays*. Munchen and Wien: Hanser. 1975.

Transversal: traversed, touched by many, trans-verse-seed.  
Transversality: follow the metamorphosis,  
and let me follow you.

(*vocabularinnermost*, page unknown)

There is no doubt: thinking annoys me, because before starting to think I knew very well what I knew.<sup>2</sup>

— Clarice Lispector

A transverse flutist writes a text about transversality. Is it a joke, or not? A transverse flute traversed by mountain's ore traversing a flutist's body traversing across paper traversed by dead trees a text about music and transversality; the living body of the musician traversed by *The Craft of the Poet*.<sup>3</sup> A flute-body traverses a body-flutist, a pulsating: *metamorphosis*. Elias Canetti impregnated the word *metamorphosis* with a singular exigency: *be a gift*. That singularity traversed my body-musician, traversed the image-flutist-in-me, traversed the image myself-in-the-flute. It sowed a fragility, awoke a taste for a certain practice, a creating-in-mixture that also traversed the transverse-flute-body that keeps up with me. It stirred a mixture-experimentation flavour that was already inside, but constrained, paralysed by an ancient matter that could be named here: *the question of specialised fragmentation*. The word *metamorphosis* gave a flying courage to the body-window, which opened in experimentation, capable of sustaining the time of an estrangement. What I present in the following essay: sparkles in gestation, traversing voices, restlessness, practices.

## The Gift of Metamorphosis

In a speech given in Munich in January 1976, restless with the messianic exaltation that hovered around him, it was stated: *literature is dead*. Restless above all with the growing specialisation of humans in the name of productivity and the search for achievement and its consequences – according to him, a development that was devastating for the craft of the poet – Canetti asks: of what would life consist for the one who, albeit reluctant and doubtful, takes on the name of poet? To him, only one exigency would remain: to practice the gift of *metamorphosis*.

Henceforth I take on the task of translating the (tired) word “poet” (also tired) into the (tired) word “artist” (also tired). A treason-translation<sup>4</sup> of the German word “*Dichter*”, Canetti’s favourite word for someone capable of poetry. Perhaps from the treason a vitality will emerge?

4  
“*traduttore, traditore...*”

The gift, a double gift, would consist first in guarding, or taking care of the literary (I translate: *artistic*) human heritage, rich in metamorphosis. A duty of memory. An artist-keeper. Clarice Lispector reminds me that Pindar the poet used to say: “in heaven, to learn is to see; on earth, to remember”.<sup>5</sup> A keeping not reduced to reproducing or passively consuming the heritage of the metamorphosis or taking metamorphoses for oneself as pieces of a personalised museum, but allowing them to act in transformation *inside*.

5  
A quote from Pindar found in: Lispector, Clarice. *A Cidade Sitiada*. Rio de Janeiro: Rocco. 1998. p. 7. My own translation. “No Céu, aprender é ver; Na Terra, é lembrar-se.”

The second aspect of the gift would consist precisely in practising metamorphosis, a human gift condemned to atrophy, as an answer to a world driven by specialisation and productivity. A world, according to Canetti, which:

6

Canetti, Elias. *A Consciência das Palavras: Ensaios*. trans. Márcio Suzuki. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras. 2011. p. 317. My own translation from the Portuguese translation. “[...] que nada vê senão ápices, almeados pelos homens em uma espécie de limitação linear; que emprega todas as energias na solidão gélida desses ápices, desprezando e embaciando tudo o que está no plano mais próximo – o múltiplo, o autêntico – que não se presta a servir ao ápice; num mundo que proíbe mais e mais a metamorfose, porque esta atua em sentido contrário à meta suprema de produção.”

7

Ibid., p. 319. My own translation and emphasis. “Aquele que conscientemente se lança a um objetivo vê como um peso morto tudo o que não estiver a serviço de sua obtenção. Afasta-o de si para se tornar

[...] sees nothing but peaks, towards which one strives in a kind of linear limitation; which spends all energies on the cold solitude of the peaks, while scorning and blurring the adjacent things – the multiple, the authentic – anything which doesn’t work to serve the peak; a world that prohibits metamorphosis more and more because it hinders the overall goal of production.<sup>6</sup>

It is demanded of the poet (I translate: *artist*) to keep open the access *between* people (I translate: *between beings-flesh, between beings-flesh-passion, between being-flesh and stone, being-flesh and machine, between being-flesh and timbre, between being-flesh and light*). The intimate desire for another’s experience cannot be determined by the goals of which our daily life consists, but instead by another movement, free from goals, a passion in itself, the passion of metamorphosis.

The goal-orientated man on his way regards most things not serving the goal as dead weight. He throws them out in order to be lighter, it cannot concern him that they are perhaps his best things; important for him are the points he attains; [...] The position is everything, it is determined externally: it is not he who creates, *he does not take any part in its genesis.*<sup>7</sup>

The practice of metamorphosis consists in creating space inside (I translate: *inside the artist, inside the relation artist-art, artist-language, artist-history; inside-out*). Space for knowledge acquired for no recognisable purpose (I translate: *un-goals*). Space for the turbulences of living. Space for humans (I translate: *for living beings and imaginable beings*) that the artist experiences through metamorphosis. To experience through metamorphosis is to come across another life and shelter it inside. This movement, and such encounters, can lead the artist to take sudden turns toward new branches of knowledge. In no

way is this a gathering, a collecting, an ordering, but rather it is the cultivation of a chaos and of a responsibility for chaos.

— The poet “is led not by any conscious rule, but by an *inexplicable hunger*”.<sup>8</sup>

I traverse questions posed by Ilan Grabe,<sup>9</sup> musician and educator: What about this hunger? Would the open-in-between be a visceral space for a gluttonous gulp? Would chaos be represented here as a shapeless accumulation of narcissistic experiences, disguised as othering? I repeat: to experience through metamorphosis is to cultivate a chaos and a responsibility for chaos; it is to listen to the germination of chaos in time. A time nourished by compassion. Of this ethical understanding, Canetti leaves us a trace:

One shall throw nobody into nothingness who there would like to be. One shall seek nothingness only to find a way out of it and one shall mark the road for everyone. Whether in grief or despair, one shall endure in order to learn how to save others from it, but not out of scorn for the happiness that creatures deserve, even though they deface one another and tear one another to pieces.<sup>10</sup>

I traverse Canetti’s thinking with Suely Rolnik’s thinking, which a few decades later and from another point of listening, formulates the following: it is mainly on the power of creation that contemporary capitalism feeds, and this force has been mobilised in all spheres of the social field. The force of creation present in the arts has been released from its confinement, for the purpose of the emergence of a perverse operation: not only has it ceased to be damned, but it has become intensified, coddled, pampered. To have a name associated with the arts aggregates value and glamour, and increases the power of seduction and recognition, in line (most of the time) with the aim of achieving

mais leve, não pode preocupá-lo o fato de que talvez esteja jogando fora o que possui de melhor – o importante para ele são os pontos que vai atingindo; [...] A posição é tudo, e é determinada exteriormente: não é ele quem a cria, nem tem a menor participação em seu nascimento.”

8  
Ibid., p. 319. My own translation and emphasis. “[...] o poeta não é guiado por nenhuma regra consciente, e sim por uma fome inexplicável.”

9  
Grabe, Ilan: Musician, Educator and Teacher of Alexander Technique. 2017. Personal message received by [marcyrino@gmail.com](mailto:marcyrino@gmail.com) on the 3rd of May 2017.

10  
Canetti, Elias. *A Consciência das Palavras: Ensaios*. trans. Márcio Suzuki. São Paulo: Companhia

das Letras. 2011. p. 322.  
My own translation.  
“Que não se atire ao  
nada ninguém que  
lá gostaria de estar.  
Que se procure o  
nada apenas para  
encontrar-lhe a saída,  
indicando-a para  
todos. Que se persista  
na tristeza, bem como  
no desespero, para  
se aprender a tirar  
deles os outros; mas  
não por desprezo da  
felicidade que cabe  
às criaturas, ainda  
que estas desfigurem  
e dilacerem umas às  
outras.”

11

Rolnik, Suely. “The  
Body’s Contagious  
Memory: Lygia  
Clark’s Return to  
the Museum”. trans.  
Rodrigo Nunes.  
*Transversal*. Vol. 01.  
2007. pp. 1-3.

12

Rolnik, Suely.  
“Politics of Flexible  
Subjectivity: The  
Event-Work of  
Lygia Clark”. trans.  
Brian Holmes. In  
Okwui Enwezor,  
Nancy Condee and  
Terry Smith (eds.).  
*Antinomies of Art and*

competitiveness and reinforcing the dominant individualism present in the relation between the “hapless artist in a state of narcissistic delight” and the “spectator/consumer in a state of sensuous anaesthesia”.<sup>11</sup>

In Rolnik’s thinking, the new regime fundamentally engages in the “creation of worlds”, through image-worlds that are “fabricated by advertising and mass culture, conveyed by the media, serving to prepare the cultural, subjective and social ground for the implantation of markets”.<sup>12</sup> The driving force of the resulting politics of subjectivation gives rise to an instrumentalised self, a “show-room subjectivity, a self-for-sale, producing/consuming the worlds created by capital”.<sup>13</sup> The market becomes the main device for social recognition, with humans orientating themselves more and more towards the forms that are supposed to be deemed valuable and less and less towards the forms that function as vehicles for difference. The energy of the germination of *life* (understood as a continuous process of creation and differentiation) is drained into a frenetic and insatiable consumption of millions of images of ways of (non-)life by “us” (privileged consumers, hyperactive zombies).

In its electronic arteries, images of glamorised forms of existence navigate across the whole planet, images that seem to float unwavering upon the turbulences of the living. The seduction of these figures mobilises a frenetic search for identification, always failed and restarted [...].<sup>14</sup>

Traversing Rolnik’s thinking with the thinking of Grabe: consumerism appeals to chaos as a stimulus for unlimited pleasures.<sup>15</sup> A non-stop creation of noisy, ready-to-wear worlds. A seductive chaos presented as a simulacrum of the multiple, as the order-offer of an efficient control, as a zombie factory; it profits well. Grabe, traversed by Canetti, asks: but what prevents us from practising the gift?

I traverse “the passage of the hours” of Alvaro de Campos in a metamorphosis of Fernando Pessoa, his “being elastic, spring, needle, trepidation...”<sup>16</sup>

To feel everything in every way,  
To live everything from all sides,  
To be the same thing in all possible ways at the same time,  
In only one diffuse, profuse, complete and faraway moment.

[...]  
It hurts me the imagination I don't know how, but it is what  
hurts.

Inside me declines the high sun of the sky  
It starts to tend to darken in the blue and on my nerves.  
Let's go!, horseback, who else can you turn me into?  
I who, swift, voracious, a glutton of abstract energy,  
Wanted to eat, drink, flay and scratch the world,  
I, who would only content myself with trampling the universe  
at my feet,  
To trample on, trample on, trample on until not feeling...  
I, feel that outside all I imagined remained what I wanted,  
That although I wanted everything, I lacked it all.<sup>17</sup>

Sentir tudo de todas as maneiras,  
Viver tudo de todos os lados,  
Ser a mesma coisa de todos os modos possíveis ao mesmo  
tempo,  
Realizar em si toda a humanidade de todos os momentos  
Num só momento difuso, profuso, completo e longínquo.  
[...]  
Dói-me a imaginação não sei como, mas é ela que dói.  
Declina dentro de mim o sol no alto do céu.

*Culture: Modernity, Postmodernity, Contemporaneity.* Durham, NC and London: Duke University Press. 2008. pp. 97-112 (p. 103).

<sup>13</sup>  
Ibid., p. 110.

<sup>14</sup>  
Rolnik, Suely. “Lygia Clark e o Híbrido Arte/Clinica”. *Concinnitas*. Vol. 1, no. 26. 2015. pp. 104-112 (p. 105). My own translation. “Em suas artérias eletrônicas, navegam por todo o planeta imagens de formas de existência glamourizadas, que parecem pairar inabaláveis sobre as turbulências do vivo. A sedução destas figuras mobiliza uma busca frenética de identificação, sempre fracassada e recomeçada [...]”.

<sup>15</sup>  
Grabe, Ilan. 2017. Personal message received by [marcyrino@gmail.com](mailto:marcyrino@gmail.com) on the 3rd of May, 2017.

16

See the poem A  
*Passagem das Horas*  
(*The Passage of the*  
*Hours*). Pessoa,  
Fernando. *Álvaro de*  
*Campos, Livro de Versos*.  
Lisboa: Estampa. 1993.  
p. 26a.

Começa a tender a entardecer no azul e nos meus nervos.  
Vamos ó cavalgada, quem mais me consegues tornar?  
Eu que, veloz, voraz, comilão da energia abstracta,  
Queria comer, beber, esfolar e arranhar o mundo,  
Eu, que só me contentaria com calcar o universo aos pés,  
Calcar, calcar, calcar até não sentir..  
Eu, sinto que ficou fora do que imaginei tudo o que quis,  
Que embora eu quisesse tudo, tudo me faltou [...]

17

Ibid., my own  
translation.

### Traversing the Gift in Me

From the practice of metamorphosis, I imagined a mixture, a *mixarts* as a method of artistic investigation. Scramble. A mix, not a *remix*. I would mix the roles: interpretation, improvisation, composition. I would mix the spaces: concert hall, art gallery, underground cistern, backyard, mountain. I would mix “mine” with “yours” through co-creations. I would mix the flute with bottles, with tubes, with balloons, with lamps, with video, with plants, with aluminium foil. I would mix scores with drawings, with gardens, with angels. I would mix myself with strangeness. I would mix my body with a body-flute until it becomes a flutist-body-flute. A mixture inside the flutist-body-flute relation.

Mixture as method grew out of my growing concern at being *an expert at being an excerpt of myself*. Without being able to combine the practices that coexisted inside me, almost isolated, I was looking for a way to tune out a certain being-flutist, an image-inside that has guided my practices so far. But the mixing did not happen in a random manner: it was guided by encounters. Above all, it was a mixture of listening and directing the voice to another human who would carry a chaos and a responsibility for the chaos. Encounters emerged as method and structure.

How to practice *un-goals*? How can the relation between the body of a musician and the body of a musical instrument be understood as a space for the practice of *un-goals*? How to open space inside, space in-between, space: come in! Could the inside also be a flute-inside?

Mixture-as-investigation began, timidly, as an opening towards musicians and artists nearby; it was essential for my research to begin with artist-neighbours and their practices. With time, I hope, it can give me breath for longer flights, toward other knowings, other *flavotherours*.

According to Jean-Charles François, the matter of expertise lies at the centre of the questions musicians have to face today: if the twentieth century called into question the notion of virtuosity, either by denying, violently, the craft of the artist, or even by denying art itself, or by multiplying virtuosities and adapting them to increasingly specialised contexts, still the division of roles perpetuates a norm inside music institutions – even if some eccentrics have permission to mix music with other art modalities.<sup>18</sup> Meanwhile, in other artistic fields, mixture has become a fundamental practice.

François reminds us that already in the 1960s Vinko Globokar worried that society did not question enough the (hyper) specialisation of individuals, who, in the name of efficiency or excellence, seemed to inscribe themselves inside the limits of an increasingly precise classification, thereby reducing each other to a stereotyped image.

Our society refuses to regard someone who can exercise several activities, assuming that this attitude can only lead to dispersion. Being an expert without glancing at the neighbour's garden, that is what matters.<sup>19</sup>

18  
François, Jean-Charles. *Dialogues de Surdoués d'Entendement*. Unpublished. 2005. p. 10.

19  
Ibid., p. 3. Vinko Globokar quoted by Jean-Charles François. My own translation. "Notre société voit d'un mauvais oeil que quelqu'un puisse exercer plusieurs activités, considérant qu'une telle attitude ne peut que mener à la dispersion. Être expert dans une matière sans regarder le jardin du voisin, voilà ce qui importe."



20  
Ibid., p. 4.

21  
This situation of stagnation and inertia is described by the sociologist Howard Becker in “The Power of Inertia”. In Benjamin Boretz, Mary Lee Roberts, Tildy Bayar and Dorota Czerner (eds.). In *The Open Space Magazine*. No. 5. New York, NY: Red Hook. 2003. pp. 49-55.

22  
François, Jean-Charles. *Dialogues de Surdoués d’Entendement*. Unpublished. 2005. p. 10.

23  
Wesseling, Janneke. “Of Sponge, Stone and the Intertwinement with Here and Now. A Methodology of Artistic Research”. In Catarina Almeida and André Alves (eds.). *Artistic Research Does #2*. Porto: NEA/ i2ADS Research Group in Arts Education, Research Institute in Art, Design and

This form of globalised standardisation is not a new phenomenon but lies at the heart of modern utopia, of the imperialist enterprise. The almost absolute exclusivity that is evident in the standardisation of the musical practices performed inside institutions of higher education belongs to the European model of the conservatory, on a global scale. François points to the way in which the phantasmagorical threat of the disappearance of the European “classical” music heritage and an ensuing generalised amateurism is destabilising the conservatoires and institutions of higher education at present.<sup>20</sup> The ensuing fear, though, simply reinforces the slogan of “maintaining excellence”, of a disciplinary practice, of a certain kind of virtuosity that rejects everything that is not in direct accordance with a systematic, intensive and unquestionable practice, imposed as “tradition”, which hinders the opening toward a diversity of marginal and experimental practices.

Musicians who for one reason or another do not work inside what sociologists have named the “system of *package*”<sup>21</sup> – and there are many – have difficulties accessing institutions of higher education in music. François traverses a dilemma: either they can accept rules that will deeply modify the conditions of their own practices, or they can prefer to remain outside institutions, or to create their own institutions, separated, in the margins of the official circuits.<sup>22</sup>

And what does artistic research, made inside the same institutions that standardise, have to say? After all, here am I, inside the music academy, proposing a form of mix-me-other-arts as a method of artistic research. If I avoid polished definitions, Janneke Wesseling posits that artistic research is “the critical and theoretically positioned reflection by the artist on her practice and on the world, in art and in the written text.”<sup>23</sup>

Artistic research is a radically speculative discipline, just as art is a radically speculative mode of practice. (...) Speculative research is alert to constant change and dynamism. Therefore it does not have a set goal, nor does it presuppose any fixed outcomes or results. Rather, it seeks to open up to multiple perspectives.<sup>24</sup>

Society and FBAUP  
Universidade do Porto.  
2016. p. 4.

24  
Ibid., p. 23.

Artist-researchers are increasingly under pressure to create and to produce concrete art-delivery results, and to be able to demonstrate the usefulness and value of their products. According to Wesseling, this is incompatible with the open, speculative and critical-reflexive nature of artistic research. She argues that we should therefore avoid the term “knowledge production” in relation to artistic research, along with terms like innovation, applicability and valorisation, as they constitute neoliberal jargon.<sup>25</sup>

25  
Ibid., p. 24.

Academic research is beginning to incorporate research that is not only thought *on* music, but is lived and thought *through* music. But there are still ways to go in order to decentralise the logic of the finished artwork (as well as the hegemony of the big Surnames) and give space to the mediations that precede or follow the work, or all the different forms of practices that do not claim the status of an artwork in the modern sense of the term, names without dazzling brilliance, bodies-musicians who neither claim nor succumb to the position of stars. There are still ways to go in order for the musician’s voice to bring academic writing out of tune, contaminating it, in fierce joy, with chant, breath, drool and grunt.

We don’t live in a world, but in-between two worlds at least. The first is flooded with light, the second traversed by gleams. In the centre of light, we are made to believe, are the restless movements of those whom we today call (...) the *stars* – stars, we know, carry divine names – about

26

Didi-Hubermann,  
George. *Survivance des  
Lucioles*. Paris: Édition  
de Minuit. 2009. p. 133.  
My own translation.  
“Nous ne vivons pas  
dans un monde, mais  
entre deux monde au  
moins. Le premier est  
inondé de lumière,  
le second traversé  
de lueurs. Au centre  
de la lumière, nous  
fait-on croire, s’agitent  
ceux que l’on appelle  
aujourd’hui (...) les  
*stars* - les étoiles, on  
le sait, portent des  
noms de divinités  
– sur lesquelles  
nous regorgeons  
d’informations le plus  
souvent inutiles.”

27

Holmes, Brian.  
“Extradisciplinary  
Investigations.  
Towards a New  
Critique of  
Institutions”. In  
*Transversal*. Vol. 01.  
2007. p. 1. <http://eipcp.net/transversal/0106/holmes/en> (Accessed  
2019-29-01).

28

*Ibid.*, p. 1.

whom we regurgitate information, which, most of the  
time, is completely useless.<sup>26</sup>

In order to understand the logic, need or desire that pushes  
artists to work outside the limits of their own discipline,  
Brian Holmes forged the concept of *extradisciplinarity* as an  
attempt to go beyond a “kind of double aimlessness that affects  
contemporary signifying practices”.<sup>27</sup>

First the inflation of *interdisciplinary* discourses on the  
academic and cultural circuits: a virtuoso combinatory  
system that feeds the symbolic mill of cognitive capital,  
acting as a kind of supplement to the endless pinwheels  
of finance itself [...] Second is the state of *indiscipline* that  
is an unsought effect of the anti-authoritarian revolts of  
the 1960s, where the subject simply gives into the aesthetic  
solicitations of the market [...] repeating and remixing  
the flux of prefabricated commercial images. Though  
they aren’t the same, interdisciplinarity and indiscipline  
have become the two most common excuses for the  
neutralization of significant inquiry.<sup>28</sup>

I do not claim an “extradisciplinarity drift” in my own practice  
but rather want to draw attention to the problematic of  
interdisciplinary discourses within artistic research and artistic  
practices. If I dive, albeit timidly, into unknown practices (or  
gleams thereof), it is because I insist on unlearning a certain  
way of being-flutist. I propose a being-flutist guided by passion.  
But which passion? Soap opera passion? Greek passion?  
Imperialist passion? Brazilian passion? Passion is also passage,  
trans-versing. I experiment: *passion haunted by the other*. Other-  
art, other-human, other-bug, other-timbre, other-instrument,  
other-in, other-around, other-distant. And the going always  
gets tough. There are seeds of dangerous utopias in pretending  
to be able to turn into anyone and everyone – the most naïve,

the most undervalued, the most ignored. As soon as I start translating one other into another, I might be in a movement of imprisoning the same other I struggle to set free. Still, I follow the passion of the metamorphosis, this mysterious access road.

My choice of research partners came from observing and recognising in them a mixed practice. They aroused in me a hunger, an admiration. I started without specific goals, or with *un-goals*. I said: I offer you my time, would you give me yours? I invited: let's create something together, co-contaminate each other. I had the joy and privilege of their acceptance of my invitation, processes that allowed pulsating partnerships in transformation for four years of research. Co-creating became then a collective practice of *un-goaling*.

With time, the method took the shape of a double movement, a little like flute playing, a Kármán vortex street.<sup>29</sup> First, a movement towards an other: a movement of creating together through mutual contamination based on mixing practices. Then, a movement that returned the focus to the flutist-body-flute relation, carrying the living presence of the other: a movement of deciphering, of remembering. The several movements of the multiple projects overlap, but it is possible to distinguish them by each singular quality of the metamorphosis of the flute-body-flutist relation; in the context of this doctoral dissertation, these movements of metamorphosis are translated into written and sound/video essays.

The mixture does not aim for a new discipline, a fusion, a disintegration of borders, an art with an aura of full art. It is not yearning to become a holistic, integrated, multi-tasked, hyper-extended, queen of a new royal knowledge. On the contrary, I search for confusion, a mixture- in-transformation. In the impossibility of exerting and performing all the roles in their plenitude of specialised practices, I shape a space-

29

The stream of air in flute playing takes the form of a Kármán vortex street. See, for example, De la Cuadra, Patricio. *The Sound of Oscillating Air Jets: physics, modeling, and simulation in flute-like instruments*. PhD dissertation. Stanford University. 2005.

in-transformation that is capable of listening, through a me-other-mixture – places of rigidity inside myself and in my surroundings, with a particular focus on the flutist-body-flute relation. The mixture in metamorphosis enables a deviation from the flutist-sovereign image in me, and opens a space for listening to creative musical margins and marginalities – a space for listening to fears of unlearning, of losing.

Metamorphosis contaminates the body, asks for its own transformative time. Cocoons, woven by silence, are places-forms germinating from the body, from a space inside that listens to an alterity that also listens to me, another-inside, neither mine nor yours, and contaminates the flutist-body-flute relation, causing the rigid cores that anaesthetise and ossify the practice of imagining to vibrate like the skin of a drum.

The mixture through co-creating and un-goaling sustains a time of instability and fragility that is the core of creative life. It calls for a trusting, a groping, a mutual listening in mutation to enable the co-creating to bloom rather than to wither in a violent and empty unilateral rooting-out. It touches a rigid core that asphyxiates artistic practices: the anaesthesia of our vulnerability to the other as a living presence:

[...] But vulnerability is the precondition for the other to cease being a simple object for the projection of pre-established images, in order to become a living presence, with whom we can construct the territories of our existence and the changing contours of our subjectivity. Now, being vulnerable depends on the activation of a specific capacity of the sensible, which has been repressed for many centuries, remaining active only in certain philosophical and poetic traditions.<sup>30</sup>

30  
Rolnik, Suely. “The Geopolitics of Pimping”. trans. Brian Holmes. *Transversal*. Vol.10. 2006. p. 2. <http://eipcp.net/transversal/1106/rolnik/en> (Accessed 2019-29-01).

The mixture should not be understood as a continuous fluidity, which would bring us close to endorsing capitalist fluidity and its appropriation of the plasticity of the forms of life, its hunger for flexible subjectivities, its hunger for the force of creation in its experimental freedom. Here, again, the going always gets tough. Boyan Manchev draws our attention precisely to this tendency: the appropriation and globalisation of alternative models of existence created by the practices of the performing arts in recent decades.<sup>31</sup> The obsession with the word *performance* itself points towards a supposedly unlimited transformation, to be consumed through standardised modes of (non-)life in which the space of freedom of the body is reduced to a merchandised sex appeal. He asks: are the performing arts at risk of becoming exemplary figures of a perverse capitalism? Rolnik shows the artist a trap:

The experimentation that had been carried out collectively during the 1960s and early 1970s in order to attain emancipation from the dominant pattern of subjectivity became indistinguishable from its incorporation into the emergent politics of subjectivation under cognitive capitalism. Many of the protagonists of the movements of the previous decades fell into the trap: dazzled by the celebration of their creative force and their transgressive and experimental posture, which had formerly been stigmatized and marginalized, dazzled as well by their prestigious image in the media and their high salaries, they became the creators of the worlds produced by capital.<sup>32</sup>

Rolnik traverses the destiny of the flexible and processual subjectivity (as instituted by the counter-cultural movements during the 1960s and 1970s) that traverses us in the present: this is a subjectivity wherein the invention of forms of expression are not guided by an attention to the sensations that signal the effects of the other's existence within our resonant body, but by

31  
Manchev, Boyan et al. "La Danse, la Métamorphose du Corps". *Rue Descartes*. Vol. 2. No. 64. 2009. pp. 96-103 (pp. 100-101).

32  
Rolnik, Suely. "Politics of Flexible Subjectivity: The Event-Work of Lygia Clark". trans. Brian Holmes. In Okwui Enwezor, Nancy Condee and Terry Smith (eds.). *Antinomies of Art and Culture: Modernity, Postmodernity, Contemporaneity*. Durham, NC and London: Duke University Press. 2008. pp. 97-112 (p.108).

33  
Rolnik, Suely. “The Geopolitics of Pimping”. trans. Brian Holmes. *Transversal*. Vol.10. 2006. p.3. <http://eipcp.net/transversal/1106/rolnik/en> (Accessed 2019-29-01).

34  
Rolnik, Suely. “Avoiding False Problems: Politics of the Fluid, Hybrid, and Flexible”. trans. Rodrigo Nunes. *E-flux*. No 25. 2011. p.5. <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/25/67892/avoiding-false-problems-politics-of-the-fluid-hybrid-and-flexible/> (Accessed 2019-29-01.)

35  
Saramago, José. *O homem duplicado*. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras. 2002. p. 7. My own translation. “O caos é uma ordem por decifrar.”

an almost “hypnotic identification with the images of the world broadcast by advertising and mass culture”.<sup>33</sup> She reminds us that creation/creativity can also result from a refusal to listen to chaos and the effects of otherness in our bodies. Such creation relies on the consumption of pre-fabricated images-imagining that can rapidly reproduce a recognisable art-territory. What it produces is “an aerobic subjectivity with an acritical plasticity” adequate to the mobility required by contemporary capitalism.<sup>34</sup>

Why keep with the flutist-body-flute? For my particular research, I search to transform the flutist-body-flute relation into a weight. *I, a burden for the flute*. In this perspective, the flute-flutist relation becomes an entanglement: the modern concert flute traversed by the industrialisation and merchandising of the instruments traversed by the standardisation of musical practices in a global scale traversed by the imperialist enterprise traversed by the colonisation of Brazil traversed by music in Brazil traversed by the capitalist autophagic hunger of flexible subjectivities traversed by my body traversed by a transverse flute and by an inexplicable hunger. How is this intricacy translated in the adventures and misadventures of a flutist-body-flute in transformation? How to transform not only habits and thoughts but the will of imagination and creation?

The artist is closer to the world when carrying chaos and a responsibility for chaos. But how to sustain chaos and enable the germination of an access road to an/other?

— “Chaos is an order for deciphering”.<sup>35</sup>

Would it be left to the musician-researchers to reaffirm the fundamental role of the practices and processes, the craft of sonorities, of *sonotherities*, a knowing from the body-instrument guided by an inexplicable hunger?

