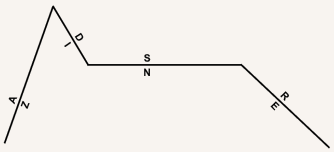