Hunger is a curious thing, it provokes different affects when transposed into a way of guiding encounters. It divides:

Either through the *celebration* of the anthropophagy, as when the avant-garde of Brazilian modernism, invoking the practice of the Tupinambá people, transposed the anthropophagic ritual to the terrain of culture;<sup>36</sup> or in the notion of “anthropophagic subjectivity” proposed by Suely Rolnik as an ethical formula for the unavoidable otherness in oneself.<sup>37</sup>

Or through an *exotification* of the notion of anthropophagy transposed to the terrain of culture, thereby reducing the complexity of the anthropophagic ritual to a glamorous cannibalistic act, a gluttonous gulp that anesthetises the unpredictable becoming of others in the body’s memory.

Or through *the anthropophagy of White notions of anthropophagy* transposed to the terrain of culture, thereby pointing to the intricacy of the cultural appropriation of the practices of the Tupinambá people.<sup>38</sup>

Or through the *fear* of devouring, exposing ingestion as a potential violation of the otherness of the other, eating as “a process of partial incorporation as well as expulsion: transforming and expelling what is undesirable”.<sup>39</sup>

Or through the *fear* of devouring the otherness of the other in which the other is produced and fragmented precisely by that same fear.

Or one thing might have passed unnoticed in all this hunger: the *inexplicable*. By being inexplicable, such hunger does not have a specific object, a goal to be devoured. It does not ask for satisfaction. It is a guide. The responsibility might appear then as an ability to respond to each possible encounter. Chaos-

36

See “Manifesto Antropófago” by Oswald de Andrade (1976). De Andrade, Oswald. “Cannibalist Manifesto”. *Third Text*. Vol 13. No. 46. 1999. pp. 92-95.

37

See Rolnik, Suely. *Cartografia Sentimental: Transformações Contemporâneas do Desejo*. Porto Alegre: Sulina - UFRGS. 2016. Rolnik, Suely. “Anthropophagic Subjectivity”. trans. Michael Reade, Erika Benincasa, Alfred MacAdam and Nadine. In *Arte Contemporânea Brasileira: Um e/entre Outro/s*. São Paulo: Fundação Bial de São Paulo. 1998.

38

As in the work of the visual artist Denilson Baniwa. <http://denilsonbaniwa.com.br/portfolio-pinterest/> (Accessed 2019-29-01).



39

Ahmed, Sara. *Strange Encounters: Embodied Others in Post-Coloniality*. London: Routledge. 2000. p.139.

40

Ibid., p. 152.

41

Rolnik, Suely. "Politics of Flexible Subjectivity: The Event-Work of Lygia Clark". trans. Brian Holmes. In Okwui Enwezor, Nancy Condee and Terry Smith (eds.). *Antinomies of Art and Culture: Modernity, Postmodernity, Contemporaneity*. Durham, NC and London: Duke University Press. 2008. pp. 97-112 (p. 111).

mine-chaos-other. A response-ability that faces the hunger "in such a way that *the one who is already assimilated can still surprise*, can still move beyond the encounter which names her, and holds her in place".<sup>40</sup>

It is up to each artist to create one's own research-response-ability, guided by the question of what calls to us in the now, as beings that create and imagine. Rolnik traverses a possible path:

[...] this response does not entail a return to the politics of identity dating back before the 1960s and early '70s, but instead takes up again the process of creating a flexible subjectivity as a collective movement, which began at that time and was interrupted and diverted from its goals – [*un-goals?*, *I add*] – through its instrumentalisation by integrated world capitalism.<sup>41</sup>

Would there be a singular pulse in the word *metamorphosis* that justifies its insistence on approaching an old matter, a matter of many names, that I would name here *the gift of othering*? Metamorphosis asks for the body and makes it resound of others. But of what is it capable, the body-that-knows, the being-flesh, the body-instrument? Is it one body? A body of all?

[...] Did it come like an arrow, did it come like a knife?  
Which of the poisons is it?  
Which of the nerve-curlers, the convulsors? Did it electrify?  
This is a case without a body.  
The body does not come into it at all.

It is a case of vaporization.  
The mouth first, its absence reported  
In the second year. It had been insatiable  
And in punishment was hung out like brown fruit  
To wrinkle and dry. [...]<sup>42</sup>

42  
Plath, Sylvia. "The Detective". In *Ariel: The Restored Edition*. London: Faber and Faber. 2009.

First the body. No. First the place. No. First both. Now either. Now the other. Sick of the either try the other. Sick of it back sick of the either. So on. Somehow on. Till sick of both. Throw up and go. Where neither. Till sick of there. Throw up and back. The body again. Where none. Try again. Fail again. Better again. Or better worse. Fail worse again. Still worse again. Till sick for good. Throw up for good. Go for good. Where neither for good. Good and all.<sup>43</sup>

43  
Beckett, Samuel. "Worstward Ho". In *Nohow On*. London: John Calder. 1989.



# Noctuidae Noctuoidea

*Noctuidae Noctuoidea* is an invitation to obscure, in which I experiment with the flutist-body-flute relation as it is traversed by the light-shadow relation. Both, are a matter of creation. Through *Noctuidae Noctuoidea*, I ask: How can sound de-obfuscate the complex practice of seeing within a “culture of light”? How does light move in a musician’s ear? I listen to the entanglement of the fear of darkness, Western music practices and technologies of lighting.

I  
*Soproluz*: two Portuguese words put together. *Sopro*, which means breath, and *Luz*, which means light. In English, it is thus something like “blowing-light”. Public performances of *Soproluz* took place at Kulturtempel in July, 2016; on the 30th & 31st of March and the 29th & 30th of May, 2017.

The theme of light-sound-dark was not chosen before the investigation – it was not an a priori concept, but rather emerged from a double movement. It first emerged from *Soproluz*,<sup>1</sup> a co-creation made together with Jorge Alcaide (Chile/Sweden). *Soproluz* was a performance in transformation that was created and performed at Kulturtempel (an underground cistern that is also a cultural institution run by Jorge), by way of listening to that particular site. Then, another movement took the form of *Land Without Fireflies* (2016), a solo piece for flute and objects, in which I sought to narrate and condense the experience of *Soproluz* in a portable, solitary form. *Land Without Fireflies* marked a return to the relation flute-body-flutist, carrying now the living presence of the other: Jorge-Kulturtempel-*Soproluz*.

*Noctuidae Noctuoidea* is an invitation to darken our senses. It is a polyrhythm of night bugs – a wish for nocturnal silence, a wish for de-obfuscation.

\*

<https://marinacyrino.art.br/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=coyKd5aJRv8>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qaScwhMR6sA>

#### **Sound/Video Material:**

*Soproluz* (Video Essay 2018)\*

*Land Without Fireflies* (Video Essay 2018)\*

The stranger is a dark shadowy figure. I use the word “darkness” deliberately here: it is a word that cannot be untangled from a racialized history. To use this word as if it can be disentangled from that history is to be entangled by that history.<sup>2</sup>

— Sara Ahmed

<sup>2</sup> Ahmed, Sara. *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2004. p. 212.

## Soproluz: To Sensitise to Darkness

Dark.

Sparkles in the eyes, the remains of a world in obfuscation. Slowly, eyes surrender to repose, to the spiral of breathing. Listen: the place is immense. It longs for chanting, its walls sweating wailings. A nocturnal joy spreads over being.

Sparkles.

My encounter with Jorge Alcaide began with an invitation, his: *would you like to know a place?* The day after, the descent, for the first time. Then, another invitation, mine: *would you like to co-create?* Jorge, a multi-instrumentalist musician, actor and poet. He practises mixture. He brought with him a site: it took him years of insisting and waiting to finally have access to the underground cistern, to uncover it. On hold, the place grew on him and opened up as a temple. In this co-creating, human and site are inseparable. The site, which Jorge named: Kulturtemplet.<sup>3</sup> I leave the words to him:

3

See <https://www.kulturtemplet.org/>.





Hace ya casi 13 años atrás comenzamos mis hijos y yo a visitar este lugar en busca de espacios para jugar. El juego en sí es una fuente de creatividad de las más antiguas y por mucho que se trate de diversión puede tener un fondo de solemne seriedad. En este caso resultó ser el impulso a la aventura y el juego junto a mis hijos el que gatillo una búsqueda y un trabajo por algo de gran significado para mi y para mi obra artística. El lugar era una antigua cisterna de agua abandonada, una construcción de piedra con aspecto de templo que se asomaba en la cima de una montaña rodeada de verde a la cual se llegaba por una larga escalera. Después de investigar sobre su historia que cuenta de una significativa labor entre el 1901 y el 1950 cuando la vieja cisterna acumulaba y distribuía agua a la comunidad de Majorna<sup>13</sup> empecé a gestionar para tener acceso al espacio interior ya que mi mayor curiosidad era por sus cualidades acústicas. Algo que ya se podía percibir

Almost 13 years ago, my children and I began to visit the place in search of spaces to play. Playing in itself is a source of creativity of the oldest kind and no matter how much fun, it may also carry a solemn seriousness. In this case it turned out to be the impulse to the adventure and playing together with my children that triggered a search for something of great significance for me and for my artistic work. The place was an old, abandoned water cistern, a temple-like, stone building that peeked out from the top of a mountain, surrounded by greenery and reached by way of a long staircase. After investigating its history, I discovered it was a significant and active place between 1901 and 1950 when the old cistern stored and distributed water to the community of Majorna, Gothenburg. I began a search to gain access to the interior of the place, as my biggest curiosity concerned its acoustic qualities. Something that could already be heard by singing through one of the small

por una de las ventanillas entreabierta al lado de la entrada.

El año 2013 pude finalmente por primera vez entrar y descubrir con gran emoción el tesoro acústico de este lugar. Una resonancia increíble, por su magnitud y belleza. Mi sensación fue que el lugar había estado durante años esperando su renacer y ser cantado. La belleza del espacio era también visual y conjuntamente la experiencia de subir una montaña, entrar y bajar por otra escalera hacia el centro de la montaña y su oscuridad era una puesta en escena que debía ser experimentada por más gente. Comencé entonces a buscar la forma de llevar a cabo un proyecto en este mágico espacio y lo que visualicé fue un lugar donde se trabajara la cultura y el arte en conexión con otras ramas como la salud, la espiritualidad, la ecología, la educación. Fue así como nació Kulturtemplet. Mi experiencia como músico y artista tras haber estado trabajando en el lugar

windows next to the entrance.

In 2013, I was finally able to enter and discover with great emotion the acoustic treasure of this place. An incredible resonance, of magnitude and beauty. My feeling was that the place had been waiting for years to be reborn and sung. The beauty of the space was also visual and jointly the experience of climbing one stairway up the mountain, and upon entering the cistern, descending another stairway to the centre of the mountain and its darkness; this was a staging that ought to be experienced by more people. I then began to look for ways to carry out a project in this magical space and what I visualised was a place where culture and art would work in connection with other disciplines such as health, spirituality, ecology and education. This is how Kulturtemplet was born.

My experience, as a musician and artist, after having worked in the place, has been one of learning to

4

Text written by Jorge Alcaide in 2017 as part of the present essay. My own translation.

es aprender a escuchar nuevamente. La magia del sonido está en realidad en todas partes pero fue este lugar quien me lo hizo recordar. También me recordó que el virtuosismo no es el dominar su instrumento sin límites técnicos y poder tocar con ligereza, algo que en la acústica de este lugar se torna en algo torpe y de mal gusto, sino más bien de saber qué hacer y cómo en el lugar donde se está, de estar presente.<sup>4</sup>

— Jorge Alcaide

listen again. The magic of sound is actually everywhere but it was this place that made me remember. It also reminded me that virtuosity is not to dominate one's instrument without technical limitation, nor to be able to play with speed, something that in the acoustics of this place becomes awkward and tasteless, but rather of knowing what to do and how, in the place where one is, knowing how to be present.



Is the cavernous night of a metal box only darkness? In the beginning, during my first descents, I was lost in the dazzling echo. With time, from the pullulating darkness, the humid lament of the walls, sprouted fireflies-flutes. Flickers. Air mixed with light. Tiny sparkles. An anti-gloss driven by a clumsy aesthetics. Little lights inside the flutes allow for a luminous rhythmical counterpoint created by the opening and closing of the flute keys. A polyrhythm of night bugs. A *cosmia trapezina* trapeze artist.<sup>5</sup> A little light on the tongue, clenched teeth, a mouth lights up. I remember Samuel Beckett, a lit mouth, *Not I*.<sup>6</sup> My mouth is a-whistle, is fire slime, dragon-breath, thanks to the breath naturally condensed by the underground cold, always present. Tubes with little lights attached at the end sing a swinging dance. A carnivalesque outfit transforms me and Jorge into a nocturnal, clumsy, twinkling, pregnant monster, now together, now dismembered, mad legs running for the dark: a queen of the night, *rainha-bicha*. Bottles, slowly lit and played: a choir traversed by humid darkness.

Caves, cathedrals, cisterns, places of reverberations and echo, inhabit the imagination of musicians. I remember Pauline Oliveiros' *Deep Listening*.<sup>7</sup> I remember Publius Ovidius Naso's *Echo*. I remember Gayatri Spivak's double bind of Echo-Narcissus.<sup>8</sup> I remember Amadeus Mozart and *The Magic Flute*, the destruction of the Queen of the Night, the "savage" darkness set against "pure" light, illumination as a violent, welcome, cleansing force.<sup>9</sup> I cannot escape from Durante Alighieri and the eighth infernal ditch, which comes in handy as it is the "perfidious counsellors" ditch (cf. politicians) where the fireflies also wander.<sup>10</sup> But what if for a guide, instead of Publius Vergilius Maro, we had two Latin American musicians in an awkward tropical version of the Pied Piper of Hamelin?

5



A *cosmia trapezina*.  
Photo credits: Josef Dvorak.

6

See Beckett, Samuel.  
*Not I*. London: Faber and Faber. 1973.

7

See Oliveiros, Pauline.  
*Deep Listening: A Composer's Sound Practice*. New York, Lincoln and Shanghai: iUniverse, Inc. 2005.

8

See Spivak, Gayatri Chakravorty. "Echo".  
*New Literary History*. Vol. 24. No. 1. 1993. pp. 17-43.

9

See Hagström-Ståhl, Kristina. "Mourning as Method. William

Kentridge's Black Box/ Chambre Noire". *Arcadia – International Journal for Literary Studies*. Vol. 45. No. 2. 2010. pp. 339-352 (p. 340).

— What to expect from two carnivalesque flutists guiding darkness?

— “[...] To say yes in the night traversed by sparkles and not be content with describing the no of the light that obfuscates us.”<sup>11</sup>

10

See Didi-Hubermann, Georges. *Survivance de Lucioles*. Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit. 2009. p. 9.

The theme of light-sound-dark was not chosen beforehand; it was not an priori concept, preceding the investigation. It emerged from the time spent in the cold humid darkness of the cistern, its underground being. *Soproluz* was not a site-specific performance in the usual sense; on the contrary, we became specific to the site. I talk about time. I talk about years. The place called to us for moths, for fireflies, for ghosts. In the abandonment of being in the cistern, I learned about angels: *when light accepts the format of a chant*. Although there were nocturnal seeds already present in my practice, *Soproluz* opened up the space to darkness inside the flutist-body-flute relation and contaminated other ensuing creations.

11

*Ibid.*, p. 133. My own translation. “Dire oui dans la nuit traversée de lueurs, et ne pas se contenter de décrire le non de la lumière qui nous aveugle.”

*Soproluz* is a mutating, a creating from our Marina-Jorge listening but also from grasping-listening to whoever followed us in each descent. In the course of the first performances, a certain abandonment was necessary in order to search for a form that would happen *inside*. To wait for what could be created with each descending-ascending. Jorge was the first guide, while I hid in the dark. We started with very few lights. Lit flutes, one lamp in cupped hands, another in the mouth, a few candles. The participants were soon left in complete darkness, standing in the middle of the complete unknown space, most of the time paralyzed, not daring to move until the end. From that first performance, *Soproluz* transformed. Objects came in and out: flutes, plastic bags, aluminium foil paper, water balloons, bottles, rose petals, blinking shoes, a crown made of LED

balloons. Other research projects leaked through: Polyvinyl chloride flexible tubes appeared after *Nectaire's Gardens*;<sup>12</sup> a bike wheel appeared after *Urutau, Mother of the Moon*.<sup>13</sup> Bottles coloured by means of the little lamps inside them came in as a way to make people move, as a way to share the guiding role. These bottles stayed and multiplied: a sparkling, sounding cortege. For some, the bottles became a place to cling onto against fear, a place too familiar. Musician-participants seemed tired of the bottles. Others discovered for the first time their own flutist-being.

I felt at one point the need to write an invitation-opening that was to be read together with all of the participants before entering the site. The invitation stayed; it kept changing in response to the process of searching. A mixture of the different versions could be crystallised as:

Tonight is an invitation towards obscuring.  
The site, pregnant with darkness and silence, offers us a unique listening opportunity.  
The descent. Let the box play us.  
What happens to our bodies when they are bathed in darkness?  
How do we move? How do we sense each other?  
Where does the fear of obscure silence stir?  
A common universalising explanation for the source of this fear lies exactly in the definition of the human as diurnal: Our most precious sense of survival, our eyesight, would find in the dark its limits and then, fear. But what qualifies us as diurnals? Is the root of this fear in the eye?

— “We learn to fear by learning what to fear.”<sup>14</sup>

An obvious effect of this phenomenon is the obfuscation of night through the increasing artificial lighting that spreads

12  
For more on *Nectaire's Garden*, see the essay “Inside-Out Pastoral”.

13  
For more on *Urutau, Mother of the Moon*, see the essay “An Aeroelastic Flutter”.

14  
Ahmed, Sara. *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2004. p. 215.

at a vertiginous speed around the planet, embedded as an almost unquestionable need for security. Security for whom?

Who owns the night?

Who owns the light?

15

Dyer, Richard. *White*. London and New York: Routledge, 1997. p. 106.

“We live now, virtually everywhere, in a world that is potentially permanently illuminated, in which it is generally possible to let light be at human will and in which artificial light can reach further and more effectively than the brightest sunshine.”<sup>15</sup>

To obfuscate the night is indeed mortal for many life forms with whom we share our existence. And what is the effect on us humans?

How to sensitize our bodies to the obscure? Is there a point in this descent?

Tonight is an invitation to darken our senses in order to reveal our own and the world’s inner nocturnal shine.

16

See Didi-Hubermann, Georges. “Lumière contre Lumière”. In *La Disparition des Lucioles*. Arles: Actes Sud, 2014. My own translation. “Pour faire réapparaître les lucioles, il suffira de rendre à la nuit elle-même son pouvoir de latence et de prégnance. Il suffira de l’accepter, d’accéder à son pouvoir de visualité, qui se nomme l’obscur.”

In the words of Georges Didi-Hubermann, “in order to make the fireflies reappear, it will suffice to return to the night its power of latency and pregnancy. It will suffice to accept it. To access its power of visuality named: the obscure.”<sup>16</sup>

Sparkles.

#Thesis 1: Because to obfuscate is not to light.  
(#Thesis 2: Because to breathe is also to light.)  
#Thesis 3: Because sound is light pregnant with the obscure.



הרבה להלל

*Soproluz* came from a wish for darkening, a wish for trust. It asks for trust. We ask to be trusted and to trust darkness. I myself had to learn how to guide, how to ask for trust. The participants experimented with different positions as listeners. They listened to an invitation before entering the cistern, they were invited to go down into an unknown space without their mobile phones, queuing in complete darkness. They were asked to sit, to play, to move, as spectators they experienced a nocturnal dance of a carnivalesque monster, they sang in a choir as if they were in a classroom, they were left to explore the place by themselves, and they were able to leave whenever they pleased.

There are always open parts of a performance that are made of the unforeseen – parts that allow space for fears and transformations. In acknowledging this, I accept chance, and that things left uncontrolled will find their way, or not.

In between the ascending and descending, a fear of the dark entered. If for Jorge and me the dark cistern was tenderness, most of the participants suffered tremendously with their darkness-meeting. We experimented with a slower path into the complete darkness. A circle. Chairs. A dilemma always exists between comfort and discomfort, between familiarity and unfamiliarity. It was like this with each darkening: how would we listen to another's darkening time? How would we hear each other's fears?



## Fear of the Dark: A Culture of Light

17

Stein, Gertrude. "The Mother Of Us All." In *Writings 1932 -1946*. Cambridge, Oxford, Boston and New York: Polity Press. 1995. p. 811.

Men have kind hearts when they are not afraid but they are afraid afraid afraid. I say they are afraid, but if I were to tell them so their kindness would turn to hate.<sup>17</sup>

18

See Lawtoo, Nidesh, 2014. "Fear of the Dark: Surrealist Shadows in 'The Nigger of the Narcissus'". *MFS Modern Fiction Studies*. Vol. 60. No 2. 2014, pp. 227-250.

Fear of the dark has loose ends, dangling threads. One thread might pop first, traversing models of constitution of individual (universal?) subjectivity. For Nidesh Lawtoo,<sup>18</sup> entangled with Jaques Lacan entangled with Roger Caillois, fear of the dark would emerge from a thread-threat: The loss of the image of selfhood generated by the dissolution of boundaries between body and space. We (as children) would "fear darkness for its affective power to dissolve the boundaries of the ego", just as we (as children) would rejoice to see our own "mirror image for its power to delineate and give form to the ego".<sup>19</sup> The fear is not of darkness as such, but of "the dissolution of the boundaries of selfhood in spatial darkness, a dissolution that is most intimately and *obscurely* connected to the horror of death".<sup>20</sup> Lawtoo reminds us of Eugène Minkowski's comment that "the ego is permeable to obscurity whereas it is not so to light".<sup>21</sup>

19

*Ibid.*, p. 237.

20

*Ibid.*, p. 237, my emphasis.

21

*Ibid.*, p. 236.

22

See Burman, Erica. "Fanon's Lacan and the Traumatogenic Child: Psychoanalytic Reflections on the Dynamics of Colonialism and Racism". *Theory, Culture & Society*. Vol. 0. 2015. pp. 1-25.

Would it be possible to reduce the fear of darkness to the fear of the dissolving subject? The supposedly natural fear of darkness shows its twist when Frantz Fanon, traversed by Lacan's mirror stage (from Volume Eight of the *Encyclopedie Francaise*, 1938), disrupts and suspends the romantic humanism with which the child is usually invested, placing the child within historical relations of exclusionary racialization, carrying equivalently gendered, sexed and classed features.<sup>22</sup>

Frantz Fanon taught us to watch out for our lurks, seeing himself in and as the shadow, the dark body, always passing by, at the edge of social experience.<sup>23</sup>

The fear of darkness has loose ends, dangling threads. Another thread leads to the role that cinematic technologies play in the construction of racialized discourses and in the privileging of the visual in Western culture. I weave Frantz Fanon's thread with Lola Young's and her *Fear of the Dark*,<sup>24</sup> an investigation of the conjunction of notions of racial difference, gender and sexuality in photographic and cinematic technologies, with a focus on British films. She entangles the development of scientific empiricism, which privileges the status of ocular proof, with the construction of the colonial eye: the right to look becoming the power to define and categorise, determining who may or may not initiate or return the gaze. She argues for the necessity of a continued interrogation of the consumption of binary images, interweaving the opposition of blackness and whiteness with the opposition of darkness and light.

[...] much of the (western European) literary production during the late nineteenth century is replete with examples of "knowledge" about the character of Africans based on white supremacist attitudes towards race. [...] The texts are saturated with metaphors of "darkness" infused with the presupposition of the positive associations of whiteness, light and so on, and negative attributes of blackness, dirtiness, ignorance, evil and so on.<sup>25</sup>

Into this, Sara Ahmed entwines the making of emotions: "feelings [such as fear, I add] become *fetishes*, qualities that seem to reside in objects [such as darkness, I add] only through an erasure of the history of their production and circulation".<sup>26</sup>

23

Ahmed, Sara. *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 2004. p. 212.

24

Young, Lola. *Fear of the Dark: 'Race', Gender and Sexuality in the Cinema*. London and New York: Routledge. 1996.

25

*Ibid.*, p. 57.

26

Ahmed, Sara. *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 2004. p. 11.

27  
See Dyer, Richard.  
*White*. London and  
New York: Routledge.

28  
*Ibid.*, p. 103.

I pull on one more thread, which I twist further: Richard Dyer and the *culture of light*.<sup>27</sup> For Dyer, the culture of light is part of a wider characterization of modern Western culture as one which privileges seeing above all other senses, which makes seeing by means and in terms of light fundamental to the construction of the human image and “yet felt to be uniquely appropriate to those who are white”.<sup>28</sup>

We stumble once more into the complexity of seeing: a privilege for which bodi(ey)es? bell hooks sees further:

29  
hooks, bell. *Black  
Looks: Race and  
Representation*. Taylor  
and Frances, 2014, p. 115.

Amazed the first time I read in history classes that white slaveowners (men, women and children) punished enslaved black people for looking, I wondered how this traumatic relationship to the gaze had informed black parenting and black spectatorship. The politics of slavery, of racialized power relations, were such that the slaves were denied their right to gaze.<sup>29</sup>

30  
Dyer, op. cit., p. 122.

Dyer continues the entanglement: light is a defining term and means of culture; how different groups relate to light profoundly affects their place in society. He ties together loose ends: “The aesthetic technology of the photographic media, the apparatus and practice *par excellence* of a light culture, not only assumes and privileges whiteness but also constructs it”.<sup>30</sup>

And what is the entanglement of Western music practices with technologies of lighting within a culture of light that not only privileges white people in representation but also suggests a special affinity between them and light? On stage, perhaps one’s eyes are closed, the gaze wandering somewhere-sound-blind. Musicians tend to forget that the notion of an art based on performing in a lit space at one end of a darkened room came into view from the mid-eighteenth century on, no longer aiming to light stage and auditorium equally, and in some sense

separating the performer from the spectator. Musicians tend to forget that by the end of the nineteenth century, both theatre and photography had established the use of overhead lighting as the “natural” norm. But Dyer reminds us of both.

And what are the consequences, in terms of privileges but also in terms of anaesthesia of the senses, of separating the stage, a place of light and of lit bodies to be seen, from another place, of darkness, for those who direct their gaze to the enlightened ones? What happens to the illuminated bodies that perform for other bodies hidden in darkness? How do those bathed in light see and hear? How does this separation affect their listening to themselves and to the world?

Once more, Dyer reminds us that light which comes from above in a literal sense carries ethnically suggestive geographical and ontological connotations, beyond celestial connotations. Musicians must remember: “The dark clothing of men, especially respectable men, and the upturned face combined with overhead lighting, became the standard way to produce an image of (ideal, privileged) white masculinity that showed it to be touched with a sparkle of light”.<sup>31</sup>

<sup>31</sup>  
Ibid., p.120.

I remember the first name that fell on me: *Soproluz*, Blowing Light. One of my first research theses was to make breath visible: *To breathe was also to light*. But was my lit mouth unconsciously moved by a culture of light? I experimented with immersing myself and the audience into darkness in order to sensitize my body to another seeing-listening of spaces where I share music. My wanting-breath: a wish for nocturnal silence, for de-obfuscation. But I fell into the traps of a culture of light when translating *Soproluz* with a camera. In my first attempt, together with the film director Kristoffer Sandberg, resulted in a video essay<sup>32</sup> that plays with fear, that searches for a nocturnal twinkle, but also romanticises the lit bodies in many of the

<sup>32</sup>  
*Soproluz* (2018).



Source: [https://www.researchgate.net/figure/Figures-3-16-Noctuidae-from-Saur-Mts-adult-specimens-3-Euchalcia-herrichi-male-Tas\\_fig2\\_305867820](https://www.researchgate.net/figure/Figures-3-16-Noctuidae-from-Saur-Mts-adult-specimens-3-Euchalcia-herrichi-male-Tas_fig2_305867820)  
(Accessed 31-01-2019).

frames, fetishizing darkness. My first experiments made visible how my relation with light and filming technologies has been trained for spotlight-being. But I keep searching. I weave a nocturnal chant for the moth's wing-beat that bathes in my breathing: *Noctuidae*, *Noctuoidea*.<sup>33</sup>



## Land Without Fireflies

A flute is a tube full of eyes.

How to translate the practices experienced inside the cistern to its outside, in text, in music?

I invoked fireflies.

How can sound de-obfuscate the complex practice of seeing within a “culture of light”? How does light move in a musician’s ear? I remember *Pulsações* by Natália Fragoso (2015), *My Ultradeep I* (2006) by Marko Ciciliani. I remember *Princess Nightmare Moon* by Natasha Diels (2016), *O I* by Celeste Oram (2016), *h* by Simon Løffer (2016)<sup>34</sup> – musical compositions that experiment with light sources, light actions as parameters. I remember István Matuz.<sup>35</sup> I remember Kristina Dér, playing with lights and spotlights, always outside the body of the flute-flutist.<sup>36</sup> Michael Vorfeld’s *LightBulb Music*, and together with Ute Wassermann, *voiceXtensions* (2012/13). I remember Gergely Ittzés and Jenő Lévy’s *Breathing Light* (2017): a lamp in the mouth of the flutist leading to interferences with a video-installation. Is sound capable of escaping the seduction of being lit from above?

What does light have to say about a flute? A light moving from the inside-body? I experiment with darkening the spotlight of the image of the flutist-sovereign-in-me. I transform the modalities through which I am used to address my body-instrument. I experiment with the flute-body-flutist relation through the relation light-shadow as a matter of creation. My experimentation comes from a specific point of listening, from a contamination: Jorge-site, the sounding of each *Soproluz* performed, the site-in-me.

34  
*Princess Nightmare Moon* (2016) by Natasha Diels, *O I* (2016) by Celeste Oram, and *h* (2016) by Simon Løffer were premiered in the 48° Internationale Ferienkurse für Neue Musik, Darmstadt, 2016.

35  
See Russell, Stacey Lee. *The Prepared Flute: A Survey of its History, Techniques, and Repertoire*. Doctoral dissertation. University of South Carolina, 2016. Retrieved from <http://scholarcommons.sc.edu/etd/3795>. (Accessed 31-01-2019).

36  
See <https://krisztinader>.



[com/recordings/  
fluteandlightproject/](http://com/recordings/fluteandlightproject/)  
(Accessed 31-01-2019).

*Land Without Fireflies* is made out of six little fragment-études. Pulsating remains of *Soproluz*, inscribed in the memory of the flutist-body-flute relation. Outside the cistern, every sound became tiny, tiny. Without a tail. Without Kulturtemplet's reverberations, I was left with a flute prepared for luminescence: a searching for night, an alchemy-trying, lamps turned into fireflies turned into air, a rhythmic e(ye)ar.



Into the land without fireflies, its six movements:

I. I wanted little lamps that the flute could eat. I traversed the flute with any lamp that would fit. In my search, I find one that likes to slide with my breath, head to foot, when I close all the holes of the flute. And suddenly, a fire finger dawns. Pushing and pulling, the lamp keeps sounding. Sometimes I mumble. A tidal breath. When a finger shows its glow, I blink a night trill. I hear a siren, a buzzer. Or a bored cricket. The lamp is spacious and takes over the tube inside, muting and distorting the sounds that I try. Not much comes out. But the little that comes, I listen to its inner eyes.

II. If balloons: give a shape to breath. Inside the round world, shining insects. Bug cage. A balloon tied up at the end of a flute head is inflated by the breath of the flutist and fights back: it re-expels the air. The headjoint exhales. A fight between lungs. The reversed path of air. By letting the balloon empty slowly, by letting the air out through the embouchure hole with the help of a finger-valve, I walk around the room and let the air gently touch faces of those I find in the dark. Air is affection, air is a caress. I let the headjoint play my own mouth. I mime a Brazilian lullaby, and the air of the balloon makes my words sound without any movement of my vocal chords. Sometimes by accident, a balloon explodes, like a nightmare breaking the tender fabric of sleep.

III. If thunder: an alto flute prepared with lightning. A spring attached to a membrane is the reminiscence of Kulturtemplet's massive reverberations. I play without my breath by transforming the flute into a spring-drum-flute-thunder. I play the air always inside the tube, air that traverses the flute's body independently of mine. Sometimes, I mix both our breaths.

IV. A lamp inside a mouth makes plenty of drool. Tiny flasks, for magic or chemistry. I search for a spell made of luminescent slime. I spit out a bug. A bottle transformed into a crystal ball. I spin it around. It might reach someone who can tell our fortune.

V. Sometimes a wind-up toy runs dizzy with sparks, and distracts while I prepare the next movement, the stroboscopic-balloon. It screams the floor, it makes it tickle. Sparklz is a wind-up toy created by the Brazilian artist Chico Bicalho.

VI. The air-flesh: *O ar bicho*. A sphere grows, grows, grows. Enormous. Blinking. Stroboscopic air. There is so much. Air. Fleeing. All around. Never able to catch. I try to hold it, keep it, but the cunning air, blue or green, runs away, jumps away. Until I grab it. I press it tight against my chest. Until it turns my heart.



My summers have always been fireflyings. I admire and chase their nocturnal dance. Fact: I had never seen a single firefly in Sweden. I did not search hard enough. The night lived across the world showed its estrangement in me. I did not recognize it: half the year winter-cold-electric-light, the other half summer-bluish-vibrant-maniac. Inside, chaos of the nocturnal. In homesickness, I grew fireflies in my mouth. I spat out fireflies. I made my body into a twinkling bug in a wild dance. To be able to mix breath with light, I asked for help from balloons, lamps, bottles, sparkling toys. First, I composed in the sure arrogance of being exiled in a land without fireflies. Months later I admired an image offered by Georges Didi-Hubermann: *firefly-people*.

The question of the fireflies would be before all, political and historical. [...] “To extract the political thinking from its discursive bargain” and reach, in that way, this crucial place where politics would incarnate in the bodies, in the gestures and desires of each one [...] the firefly’s dance being the moment of grace that resists the world of terror, being what is the most fleeting, the most fragile.<sup>37</sup>

I try, perplexed, to follow the current Brazilian chaos. I suffer from the/a distance. In between too many violences and too many absurdities, a particular disquiet follows me: the insistence on images of darkness, of shadows, to depict the current status of Brazil. Is this an homage to Hannah Arendt’s *Men in Dark Times*? Is this a repetition of the Enlightenment? A colonial aphasia? Or an apocalyptic pleasure? I hear “dark times” spreading fast in the beloved mouths and virtualities out there. It disturbs me, the naming of the actual violence, of the horror, as shadow. Shadows, I cannot see. Everywhere, trees are cut; all that remains is the shadow of buildings. I am not certain if a concrete box has a shadow itself. Under the shadow of a tree, I rest. Within the shadows of a tree, the nocturnal dark

37  
Georges Didi-Hubermann on Jean-Paul Curnier. See *Survivance de Lucioles*. Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit. 2009. p.20. My own translation. “La question des lucioles serait donc, avant tout, politique et historique. [...] “Il s’agit de dégager la pensée politique de sa guangue discutée” et d’attendre par là ce lieu crucial où la politique s’incarnerait dans le corps, les gestes et les désirs de chacun.”

finds shelter from the spotlights. In the flicker of the leaves, the sunlight calms down. I see a furious obfuscation, deafening. A bit like José Saramago, a white blindness.

38

Saramago, José. *Ensaio Sobre a Cegueira*. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras. 1995. p.13. My own translation.

“O cego ergueu as mãos diante dos olhos, moveu-as. Nada, é como se estivesse no meio de um nevoeiro, é como se tivesse caído num mar de leite, Mas a cegueira não é assim, disse o outro, a cegueira dizem que é negra, Pois eu vejo tudo branco [...]”.

39

Didi-Hubermann, Georges. *Survivance de Lucioles*. Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit. 2009. p. 138.

40

Ibid., pp. 35-36. My own translation. “Mais une chose est de designer la machine totalitaire, une autre de lui accorder si vite une victoire définitive et sans partage. [...] C’est ne voir que la nuit noire ou

The blind man raised his hands to his eyes, gestured. Nothing, it is as if I was caught in a mist, it is as if I had fallen into a milky sea, But blindness isn’t like that, said the other, blindness, they say, is black, Well I see everything white [...]”<sup>38</sup>

In *Soproluz* and in *Land Without Fireflies*, I experimented with not opposing light to darkness. The light-dark relation transforms in sound, in movement as an answer to an obfuscation that neither lights nor darkens. What is the nature of this obfuscation? I do not know, restless, so I create; I investigate the light-dark relation from my musician-listening. I say everything from the larva-I-am point of listening. I want to weave my cocoon of shadow. I want to give a sparkle the shape of a chant. I plant the bug inside my ear bug. I practice a fire-roaming-twinkling-fly admired of darkness. I shelter Didi-Hubermann’s call, in his investigation of the apocalyptic vision inside Western contemporary critical thinking: we need images to organize pessimism; images to protest against the kingdom of glory and its beams of harsh light.<sup>39</sup>

[...] One thing is to designate the totalitarian machine; another thing is to give it so rapidly a definitive victory with no sharing. [...] It is to see just the dark night or the obfuscating light of the projectors. It is to act as if defeated: It is to be convinced that the machine plays its role with no remains or resistance. It is to see but an everything-nothing. It is, therefore, to not see the space – whether interstitial, intermittent, nomad, situated in the improbable – of the openings, the possibles, the sparkles, the *despite everything*.<sup>40</sup>

So far, in the knowledge production that I am offering, I hope for a minimum of “enlightenment”. My ambition is to share a *nocturnothering*-knowing. I follow the passion of metamorphosis. I continue imagining and mixing, for a chance to open up in wonder to other improbable sparkles.

l’aveuglante lumière  
des projecteurs. C’est  
agir en vaincus: c’est  
être convaincus que  
la machine accomplit  
son travail sans  
reste ni résistance.  
C’est ne voir que  
du *tout*. C’est donc  
ne pas voir l’espace  
– fût-il interstitiel,  
intermittent, nomade,  
improbablement situé  
– des ouvertures, des  
possibles, des lueurs,  
des *malgré tout*.”



<sup>41</sup>  
Beckett, Samuel.  
“Worstward Ho”. In  
*Nohow On*. London:  
John Calder, 1989.

Dim light source unknown. Know minimum. Know nothing  
no. Too much to hope. At most mereminimum. Meremost  
minimum.<sup>41</sup>

— Samuel Beckett

Is She?<sup>1</sup>



1

A similar version of the following essay will be published in: *Brazilian Journal on Presence Studies*. Vol. 9. No. 2. 2019. See: <http://www.seer.ufrgs.br/presenca>

*Is She?* departs from an account of the process of commissioning, composing and performing Mansoor Hosseini's *Casss...andra* (2015), a collaboratively composed, solo work for flute. Through the discussion of how the choreographed, theatrical, extramusical elements of the piece generate tension with respect to established genres and mediums, I search for ways to work around standardised forms of flute playing; standardised forms of hearing a flutist on stage; and standardised forms of hearing a flutist within an academic context. Invoking the mythic figure of Cassandra, following her transformations through centuries of Western Art and her transformations through my body-flutist, I also search for ways of escaping the exotification of Cassandra as the mad sorceress, the female stranger. Cassandra continues in me, breathing, and through my breath I bind her to the construction and deconstruction of voiceless forms of knowledge in their relation with flute researching. By weaving together artistic research, creative practices and personal narrative, I entwine Cassandra with *Casss...andra*, with the song of the flute, with the doing of academic research, in order to reclaim the auditory dimension of Cassandra's gift.

\*

<https://marinacyrino.art.br/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9HP9rmWTfro>

**Sound/Video Material:**  
*Is She?* (Video Essay 2018)\*

[...] He refused to play the flute, holding it to be an ignoble and illiberal thing.<sup>2</sup>

— Plutarch

2  
Plutarch. Alcibiades,  
2.4

Indeed, it is the supreme paralysis. This order, as the harmonious, right joining of ideas that are grasped by a simultaneous vision, in fact corresponds to the logos that is the dream of what we were calling major metaphysics. There are no more flutes, nor voice, nor sounds; only a perfect noetic ecstasy.<sup>3</sup>

— Adriana Cavarero

3  
Cavarero, Adriana. *For More Than One Voice: Toward a Philosophy of Vocal Expression*. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press. 2005. p. 73.

## How Cassandra Came into Question

Cassandra is a Trojan princess known for her immeasurable  
beauty.  
Either she was born a prophetess.  
Either she was given her gift by Apollo, god of light and  
reason.  
Either Apollo gave himself the gift of prophecy in exchange of  
the promise of a cosmic marriage.  
Either his snakes licked her ears, opening her listening.  
Either she broke her promise.  
Either she has never promised anything.  
There is no either: she refused the deity, she refused marriage.  
In revenge Apollo spat in her mouth: there is no either either.  
His spit removed her persuasion, cursing her true prophecies  
never to be believed.  
Either we believe.  
Either we do not believe.  
From that spit a life of violences, from saliva to saliva  
through the centuries: fragmentation, silencing, fatalism,  
war, incarceration, rape, kidnapping, enslavement, madness,  
murder.  
Either she is the one cursed.  
Either she is not.

It was Mansoor Hosseini, composer and percussionist, who brought Cassandra over here. My encounter with him started with an invitation for a composer-performer collaboration. If in the now the words *mutual contamination* pulsate in my mouth, at that time I asked him for a piece for flute in combination with percussive and theatrical elements. I was in search of collaborative processes that would provoke a mixture of my practice as a flutist with other art forms, as a way of working

around a dominant characteristic of Western musical practices: a fragmented specialisation or a specialised fragmentation.<sup>4</sup>

Hosseini's practices as a composer aroused in me a hunger, an admiration: a mixture of music with martial arts, contemporary dance, and theatre. He composes by teasing apart the body of the musician in its relation with the body of the instrument. He reads a musician in search of a particular gesture, a face, a trace, a feeling. He uses body language as compositional material. He works with stories, with characters.

The first idea that came up in our conversation was the possibility of *disassembling* the flute. I remember musical compositions that tear the flute apart: *Emergency Solos* by Christina Kubish, *Chambered Music* by Simon Steen-Andersen, *Pearls* by Zoltán Gyöngyössi, *...I Touch the Mountains and They Smoke...* by Justyna Kowalska-Lasoń, *6 Studii per flauto solo* by István Matuz.

In our first encounter, Hosseini imagined a futuristic flutist-cyborg in a mechanical dance with different parts of the flute attached to different parts of the flutist. In a second encounter, two weeks later, he brought me instead the idea of a Cassandra-musician. He imagined *Casss...andra*: a female character – a bit scary, a bit funny, a bit mad – invoking the mythic prophetess Cassandra. He added a singularity to her story: she would know how to play the flute.

A few weeks later,<sup>5</sup> *Casss...andra* became a solo work for flute, collaboratively composed, which entails dance, theatre, the use of percussion instruments and extramusical objects, the sounds of human breath and bodily movement as its primary mediums. On a dark stage, the flutist is placed hiding and breathing behind a box filled with objects to be thrown at two gongs positioned symmetrically by her side, with flute headjoints attached to her

4 An in-depth account of my method of co-creating through “mutual contamination” and “mixture” can be found in the opening essay of this dissertation, *An Inexplicable Hunger*.

5 The collaborative process of composing *Casss...andra* took place in Gothenburg, Sweden, from August to October, 2015. First performance, 9<sup>th</sup> November 2015.

arms and legs. Suspense is generated through the presence of the unplayed flute: an alto flute is hidden at the bottom of the box, and revealed only at the end of the piece.

Already in the play within the title, *Casss...andra* evokes the sibylline air that sibilates: ...*sss* – *the body-breathing of the flutist as the main compositional material*, a bridge between objects, box, headjoints, gongs and alto flute. The breathing universe, the air in and out, its variation of timbres and speed, are shaped and constantly transformed through breathing cavities: throat, tongue, mouth, nose, lips, pieces of flutes attached to the body of the flutist.

*Casss...andra* breathes in between collaboration and co-creation. Creative roles and tasks were divided. Hosseini invoked Cassandra, I gave her my body-breathing. The open nature of its notation, an action-notated score, with drawings, action descriptions, some intervallic and rhythmic material, handwritten, messy: much is left to be deciphered and created. The performer becomes a co-creator through the organisation of air-gestures, through the preparation of the box, through the placing of headjoints on different the parts of her body. From unheard softness to the loudness of confusion and rage, the dynamic contrasts are left to be created by the body-breathing of the flutist.

6

Let's leave Pandora outside of the story, as for a long time she might not even have had a box (See: *Lost Goddesses of Early Greece*, Charlene Spretnak, 1978).

### **Hiding Behind a Box, Another Body-Flutist Appears**

In *Casss...andra*, the flutist starts playing a box, not an established musical instrument.<sup>6</sup> The box came to Hosseini after invoking a Cassandra who was locked up in a spooky place – a dungeon, a prison, or her mind. *Casss...andra*'s box is at the centre: it hides, it writes, it theatricalises. It became a tool to hide the musician,

objects, prophecies, secrecies. The box becomes notation: whatever is placed inside changes the timbral, durational, visual, symbolic aspects of the piece. The two gongs, placed symmetrically next to the box, work as sound extensions of the box's objects, which are thrown in their direction during most part of the piece, sometimes hitting them, sometimes not, creating a strong contrast in terms of dynamic range.

Hosseini wanted a Cassandra from ancient times, right from the beginning. Her box had to look old and be filled with stuff that was pretending to be old: stones, branches, leaves, fake fruits and flowers, a wooden spoon, a candle. But he left a crack in time by way of a piano string: one of the few objects notated on the score, meant to be played by rubbing it against the box, and something that could not be yet invented on Cassandra's ancient time. From that crack, I subverted Hosseini's idea of antiquity, letting the box travel in time, constantly adding and removing objects. I am definitely not in ancient times: the box had to fly with me when I performed *Casss...andra* abroad. With the difficulty of bringing a heavy wooden box onto airplanes, as the piece travelled, the wooden box became a cardboard box, sometimes, and the gongs became iron plates.

My inventory of *Casss...andra's* box, 23rd February 2018:

Plastic fruits, two oranges, three apples, a tomato, a lemon.  
Plastic flowers, several. Tree twigs, several, pine cones, several, chestnuts, an ornament I cannot find a name for, a computer mouse, a paper cup, a wooden chandelier, a wooden spoon, a television remote control, a feather, three squares of Styrofoam painted grey resembling bricks, five CDs, a pair of sunglasses, the lid of a pot, big round beads, small beads with butterfly shapes, a pencil, chess pawns, unidentifiable pieces of plastic, letters of a computer keyboard: B, S, fn, ´ ` , F, a piano string, a postcard, a floppy disk, a bike reflector, small rocks.

7  
Craenen, Paul.  
“Beginning with  
Music, Continuing  
Otherwise”.  
*RTRSRCH*. Vol. 2. No. 1.  
2010. pp. 4-8 (p. 5).

*Casss...andra* was one of the first pieces that took me out of my flute-chair-or-standing: I crouched behind a box. Letting musicians out of their chairs is not a new idea. I remember Haydn’s “Farewell” Symphony (1772). I remember a tradition of composing through the theatricalisation of music. I breathe voices “beginning with music, continuing otherwise”: too extramusical to be taken seriously in the established musical field and too recognisable as contemporary musical practices to be incorporated into other performing arts programming.<sup>7</sup>

8  
A reference to  
*Asparagus Piss Raindrop*  
found in: Walshe,  
Editorial of *Musik*  
*Texte* 149 – May 2016.

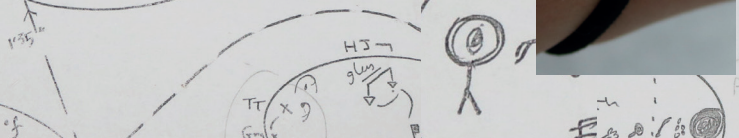
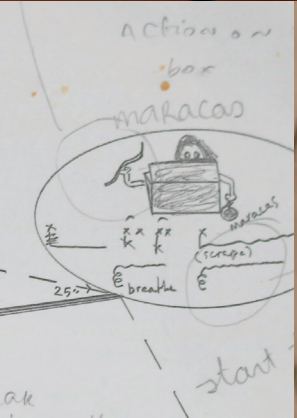
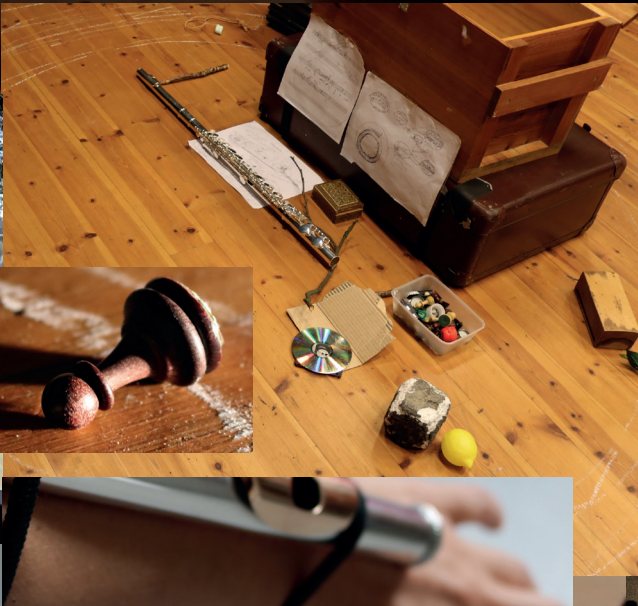
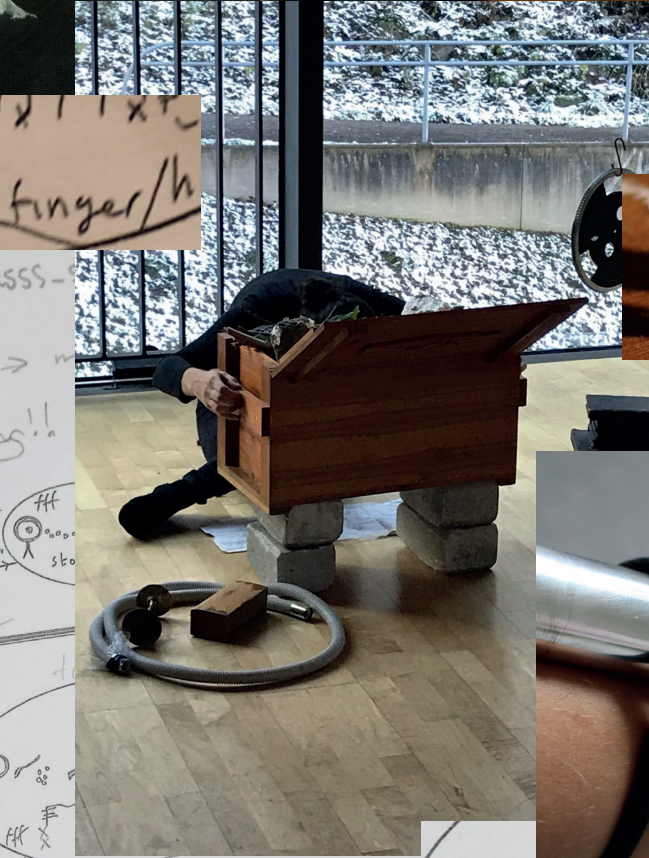
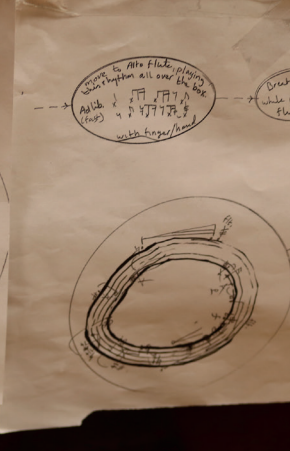
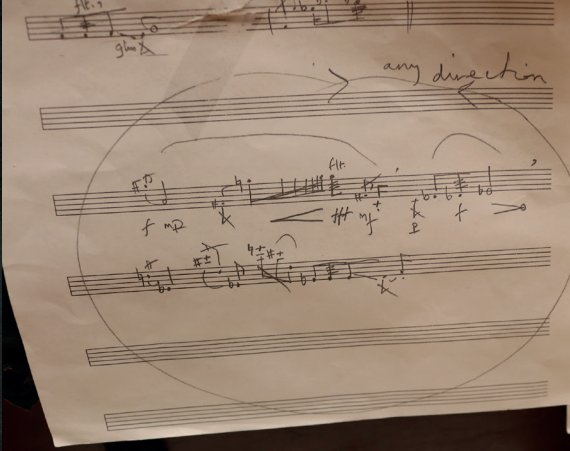
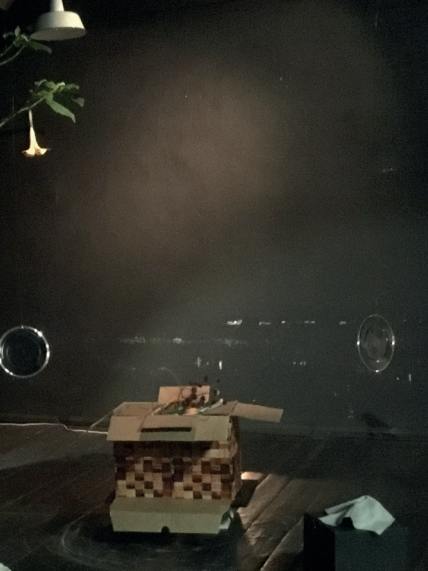
In singular ways (adding, reducing, expanding, extending, unlearning, tasking, preparing, choreographing and so on) and with singular names (music theatre, instrumental theatre, sound theatre, new discipline, “crypto conceptual science fiction anti-climax band”,<sup>8</sup> and so on), many compositional practices have searched for ways to make musicians move beyond the body’s confinement of Western/Westernised standardised musical practices.

9  
Walshe, Jennifer.  
Editorial of *Musik*  
*Texte* 149 – May 2016.

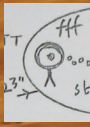
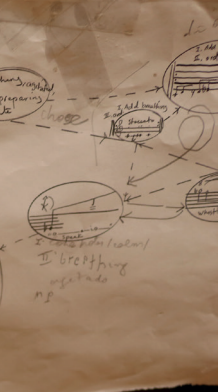
No-one can quite agree – is it music? music theatre? performance? music with visual elements? visual music? opera? musical? instrumental theatre? live art? performance art? performative actions? physical actions?<sup>9</sup>

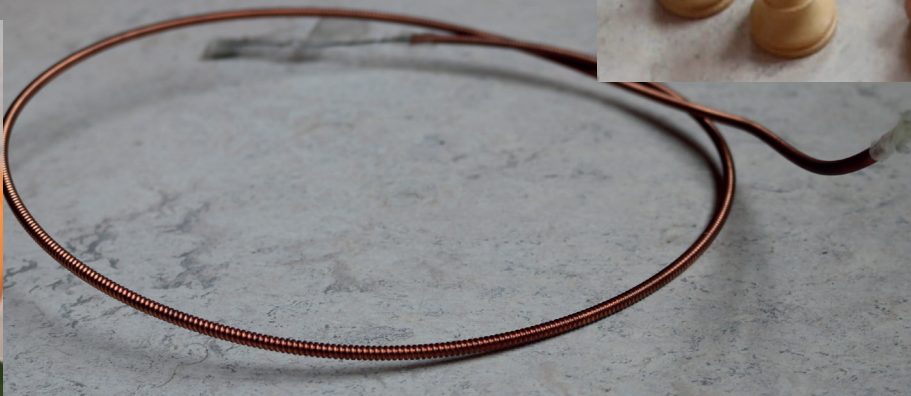
10  
Steen-Andersen,  
Simon. “Behind next  
to Besides”. *RTRSRCH*.  
Vol. 2 No. 1. 2010. pp.  
54-57 (p. 56).

*Casss...andra* is a dance behind a box: of breath, of moods, of flying objects. I first *move*: sounds come as a consequence of body gestures. Hosseini notates indicating “what to do rather than what should sound [...] turning the hierarchy between sound and its production upside down: An approach where composition is a kind of choreography for instrument and musician – with sound as its consequence”.<sup>10</sup>











## A Little Detour, Dragged by the Hair

When I asked how the sibylline Cassandra appeared to Hosseini, he told me that didn't really know. He said he was writing a piece for me: "– What can I use? Your Long hair".<sup>11</sup> Hosseini read my hair, very long at that time. It seems there was something of Cassandra in my curls that might have entangled curses and prophecies. I had to follow Cassandra through the centuries in search of my own hair.

"Cassandra, dragged by the hair, reached up to Heaven  
Her unavailing hands [...]"<sup>12</sup>

Cassandra's prophecies wandered through the big mouths of Western culture: Homer, Ovid, Pindar, Arctino, Esquilo, Euripedes, Lícophon, Virgil, Hector Berlioz, Friedrich Schiller, Jorge Luis Borges, Gaston Bachelard, Christia Wolf, Melanie Klein, among others.

She moved from a secondary role to protagonism: A fixation on Cassandra during the twentieth century contrasts with the relative indifference toward her in previous centuries, except for her rape, abundantly pictured in Greek iconography. Reignited in Friedrich Schiller's ballade *Kassandra* (1803) and continuing through German Hellenophilia, Cassandra is transformed into a sentimental character governed by an existential pessimism.<sup>13</sup> She is trapped into a voice of extreme nationalism,<sup>14</sup> transformed into a "socio-political-aesthetical icon": a manifestation of an elitist heroism that was politically conservative and anthropologically pessimist.<sup>15</sup> Max Klinger (1893) turned her eyes into an apocalyptically bloody emptiness: a *femme fatale*. In Hans Schwarz's *Kassandra* (1941), we confront her existential self-destruction: she commits suicide.<sup>16</sup> Cassandra becomes:

11  
Mansoor Hosseini.  
Interviewed by Marina  
Cyrino. Gothenburg.  
27-11-2017.

12  
Ovid. *Metamorphoses*.  
Bloomington: Indiana  
University Press. 1955.  
p. 319.

13  
See Gil, Isabel  
Capelo. *Mitografias –  
Figurações de Antígona,  
Cassandra e Medeia no  
Drama de Expressão  
Alemã do Séc. XX*.  
Imprensa Nacional  
– Casa da Moeda:  
Lisboa, 2003.

14  
See Gil, Isabel  
Capelo. "Antigone  
and Cassandra:  
Gender and  
Nationalism in  
German Literature".  
*Orbis Litterarum*, Vol.  
55. pp. 118-134. 2000;  
Gil, Isabel Capelo,  
Atribuições do  
Oráculo Moderno,  
Cassandra na  
Literatura Alemã do  
Séc. XX". *Máthesis*. Vol.  
12. pp. 261-291. 2003;  
Gil, Isabel Capelo.

*Mitografias - Figurações de Antígona, Cassandra e Medeia no drama de expressão alemã do séc. XX.* Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional - Casa da Moeda. 2007. Vinagre, Sandra Pereira. *Cassandra: A Voz de uma Ideologia.* Master thesis. Lisboa: Pós graduação em Estudos clássicos. Universidade de Lisboa. 2013.

15  
Gil, Isabel Capeloa. "Atribuições do Oráculo Moderno, Cassandra na Literatura Alemã do Séc. XX". *Máthesis*. Vol. 12. 2003. pp. 261-291 (p. 271).

16  
Vinagre, Sandra Pereira. *Cassandra: A Voz de uma Ideologia.* Master thesis. Lisboa: Pós graduação em Estudos clássicos. Universidade de Lisboa. 2013. p. 124.

17  
Gil, Isabel Capeloa. "Atribuições do Oráculo Moderno, Cassandra na Literatura Alemã do

Hostage of a visionary nationalist Trojan image, determined by an ideological discourse that calls for the denial of individuality, its submission to the principle of the unique will of a charismatic leader and the tragic need of the community. Cassandra acts without individuality, bound to the tragic conditions of a mythical history and submitted to an ethnographically reductive and nationalistic conception. This figuration, close to the archaic image of the prophetess without self-will, represents the cultural imposition of the totalitarian order upon the feminine gaze.<sup>17</sup>

Cassandra continues. She surfaces through the saliva of women. Her whispering bounces differently in women's ears. Cassandra allowed Florence Nightingale (1852) to shriek "aloud in her agony".<sup>18</sup>

See Cassandra...

More than simply a manifesto for women's rights, "Cassandra" subverts the foundation upon which her culture bases female subjection: divine authority based on a patriarchal interpretation of the Word. By reclaiming such sacred power, Nightingale revises the fundamental narratives of Western culture to account for female experience and to enable alternative interpretation of the natural and supernatural worlds.<sup>19</sup>

Christa Wolf emancipates Cassandra from the fascist voice and the "constrained bourgeois idyll which Schiller's Cassandra yearns for".<sup>20</sup> Women's voices gathered around her in contradiction. Either hailed as a symbol of resistance, a female voice of counter-memory beyond the official discourses of history. Either decried for her lack of power for choosing death over other alternatives. Wolf's Cassandra haunts and

troubles contemporary interpretation. I am drawn to Eva Ludwiga Szalay's voice, hearing Wolf's Cassandra whispering that "knowledge of the internalisation of patriarchal social norms does not *in itself* free one from these norms, provide empowerment, or enable resistance to the very history and nation in which one's female body and feminine identity are constructed".<sup>21</sup>

Refusing a tradition of an inexorable destiny, Marion Zimmer Bradley in *The Fire Brand* (1987) discredits Apollo's curse: Cassandra lives. Cassandra continues. Complexified and syndromised through Gaston Bachelard (1949). A-Pop-calyptse: ABBA sing in the 80s – *Sorry Cassandra I misunderstood / Now the last day is dawning / Some of us wanted but none of us would / Listen to words of warning*. Pieces of her reach Hollywood stars: *Minority Report* by Steven Spielberg,<sup>22</sup> Woody Allen's *Cassandra's dream* (2007). She shows up on Netflix and in the BBC's *Troy: Fall of a City* (2018), returning to a secondary role in her own life through the body of the actress Aimee-Ffion Edwards: "I already knew a bit about Cassandra; there are so many versions of the story that I felt it was important not to be too influenced by these [...]", she says, "my research focused more on her lack of social skills, her lack of social awareness, and how her treatment at the hands of her family and the uncertainty about her sanity would affect her".<sup>23</sup>

Cassandra continues...

Séc. XX". *Máthesis*. Vol. 12. 2003. pp. 261-291. (p. 278). My own translation. "Presença de uma imagem de visonária troiana nacionalista, determinada por um discurso ideológico que apostrofa a negação da individualidade, a sua submissão ao princípio da vontade única do líder carismático e à necessidade trágica da comunidade. Cassandra age sem individualidade, presa às condições trágicas da história mítica e submetida a uma concepção etnograficamente redutora e nacionalista. Esta figuração, próxima da imagem arcaica da vidente sem vontade própria, representa a imposição cultural da ordem totalitária sobre o olhar feminino."

18

Woolf, Virginia. "A Room of One's Own". In *Selected Works of Virginia Woolf*. Hertfordshire: Wordsworth Editions Limited. 2007. p. 598.

19

Jenkins, Ruth Y.  
“Rewriting Female  
Subjection: Florence  
Nightingale’s  
Revisionist Myth of  
‘Cassandra’”. *Weber  
Studies*. Vol. II. No. 1.  
1994.

20

Wolf, Christa.  
*Cassandra: A Novel and  
Four Essays*. New York:  
Farrar, Straus and  
Giroux. 1984. p. 141.

21

Szalays, Eva  
Ludwiga. “I, the  
seeress, was owned  
by the palace.’ The  
Dynamics of Feminine  
Collusion In Christa  
Wolf Cassandra.  
*Women in German  
Yearbook: Feminist  
Studies in German  
Literature & Culture*.  
Vol. 16. 2000. pp. 167-  
190 (p. 184).

22

See Gil, Isabel  
Capelo. “Atribuições  
do Oráculo Moderno,  
Cassandra na  
Literatura Alemã do  
Séc. XX”. *Máthesis*. Vol.  
12. 2003. pp. 261-291 (p.  
285).

## Through Casss...andra

If *Casss...andra* turned out to be a flutist, that’s my responsibility. But *Casss...andra* is not the first Cassandra-flutist. Brian Ferneyhough reignited the figure of Cassandra for the Western flute world with his solo piece: *Cassandra’s Dream Song* (1970), a piece glamourised from the start for its difficult decipherment and realisation. “While inviting the performer to make fundamental creative choices, he has invented materials which are designed to thwart the flutist at every turn”.<sup>24</sup>

Ellen Waterman, flutist, sees Ferneyhough’s Cassandra embedded in a paternalistic tradition. She creates her interpretation of *Cassandra’s Dream Song* from a literary feminist perspective, contaminating Ferneyhough with Christia Wolf. As Cassandra, she reveals her struggle to speak with her own voice. For her, to ignore the sexist implications of the piece would be to deny her voice in collaborative processes of interpretation. She recounts a conversation with the composer:

(...) one could see the material on the first page as relating to the god Apollo, and the material on the second page as relating to Cassandra’s prophesies. Ferneyhough seemed to be talking about the piece as a sort of erotic fantasy, in which the interplay of musical materials reflected the sadomasochistic relationship between Apollo and Cassandra. Was Ferneyhough paraphrasing Barthes, saying that the realm of musical pleasure is perversion?<sup>25</sup>

In my imaginary meeting with Ferneyhough or Watermann, I would ask: What can the flute do for Cassandra? And what does Cassandra do to and for us flutists?

What entangles Cassandra with my flutist-body-flute? – *Breathing*. A constant flux of rhythmical breathing connecting

flute, flute parts and objects, through different qualities of air sounds. Lit by a small lamp placed behind the musician's body, *Casss...andra*'s universe is created through the struggle of the flutist in breathing and playing crouched behind a box. But the audience cannot see what she is doing: A bit of hair, a glimpse of the hands, flying objects. *Casss...andra*'s body is hiding: Listen! *By hiding the standardised body of the flutist, another body appears*. I remember the licking of the snakes: *The auditory dimension of the gift*, the gift of prophecy as a hearing and a deciphering of the audible sensory surroundings.

Cassandra made Hosseini imagine a human that could speak through her whole body, not only through her mouth: "Like eight breathing arms, a little creature".<sup>26</sup> *Casss...andra* is the in-between of a woman and an animal, the air connecting a foreign language. Hosseini is not the first to place Cassandra in the realm of the animal: in Lycophron's *Alexandra-Cassandra* epic poem, Cassandra has the confusing hoot of a bird, uttering wild words, undecipherable.<sup>27</sup> In Eschyl's *Agamemnon*, Cassandra is turned into an animal as abasement.

How to speak out of the exotification of bewitching prophetesses, of bewitching flutes, of bewitching female bodies? For Adriana Cavarero, a tragic confirmation: "In the large range of samples available within (Western) tradition, it is not possible to find a single female figure that meets the declared needs of female subjectivity".<sup>28</sup> Cavarero reacts by stealing. She steals female figures from their context "to relocate them suitably within the compositional canvas of a feminine symbolic order that is ready to embrace the free-flowing gestures of other female weavers".<sup>29</sup>

If Cavarero steals and weaves and plays a hermeneutic game with words in order to find a way out of such a tragedy, I breathe through *Casss...andra* a fleshly word, womanly, a breath-dance, the instrument of the repetition of her suffering and of the

23

See <https://www.express.co.uk/showbiz/tv-radio/922891/troy-fall-of-a-city-cassandra-princess-cursed-greek-mythology-Aimee-Ffion-Edwards-bbc> (Accessed 31.01.2019).

24

Waterman, Ellen. "Cassandra's Dream Song: A Literary Feminist Perspective". *Perspectives of New Music*. Vol. 32. No. 2. 1994. pp. 154-172 (p. 155).

25

Ibid. p. 156.

26

Mansoor Hosseini. Interviewed by Marina Cyrino. Gothenburg. 27-11-2017.

27

Barroso, Maria do Sameiro. "Cassandra – Vox Femina Tragica III". *Boletins Clássicos. Estudos Clássicos*. Vol. 42. 2004 b. pp. 199-214 (p. 200).

28

Cavarero, Adriana. *In Spite of Plato. A Feminist Rewriting of Ancient Philosophy*. New York:



Routledge. 1995. p. 4.

29  
Ibid., p.8.

exorcism of the same: a body-flute, *um sopra-sofro*. Breathing connects the air-world with my voice. Breathing connects my voice with the flute. Breathing connects my flute with my flutist-being. Breathing connects my flutist-being with her gift. Breathing connects her gift with whomever dares to listen.

30  
Lispector, Clarice.  
*Perto do Coração Selvagem*. Rio de Janeiro: Rocco. 1998. p. 201. My own translation. “[...] eu serei forte como a alma de um animal e quando eu falar serão palavras não pensadas e lentas, não levemente sentidas, não cheias de vontade de humanidade, não o passado corroendo o futuro! O que eu disser soará fatal e inteiro.”

[...] I will be strong as the soul of an animal and when I speak it will be words that are unthought and slow, not lightly felt, not so full of the will of human existence, not the past eroding the future! What I say will sound fatal and whole.<sup>30</sup>

### A Small Reminder

31  
Cavarero, Adriana. *For More Than One Voice: Toward a Philosophy of Vocal Expression*. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press. 2005. p. 63.

Strange as it may seem, prior to the triumph of metaphysics, the Greeks were thus convinced that thinking was done with the lungs, not the brain.<sup>31</sup>

If Hosseini forgot Apollo, I have not. Cassandra has certainly not either. Apollo plays the cithara, likes to spit in women’s mouths, is the god of light and reason and knowledge.

Cavarero also reminds us of Apollo. She breathes us back to Plato’s portrait of Alcibiades, centred on flute and flute players, in his *Symposium*. She reminds us of the myth of Marsyas, an *aulos* player, a flutist, who once challenged Apollo.

Marsyas was a satyr, a creature, a wonderful flutist, a  
champion.

When Athena was told that flute playing made her ugly she  
tossed aside the flute, her creation, Marsyas took for him the  
cursed instrument.

Either he was arrogant.

Either he trusted his breathing too much and dared to call  
Apollo and his cithara to a contest.

Either he knew what happens to those who displease Apollo.

Either he did not believe it.

Marsyas was so certain that the flute was irresistible and better  
than any string instrument, that breath would prevail over  
reason.

Either he had something to give to a god.

Either he liked competition too much.

It is not so clear why the Muses chose Apollo.

Either because of Apollo's upside-down playing circus, either  
because he added his voice on top of the strings, either the  
Muses just chose a god-him.

Apollo is vengeful, we learned from Cassandra.

For punishment, no spit this time: Marsyas' skin was torn off  
while his mouth, no longer blowing into the flute, was left  
voicing tremendous cries of pain.

From the cries of those who loved him, Marsyas, a river of  
tears remained.

Thus Marsyas learned, at great expense, that one should  
not challenge the gods. But he also learned that the wind  
instruments are prolongations of the mouth and they  
are too similar to the voice. Besides that, they swell the  
cheeks and deform the face, they require breath and thus  
impede the flutist from speaking. In other words, the flute  
lets itself, dangerously, represent the *phone* in the double  
sense of the term: voice and sound. Whoever plays it  
renounces speech and evokes a world which the acoustic

32  
Ibid., p.69.

sphere and expressions of corporeality predominate. [...] Nothing further from the videocentric compartment of the philosophical logos.<sup>32</sup>

33  
Ibid., p.71.

The flutist is more tied to the construction of knowledge production in Western thinking than one might think: It is the other of a disembodied and voiceless *logos*. “Indeed, according to Plato, the flute represents the very worst of the musical sphere”, music leading to a loss of judgment, “the enchanters, all the more if they are flute players, are punished. Plato is totally convinced of the justness of this punishment”.<sup>33</sup> Cavarero discloses that it is not simply “the triumph of the cithara over the flute, but rather the triumph of visionary reason over musical experience” – it is thus “the bodily ear replaced by the noetic eye”.<sup>34</sup>

34  
Ibid., p. 76.

*Cass...andra* might still be behind her box, but in me she continues: I bind her to Apollo whom I bind to Plato whom I bind to Nietzsche whom I bind to Cavarero whom I bind to the construction and deconstruction of Western metaphysical knowledge in its relation to flute-researching.

35  
Ibid., p. 75.

Nietzsche understands Apollo above all as the god of figurative art, and thus the eye and vision, of beautiful and luminous appearance, of form. The essential Platonism of philosophy has its roots precisely in this privileging of form, which organises the videocentric logic of thought. Starting with an already Platonised Socrates who, rather than embodying the bewitching song of the flute, gets placed on the side of the cithara, philosophy announces itself as Apollonian contemplation of ideas and, at the same time, as dialectic. Videocentrism and logocentrism coincide in metaphysical knowledge, which opposes itself to the enchanting flute playing of Dionysius.<sup>35</sup>

A flutist-researcher is right in the middle of centuries of never-ending disagreement between Apollo and Dionysius. If I dare to speak and play at the same time, I am caught in a competition. On a page born from a flutist searching, breath is being evaluated in a tradition in which *logos* lost not only its voice but its ability to blow, pant, puff, gasp, wheeze, sniff too.

### Cassandra-In-Me

*“hyperventilation”, “almost speaking”, “hysterical”, “whistling”,* writes Hosseini on *Casss...andra’s* score. Am I trapped in interpretation? Does *Casss...andra* escape the exotification of Cassandra as the mad sorceress, the female stranger, fascinating and threatening?

[...] the prophetess Cassandra embodies, not only the paradigm of the ethnographic and sexual stranger, but also of the strange knowledge. Cassandra is the example of the penetration of an alternative reason in the Greek context. The barbarous woman from Troy has a self that manifests simultaneously as fascinating and threatening. Subsuming three marginal identity factors – women, foreign, and enslaved – is downgraded to the animal dimension [...] a marginal being in the order of power, history and reason.<sup>36</sup>

When Cassandra continues through my breath, her strange knowledge becomes the flute, my flutist-being. By hiding a flute at the bottom of the box and revealing it at the end, the whole piece is constructed on the basis of the tension created by an expectation:

*Is she... [going to play the flute or not]?*

36

Gil, Isabel Capelo. “Atribuições do Oráculo Moderno, Cassandra na Literatura Alemã do Séc. XX”. *Máthesis*. Vol. 12. 2003. pp. 261-291. (p. 278). My own translation. “[...] A profetisa Cassandra corporiza não só o paradigma do estranho etnográfico e sexual, mas também o conhecimento estranho. Cassandra é o exemplo da penetração de uma racionalidade alternativa no contexto grego. A mulher bárbara vinda de Tróia possui um Eu que se manifesta simultaneamente como fascinante e ameaçador. Subsumindo três factores identitários marginais, os de mulher, estrangeira e escrava, é rebaixada à dimensão animal [...] um ser marginal na ordem do poder, da história e da razão.”

Cassandra-in-me throws not only objects but questions. The flutist that enters a concert space with an unknowing or an alternative knowing, is she estranged, and how?

37

Ahmed, Sara. *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 2014. p. 221.

Rather than the stranger being anyone we do not recognise, *some bodies are recognised as strangers*, as bodies out of place [...] <sup>37</sup> Strange bodies are produced through tactile encounters with other bodies: differences are not marked *on* the stranger's body, but come to materialise in the relationship of touch between bodies.<sup>38</sup>

38

Ahmed, Sara. *Strange Encounters: Embodied Others in Post-Coloniality*. London: Routledge. 2000. p. 14.

When does the audience start listening? When I ululate a nonsensical breathing language or, finally, when I show my face and my skills as a flutist, an acceptable knowledge, an expected knowledge? Where is the truth, the knowledge, the prophecy? Is someone going to believe that I am a flutist, a musician? During most of the piece I am estranged from my knowledge as a flutist, from the usual relation flute-body-flutist, from the usual relation flutist-body-audience. I estrange the flute from myself by playing a disassembled instrument assembled through my body-breathing. The assembled flute, as a "complete" musical instrument, appears at the end, as a revelation, tying up *Casss...andra's* story: Does anyone believe? The audience? The 'I' performing? Why did we not listen in the same way in the beginning, if we did not?

Cassandra-in-me takes the form of a double question, a double contamination. What can Cassandra do to my body-flutist? Through *Casss...andra*, I encounter ways of working around standardised forms of flute playing, standardised forms of hearing a flutist on stage, and new forms of artistic presence. What can my body-flutist do to Cassandra? If *Casss...andra* retained aspects of the exotification of a tragic silencing of the female, I tangle and twist depictions of Cassandra, stealing her out of her context. By speaking and playing at the same time,

I mix Cassandra with *Casss...andra*, with the song of the flute, with the doing of academic research, in order to question the nature of her curse. In order to contaminate her tragic voice with breath, movement, suspension. In order to reclaim the auditory dimension of her gift. Cassandra-in-me continues: *Listen, sound touches in between!*

But if Cassandra continues, I wonder if she is tired of following all sorts of agendas through the centuries; yet still I put into her breath my bewitching bitching song of flute-searching. If I could I would not need Cassandra to say: Will logocentric forms of knowledge keep spitting in order to *not* have to listen?

She, princess, priestess, woman, foreign, enslaved, animal, marginal in the order of power, history and reason, *who knows but cannot speak*. But her struggle to speak with her own voice cursed by Apollo's spit speaks to us now strongly: "One can (only) speak when one's voice is listened to".<sup>39</sup> Grada Kilomba helps us understand the urgent nature of the curse: *Listening as the very act of authorization toward the speaker*.<sup>40</sup>

There is an apprehensive truth that if the colonial subject speaks, the coloniser will have to listen. She/he would be forced into an uncomfortable confrontation with 'Other' truths. Truths that have been denied, repressed and kept quiet as secrets [...] Once confronted with the collective secrets and the unpleasant truths of that *very dirty history*, the white subject commonly argues: 'not to know'..., 'not to understand'..., 'not to remember', 'not to believe'...".<sup>41</sup>

By withdrawing her persuasion, Apollo withdraws *his and others' ability to listen*. Apollo smarty god of light and reason and knowledge who *cannot listen*. A "supreme paralysis".<sup>42</sup> A *logos* that lost not only its voice but its sensitivity to a sonorous compound, to the ability to listen and decipher the audible sensible.

39  
Kilomba, Grada.  
*Plantation Memories: Episodes of Everyday Racism*. Münster: UnRast\_Verlag. 2010. p. 21.

40  
Ibid., p. 21.

41  
Ibid., p. 21, p. 28.

42  
Returning to the opening quote of this essay: "Indeed, it is the supreme paralysis [...] There are no more flutes, nor voice, nor sounds; only a perfect noetic ecstasy". Cavarero, Adriana. *For More Than One Voice: Toward a Philosophy of Vocal Expression*. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press. 2005. p. 73.

Either she is the one cursed.

Either she is not.

If Cassandra continues, from here, through a voiceless  
knowledge production, I hope, a minimum.

I hope for a knowing-breathing.

We breath-thinkers are in Apollo's way, there is no either.

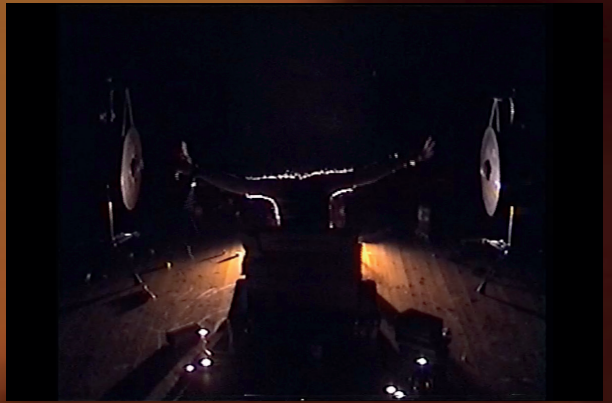
Apollo might stumble.

The Muses might decline.

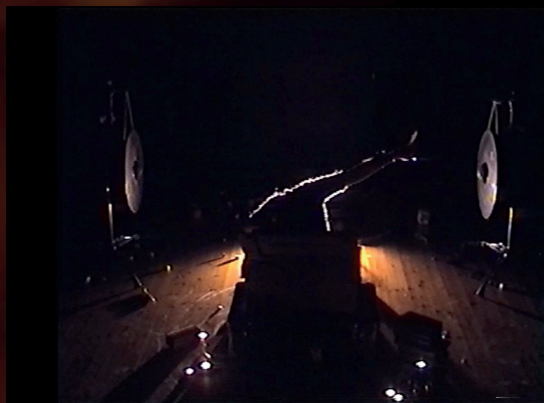
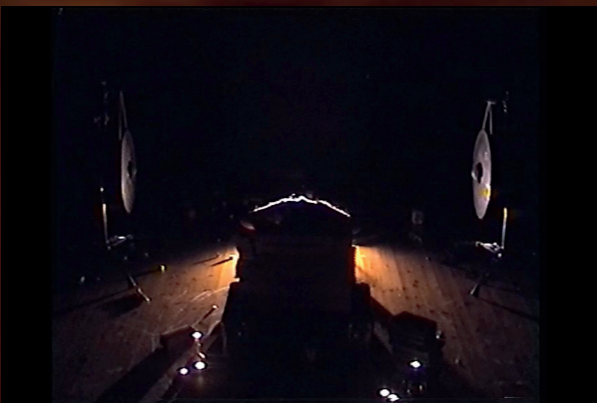
But we also might be spitting.

Either we will be punished.

Either we will not.







# An Aeroelastic Flutter

*An Aeroelastic Flutter* spins around different names: *Is She?* or *which weeps weeps the witch which weeps each witch which weeps* or *That's a Likely Story*. It is a movement of deciphering, of remembering a co-creation: *Casss...andra* (2015), a solo work for flute collaboratively composed together with Mansoor Hosseini (Sweden/Iran). *Casss...andra* left me searching for ways of escaping the exotification of the mythic figure of Cassandra as the mad sorceress, the female stranger.

How to speak out of the exotification of bewitching flutes, of bewitching prophetesses, of bewitching female bodies? As a possible answer, *An Aeroelastic Flutter* spins around the tragic female voice, searching for ways to work around/ detour/ dribble the female body as a place of curse and punishment.

I spin a collage of voices around a specific bird named: *Urutau, Mother of the Moon*. I spin around the narratives and the sound(ing) imaginary that surrounds that bird, resonating my voice with her cursed chant, in order to bring into play my listening and my body-musician, in order to flutter the female body with a sounding-political potentiality.

\*

<https://marinacyrino.art.br/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7VQfMuhZN2w>

**Sound/Video Material:**

*Urutau, Mother of the Moon* (Video Essay 2018)\*

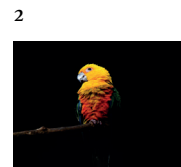
The witch-hunt, then, was a war against women; it was a concerted attempt to degrade them, demonise them and destroy their social power. At the same time, it was in the torture chambers and on the stakes on which the witches perished that the bourgeois ideals of womanhood and domesticity were forged.<sup>1</sup>

— Silvia Federici

We, Tupi people, used to call her *jandaia*,<sup>2</sup> because always joyful, she would break the fields with her passionate chant. But now, sad and mute, disdained by her lady master, she did not look like the beautiful *jandaia*, but the ugly *urutau* that only knows how to moan.<sup>3</sup>

— José de Alencar

1  
Federici, Silvia.  
*Caliban and the  
Witch*. Brooklyn:  
Autonomedia. 2004.  
p. 186.



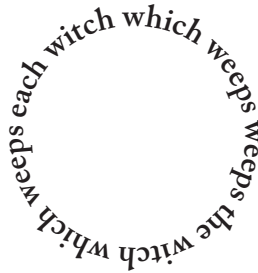
A *jandaia*, by Ana  
Cotta.

3

De Alencar, José.  
*Iracema*. 2016 [1865].  
p. 40. My own  
translation. “A gente  
tupi a chamava  
jandaia, porque  
sempre alegre estrugia  
os campos com seu  
canto fremente. Mas  
agora, triste e muda,  
desdenhada de sua  
senhora, não parecia  
mais a linda jandaia, e  
sim o feio urutau que  
samente sabe gemer.”

Is she?

or



or

an aeroelastic flutter

or

that's a likely story.

then a flutist  
was first a bird

The earliest known flutes were made of bird's little bones. We know they were made at least forty thousand calendar years ago. A bird-bone flute is one of the oldest musical instruments ever found alive, although in pretty bad shape.<sup>4</sup> At the time of its making, flute players practised stealing flying voices. They knew that music hides in the bones of things. We do not know if flute playing then was about playing the flute, or if it was a bird-becoming or if it was all one and the same thing. We only know that much later that all this magic was named "flute playing", as if we knew what it was all about. Flutists nowadays do not care much about bones. They want shiny gold instead.

4  
See Nicholas J. Conard, Maria Malina & Susanne C. Münzel. "New flutes document the earliest musical tradition in southwestern German". *Nature*. Vol. 460. 2009. pp. 737-740.

5

See the essay *Is She?*  
A return to the same  
questions.

Cassandra remembering  
Cassandra remembering  
Cassss...andra remembering  
5

How to speak out of the exotification of bewitching flutes, of  
bewitching prophetesses, of bewitching female bodies?

— *By bewitching myself another spell.*

I invoked a bird-becoming in order to call on the remains of  
the tragic female voice, of the restless wondering: Who shed  
so much tragedy, and put it into the mouths of female-figures?

For Adriana Cavarero, a tragic confirmation: “In the large range of samples available within (Western) tradition, it is not possible to find a single female figure that meets the declared needs of female subjectivity”.<sup>6</sup> Cavarero reacts by stealing. She steals female figures from their contexts, in order “to relocate them suitably within the compositional canvas of a feminine symbolic order that is ready to embrace the free-flowing gestures of other female weavers”.<sup>7</sup> If Adriana steals and weaves and plays with words through a hermeneutic game in order to find our way out of such a tragedy, I create with leaves, with feathers without ink: *Urutau, Mother of the Moon*, a piece for feathers, tree leaves and a bicycle wheel.

A small miss-spell(ing): I am not playing the flute. I dislodge the flute as an external object. I search for my relation flute-body-flutist in winged things. A search that moves around a wheel that spins air like a flute, a wheel of fortune, a whirlwind: my mouth, my cauldron. I grow a forest. I listen to the beats of wings, of leaves. I let rhythms form, transform, organise, deform, disappear. I surrender to the rhythmical breath of spinning.

*Urutau, Mother of the Moon* is already a telling, a remembering of a co-creation, which I now tell again. I start to tell a story within a story, in which I play a text-collage of voices that I stole from their contexts, like leaves, like feathers. For this particular spell, I relocate the stolen voices, transferring them into the voice of a particular bird, which is bound to the female tragic voice: the *Urutau*, also called *Mother of the Moon*. Commonly found in the deep forests and urban spaces of South America, but rarely seen because of its wondrously artful camouflage, this bird is most famous for its song: A nocturnal, mysterious, haunting, sensuous chant, commonly interpreted as a jinx, and thus feared. “Melancholic and strange, recalling a guffaw of pain” were the words chosen by Luís da Câmara Cascudo in his

6

Cavarero, Adriana. *In Spite of Plato: A Feminist Rewriting of Ancient Philosophy*. New York: Routledge. 1995. p. 4.

7

*Ibid.*, p. 8.



8

Cascudo, Luís da Câmara. *Dicionário do Folclore Brasileiro*, 10. ed. São Paulo: Ediouro. 2000. p. 533. My own translation. “[...] seu canto melancólico e estranho, lembrando uma gargalhada de dor, cercou-a de misterioso prestígio assombrador. [...] Só quem haja ouvido o grito da mãe-da-lua pode medir a impressão sinistra e desesperada que ele provoca durante a noite.”

9

Cavarero, Adriana. *In Spite of Plato: A Feminist Rewriting of Ancient Philosophy*. New York: Routledge. 1995. p. 7.

10

Ryan, Robin. “Not Really a Musical Instrument? Locating the Gumleaf as Acoustic Actant and Environmental Icon”. *Societies*. Vol. 3. 2013. pp. 224-242 (p. 225).

11

See Christopher J. Clark, Alexander N. G. Kirschel, Louis

dictionary of Brazilian folklore.<sup>8</sup> If I could summarise, with “a measure of inherent arbitrariness”,<sup>9</sup> the various stories that live within a variety of traditions in Brazil, it would be:

— *The bird is a she.*

*Her bird-fate is to weep weep weep.*

Bewitching ingredients are:

— *Dry twigs full of leaves, of flowers, sundry.*

I remember the sounding of leaves traversing the work of musicians: *Gotlhar* (2010) by Mauricio Rodriguez; *Plant Orchestra* (2011) by Luke Jerram and Matt Davies; *Groene Ruis* (2007) by Cathy Van Eck; *Living instruments* (2016) by Serge Vuille, Luc Henry and Vanessa Lorenzo; Diego Stocco’s music from a tree, music from a bonsai, duet for leaves and turntable (2015-2018); the bio-sensing art of the 1970s. I remember the Australian Aboriginal gumleaf tradition as a practice of leaf music that reveals the existence of “a close relationship between musician and plant in the Australian Aboriginal societies of which Western philosophy has little awareness”.<sup>10</sup>

— *Found feathers, three or four or as many, the ones one is most fond of.*

If the Urutau became famous for her bewitching singing, not all birds sing with their voices. Some sing with their feathers: a wing singing, an aeroelastic flutter.<sup>11</sup> I remember winged sound installations: *cristo fué y guacamaya* by Rubén D’hers (2015), *Mengenang* by Lachland Brown and *Cave urban*<sup>12</sup> and *Tremor* by Carri Fucile.<sup>13</sup>

Each feather and each branch has been collected by me in the

different places that I have been. The spell begins in the woods, at a lakeside, on a roof top, following animal and vegetable traces. Carrying dry twigs on city trams, on airplanes. Waiting for the leaves to dry, to crackle. Waiting for spring to offer feathers, waiting for autumn to offer the crackling sound of sleep. Waiting for the metamorphosing whirlwind of a wheel spinning.

— *A bicycle wheel: “girar até acabarem-se as penas”, spin until feathers/sorrows are gone.*

In Portuguese, “pena(s)” meaning both feather(s) and sorrow(s).

— *Stolen voices, sundry, as many as you can spin, carefully, before they turn against you.*

Hadjioannou and Richard O. Prum. “Smithornis Broadbills Produce Loud Wing Song by Aeroelastic Flutter of Medial Primary Wing Feathers”. *Journal of Experimental Biology*. Vol. 219. 2016. pp. 1069-1075.

12  
See: <https://www.caveurban.com/sbts-bondi/> (Accessed 01-02-2019).

13  
See: <http://carriefucile.net/tremor> (Accessed 01-02-2019).

spell I spin around my counter-

14

Stein, Gertrude. "The World Is Round". In *Writings 1932-1946*. Cambridge, Oxford, Boston and New York: Polity Press. 1995. p. 543.

I start as she said "once upon a time the world was round and you could go on it around and around".<sup>14</sup>


I think she said it when she said



Voices start spinning when all the world is asleep.  
When we hear “only the bushy weeping, that comes below the  
silences, and an uh-uh-uh of the Urutau, very sad and very  
loud”.<sup>15</sup>

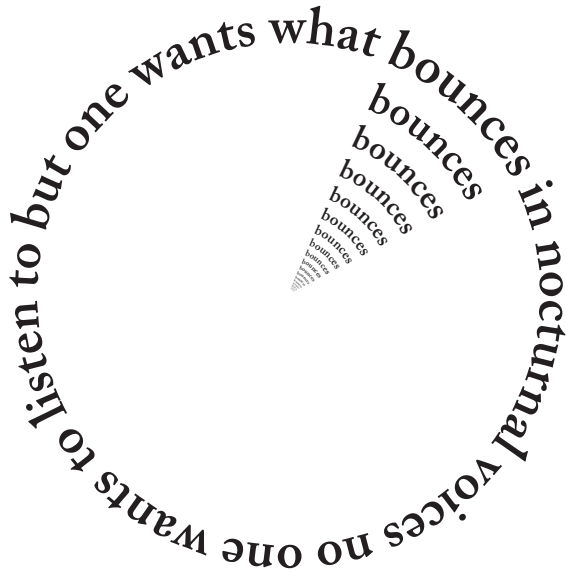
That is what he once said, but if you are there to hear she might  
not uh-uh-uh at all.

15  
Rosa, João Guimarães.  
*Grande Sertão: Veredas*.  
Rio de Janeiro: Nova  
Fronteira. 2001. p. 576.  
My own translation.  
“Todo o mundo  
dormindo. Só o  
chochôrrro mateiro,  
que sai de debaixo dos  
silêncios, e um ô-ô-ô  
de urutau, muito triste  
e muito alto.”



who hear too many stories of sadness might be only in the ear of those

A nocturnal voice is  
almost  
never  
truly  
heard  
it seems  
no one likes  
to be up all night;  
it is easy to believe stories  
we like to tell



no one wants to listen to but one wants what bounces in nocturnal voices no one wants to listen to but one wants what bounces in nocturnal voices

and we like to  
“accumulate something dark and heavy around the images of  
nocturnal birds”.<sup>16</sup>

16  
Bachelard, Gaston.  
*Lair et les Songes, Essai  
sur l'Imagination du  
Movement*. Paris: José  
Corti. 1990 [1943]. p. 88.  
My own translation.  
“[...] inversement  
quelque chose de  
sombre et de lourd  
s’accumulera autour  
des images de  
oiseaux de la nuit.”

Once upon another time,  
instead of weeping she was singing around and around:

17  
Baco Exu do Blues.  
“A Pele que Habito”.  
Track from the album  
*Esú*. 2017. My own  
translation. “Mas não  
se emocione / Desde  
o começo é o mundo  
contra nós / Por isso  
todo ano juram o  
apocalipse / A lua quer  
ser preta, preta/ Se  
pinta no eclipse / Eu  
faço parte da noite.”

“But don’t get sentimental,  
From the beginning, the world is against us  
whence every year the apocalypse is sworn.  
The moon wants to be black, black  
She paints herself in the eclipse,  
I’m part of the night.”<sup>17</sup>

the light that lights the moon wants to hide from a culture of light that wants to own the light

Once upon another time in a camping ground in Nazaré Paulista-SP (Brazil), people “were intrigued and even frightened by the singing of this bird, because they thought there was someone in the bush trying to scare them with a flute”.<sup>18</sup> A bird researcher had a hard time persuading them that it was the chant of an Urutau.

18

See Rodrigo Girardi Santiago, 2006. <https://www2.ib.unicamp.br/ite/bdc/visualizarMaterial> (Accessed 01-02-2019).

A circular graphic with text arranged in a ring, overlaid on a dark, silhouetted tree background. The text is white and follows the curve of the circle. The background shows a dark tree with some leaves, possibly in a night or twilight setting.

Aute might scare with a flutist might sccare with a bird might scare with a



she is a bird is little known

19

Straube, Fernando Costa. "Urutau: Ave Fantasma". In *Atualidades Ornitológicas*. Vol. 122. 2004 . My own translation. "O nome já diz tudo: uma corruptela do guarani guyra (ave) e táu (fantasma) fez "urutau", nome de uma das aves mais cultuadas na cultura do sertanejo e curiosamente pouco conhecida da maior parte do povo brasileiro."

If humans mistake flutists for birds, they also try to explain their names as if such names could say it all: "a corruption of Guaraní language's 'guyra' (bird) and 'táu' (ghost) made 'urutau' – the name of one of the birds most cultured in the tradition of the 'sertanejo' (inhabitants of Sertão, backcountry of the Northeast of Brazil) and curiously little known to most of the Brazilian people."<sup>19</sup>

But a bird

– as all things –

has many names,

we only know a few ones

– those that humans gave it, and that are still remembered.

Urutau, jurutau, jurutauí, urutágua, urutago, urutauí, urutavi

mãe-da-lua: mother of the moon

manda-lua: bossing-the-moon

ibijaú, cacuí,  
chora-lua: cry-moon  
preguiça: lazy  
(Brazil)

urutaú (Argentina),

guajojó, uruta (Bolivia),

urutau, guaimingüe, judío (Paraguay),

ay-ay-mama (Peru).<sup>20</sup>

20  
Ibid.

photo in English

Once upon a time, far up North, in the Faroe Islands, humans practised a *Sealanguage*.<sup>21</sup> Birds had as many names as possible encounters. Practising names was an art, a pleasure. This pleasure was misunderstood by researchers, who thought that the *savages* – that is how researchers named the inhabitants of places that they wanted to own – were unable to discriminate clearly between words and things. The researchers thought that the savages would deliriously invent a bond between a human and a non-human body in such a way that magic could be wrought on the savages themselves just as easily through their names as through their hair as through their nails or any other part of their being.<sup>22</sup>

21  
Kotva, Simone.  
“Sealanguage: Field  
Notes from the  
Anthropocene”. *Parse  
Journal*. Vol. 6. 2017.  
p. 26.

22  
Ibid.



It was only later that another researcher concluded that magic is a practice that describes “the environment of a way of acting, it becomes superstition only when mistaken for science”.<sup>23</sup> To this voice, another researcher added hers, challenging the socially progressive character of a scientific revolution. She made audible the thought that “the advent of scientific rationalism produced a cultural shift from organic to a mechanical paradigm that legitimised the exploitation of women and nature”.<sup>24</sup>

24  
Silvia Federici  
traversed by *The  
Death of Nature* by  
Carolyn Merchant.  
See Federici, Silvia.  
In *Caliban and the  
Witch*. Brooklyn:  
Autonomedia. 2004.  
p. 13.

haunting witches now haunting back scientific rationalism legitimised mechanical exploitation by delegitimising magic by hunting

25

André Thevet (1503-1592) transcribed by Nomura (1996) found in Straube, Fernando Costa. op. cit. My own translation.

“Entre todas as aves da terra, existe uma que os selvagens não matariam nem mesmo feririam por nada deste mundo [...]. Dizem as pobres criaturas que esse canto lhes faz recordar os entes queridos que se foram. Este pássaro seria um enviado dos mortos, trazendo boa sorte para os amigos que ainda vivem e azar para seus inimigos.”

Once upon another time, the Urutau travelled around and around, crossing oceans and entering the mouth of coloniser-researchers. It has been said that of all the birds of the earth, there was one that the savages would not kill, nor would injure for anything of this world. It is said that her chant reminded the poor creatures of their departed loved ones; that the poor creatures believed that the bird would bring them good luck.<sup>25</sup>

poor creatures  
what men like  
to teach

that the world was round  
that the sun was round  
that the moon was round  
that the stars were round  
And they were all going around and around  
And not a sound.  
It was so sad it almost made her cry  
But then she did not believe it<sup>26</sup>

26  
Stein, Gertrude. "The World Is Round". In *Writings 1932 -1946*. Cambridge, Oxford, Boston and New York: Polity Press. 1995. p. 543.

27  
"what to do with men in life, that hurts, that kills, that do as they please". Kambeba, Márcia Wayna. *Poemas e Crônicas: Aḡ Kakyri Tama = Eu Moro na Cidade*. Manaus: Grafisa Gráfica e Editora. 2013. p. 39. My own translation.

might be round as a cry of a female mouth

But once upon a time instead of weeping, she listened.  
She heard an Omágua/Kambeba woman singing

Maá munhã ira apigá upé rikué  
Waá perewa, waá yuká  
Waá munhã maá putari.<sup>27</sup>



28

My mash-up of  
different versions  
of the woman  
transformed into an  
Urutau based on a  
mash-up found in  
Straube, Fernando  
Costa, op. cit.

A cursed body  
a bird became: she  
her female body shuddered in shivers  
she let out repeated moans  
she disappeared completely  
into the woods with wings  
wandering through the branches  
she would not need her beauty anymore  
she had become a being of unspeakable ugliness  
she had been condemned  
to perch on the end of a dead trunk  
dead as her dead hopes  
and from there  
staring at the moon  
spending all her time singing  
her sorrow for the misadventure of her love.<sup>28</sup>

your body your beauty your hope of love is a misadventure that takes away

It was so sad it almost made her cry, but then she did not believe it.

Once upon another time, humans conceived of beauty in birds and the Urutau became estranged from the patterns by which we had become accustomed to thinking about birds. Then “in literature her ugliness became almost unanimous.”<sup>29</sup>

29  
Straube Fernando, Costa, op. cit. My own translation. “É uma verdadeira contradição de beleza que nos permite reavaliar nossos conceitos de beleza, ainda que na literatura sua feiúra seja quase unânime.”

30

A Pataxó's myth found in Anghichay, Arariby, Jassanã, Manguadã and Kanátyo. *O Povo Pataxó e sua história*. São Paulo: Global Editora. 1997. p. 14. My own translation. "A Mãe-da-Lua abriu uma boca tão grande para rir, que o noivo Bacurau ficou assombrado e fugiu para a floresta. A noiva, percebendo que o noivo não voltaria mais, resolveu partir para a sua velha morada, onde até hoje canta: foi, foi, foi..."

accustomed to conceive females are threateningly strange to the patterns with which we got

Once upon another time, the Urutau – going by her other name, Mother of the Moon – was happily in love with a Bacurau, a Brazilian Nighthawk. That was until one night, when at dinner she opened “such a big mouth to laugh that her bird bridegroom got scared and fled into the forest. The bride, realising that the bridegroom would not return, decided to go to her old home, where she still sings: gone, gone, gone...”<sup>30</sup>

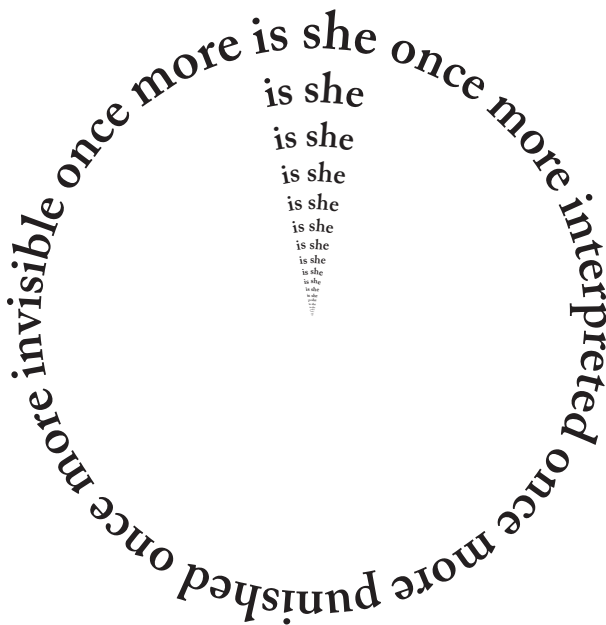
too loud too sad of males run when haunted  
when love laugh too sad  
sad  
sad  
sad  
sad  
sad  
sad  
sad

she did not believe it was so sad it almost  
made her cry but then she did not believe  
sad  
sad  
sad  
sad  
sad  
sad  
sad

31  
 Prikladnicki, Fabio.  
 “Relendo o Animal, da  
 Metáfora Domesticada  
 à Alteridade Radical”.  
 In XI ABRALIC  
 International  
 Conference.  
*Tessituras, Interações,  
 Convergências*. São  
 Paulo: USP. 2008. p. 1.  
 My own translation.  
 “[...] que os animais  
 são a mais nova  
 alteridade disponível  
 no cardápio  
 acadêmico, à espera  
 de pesquisadores  
 famintos por teorizá-  
 los”.

32  
 Lisbôa, Paulo Victor  
 Albertoni. *O Escritor  
 Jekupé e a Literatura  
 Nativa*. Master thesis.  
 Instituto de Filosofia e  
 Ciências Humanas da  
 Universidade Estadual  
 de Campinas.  
 2015, p. 65. My own  
 translation. “[...] a  
 transformação em  
 urutau pode ser  
 interpretada como  
 uma punição, sob a  
 forma de uma ave que  
 não podia ser vista e  
 só podia lamentar.”

Later on, birds became the newest dish on the academic Otherness menu, “waiting for hungry researchers to theorise them.”<sup>31</sup> Later on, academics started to talk about birds in the way that I am talking about “the transformation interpreted as a punishment, in the form of a bird that could not be seen and could only regret.”<sup>32</sup>



Once upon a time instead of weeping, she listened. She heard on television the soap opera of nine o'clock, around and around:

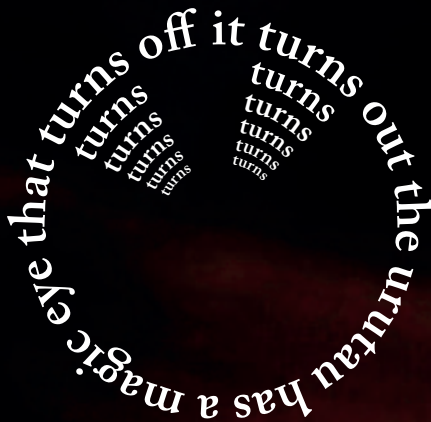
“Sad, mad or bad, will be qualified, she who refuses to follow the one recipe. I cannot see myself in the word Female: a hunting target.”<sup>33</sup>

madly sad badly mad  
sadly mad badly mad  
badly mad badly mad  
sadly mad badly mad  
badly mad badly mad  
sadly mad badly mad  
badly mad badly mad  
sadly mad badly mad  
badly mad badly mad  
sadly mad badly mad  
badly mad badly mad

33  
See Francisco, el  
hombre. *Triste  
louca ou má*. Track  
from the album  
SOLTASBRUXA, 2016.  
Soundtrack of the  
Brazilian soap-opera  
*O Outro Lado do Paraíso*  
(2017 -2018) / *The Other  
side of Heaven* – Rede  
Globo. My own  
translation. “Triste,  
louca ou má / Será  
qualificada / Ela que  
se recusar / Seguir a  
receita tal [...] Eu não  
me vejo na palavra/  
Fêmea: alvo de caça.”



“After she sings, it seems that nothing else is heard, our ears being hypnotically attentive to the strange repertoire, awaiting a new stanza.”<sup>35</sup>



eye that turns off it turns out the urutau has a magic eye

turns  
turns  
turns  
turns  
turns  
turns  
turns  
turns  
turns  
turns

If we could see when she closes her eyes, we might find two incisions in her upper eyelid, through which she “is able to observe the surroundings with ‘eyes closed’, that is, without opening the eyelids, and thus giving the effect of a ‘magic eye’.”<sup>36</sup>

35

Fernando Costa Straube, op. cit. My own translation.  
“Depois que canta, parece que nada mais se ouve, ficando nossos ouvidos hipnoticamente atentos ao estranho repertório, aguardando nova estrofe.”

36

Helmut Sick, 1997 found in Fernando Costa Straube, *Urutau: ave fantasma*. Atualidades Ornitológicas N.122, nov/dez 2004. p. 8. My own translation.  
“fendas pelas quais a ave é capaz de observar os arredores de ‘olhos fechados’, isto é, sem abrir as pálpebras; têm, pois, o efeito de um ‘olho mágico’.”




when too close to what she can see with her eyes closed eyes trained to close

She can see with her magic eyes that the body “has been for females in capitalist society what the factory has been for male waged workers: the primary ground of their exploitation and resistance, as the female body has been appropriated by the state and men and forced to function as a means for the reproduction and accumulation of labour.”<sup>37</sup>

<sup>37</sup>  
Silvia Federici. op. cit.,  
p. 16.

is a  
pop



It is a body-politics spell. It is a spell-refusal to identify the body with the sphere of the private. It is to claim the female body as a source of identity and at the same time a prison. It is why the body is so important and so problematic to valorise.<sup>38</sup>

38  
Ibid.

body that imprisons a body that resists

Once upon another time instead of weeping, she listened. She heard a Guarani man singing:

“In the twenty-first century, rivers  
from all over Brazil,  
will be polluted and dead,  
and they will end with fish.

39

See Jekupé's poem  
“*Profecia do Pajé*” found  
in Lisboa, Paulo Victor  
Albertoni. op. cit.

My own translation.

“No século XXI, os  
rios / De todo canto  
do Brasil / Estarão  
poluídos e mortos /  
E acabarão com os  
peixes. / Os animais  
também serão / Todos  
destruídos, as árvores  
/ Não vão existir  
nenhuma / Os homens  
se sentirão só. / Eles  
não terão mais alegria,  
/ Que chegarão a ter  
vontade / De não  
existir, / Disse o pajé.”

The animals will also be,  
All destroyed, the trees,  
There will be none,  
Men will feel lonely.

They will have no more joy,  
That they will come to have will  
Of not existing,  
Said the shaman.”<sup>39</sup>

from another prophet forms another prophecy from another prophethess forms another prophecy

She now sings what she sings out loud: “Capitalism undermines our capacity to understand the rhythms of nature; it destroys our sense of the magical in nature”.<sup>40</sup> “It is impossible therefore to associate capitalism with any form of liberation. The difference is that today the resistance to it has also achieved a global dimension.”<sup>41</sup>

40  
Austin, Arlen; Capper, Beth and Schneider, Rebecca. “Times of Dispossession and (Re)possession: An Interview with Silvia Federici”. *TDR/The Drama Review*. Vol. 62. 2018. pp. 131-142 (p. 139).

41  
Federici, Silvia. op. cit., p. 17.

why we cannot hear her big mouth spells out loud now we might hear

42

Austin, Arlen; Capper, Beth and Schneider, Rebecca. op. cit., p. 133.

Once upon a time, music, performance art, theatre and dance allowed us “to enter into cross-temporal scenes that interrupt the temporality of capitalism”, and enabled us to sense our bodies differently, and “invoked speculative possibilities for other worlds and other modes of social reproduction, where ‘magical’ knowledges permeated our lives.”<sup>42</sup>

I think she said it when she said it.

that is likely a story that is a likely story that is likely a story that is a likely story that is likely

What is left from the voice of a flutist without her flute, a love misadventure? I spin and bewitch the rhythmical pulsating of leaves and feathers. An aeroelastic flutter. A love spell, womanly, without punishment. It is the possible of a bird becoming, a bird celebrating that sings the rhythmical delicacy of sounds that traverse the world that transforms a body. It is a joyful curiousness, a humorous spell, like hearing the chant of an Urutau.

# Inside-Out Pastoral

*Inside-Out Pastoral* starts bending from a co-creating together with the visual artist Marina Nazareth (Brazil). It is an essay thought and written in curves, in order to bend my thinking. *Inside-out pastoral* moves across the subjectivity of the modern flutist and it's connection with the pastoral mode, and phallogocentric imaging. It is an attempt to de-pasteurise the pastoral-in-me. It traverses the following creations: *Os Cantos de Nectaire*, *Nectaire's garden*, *Flaccid flutes*, *My inside-out pastoral*, *Ironying*. It remembers the silencing of the mythic *Syrinx* and the violences perpetuated upon a woman's body at each reactivation of a pastoral that erases her voice. Not much is left to be said in straight lines, but an invitation for swinging reading imagination.

\*

<https://marinacyrino.art.br/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Utsb3dbxI8>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2syuararVQ>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UCqwkSvjK7U>

**Sound/Video Material:**

*My Inside-out Pastoral (Video Essay 2018)\**

*Nectaire's Garden (Performance Excerpts 2016)\**

*Ironying (Video Essay 2018)\**

this cycle of drawings you have my text is called *Os Cantos de Netaire* (2015) by Marina Nazareth  
 she wants musicians to read to translate her seismic traces into one's own  
 I asked her to trace my plate playing  
 I could translate her into  
 So she could translate her into  
 I wanted drawings of sounds  
 like the sounds of  
 fluty flutters  
 read as one reads a dot drawing  
 without instructions



1

1. First drawing from the cycle *Os Cantos de Netaire* by Marina Nazareth.





# INTRODUCING =

MY ENCOUNTER WITH MARINA NAZARETH STARTED WITH A DRAWING, WITH AN INVITATION:

she had drawn

A CYCLE CALLED

## SCORES (2013)

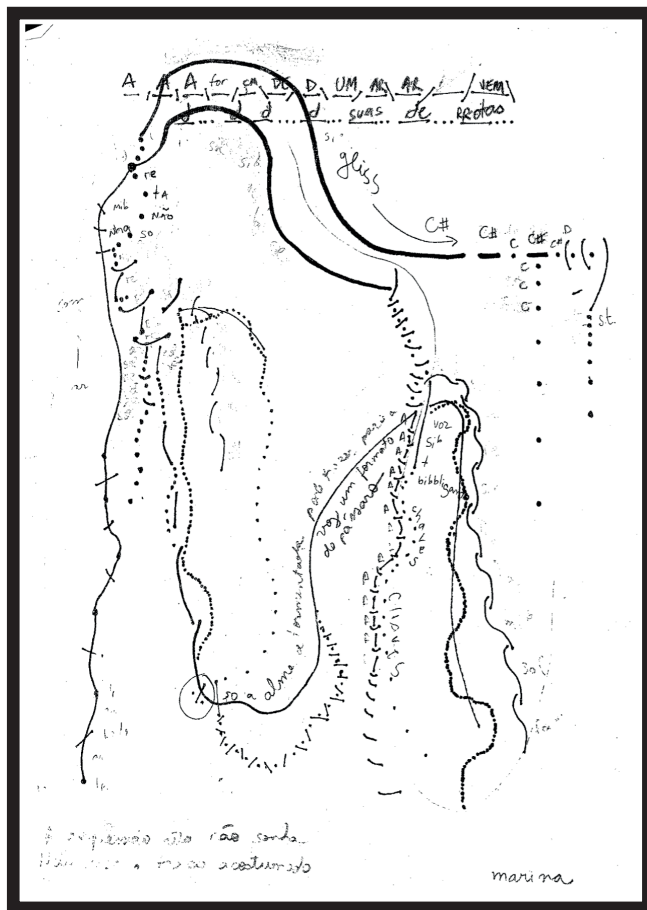
BASED INTO HER VISUAL CONTACT WITH GRAPHIC SCORES

INSPIRED BY  
I INVITED HER TO DRAW A NEW CYCLE BUT THIS TIME BASED ON INSPIRED BY (MY) SOUNDS

MY VOICE SEARCHING FOR SPACE

IN BETWEEN INSIDE OUTSIDE AROUND

DRAWINGS



My first drawing-meeting with Marina Nazareth (2013).

book in New York  
to improve  
OUTSIDE  
remember HERMETO  
PASCAL  
open  
NISE

Sing gardens  
in forests  
215

how much  
PASCAL  
is  
here

IN the subjective  
of  
A western/ised  
flutist?

According

fluty/flute repertoire  
According  
WAS SOMETHING  
ELSE  
OUTSIDE

inside for REST

to 99rd  
Bright  
and

ME  
MAKE  
the concept

the CONCERT  
brought  
out

HAND  
DANCING  
PASCAL  
in me

VIDEO RECORDINGS I did for MYSELF, THE SOUNDS I gave to MARK WITH ME SO READ the dmn'ing  
A CUMSY search for NECTAIRE his character in ME MY OWN  
document ACTION

# NECTAIRE'S SONGS

did not grow a beard so  
I WAS looking FOR NYMPHS  
FEMALE FIGURES I found a wife  
IN THE SONGS, THE TITLES  
FOR HER BAND  
SOME YOUNG GIRLS  
HUSBAND TO WAR  
and THAT WAS  
PRAYING  
FOR HER BAND  
HUSBAND TO WAR  
and THAT WAS  
A little THEN  
MALE WISES SATYRS  
ANGELS SHEPHERDS  
MALE PHILOSOPHERS  
MALE MASTERS  
MALE WISES  
GODS

I WANTED  
 To be like a  
 FLY  
 FLYES THE FAST  
 THE DIVA  
 THE WASP  
 THE HORSE  
 FLY  
 FLYES AT  
 SPEED  
 ME AS  
 A PASTEURIZED  
 PASTORAL  
 INSIDE  
 GOT  
 FRUSTRATED  
 IRRITATED  
 NOT  
 ANGELICAL  
 AT ALL



...stupid horsefly



"SO WHY NOT  
 CULTIVATE  
 MONODIES IN  
 OUR GARDENS?"  
 (ROMAIN ROLLAND)  
 I

NECTAIRE IS A CHARACTER MIGHT MIRROR  
 "A ROBUST OLD MAN WITH  
 THICK GREY HAIR AND  
 A FORKED BEARD"  
 II

ANGEL DISGUISED AS AN OLD GARDENER WHO PLAYS  
 A MAGIC FLUTE

CHARLES KOECHLIN WAS 77 YEARS OLD WHEN HE COMPOSED  
 PLEASE PLAY FOR US IT WILL GIVE PLEASURE TO MY FRIEND (...)

NECTAIRE'S SONGS (1944)  
 ARE 96 MONODIES FOR SOLO FLUTE  
 DIVIDED IN TO 3 CYCLES

FIRST OPUS 198 BASED ON THE NOVEL REVOLUTION OF THE ANGELS BY ANATOLE FRANCE (1914)

1000-10000 DANCING FIGURES FOR FAMILIAR GODS II  
 SECOND BASED ON VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES IN THE ANCIENT FOREST III  
 OPUS 199

I. Romain Rolland in a letter to Charles Koechlin, 19 March 1926.  
 II. Anatole France, *The Revolt of the Angels*, 1914.



PASTORAL  
GNA

FULL OF PASTORAL

SEARCHED FOR RECORDING  
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GARDENS  
AROUND ME

PASTORAL  
MODELS  
NECTAIRE  
brought  
with him

how to construct  
AN IMAGINARY  
AROUND NECTAIRE

the old angel  
now in  
the body of  
a female figure

Spokane  
shepherds move  
about in  
A REMOTE  
IDEALIZED NATURAL  
LANDSCAPE  
WINDY FREE

descriptions in which  
NATURE IS  
depicted  
as  
AN INVENTION OF  
BENIGN ATTRIBUTES

emphasis on SENSUALITY  
LEI and PLENTITUDE  
SURE  
(Kate Nichols, 2016)



Other songs of songs  
SONGS

translate it, things

drawings so I could

of a cycle of

CREATED

MAKING NEARETH

RECORDINGS IN DIFFERENT

FOR BY TO RAL

first as non-procedural  
**GRAPHIC SCORES**

but drawings ARE  
LETTING DRAWINGS INSIDE  
I could read ANYTHING ELSE

as I started to translate  
SOUND AS SITES  
MOVEMENTS

SOUND AS SITES  
MOVEMENTS

PLAYING AS INSTRUMENTS

"(...)with no specified ways of interpreting the visual elements."  
(Etienne Lemaison, 2017)

Shaping sound as source

PLAYING AS INSTRUMENTS

NO-TAN-CORPZ-ROB-  
AS LEZANUAGUS

I printed the projected

“Tests with experienced professional flutists and listeners and one model of a flute made by Muramatsu from 7 different materials showed no evidence that the wall material has any appreciable effect on the sound color or dynamic range of the instrument. The common stereotypes used by flutists and flute makers are exposed as stereotypes.”  
 (Widholm, Gregor & Linortner, Renate & Kausel, Wilfried & Bertsch, Matthias, 2001)

THE MORE I FOLLOWED

Airy Lines  
 Watery traces

30 RE  
 I felt a Disturbance

A Disco fort: lines had a curled

THE HAAS ST MATTERS  
 19.5K SILVER  
 GOLD  
 PLATINUM = gold 9K gold  
 GOLD = 24K gold  
 14K 22K gold 10K

W + Th  
 new days

the flute's body mass

THINKING  
 THINKING  
 THINKING  
 THINKING  
 THINKING

I searched for TUBES that  
for tubes BEND would  
that would CURVE

ISIM ad lines

tired  
of

Gold  
Gold of  
Gold the  
Gold

PHALLOCENTRIC

IMAGINARY



I MADE flaccid STAY

I MADE

flute going limp

flut.  
lute  
st

FLUTE

THE OF YOUR BUREAU

RAH E H

ASSOCIATIONS

I WAS COVERED WITH

ANTHROPO-PHALLIC

Using the TRADITIONAL HEADJOINT of a concert flute and adding to it flaccid bodies.

TUBES IN HOLES 13

NOT TO SERVE Melodies  
BUT TO MESS with PHALLIC ERECTED IMAGES  
RELATION of

my flute-body flutis

THAT'S WHEN I STARTED HEARING HER

BY UN-STIFFEN the BODY of the flute-in-me

the flute AS A SILENCED FEMALE BODY

THE NYMPH!

- that's how it went for me.

it took ME LONG TO HEAR HER  
though there she was right in the beginning

HEARING HER VOICE MADE ME HEAR THE POTENTIALLY VIOLENT CONTEXT IN WHICH WESTERN MODERN FLUTE TRADITION FINDS ITS ROOTS

SYRINX AS SOURCE

SYRINX

SYRINX

a subject

SYRINX





"Faune changed the very character of the flute as an orchestral instrument. From music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries we can still think of the flute as a fife, a whistle, a fluttery and bird-like personage ... but from Debussy and his successors we know it as sultry, smoldering with pagan dreams." (William Austin in Rebecca Lydon, 2003)

... CLAUDE DEBUSSY

WAS

THE

ANOTHER

ONE

OF

THE

MOST

BELOVED

AND

GLAMOURIZED

# of PASTORAL

flutists like to COMPETE

FLUTE SOLOS FOUND IN

his orchestral piece (1892 - 1894)

HE TIED UP

THE

FLUTE - FLUTIST

AND

WITHEROTIC

ASPECTS

OF

PASTORAL

TRADITION

FOR

ACCOUNTS

ON

FRENCH CONCERT

MUSIC

of the

late nineteenth

and

early twentieth

centuries

where

Pastoral themes

WERE

PARTICULAR

IN

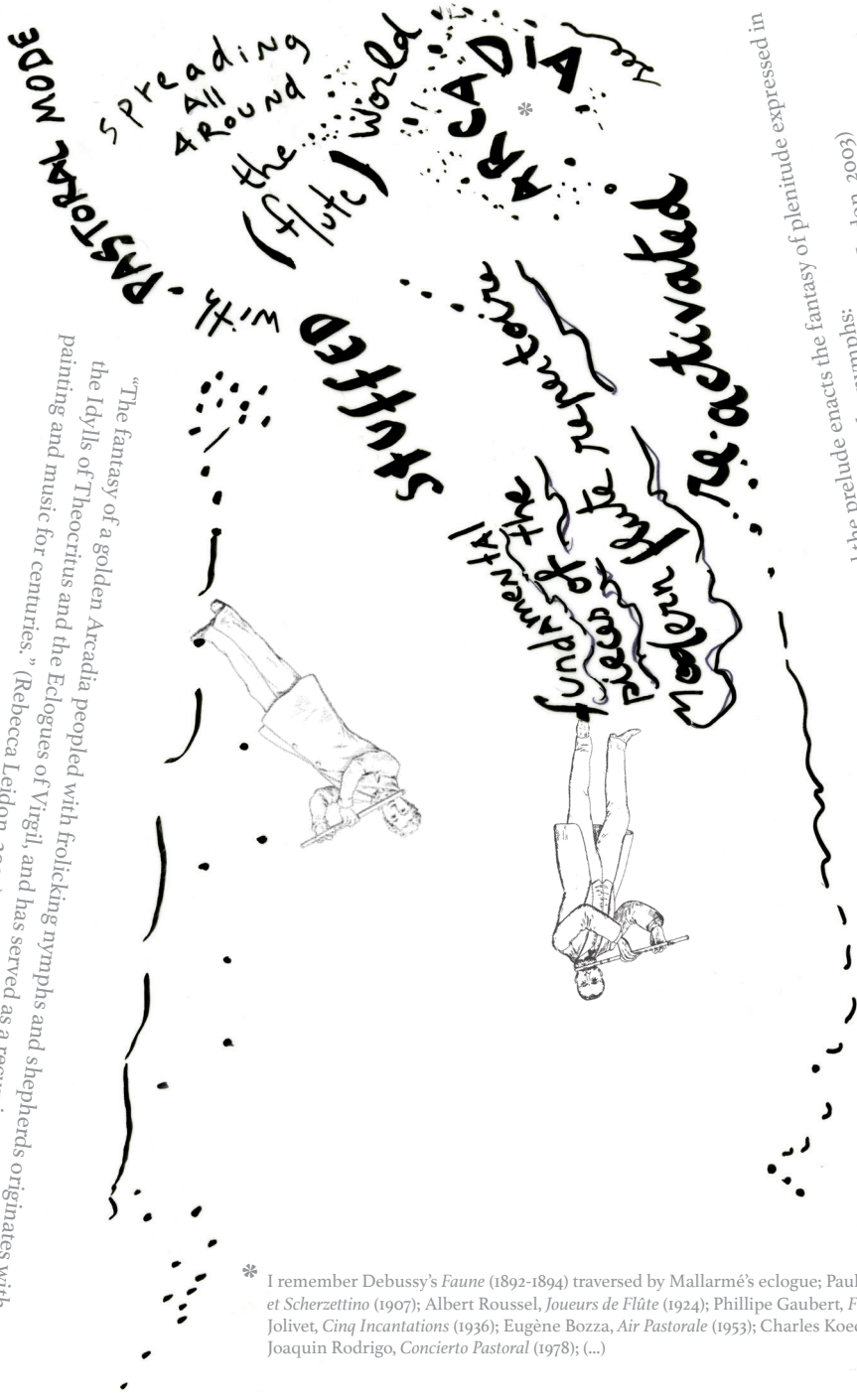
VOGUE

See \*

\* 'Ces nymphes, je les veux perpétuer': The Post-War Pastoral in Space-Age Bachelor-Pad Music. Rebecca Leydon (2003)



"The fantasy of a golden Arcadia peopled with frolicking nymphs and shepherds originates with the Idylls of Theocritus and the Eclogues of Virgil, and has served as a recurring theme in literature, painting and music for centuries." (Rebecca Leidon, 2003)



\* I remember Debussy's *Faune* (1892-1894) traversed by Mallarmé's eclogue; Paul Taffanel, *Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino* (1907); Albert Roussel, *Joueurs de Flûte* (1924); Phillipe Gaubert, *Flute Sonata n.3* (1933); Andre Jolivet, *Cinq Incantations* (1936); Eugène Bozza, *Air Pastorale* (1953); Charles Koechlin, *Nectaire's Songs* (1944); Joaquin Rodrigo, *Concierto Pastoral* (1978); (...)

Re-activated  
 Modern fundamental  
 Pastoral  
 STUFFED  
 PASTORAL MODE  
 Spreading Around the (flute) World  
 ARCADIA  
 "The fantasy of a golden Arcadia peopled with frolicking nymphs and shepherds originates with the Idylls of Theocritus and the Eclogues of Virgil, and has served as a recurring theme in literature, painting and music for centuries." (Rebecca Leidon, 2003)  
 (...)the pastoral world is somehow infinitely renewable, and the prelude enacts the fantasy of plenitude expressed in Mallarmé's text - the Faun's fantasy of the menage a trois with the two fleshy nymphs: - Ces nymphes, je les veux perpétuer / Those nymphs, I want to perpetuate them..." (Rebecca Lydon, 2003)

SEXUAL VIOLENCE  
 "Scenes of VIOLENCE"  
 abound in the Canon of Western Art  
 "perhaps on shifting the RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE TRANSFORMATION BACK TO SYRINX AND NOT TO PAN"  
 AS SELECTIONS (KATE NICHOLS)

THE THEATROPI  
 RAPE IS A PASTORAL TRADITION  
 Tais-toi contiens ta joie... ÉCOUTE! TAIS TOI TAIS TOI...  
 YOUR LISTEN!  
 SHUT UP!  
 LISTEN... PAN CAN SPEAK  
 EACH OTHER \*  
 "coquette" suggesting flirtatiousness and willingness  
 nymph fleeing to escape from rape is transformed into  
 SHUT-UP!

\* Arthur Hacker's Syrinx (1892); Paim, classics and the culture of rape. Kate Nichols (2015)

\* "The entrance of the flute following line 53, written in the Brussels manuscript, divides the scene into two sections. The first half is a conversation between the naiade [river nymph, I add] and oreade [mountain nymph, I add] which concludes with the sound of the flute playing from the wings. The phrase *Mais voici que Pan de sa flûte recommence à jouer* [But hark, Pan begins to play his flute again] (line 53) is inscribed as a cue. The second half consists of an extended speech by the naiade, with flute accompaniment and separated by a single comment from the oreade. *Tais-toi, contiens ta joie, écoute* [Be silent, contain your joy, listen] (line 65), spoken by the oreade (...)." Laurel Astrid Ewell, 2004, p.12



... tradition of Western poetic tradition ...  
... through ...  
... Syrinx ...  
... followed ...

# DEMENTED SYRINX

DANA BUSHMAN

... that SYRINX'S MYTH  
ROSES THE  
UNCANNY PUZZLE

DISEMBODIED

POETIC VOICE

FRAGMENTED  
DISPLACED  
ONTO

BODY

GENDERED

Female

her BODY WILL Can't  
 her WILK escape COUPLING  
 NATI and  
 WODN  
 SYRINK'S DISAPPEARS

"Syrinx's  
 unsuccessful  
 escape and  
 reconstruction into a  
 reed pipe represents  
 how effortlessly a  
 physical body can be  
 appropriated and  
 converted through  
 poetry into a material  
 that supports not its  
 own will and voice  
 but serves the  
 will and voice  
 of another."  
 (Dana  
 Bultman,  
 1998)

music becomes  
 the flutists  
 the flutists  
 the poet's  
 PAN'S  
 to other  
 flutists  
 CAN be  
 heard  
 and

STRENGTHENED

through the imitation  
 of VOICE  
 of ANOTHER  
 PAN'S  
 INTO PURE SOUND  
 A  
 BODY PARTS FOR MED  
 POETIC  
 VOICE

(...) to disrupt a reverence for a tradition that relies upon a violent fragmentation of a female body as a founding myth and Pan as the figure who illustrates the ways in which desire music poetry are combined in natural landscapes.  
(Dana Bultman, 1998)

STARTED

D - S  
M - A  
K - L  
E - N

PASTORAL  
MODE

PASTORALIZING  
THE FLUTIST - PAN

A SOLELY MELANCHOLIC REGISTER  
of  
POETIC  
WISDOM  
based upon  
FAILURE AND LOSS

By  
Klaus Koenig  
Nectaire's  
Songs through My body

SEARCHING FOR  
WAYS TO TRANSLATE  
NECTAIRE'S  
AIRS  
VOICES AT THE NON  
REMAIN  
VOICES THAT REFUSE TO REMAIN

\* Dana Bultman (1998)

MICRO COSMOS of AIR VIBRATIONS  
ONE SEARCH EXPERIMENT is SPIRALING GESTURES

A CO-CREATION  
TOGETHER WITH  
HENRIK OJSSON  
(2017)

AN INTIMATE GARDEN

HOT, the sweet of the air  
celebrating  
of sounds  
of smells of steam  
of cracking

IRONING



NECTAIRE'S  
ANOTHER KIND  
PRACTICE OF  
GARDENS

I MADE GARDENS  
WHERE

I COULD

BUILD  
/ INVITE  
/ IMPROVISE  
TALK  
GATHER

MEET  
PLAY

FOLLOW

DRAWINGS

LISTEN



I



I



I





II

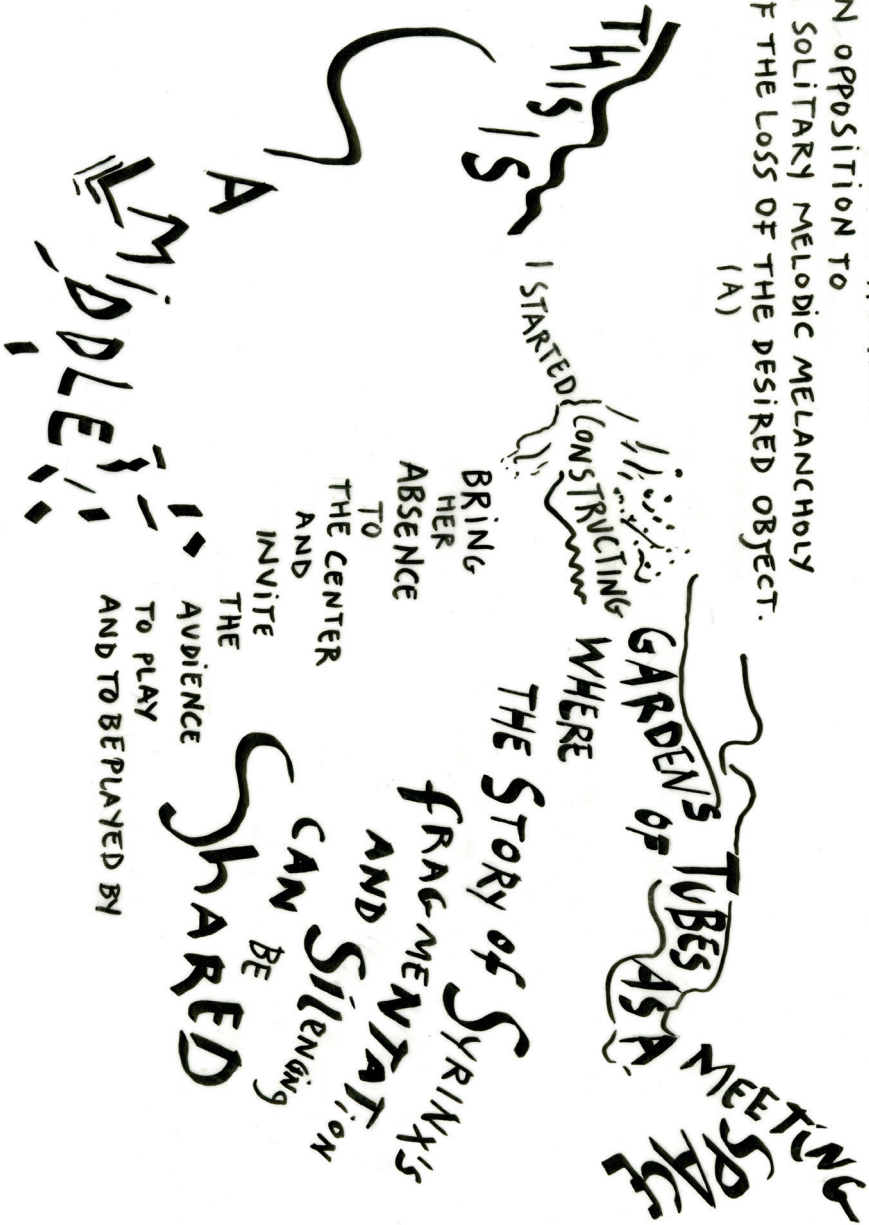
MUSIC • STORIES  
 • PLACIDS • PEOPLE  
 • DRAWINGS • TOYS  
 • INSECTS  
 • STONES  
 • TUBES  
 • BOTTLES  
 • BEADS  
 SILENCED  
 Body of the NYMPH  
 to become  
 as audible  
 my  
 2 PASTEURIZED  
 3 PASTORAL  
 that allowed  
 symphony  
 SILENCED  
 Body of the NYMPH  
 to become  
 as audible  
 my  
 2 PASTEURIZED  
 3 PASTORAL

II



II. Nectaire's Garden, AHA! Festival, Gothenburg, 20th November 2017.

MY METHOD SO FAR IS  
A COLLECTIVE PLAYFULNESS  
IN OPPOSITION TO  
A SOLITARY MELODIC MELANCHOLY  
OF THE LOSS OF THE DESIRED OBJECT.  
(A)





**Check Out My W/hole(s)**

*Check Out My W/hole(s)* ties together a first and a last encounter that happened within the cut I made in time, the time-cut of a doctoral education. The two encounters are tied together by transformations of the flute's/flutist's orifices and by the return of the image of the examination to the academic context.

A first encounter, a co-creation together with Felipe Amorim (Brazil), took the form of *Música das Palavras – The Music of Words* (2014), a composition for two electroacoustic flutes, in which the acoustic flute-playing is mixed with electroacoustic processing, sound spatialisation and video projection. *The Music of Words* explores subtle transformations of the air streams inside the flute's tube and inside the flutist's oral cavity, creating a constant kaleidoscopic movement of air sounds shaped through unvoiced consonants, vowels and plosive sounds. It resulted in a transformation of the interior space of the flute's tube and the flutist's mouth; from an intimate, delicate, solitary space, it became the space of an agitated, loud crowd.

A last encounter, a co-creation together with Liis Ring (Estonia/Sweden), took the form of *Check Out My Holes* (2018), a composition for amplified flute and light sources, and video projection; but also an image series of photographic film images, in which the flute is transformed into a pinhole camera, experimenting with different light sources and time exposures. *Check Out My Holes* is a conversation through the amplification of micro-sounds and micro-images, playing with the hierarchies of our habits of perception. What can musicians bring to technologies of light? The act of playing the flute mixed with the act of letting light in or out. Playing with w/holes: from invocations through absence, to a passage for differentiation.

\*

<https://marinacyrino.art.br/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R5xVOru4fe4>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yyXZjfgL6ok>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rUgn8INlls>

#### **Sound/Video Material:**

*Música das Palavras – The Music of Words* (2014)\*

*Check Out My Holes* (2018)\*

This speaker does not correspond to the universal, disembodied individual of the modern political fiction that relies on the communicative rationality of language. The reciprocal communication of voices implies the figure of a speaker who exposes first of all herself as a singular body.<sup>1</sup>

— Adriana Cavarero

<sup>1</sup>  
Cavarero, Adriana.  
*For More than One  
Voice: Toward a  
Philosophy of Vocal  
Expression*. Stanford,  
California: Stanford  
University Press. 2005.  
p. 209.

This is an encounter between an end and a beginning.  
It ties together a first with a last in the cut I made in time:  
the time-cut of a doctoral education.  
I trace resonances between a first and a last  
(dis-) encounter  
tied together by the return of knowledge to the academic  
context.

Try not to utter a word  
within academia.

Now try to utter a word  
on paper, in image:  
it is easily read as no-longer sounds.  
It is muted.  
It becomes thinking.  
It gets confusing as my sounding voice keeps going through it,  
like right now.  
And it sounds sounds.

It is always the same with Western thinking: sound and speech  
split apart.

We have known this from at least the time that Adriana  
Cavarero started digging into and tracing the establishment  
of a voiceless logocentric tradition following Plato. Plato did  
not like music. It messed too much with his body-thinking. He  
wanted a music subordinated to a thinking that would keep  
the pleasures of the musical body under control. Surprisingly,  
Plato had many followers throughout the centuries: that is one  
of the reasons why it is so difficult for a musician to sound her  
own voice within an academic context.

[...] the most general sense of logos, understood as speech, admits a certain musicalisation but does not admit that there is music without speech. The ears and their indiscriminate thirst for acoustic pleasures must be governed by speech. The flute, which keeps the mouth busy, gets excluded all together.<sup>2</sup>

2  
*Ibid.*, p.159.

We have to translate to translate to translate until we make ourselves audible in a tradition that believes that the more it “loses its phonic component and consists in a pure chain of signifieds, the closer it gets to the realm of truth”.<sup>3</sup> Of course, all this work translating a body that sounds into something else generates something else that generates something else that generates something else. And that might all be productive and creative: As long as it sounds.

3  
*Ibid.*, p.42.

Inside the holes I play I might even find a way out of playing a universal academic devocalised subject.

Or I might be caught in the exhaustive wanting to explain over and over again.

Without a sound.





**If, the beginning.**

If, the beginning.

I would want to investigate, to explore, to connect, to check out every single hole of my flutist-body-flute relation, to cover some holes, to make new ones, to strip it all.

a gaping flute

a gaping flutist

If, the beginning.

I would be full of descriptions. Descriptions feel good. It is almost like catching the air with one's hands and weaving it.

But without a sound?

I would tell: *Música das Palavras – The Music of Words* (2014) is a composition for two electroacoustic flutes, created together with Felipe Amorim, in which the acoustic flute playing is mixed with electroacoustic processing, sound spatialisation and video projection.

I would summarise: *The Music of Words* explores subtle transformations of the air streams inside the flute's tube and inside the flutist's oral cavity, creating a constant kaleidoscopic movement of air-sounds shaped through unvoiced consonants, vowels and plosive sounds.

I would abstract: it resulted in a transformation of the interior space of the flute's tube and the flutist's mouth; from an intimate, delicate, solitary space, it became an agitated, loud crowd.

I would contextualise: the piece, which was performed between 2014 and 2018, is part of a larger concert-concept focusing on the possibilities of exploring the flutist's voice combined with

flute playing; *The Music of Words* was planned as continuation of my project *The Vocal Flute* (2013), which explored the use of the flutist's voice, through composer-performer collaboration and through composition.

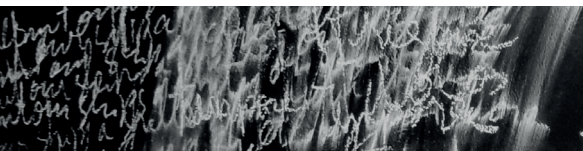
If, the beginning.

I would analyse: the free embouchure of the flute allows the voice of the flutist to melt with the instrument tone as no other wind instrument; that the free embouchure of the flute allows for a generous amount of possibilities to play with the space between speech and sound; the space in between closed and open embouchure could be singing and playing, speaking and playing, whispering and playing, shouting and playing, growling and playing, or just playing, or just saying.

If, the beginning.

I would imagine a concert that would have as a central thematic the use of the flutist's voice while playing.

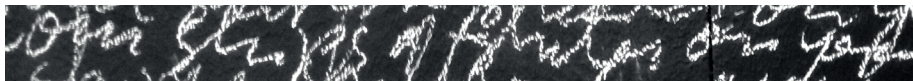
I would ironise the way in which the flutists found their way to speech and to sound. All at once.



I would invite Felipe Amorim.

I would give good reasons: we both share an interest in the uses of the flutist's voice combined with texts, with improvisation, with composition.

Felipe, flutist, flute teacher, my first flute teacher, composer, videoartist. He practices mixture.



I would map out: our compositional process had a double departure point – a fragment of Herman Broch's novel *The Death of Virgil* (1945) and a patch developed by Felipe.

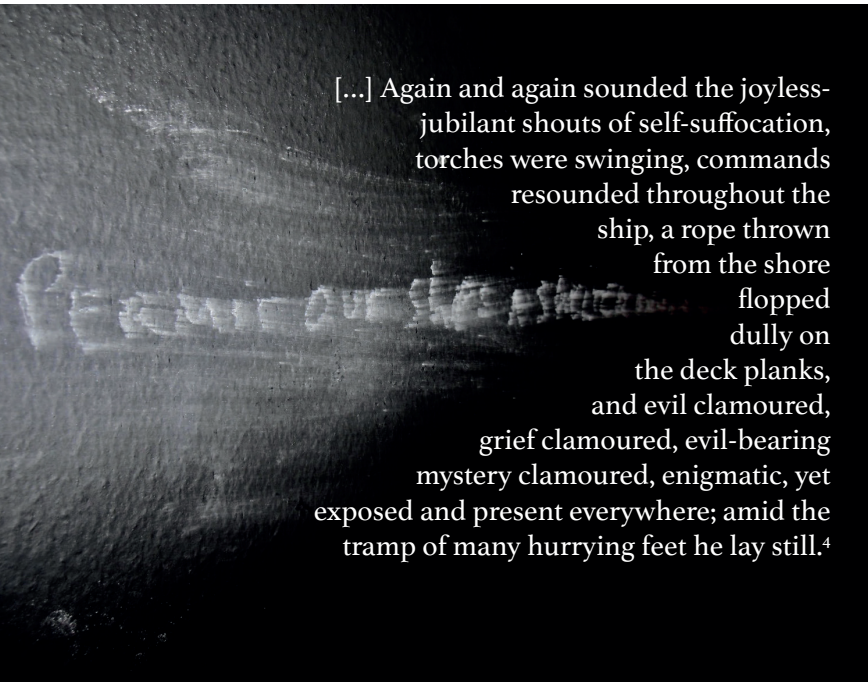
I would specify: Felipe was at that time developing a patch in MAX; a patch that allows two microphones to amplify, compact and balance all micro-sounds inside the flute without any additional processing; it reveals a hidden universe of air sounds, breathing sounds, key sounds, oral cavity sounds, lip sounds, tongue sounds that are normally covered by the flute's tones; the function of the patch can be compared to a microscope; it unfolds sounds that are hardly audible, and the vocal chords do not need to be triggered in order to be heard.

I would particularise: the patch is part of the score, part of compositional choices written into a computer; the idea for the patch was inspired by flutists such as Matthias Ziegler, who works with electroacoustically amplified contrabass flute; Matthias Ziegler has a whole network of technicians and flute constructors working closely with him; we would not dare to make a hole in our flutes to connect microphones inside; Felipe developed a way to produce similar possibilities with using an easy technical solution – working with two microphones inside the flute allows for a better homogeneity of the sound through the whole tube.

I would scrutinise: the first material we started to work with was tongue attacks combined with open or closed embouchure;

we explored possibilities of using air sounds with different air pressures and other techniques such as tongue ram, tongue pizzicatos, and percussive key sounds; the material sounded like anxious gestures; we had an idea of using a text as a starting point for a score; we thought it could be interesting to use a text in a hidden, implicit way that would not appear for the listener; the choice of the text happened because I was reading *The Death of Virgil*; I was hit by the intensity and complexity of human crowds in the first chapter – crowd noises, footsteps, shouts, anxiety, euphoria; I was impressed by the sound complexity of Broch's text and I suggested using fragments of that text as a possible sound image that would guide the composition.

I would reveal Hermann Broch's fragments:



[...] Again and again sounded the joyless-  
jubilant shouts of self-suffocation,  
torches were swinging, commands  
resounded throughout the  
ship, a rope thrown  
from the shore  
flopped  
dully on  
the deck planks,  
and evil clamoured,  
grief clamoured, evil-bearing  
mystery clamoured, enigmatic, yet  
exposed and present everywhere; amid the  
tramp of many hurrying feet he lay still.<sup>4</sup>

4  
Broch, Hermann.  
*The Death of  
Virgil*. Jean Starr  
Untermeyer. New  
York: Vintage Reissue  
Edition. 1995.

5  
*Ibid.*

[...] directly across the square there formed a double line of soldiers bearing torches, man after man in gleaming helmets, obviously there to keep an unobstructed thoroughfare from the landing-place into the city, the customs-stalls and custom-offices on the piers were lit by torches, the whole was a sparkling, gigantic space packed with human bodies, a sparkling gigantic reservoir of a waiting at once vast and vehement, filled with the rustling of a hundred thousand feet, slipping, sliding, treading, shuffling on the stone pavement, a seething giant arena, throbbing with the rise and fall of a black buzzing, with a roar of impatience that was suddenly hushed and held in abeyance as the imperial ship, propelled now by only a dozen oars, reached the quay with an easy turn at the designated place – awaited there by the city officials in the centre of the torchlit, military quadrangles – and landed with scarcely a sound; in fact the moment had arrived which the brooding mass-beast had awaited to release its howl of joy, and now it broke loose, without pause, without end, victorious, violent, unbridled, fear-inspiring, magnificent, fawning, the mass worshipping itself in the person of the One.<sup>5</sup>

6  
*Ibid.*

[...] Evil, a tide of evil, an immense wave of unspeakable, inexpressible, incomprehensible evil seethed in the reservoir of the plaza; fifty thousand, a hundred thousand mouths yelled the evil out of themselves, yelled it to one another without hearing it, without knowing it was evil, nevertheless willing to stifle it and outshout it in the infernal bellowing. What a birthday greeting! Was he the only one to realise it?<sup>6</sup>

I would offer a spoiler: Broch's narrative re-enacts the last hours of life of the Roman poet Virgil, in the port of Brundisium where he accompanied Augustus, the emperor; the chosen fragments are permeated by the listening of Virgil, the poet; the poet finds himself at this moment of the narrative lying in a litter, thus not seeing but only listening to the audible world, in the space between life and death; even when the text gives form to "the rustling of a hundred thousand feet, slipping, sliding, treading, shuffling on the stone pavement, a seething giant arena, throbbing with the rise and fall of a black buzzing, with a roar of impatience",<sup>7</sup> the poet is always present in his silence: *an ear witness*.

7  
Ibid.

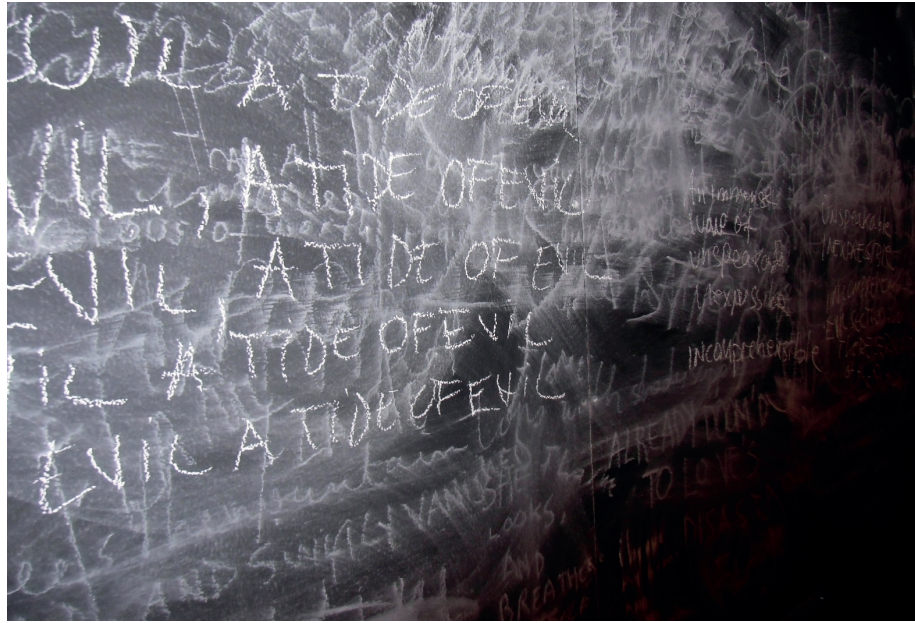
I would quote: "The masses are not victims, nor even hoodwinked fools, but the hysteric perpetrators. In this reading of history [...] the leader is a faithful, indeed submissive, representative of the masses [...] terribly erupting from below, overwhelming the anxious individual."<sup>8</sup>

8  
Landa, Ishay. "Mass Hysteria or Class Act? Premonitions of Fascism Between Marxism and Liberalism". In *The Longue Durée of the far-Right: An international historical sociology*. Richard Saull, Alexander Anievas, Neil Davidson and Adam Fabry (eds.). NY, New York: Routledge. 2015. pp. 44-63 (p. 48).

I would note a distinction between the *crowd* and the *silence of the poet* as a core duality of sounding images that structures the composition *The Music of the Words*.

I would interpret: the anxious sounds of the beginning are transformed into a transitional part that leads to the middle part of the piece, representing through a flute solo *the poet's struggle to speak*.

I would represent *the poet's struggle to speak* by using subtle transformations of the air streams inside the flute tube and inside the oral cavity, air sounds with unvoiced consonants to whisper something uncatchable. I would point out that after all this not-saying, *the crowd* comes again and grows and grows. I would justify: we are not *the crowd*, but interpreters of *the crowd*.



If, the beginning.

I was no longer in the beginning.

I wanted to mix, mix-me-Felipe, mix-me-words, mix-me-images.

*The Music of Words* started without words but came to incorporate a video that returned the image of the examination to the academic examination.

I would remember: all the before and all this now-imagining are meant to be examined by examiners. And by the examiner-in-me, eager to prove

I know I know I know.

I was no longer at the beginning but I was still full of descriptions:

I was in my first year of the education and facing my first internal examination routine, a seminar open to the public and to the research community.

I wanted to put the right words into words in order for them to be recognisable as knowledge. *The Music of Words* was at that time the only co-creation ready to be examined by examiners.

Felipe was not able to come.

I was alone.

I wanted to perform.

I had an idea to experiment with the audience of the seminar while projecting a video recording of *The Music of Words*.

I printed fragments of Hermann Broch's *The Death of Virgil* and distributed them to the audience. I handed out pieces of chalk and asked those who would like to, to write on the walls. I let the act of writing "open" in the sense that it was possible to choose only a word, or to create a completely new text based on the fragments, and so on.

I imagined that the image of different people writing, different hands and handwritings, different calligraphies, would provide an interesting result in relation to the thematic of the human crowd.

I was surprised to realise that everyone in the audience was willing to participate in the task.

I did not arrange for professional documentation.

I documented in an unplanned, and maybe unprepared way,<sup>9</sup> and was not sure what I would do with that material: it became the raw matter for a video that was added to the piece.

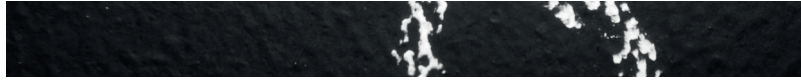
9  
With the help of  
a friend, Elpida  
Grammatikopoulou.

An unexpected element was the sound resulting from all the participants writing with chalk, a rhythmic percussive soundscape that overlapped with the sound of the recording of *The Music of Words*.

When I sent the documentation of the examination to Felipe, he complained of the bad resolution and quality of the images.



I tried to create more images.  
I replicated the experiment myself in the same room in which  
the examination had taken place.  
I used layers of superposition between Broch's and Virgil's texts,  
layers of chalk, layers of meaning.



Then a video was made. A video that did not happen simultaneously with the piece, but after the piece. The two sources of material were images from my examination and a series of photos taken by me afterwards, inspired by the examination. The video became a silent video, except for a brief moment where precisely the sounds of the pieces of chalk, together with a reminiscence of the sound of the piece, appear. The structure of the video was determined by the images taken during the examination – fast frames with a low resolution, without stabilisation, in pale colours. The video plays with the difficulty of reading on different levels, from the still slide to movement. The difficulty of reading, of comprehension, creates several layers of meaning. The video explores the possibility of different meanings by means of the rapid succession of images. It plays with the limits between the legible and illegible, between the comprehensible and the incomprehensible. Another layer is the slow inclusion of colour, from black and white to very saturated colour. At the end, the superposition of images leads to a hand – still – the last image.

The hand abandons the mass,  
That is when the sound comes,  
and quickly disappears.

If, the beginning.

**If instead, the end.**

I would wish for words sounding with images sounding with movement sounding with sounds sounding from within my flutist)body(flute relation vibrating with others.

I would search for someone who could help me translate into a doctoral dissertation how it all sounds sounds.

That is how I met Liis Ring: singer, composer, sound and visual artist. She practices mixture.

Her e(ye)ar captured my other co-creations and helped me give them the form of sounding video essays.<sup>10</sup>

It was not enough that Liis played with sound and light technologies to capture other metamorphoses of my flutist) body(flute relation traversed by an/other.

If, the end.

I would wish for our mutual contamination.

Our first co-creation became: *Check Out My Holes* (2018), a composition for amplified flute and light sources, as well as video projection.

A conversation through the amplification of micro-sounds and micro-images.

We would not wish to hear, nor to look inside the flute.  
But to listen to the way that a flute might look and sound *from within*.

10  
Video essays recorded  
and edited by Liis  
Ring as part of this  
doctoral dissertation:  
*Land Without Fireflies;*  
*Is She?, Urutau, Mother*  
*of the Moon; Ironying.*

To play with the flute as both  
subject and object  
inside and outside.

A small camera is placed inside the flute and projected onto a wall, creating layers between the space inside the instrument and the outside performing space.

Light sources – flashlights, matches, standard lamps, photographic flashes – are played as musical instruments. Their clicks and leaks turned into light sources as well as percussive instruments.

Flute holes, refusing or allowing the sound/light in or out.

Light sources become the source of their own sound, a rhythmical clicking, but they also play the flute by trying to make light enter the flute's holes.

A counterpoint that differentiates itself from the beats created by the percussive key sounds of the flute or by the light clicks.

If, the end.

We would like to play with the hierarchies of our habits of perception.

In their visuality, holes might appear though they are full of absences.

Holes: invocations through absence.

But in a flute, holes: passages for differentiation.

Full of sounds.

If the, end.

We would still play with the imaginary of the examination, of the examiner.

The flute attached to a table with microphones and a camera placed inside.

Ready to perform a micro-perceptual repertoire of actions.

my flutist)body(flute relation:

an examination space.

a domestic space.

A table.

A surgery.

An autopsy.

both

A table.

A fireplace.

A living room.

A table, a flute, two bodies sitting face-to-face, standard lamps, a fire, the sound of frogs and crickets, a slight swing, a smile, a song, a tempest.

A table, a flute, two bodies sitting face-to-face, safety glasses, hyperactivity, the absence of the flutist's breath, flashes, technologies of capturing.

If, the end.

Amplification of micro-perceptual repertoires of actions.  
Transformations of the flute's and the flutist's orifices.  
Revealing a hidden universe.  
Like researching.  
A little pornographic.

ii  
André Lepecki  
traversed by Frances  
Ferguson. Lepecki,  
André. "Choreography  
and Pornography  
(working notes for  
an essay to come)".  
In *Post-Dance*. Danjel  
Andersson, Mette  
Edvardsen. Mårten  
Spångberg (eds.).  
MDT. 2017.

[...] pornography plunges so intensely into its project of hyper-description for the sake of explicit "extreme perceptibility", that it finds itself inevitably drowning in delirium: not necessarily the delirium of fleshes and fluids mingling in uncountable pleasures, but rather, the delirium of kinetic rationality: that mode of reasoning governance that understand every single human action as something that can be subjected to optic capture, accurate description, proper archiving, and eventual reproduction or repression as action – depending on whether that action is sanctioned or censored.<sup>11</sup>











If, the end.

I would have once said: a flute is a tube full of eyes.  
I would have asked: what can musicians bring to technologies of light?

Liis introduced me to the work of Ann Hamilton.<sup>12</sup> Hamilton likes to haunt presences that are barely detectable, yet persistent. She might like haunting holes. She made the orifice of voice the orifice of sight, through a small pinhole camera placed inside her mouth. When opening her mouth, the film was exposed, resulting in an image that is a trace presence of a face-to-face encounter with a person or landscape. Her image making creates conversations in which the act of speaking is like the act of letting light enter.<sup>13</sup>

How to listen to a hole, in a camera, in a flute?  
Liis and I played with photographic film and turned a flute into a pinhole camera, experimenting with different light sources and time exposures: a flash lamp, a match, a window.  
The act of playing the flute mixed with the act of letting light enter.

If, the end.

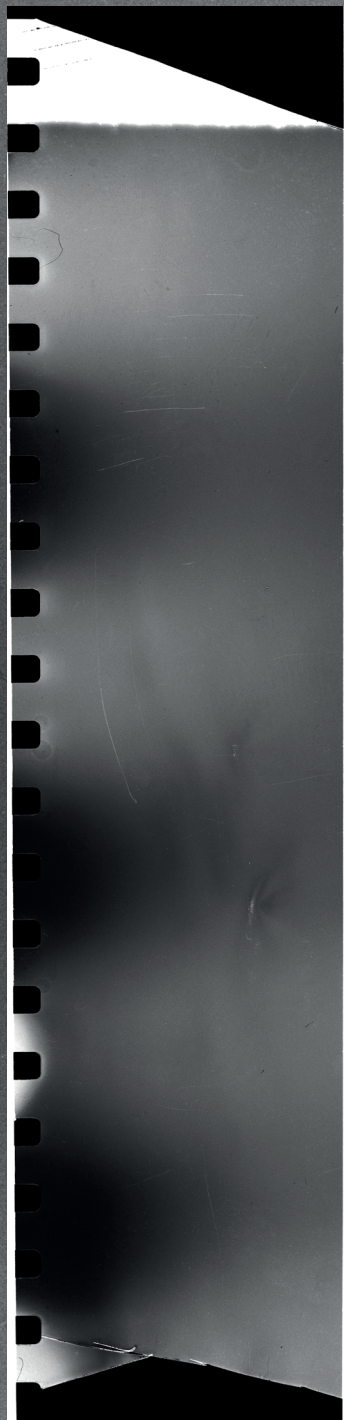
Traces of a face facing a face captured from an orifice-inside:  
the inside(out) of a w/hole.

A flute, an orifice, a w/hole, our conver(sa)tion:

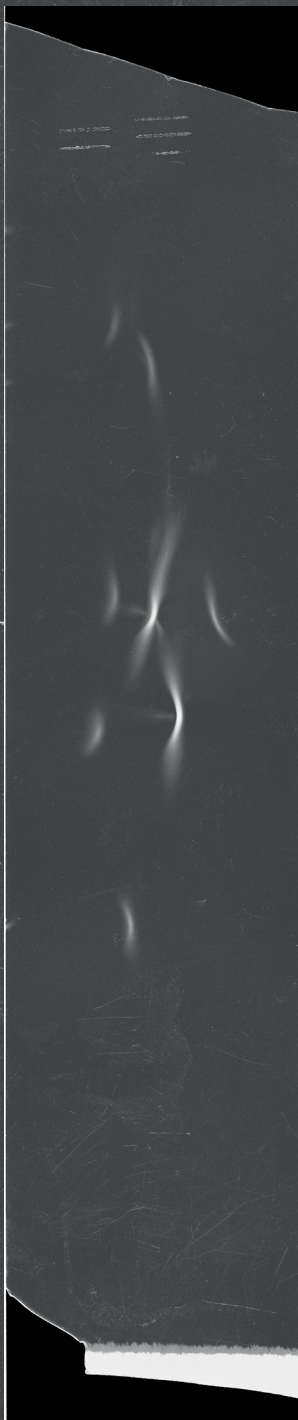
<sup>12</sup>  
See [http://www.annhamiltonstudio.com/objects/face\\_to\\_face.html](http://www.annhamiltonstudio.com/objects/face_to_face.html) (Accessed 31-01-2019).

<sup>13</sup>  
See Coffey, Mary Katherine and Hamilton, Ann. "Histories that Haunt: A Conversation with Ann Hamilton". *Art Journal*. Vol. 60. No.3. 2001. pp.10-23.





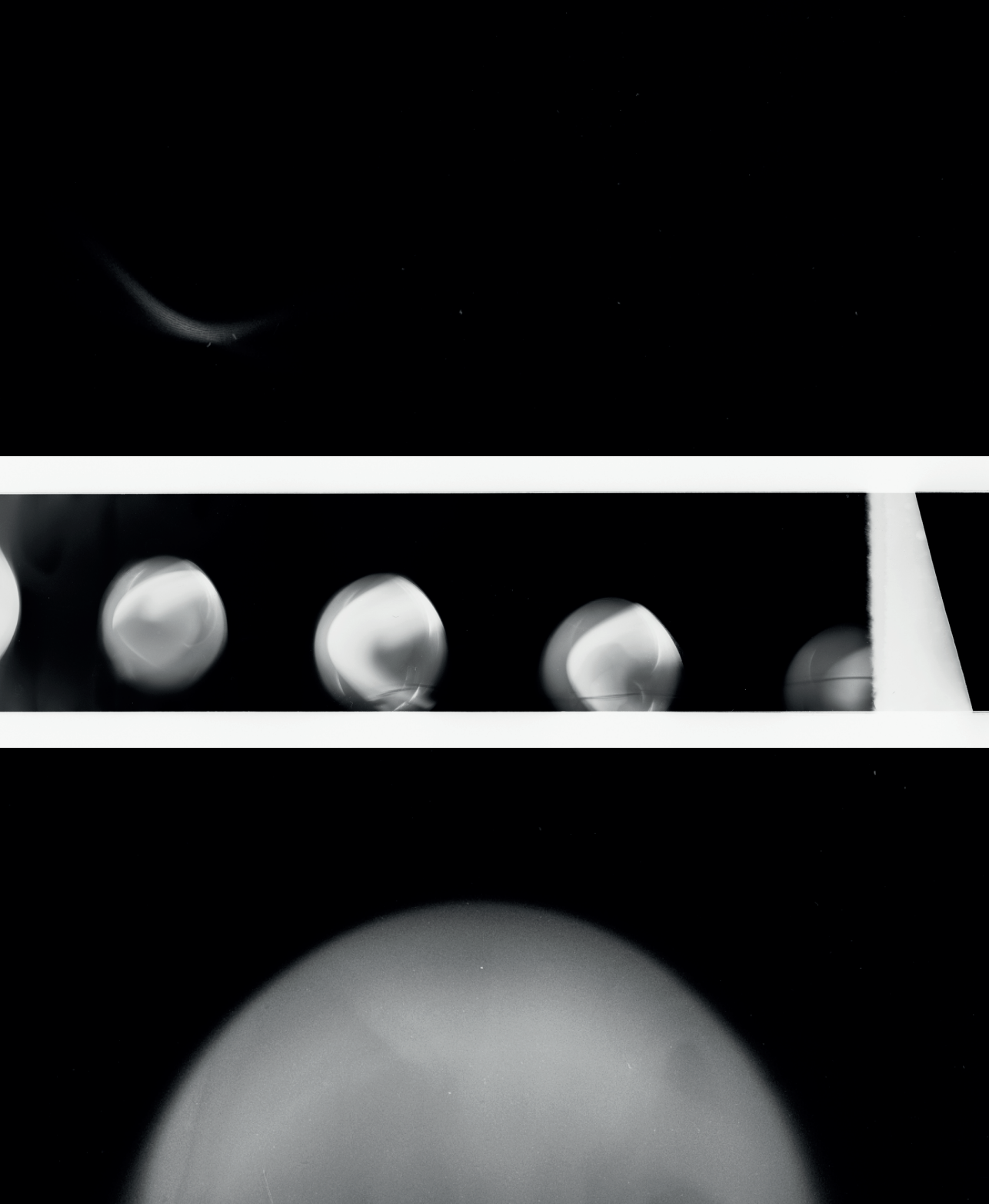


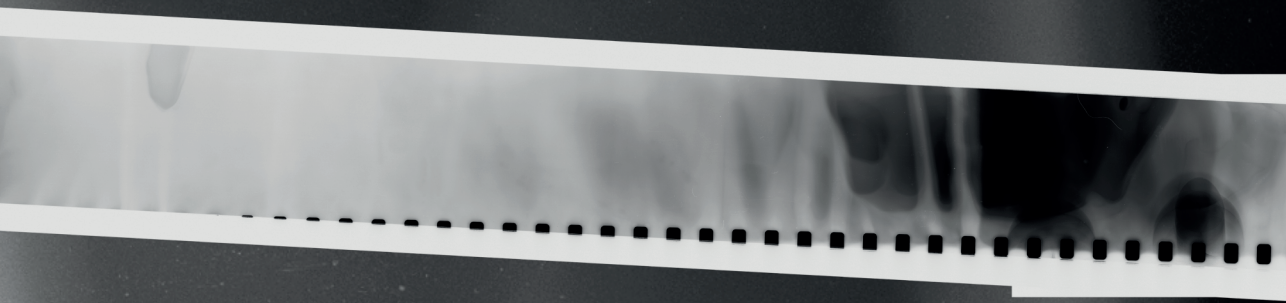


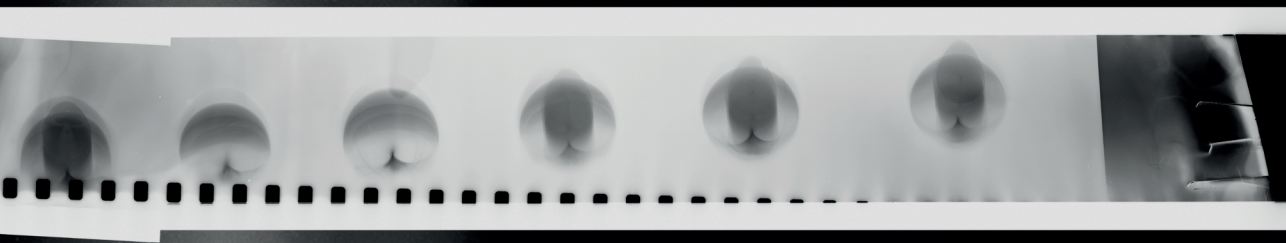


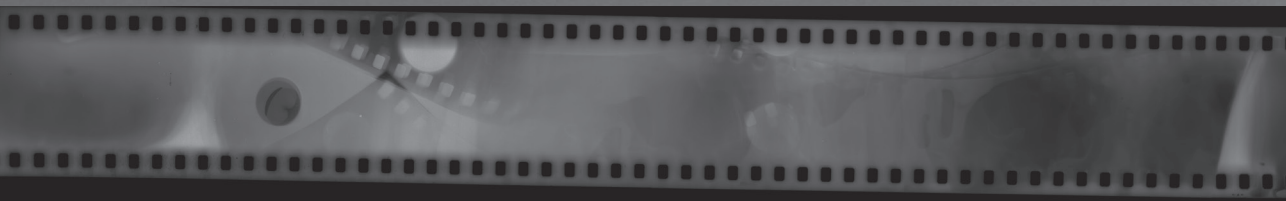


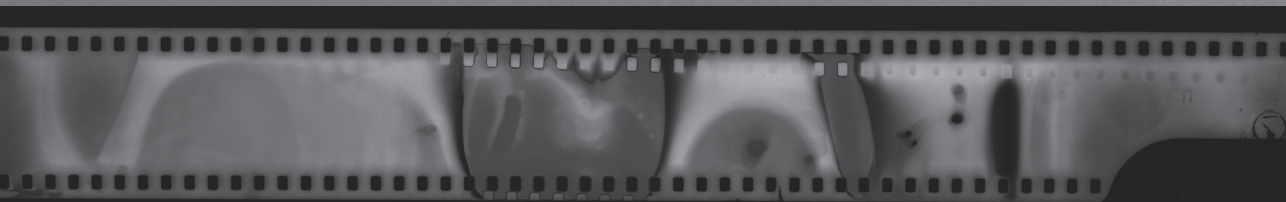
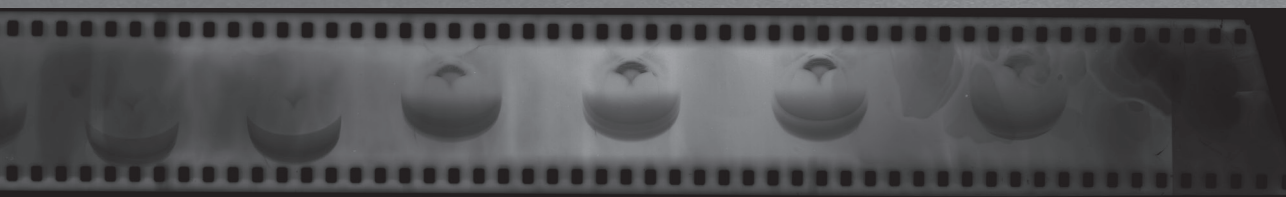












**If, the end.**

I would not give up on texts on artistic-research products  
nor would I give in.

I would de(-ar)range them so they could sound sounds.

If, the end.

I would have squeezed myself so hard into words that are not  
mine that I would have fitted.

And at some point, I would have leaked  
out.

through the w/holes that I found

what would have leaked out would sound sounds.

If, the end.

I would have noticed something unnoticed in all these words

A flute is not something

[an object]

[an instrument]

[a phallus]

that covers your mouth preventing speech.

A flute *is* an orifice that sounds sounds

The relation flute)body(flutist becomes  
a mouth over a mouth  
a w/hole over a w/hole  
singing or speaking or muting or silently resting over each  
other simultaneously

If, a flute  
If, a body  
If, a flutist

— check out my w/hole(s)

12  
Witting, Monique. *The  
Lesbian Body*. trans.  
David Le Vay. New  
York: William Morrow  
and Company, Inc  
1975. p. 109.

The openings are now innumerable in the abdomens in  
your chest and mine along our intertwined limbs, they  
are to be seen everywhere, everywhere the same wind  
traverses you traverses m/e. M/y fingers sink into the  
orifices in your back your loins, your fingers are inserted  
into the holes in m/y neck, m/y cranium. In the end the  
tempest arrives, it rushes right through us, scattering [...]<sup>12</sup>

— Monique Witting

# Co-Creators in the Collaborative Projects

A space for each co-creator to present herself/himself.





## Jorge Alcaide

<https://www.kulturtemplet.org/>

<http://www.goteborgsalternativaorkester.org/>

Jorge Alcaide was born in the city of Valparaiso (Chile) in 1971, where he grew up and lived much of his childhood wrapped in the restricted cultural reality of the dictatorship. A whole world opened up when he went into exile, and moved to Sweden with his family at age of 13, discovering a historical and cultural reality until then unknown to him. In the field of music, it meant a political awareness and an artistic growth, by getting in touch with different forms of protest music, and with European and Latin American classical music. He studied classical guitar, and later, composition, at the University of Gothenburg. After finishing his musical training, he began a long career within theater, first as a musician and composer, then also as an actor and creator of works and scripts. Among his works, the most noticeable is a musical and scenic work entitled “A Better Life”, which never came to be premiered in its original and complete version, but only in fragmented parts. This work tells the story of a company with the same name that aims to help people with their existential conflicts, using art as a means of help.

In 1999 he won a composition competition for choir with the work “Blå psalm”, written for mixed and children’s choir. After having been a member of Quarttango (one of the first musical groups of world’s music in Gothenburg), Jorge created his own octet, Cerro Esperanza, in which he performed his own music, covering several musical styles with a very personal sonority. With this group, he recorded in 2004 his first album, “Nubes del alma”, which had a very good reception and was chosen among the best 100 records of folk music of all time produced in Sweden.

In the years 2013/2014, he embarked on a new creative period, promoting two major projects, in which he is currently working with: GAO – Göteborgs Alternative Orkester and Kulturtemplet. In these two different projects, ideas are generated in order to challenge Jorge’s artistic vision, in order to search for new forms and paths of creation.



## Liis Ring

<https://soundcloud.com/liis-ring>

Liis Ring (born 1990 in Tallinn, Estonia) is a musician, (sound) artist, a wanderer, a thinker, a snoozer, a bird watcher and an idealist currently residing, working and creating in Gothenburg, Sweden.

“The tool I master best is the one of sound, but without letting that interact with other mediums my inner voice could never be fully expressed. Out of interdisciplinary contact and collaboration something greater than my own single authorship could ever produce emerges. I believe that art should be accessible and inclusive. The language beyond languages.”



## Mansoor Mani Hosseini

<https://www.musicalmo.com/>

Mansoor studied composition at Conservatories in Paris, Brussels and Gothenburg, Sweden. Later he studied film scriptwriting and film music at Gothenburg University.

Mansoor's creations within theatrical music is inspired by martial arts, contemporary dance and theater. His research and studies with composers such as Georges Aperghis encouraged him to follow this composing style. In 2007, he founded Themus Ensemble with the purpose of combining music, theater and choreography, which becomes musical theater or, as he prefers to call it, theatrical music.

He has worked with avant-garde music, dance and theater groups and composed contemporary music for various ensembles in and outside Europe. At times, he applies various improvisation forms to some of his compositions, using mixed notations. He has given lectures about notations, composition, improvisation, and communication between musician and composer.

Within films, Mansoor has written scripts and music for several fiction and art films that have been shown in Europe and South America. He has collaborated with Diane Drubay, Isabel Pérez del Pulgar, Tine Alavi, Nicklas Karpaty and others.



## Henrik Olsson

<http://bjornbergborg.blogspot.com/p/henrik-olsson.html>

Born in 1975 in the village of Kyrkhult, a small industrial community in the south of Sweden. Studied classical percussion and received his MFA in 2001 at The Academy of Music and Drama, University of Gothenburg.

Henrik moves freely between notated music and free improvisation, blending acoustic and amplified sounds with the use of contact microphones. His music has been released on labels such as Another Timbre, Håpna, Kning Disk, BombaxBombax, Monotype Records, iDEAL, Hockey Rawks and more.

Over the years he's been collaborating with musicians such as Tetuzi Akiyama, Toshimaru Nakamura, Tisha Mukarji, Dimitra Lazaridou Chatzigoga, Nikos Veliotis, Angharad Davies, Axel Dörner, Ko Ishikawa and many more.



## Felipe Amorim

<http://www.foamorim.net/>

Felipe Amorim, flutist and composer, is a professor at the State University of Minas Gerais, Brazil. He obtained his doctoral degree in flute at the Federal University of Bahia (UFBA). He studied, taught and attended, since always, the *Fundação de Educação Artística*, an independent art school in Belo Horizonte (Brazil). There, he met teachers and students with great importance for his learning and training as an artist.

During his artistic journey he crossed several places and encountered several musicians. The musical contemporaneity, supported by improvisation and electronic mediums, are his main interest. He taught and played a lot around and hopes to go on playing much more.



## Marina de Oliveira Nazareth

<http://marinanazareth.com.br>

Marina de Oliveira Nazareth is a painter, drawer, engraver, sculptor and teacher, born in 1939, Belo Horizonte – Brazil. In 1965, she initiated her drawing studies with Maria Helena Andrés in Belo Horizonte and attended the Fine Arts course at the Federal University of Minas Gerais – UFMG, where she also attended courses by Álvaro Apocalypse, Yara Tupinambá, Herculano de Campos and Haroldo Mattos. Between 1966 and 1968, she studied composition theory and art history with Fayga Ostrower in Rio de Janeiro, living there, for studies and research, between 1970 and 1975. In 1976, she joined to the Cultural Coordination of the State of Minas Gerais, as an advisor.

She participated in the creation of *Casa Litográfica* (Lithographic House) and *Atelier Santo Antônio do Monte*, both in 1978; of the Experimental Nucleus of *Escola Guignard* (Fine Arts School in Belo Horizonte), directed by Amilcar de Castro, in 1981. She directed the *Museu Mineiro* (Museum of the State of Minas Gerais) in 1983. Currently, she works on the implementation of a Nucleus of Experimentation and Research at the Guignard School (UEMG- State University of Minas Gerais).



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- p. 86-87 A Dance Behind a Box: a collage by Marina Cyrino and Nathan Clydesdale, made of screen shots from the video essay Is She? (Images by Liis Ring, 2018).

### An Aeroelastic Flutter

- p. 98-99 Screen shot from the video essay Urutau, Mother of the Moon (Images by Liis Ring, 2018).
- p. 102-103 Ibid.



p. 104-105	Ibid.
p. 110-111	Ibid.
p. 116-117	Ibid.
p. 118-119	Ibid.
p. 120-121	Ibid.
p. 122-123	Ibid.

### **Inside-Out Pastoral**

p. 126	First drawing from the cycle Os Cantos de Nectaire by Marina Nazareth.
p. 127	Marina Nazareth (Photo: Marina Cyrino, 2015).
p. 129	Drawing from the cycle Partituras (Scores) by Marina Nazareth.
p. 132	Screen shot from the video essay My Inside-Out Pastoral (Marina Cyrino, 2014/2018).
p. 132	Ibid.
p. 134	Ibid.
p. 140	Drawing from the cycle Os Cantos de Nectaire by Marina Nazareth.
p. 149	Ironying (Photo: Marina Cyrino).
p. 150	Nectaire's Garden at A_venue , 2016 (Photo: Marina Cyrino, 2016).
p. 150	Ibid.
p. 150	Ibid.
p. 151	Nectaire's garden at AHA! Festival, 2017 (Photo: Marina Cyrino, 2017).
p. 151	Ibid.

## Check Out My W/Holes

- p. 158 Photo from the series The Music of Words (Marina Cyrino, 2015).
- p. 160 Ibid.
- p. 161 Ibid.
- p. 162 Ibid.
- p. 163 Ibid.
- p. 165 Ibid.
- p. 167 Ibid.
- p. 172-173 Marina Cyrino and Liis Ring performing Check Out My Holes (Screen Shot from a video recording, Gothenburg, 2018).
- p. 174-175 Ibid.
- p. 177 Photographic Film Negative from the series Check Out My Holes (Marina Cyrino and Liis Ring, 2018).
- p. 178 Ibid.
- p. 179 Ibid.
- p. 180 Ibid.
- p. 181 Ibid.
- p. 182-183 Ibid.
- p. 184-185 Ibid.
- p. 186-187 Ibid.

## Co-Creators

- p. 191 Jorge Alcaide (Photo: Jorge Alcaide, 2016).
- p. 192 Liis Ring (Photo: Christoffer Rutström).

- p. 193 Mansoor Hosseini (Photo: H. Hashemi-Pour).
- p. 194 Henrik Olsson (Photo: Karina Gytte).
- p. 195 Felipe Amorim (Photo: Icaro Moreno).
- p. 196 Marina Nazareth (Photo: Marina Cyrino, 2015).

# Svensk Sammanfattning

Transversal: genomkorsad, berörd av många, trans-vers-sådd.

Transversalitet: följ metamorfosen,  
och låt mig följa dig.

(*ordinnerstförråd*, okänd sida)

Utan tvekan är det så: tänkandet stör mig, för innan jag  
började tänka så visste jag mycket väl vad jag visste.<sup>1</sup>

— Clarice Lispector

## I. Inledning: En Oförklarlig Hunger.

En tvärflöjtist (*transverse flutist*) som skriver om transversalitet. Är det eller är det inte ett skämt? En traversflöjt, genomkorsad av bergets malm, som läggs tvärs över flöjtistens kropp som tvärs över papper som genomfars av döda träd, traverserar en text om musik och transversalitet, medan musikerns levande kropp traverseras av ett ord som har traverserats av *Poetens hantverk*.<sup>2</sup>

En flöjt-kropp korsar en kropp-flöjtist, ett pulserande genomfarande: *metamorfos*. Elias Canetti genomsyrade ordet *metamorfos* med en enskild uppmaning: *var en gåva*. Den enskildheten genomfor min musiker-kropp, genomfor bilden av flöjtisten-i-mig, genomfor bilden av mig-själv-i-flöjten. Sådde en skörhet, väckte en smak för en särskild praktik, ett skapande-genom-sammanblandning som också genomfor den tvärflöjts-kropp som kommer med mig. En samexperimentell smakpalett som redan fanns inuti men återhållen, som förlamad av en

1  
Lispector, Clarice.  
*Aprendendo a Viver*.  
Rio de Janeiro:  
Rocco. 2004. s. 73.  
Författarens egen  
översättning. “Não  
há dúvida: pensar me  
irrita, pois antes de  
começar a pensar eu  
sabia muito bem o que  
eu sabia.”

2  
Se “The Craft of the  
Poet”, en essä av Elias  
Canetti. I *Das Gewissen  
der Worte: Essays*.  
München and Wien:  
Hanser. 1975.

uråldrig fråga som här kan kallas: *frågan om den specialiserade fragmentiseringen*. Ordet *metamorfos* gav kropps-fönstret ett mod att flyga och det flög upp genom ett experimenterande som förmådde bära upp förfråmligandets tid. Det jag lägger fram i följande avhandling: gnistor i tillblivelsen, genomkorsande röster, rastlöshet, praktik/övning.

I utövandet av metamorfosen föreställde jag mig en sammanblandning – *mixarts* – som metod för ett konstnärligt undersökande. En röra. En mix, inte en *remix*. Jag skulle blanda rollerna: interpretation, improvisation, komposition. Jag skulle blanda rummen: konsertsal, konstgalleri, underjordisk cistern, bakgård, berg. Jag skulle blanda "mitt" med "ditt" genom samskapande. Jag skulle blanda flöjten med flaskor, med slangar, med ballonger, med lampor, med video, med växter, med aluminiumfolie. Jag skulle blanda partitur med teckningar, med trädgårdar, med änglar. Jag skulle blanda mig själv med det främmande. Jag skulle blanda min kropp med en kropp-flöjt tills den blev en flöjtist-kropp-flöjt. En blandning inuti flöjtist-kropp-flöjt-relationen.

Sammanblandningen som metod växte fram ur min växande oro över att vara *en expert på att vara ett excerpt av mig själv*. Oförmögen att kombinera olika praktiker som fanns samtidigt inom mig, nästan isolerade, sökte jag ett sätt att avskärma mig från ett visst flöjtist-varande, en inre bild som hittills har väglett min praktik. Men blandningen skedde inte slumpartat: *den vägledades av möten*. Framför allt var det en blandning av att lyssna och att rikta rösten mot en annan människa, som skulle bära ett kaos och bära ansvar för kaoset. Möten som metod och struktur.

Hur utövas *icke-mål*? Hur kan relationen mellan den kropp som är musikerns och den kropp som är musikinstrumentets, förstås som ett rum för utövandet av *icke-mål*? Hur öppnas ett

rum inuti, ett mellanrum, ett rum: kom in! Då insidan också är flöjten-inuti?

Arbetet med blandning-som-undersökande började, försiktigt, som en öppning gentemot musiker och konstnärer i min närhet; det var avgörande för min forskning att börja med konstnärer-grannar och deras praktiker. Över tid hoppas jag att det kan ge mig luft till längre flygturer, mot andra kunnanden, *andra* smakförnimmelser.

Begreppet expertis är central i de frågeställningar som musiker möter idag: Om 1900-talet ifrågasatte begreppet virtuositet, antingen genom att med kraft förneka konstnärens kunnande, eller genom att förneka konsten själv, eller genom att mångfaldiga ett slags virtuositeter anpassade till allt mer specialiserade kontexter, så fortsätter isärhållandet av roller att vidmakthålla en norm inom musikens institutioner – även om vissa excentriker tillåts blanda musik med andra konstformer. Inom andra konstnärliga fält har däremot den gränsöverskridande blandformen blivit till en grundläggande praktik.

Den närmast totala exklusiviteten som styr högskolornas standardisering av den musikaliska praktiken hör hemma i en europeisk konservatoriemodell, på en global skala. Jean Charles François<sup>3</sup> pekar på den destabilisering som konservatorier och högskolor genomgår för närvarande, och som orsakas av ett fantasmagoriskt hot att det "klassiska" europeiska muskarvet ska försvinna, med ett slags utbredd amatörism som följd. Denna rädsla befäster ett motto av att upprätthålla excellens, av disciplinär och disciplinerad praktik, av virtuositet som avvisar allt som inte direkt överensstämmer med en systematisk, intensiv och odiskutabel utövandeform, påtvingad som "tradition", vilket förhindrar en öppning mot en mångfald av marginella och experimentella praktiker.

3  
François, Jean-Charles. *Dialogues de Surdoués d'Entendement*. Ej utgiven. 2005. s. 4.

4  
En situation av stagnation och tröghet som den beskrivs av sociologen Howard Becker in "The Power of Inertia". I Benjamin Boretz, Mary Lee Roberts, Tildy Bayar and Dorota Czerner (eds.) I *The Open Space Magazine* Nr 5, New York: Red Hook. 2003. s. 49–55.

5  
François, Jean-Charles. *Dialogues de Surdoués d'Entendement*. Ej utgiven. 2005. s. 10.

6  
Wesseling, Janneke. "Of Sponge, Stone and the Intertwinement with Here and Now. A Methodology of Artistic Research". *Artistic Research Does*. Vol. 2. Porto: NEA/izADS Research Group in Arts Education, Research Institute in Art, Design and Society and FBAUP Universidade do Porto. 2016. s. 4.

7  
Ibid., s.24.

De musiker – och det finns många – som av en eller annan anledning inte arbetar inom vad sociologerna kallar "systempaketet",<sup>4</sup> har svårt att få tillträde till musikområdets institutioner för högre utbildning. François<sup>5</sup> genomlyser ett dilemma: antingen får de acceptera reglerna, som på djupet kommer att påverka förutsättningarna för deras praktik, eller så får de välja att stå utanför institutionerna, eller skapa sina egna, enskilda, institutioner i ytterkanten av de officiella karriärvägarna. Och vad har den konstnärliga forskningen, som blivit till inom de standardbärande institutionerna, att säga? Här befinner jag mig ju, trots allt, inuti den musikaliska akademien, i färd med att föreslå ett slags bland(a)-mig-andra-konstform som en metod för konstnärlig forskning. Om jag undviker välpolerade definitioner, så framhåller däremot Janneke Wesseling konstnärlig forskning som "konstnärens kritiska och teoretiskt positionerade reflektion över sin praktik och över omvärlden, genom konst och skriftlig text."<sup>6</sup>

Kraven ökar på konstnärliga forskare att skapa, producera och leverera konkreta konstnärliga resultat, så att de kan visa på nyttan och värdet av sina produkter. Enligt Wesseling är detta oförenligt med den konstnärliga forskningens öppna, spekulativa och kritisk-reflektiva natur. Hon menar att vi därför ska undvika begreppet "kunskapsproduktion" när det gäller konstnärlig forskning, då det hör till en neoliberal jargong, tillsammans med begrepp som innovation, tillämpningsbarhet och värdesättning.<sup>7</sup>

Akademisk forskning har börjat att ta in forskning som levs och tänks *genom* musik och inte bara den som tänks *om* musik. Men det är fortfarande långt kvar till decentraliseringen av det färdiga konstverkets logik (liksom de stora Efternamnens hegemoni) och till att ge utrymme åt de former av förmedling som föregår eller följer verket, eller alla de olika former av praktik som inte gör anspråk på att vara ett konstverk i ordets

moderna betydelse, namn utan bländande briljans, kropparmusiker som varken gör anspråk på eller dukar under för stjärnstatusen. Det är fortfarande långt kvar till att musikerns röst får det akademiska skrivandet att tappa tonen, till att den smittar skriften, i vild glädje, med mässande sång, andetag, dregel och grymtningar.

Om jag kastar mig, om än försiktigt, ut i okända praktiker (eller glimtar av dem), är det för att jag insisterar på att glömma eller *göra olärt* ett visst sätt att vara flöjtist. Jag föreslår ett flöjtist-varande som styrs av passion. Men vilken passion? Såpopera-passion? Grekisk passion? Imperialistisk passion? Brasiliansk passion? Passion är också passage, *trans-versering*. Jag testar: *passion hemsökt av det/den andra*. Annan-konst, annan-människa, annan-insekt, annan-klangfärg, annat-instrument, annat-i, annat-omkring, annat-avlägset. Och det blir alltid svårt. Det finns frön av farliga utopier i att låtsas kunna bli till vem som helst och till alla, den mest naiva, den mest nedvärderade, den mest ignorerade. Så fort jag börjar översätta det/den ena till det/den andra, kan jag vara på väg att fångsla detta/denna andra som jag kämpar för att frigöra. Ändå följer jag metamorfosens passion, denna mystiska tillfartsväg.

Mina val av forskningspartner kom av att jag hos dem såg och kände igen en blandad praktik. De väckte en hunger i mig, en beundran. Jag började utan specifika mål, eller med *icke-mål*. Jag sa: jag erbjuder dig min tid, kan du ge mig din, låt oss skapa något tillsammans, smitta varandra? Till min glädje och förmån sa de ja till min inbjudan, processer som tillät pulserande samverkan i transformation under fyra år av forskning. Samskapandet blev till en kollektiv övning i att ha *icke-mål* som praktik.

Med tiden tog metoden form som en dubbel rörelse, lite som att spela tvärflöjt, en von Kármán-virvel.<sup>8</sup> Först en rörelse mot

8

Luftströmmen i en flöjt som spelas får formen av en Von Kármáns virvelgata. Till exempel i: De la Cuadra, Patricio. *The Sound of Oscillating Air Jets: Physics, Modeling, and Simulation in flute-like instruments*. PhD dissertation. Stanford University. 2005.



en annan: en rörelse av att skapa tillsammans genom att smitta varandra, baserat i en bland-praktik. Sedan en fokusförflyttning tillbaka till flöjtist-kropp-flöjt-relationen, men med det/den andras levande närvaro inom sig: en rörelse av dechiffring, av att minnas. De olika rörelserna i de många projekten överlappar varandra, men i enskilda kvaliteter eller nyanser av metamorfos i flöjt-kropp-flöjtist-relationen är det möjligt att se deras särart; i kontexten av denna doktorsavhandlingen översätts metamorfosens rörelser till skrivna essäer och ljud-/videoessäer.

Blandningen har inte som mål att skapa en ny disciplin, en fusion, ett upplösande av gränser, eller konst som ger sken av en fulländad konstform. Den är inte längtan efter att bli till en holistisk, integrerad, mångsysslade, hyper-uttänjd, härskare över en ny kunglig kunskap. Tvärtom söker jag sammanblandning, en blandning-genom-transformation. Inifrån det omöjliga, att utöva och gestalta alla roller i överflödet av specialiserade praktiker, skapar jag ett rum-i-transformation där det är möjligt att lyssna, genom en jag-andra-blandning – förstelnade rum inuti mig själv och i min omgivning, med ett särskilt fokus på flöjtist-kropp-flöjt-relationen. Blandningen genom metamorfos gör det möjligt att avvika från den enväldiga-flöjtist-bilden i mig, och öppnar ett rum där jag kan lyssna på kreativa musikaliska ytterkanter och ytterligheter. Ett rum där man kan lyssna till rädslan för att bli o-lärd, att förlora. Metamorfosen besmittar kroppen, kräver sin egen transformationstid. Kokonger vävda av tystnad, platser-former som spirar från kroppen, från ett rum inuti som lyssnar till en annan-het som också lyssnar till mig, en-annan-insida, varken min eller din, besmittar flöjtist-kropp-flöjt-relationen och får de hårda kärnorna som bedövar och förstelar fantasin att vibrera som ett trumskinn.

Blandningen genom samskapande och icke-målsättning gör så

att den tid av instabilitet och skörhet som är kärnan i ett kreativt liv dras ut, förlängs. För att samskapandet ska blomstra, och inte vissna i en våldsamt och tom ensidig utrotning behövs en tillit, ett famlande, ett ömsesidigt lyssnande under omvandling. Praktiken rör vid en hård kärna som kväver de konstnärliga praktikerna: avtrubningen av vår skörhet gentemot den andra som en levande närvaro.

Blandningen ska inte förstås som ett oavbrutet flöde, genom vilket vi skulle komma nära att stödja kapitalismens flödande appropriering av livsformernas anpassningsbarhet, dess hunger efter flexibel subjektivitet, dess hunger efter skapandets kraft i experimentell frihet. Och det blir alltid svårt. Boyan Manchev<sup>9</sup> visar på approprieringen och globaliseringen av de alternativa existensmodeller som blivit möjliga inom olika scenkonstpraktiker under de senaste decennierna. Besattheten av ordet *performance* pekar mot en förment obegränsad transformation, som ska konsumeras genom standardiserade former av (icke-)liv, i vilka kroppens frihetsutrymme har reducerats till ett slags marknadsförd sex appeal. Han frågar: riskerar scenkonsten att bli idealmodellen för den perverterade kapitalismen?

Suely Rolnik genomlyser det öde som drabbat den flexibla och processuella subjektiviteten (den som startades av motkulturella rörelser under 1960- och 70-talen) som genomskär oss i nuet: uppfinnandet av uttrycksformer styrs inte av att man uppmärksammar känslor som signalerar den andres existens inuti vår resonanta kropp, utan av en nästan "hypnotisk igenkänning i den världsbild som torgförs genom reklamen och masskulturen".<sup>10</sup> Hon påminner oss om att skapande/kreativitet också kan vara resultatet av en vägran att lyssna på kaoset och effekterna av annanhet i våra kroppar. Ett sorts skapande genom konsumtion av prefabricerade bilderföreställningar som snabbt kan reproducera en igenkännlig

9  
Manchev, Boyan  
et al. "La Danse, la  
Métamorphose du  
Corps". *Rue Descartes*.  
Vol. 2. Nr. 64. 2009. pp.  
96-103 (pp.100-101).

10  
Rolnik, Suely. "The  
Geopolitics of  
Pimping". trans. Brian  
Holmes. *Transversal*.  
Vol.10. 2006. s. 3.  
[http://eipcp.net/  
transversal/1106/rolnik/  
en](http://eipcp.net/transversal/1106/rolnik/en) (Tillgängliggjord  
2019-29-01).

11

Rolnik, Suely.  
"Avoiding False  
Problems: Politics of  
the Fluid, Hybrid,  
and Flexible". trans.  
Rodrigo Nunes.  
*E-flux*. Nr. 25. 2011. s.  
5. <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/25/67892/avoiding-false-problems-politics-of-the-fluid-hybrid-and-flexible/>  
(Tillgängliggjord  
2019-29-01).

konstdomän. Produkten blir "en aerobisk subjektivitet med en a-kritisk plasticitet" som motsvarar den rörlighet som dagens kapitalism kräver.<sup>11</sup>

Varför hålla fast vid flöjtist-kropp-flöjten? I min forskning försöker jag transformera flöjtist-kropp-flöjt-relationen till en tyngd. *Jag, en börda för flöjten*. I detta perspektiv blir flöjt-flöjtist-relationen till en trasslig förbindelse: den moderna konsertflöjten genomkorsad av industrialiseringen och saluförandet av instrumentet genomkorsat av standardiseringen av musikutövandet på en global skala genomkorsad av imperialistiskt företagande genomkorsat av koloniseringen av Brasilien genomkorsad av musiken i Brasilien genomkorsad av kapitalismens självkonsumerande hunger efter flexibla subjektiviteter genomkorsad av min kropp genomkorsad av en traversflöjt och av en oförklarlig hunger. Hur översätts detta intrikata i de öden och missöden som erfars av en flöjtist-kropp-flöjt i transformation? Hur transformeras inte enbart vanor och tankar, utan också fantasins och skapandets vilja?

Är det musiker-forskarens uppgift att på nytt bekräfta praktikens och processens fundamentala roll, hantverket i klangerna, i *klannangerna*, en kropps-instrumentets kunskap som vägleds av en oförklarlig hunger?

Hunger är en lustig företeelse, den triggas olika affekter när den omvandlas till en form för att vägleda möten. Den förgrenas:

12

Se "Manifesto  
Antropófago" by  
Oswald de Andrade  
(1976). De Andrade,  
Oswald. "Cannibalist  
manifesto". *Third Text*.  
Vol 13. Nr. 46. 1999. s.  
92-95.

Antingen genom att *hylla* antropofagin, som när Brasiliens modernistiska avant-garde återopade *Tupinambá*-folkets sedvänjor och transponerade den antropofaga ritualen till kulturens domäner,<sup>12</sup> eller genom begreppet "antropofagisk subjektivitet" som Suely Rolnik föreslår som en etisk formel för den oundvikliga annanheten i jaget.<sup>13</sup>

Antingen genom en *exotifiering* av begreppet antropofagi transponerat till kulturens domäner, men där den antropofaga ritualens komplexitet förminskas till en glamorös kannibalistisk akt, ett glupskt sväljande som förstummar den oförutsägbara tillblivelsen av andra i kroppens minne.

Antingen genom *antropofagin i Vita uppfattningar om antropofagi*, transponerat till kulturens domäner, vilket pekar på den intrikata kulturella approprieringen av *Tupinambá*-folkets sedvänjor.<sup>14</sup>

Antingen genom *rädslan* för att sluka: förtärandet som en möjlig kränkning av den andres annanhet, ätandet som "en process av partiell införlivning såväl som uteslutning: att transformera och utstöta det oönskade".<sup>15</sup>

Antingen genom *rädslan* för att sluka den andras annanhet, så att den andra produceras och fragmentiseras av densamma rädslan.

Och en sak kan ha passerat obemärkt förbi i all denna hunger: det *oförklarliga*. Den har, genom sin oförklarlighet, inte ett specifikt objekt, ett mål som ska slukas. Den begär inte mättnad. Den är en vägvisare. Ansvar kan då framträda som en förmåga till gensvar i varje tänkbart möte. Kaos-mitt-kaos-annan. En ansvars-förmåga som bemöter hungern "på ett sådant sätt att *den som redan är assimilerad fortfarande kan överraska*, fortfarande kan röra sig bortom mötet som namnger henne, och håller henne på plats".<sup>16</sup>

Det är upp till den enskilda konstnären att skapa sin egen forskning-(an)svar-förmåga, vägledd av frågan om vad som kallar oss i nuet, som skapande och tänkande varelser.

Skulle en unik puls i ordet *metamorfos* kunna rättfärdiga hur det

13  
Se Rolnik, Suely. *Cartografia Sentimental: Transformações Contemporâneas do Desejo*. Porto Alegre: Sulina - UFRGS. 2016. Rolnik, Suely. "Anthropophagic Subjectivity". trans. Michael Reade, Erika Benincasa, Alfred MacAdam and Nadine. I *Arte Contemporânea Brasileira: Um e/entre Outros*. São Paulo: Fundação Bienal de São Paulo. 1998.

14  
Som i den visuella konstnären Denilson Baniwas arbete. <http://denilsonbaniwa.com.br/portfolio-pinterest/> (Tillgängliggjord 2019-29-01).

15  
Ahmed, Sara. *Strange Encounters: Embodied Others in Post-Coloniality*. London: Routledge. 2000. s. 139.

16  
Ibid., s. 152.

enträget söker sig till ett gammalt fenomen, ett fenomen med många namn, som jag här skulle kunna kalla: annangörandets gåva? Metamorfosen gör anspråk på kroppen och får den att genljuda av andra. Men vad är den kapabel till, kroppen-somvet, varelse-köttet, kropp-instrumentet? Är det en kropp? En kropp av allt/alla?

## II. Möten som Metod och Struktur.

### 1. Noctuidae Noctuoidea

*Noctuidae Noctuoidea* är en inbjudan till förmörkelse, där jag experimenterar med flöjt-kropp-flöjtist-relationen genom relationen mellan ljus och skugga som ett ämne för skapande. Jag frågar: Hur kan ljud o-fördunkla den komplexa företeelse som seendet utgör inom ramen för en "ljuskultur"? Hur rör sig ljuset inuti en musikers öra? Jag lyssnar till en rädsla för mörkret som blandats ihop med västerländska musikpraktiker, med ljus tekniker.

17

*Soproluz*: Sammansatt av två portugisiska ord. *Sopro*: utandning; *Luz*: ljus; ungefär BlåsLjud.

Temat ljus-ljud-mörker var inte utvalt på förhand, som ett undersökningskoncept a priori. Det kom ur en dubbel rörelse. Först, en rörelse som tog form som *Soproluz*,<sup>17</sup> ett samskapande med Jorge Alcaide (Chile/Sverige). En gestaltning-i-transformation, skapad och framförd inuti *Kulturtemplet*, en underjordisk cistern men också en kulturinstitution som Jorge leder, genom att lyssna på den specifika platsen. Sedan en annan rörelse, som tog form som *Land Without Fireflies* (2016), ett solostycke för flöjt och ljudobjekt, där jag sökte återberätta och kondensera erfarenheterna från *Soproluz* i en bärbar, stadig, solitär form. Ett återvändande till flöjt-kropp-flöjtist-relationen, som nu bar den andres levande närvaro: Jorge-Kulturtemplet-*Soproluz*. *Noctuidae Noctuoidea* är en inbjudan till att förmörka

våra sinnen. Det är en polyrytm av nattinsekter. En önskan om nattlig tystnad, om o-fördunkelse.

## 2. Is she?

*Is She?* utgår ifrån ett återgivande av processen med att beställa, komponera och framföra Mansoor Hosseini's *Cass...andra* (2015), ett soloverk för flöjt skapat genom kollaboration. Genom att diskutera de koreograferade, sceniska, utommusikaliska elementen i stycket i relation till hur dessa komponenter skapar spänning inom etablerade genrer och medier, söker jag sätt att kringgå standardiserade former av flöjtspelande; standardiserade former för att lyssna till en flöjtist på scenen; och standardiserade former av att höra en flöjtist i en akademisk kontext.

Genom att frambesvärja den mytiska figuren Cassandra och följa hennes transformationer genom århundraden av västerländsk konst liksom hennes transformationer genom min kropp-flöjtist, söker jag också sätt att undvika exotifieringen av Cassandra som den galna häxan, den kvinnliga främlingen. Cassandra fortlever i mig, andas, och genom mina andetag knyter jag henne till konstruktionen och dekonstruktionen av röstlösa former för kunskap i relation till flöjtforskningen. Genom att väva ihop konstnärlig forskning och konstnärlig praktik med ett personligt narrativ, sammanflätar jag Cassandra och *Cass...andra* med flöjtens sång, med akademisk forskning, för att kunna återta den auditiva dimensionen av Cassandras gåva.

### 3. An Aeroelastic Flutter

An Aeroelastic Flutter spinner kring olika namn: *Is She?* eller *which weeps weeps the witch which weeps each witch which weeps* eller *That's a Likely Story*. Det är en rörelse mot att dechifrera, att minnas ett samskapande: *Casss...andra* (2015), ett soloverk för flöjt komponerat i samverkan med Mansoor Hosseini (Sverige/Iran). Ur *Casss...andra* kom mitt sökande efter sätt att komma undan exotifieringen av den mytiska figuren Cassandra som den galna häxan, den kvinnliga främlingen. Hur möjliggörs talet inifrån exotifieringen av förhäxande flöjter, förhäxande sierskor, förhäxande kvinnliga kroppar? Som ett möjligt svar spinner *An Aeroelastic Flutter* kring den tragiska kvinnliga rösten, söker vägar att kringgå/ta en omväg om/dribbla förbi den kvinnliga kroppen som plats för fördömande och bestraffning. Jag spinner ett collage av röster runt en specifik fågel som heter: *Urutau, Månens Moder*. Jag spinner runt de berättelser och den ljud(ande) fantasin som omger fågeln, låter min röst genljuda av hennes fördömda sång, för att inkludera och sätta på spel mitt eget lyssnande och min kropp-musiker för att stärka den kvinnliga kroppen genom dess ljudande-politiska potential.

### 4. Inside-Out Pastoral

*Inside-Out Pastoral* svänger fram ur ett samskapande med bildkonstnären Marina Nazareth (Brasilien). Det är en essä tänkt och skriven i kurvor, för att kunna kröka mitt eget tänkande. *Inside-Out Pastoral* rör sig genom den moderna flöjtistens subjektivitet och hennes band till den pastorala formen, likväl som ett fallocentriskt bildspråk. Det är ett försök att av-pastörisera det pastorala-i-mig. Essän skär igenom följande (sam-)skapande: *Os Cantos de Nectaire, Nectaire's Garden, Flaccid*

*Flutes, My Inside-Out Pastoral, Ironying.* Den minns hur den mytiska Syrinx röst tystades, minns det våld som återutövas mot en kvinnas kropp vid varje reaktivering av en pastoral som suddar ut hennes röst. Mer än så behöver inte yttras i dessa raka rader, bara en inbjudan till svängande läsande fantiserande.

## 5. Check Out My W/hole(s)

Check Out My W/hole(s) binder ihop ett första möte med ett sista, ett utsnitt jag gjorde i tiden, det tidsutsnitt som är en doktorandutbildning. De två mötena binds ihop av den transformation som såväl flöjtens som flöjtistens kroppsöppningar genomgår, liksom av ett återförande av bilden av undersökningen/examinationen till en akademisk kontext.

Ett första möte, ett samskapande tillsammans med Felipe Amorim (Brasilien), tog form som *Música das Palavras - The Music of Words* (2014), en komposition för två elektroakustiska flöjter i vilken det akustiska flöjtspelet mixas med elektroakustisk ljudbehandling, ljudspatialisering och videoprojektioner. *The Music of Words* utforskar de subtila transformationerna av luftströmmarna inuti flöjtens rör och inuti flöjtistens munhåla, skapar en konstant kaleidoskopisk rörelse av luftljud som formas av tonlösa konsonanter, vokaler och klusila ljud. Det leder till en transformation av utrymmet inuti flöjten och inuti flöjtistens mun; från ett intimt, ömtåligt, enskilt rum till en uppjagad, högljudd folkmassa.

Ett sista möte, ett samskapande tillsammans med Liis Ring (Estland/Sverige), tog form som *Check Out My W/hole(s)* (2018), en komposition förstärkt flöjt och ljuskällor, samt videoprojektioner; men också en bildserie bestående av fotografiska negativ, där flöjten har transformerats



till en hålkamera i experiment med olika ljuskällor och exponeringstider. *Check Out My Whole(s)* är ett samtal som äger rum genom förstärkningen av mikro ljud och mikrobilder, som leker med hierarkierna i våra perceptionsvanor. Vad kan musiker tillföra olika ljus tekniker? Flöjtspelet som handling blandas med handlingen i att släppa in eller släppa ut ljuset. Att leka med hål(rum) och helheter: från en frambesvärjelse av frånvaro, till en möjlig öppning mot differentiering.

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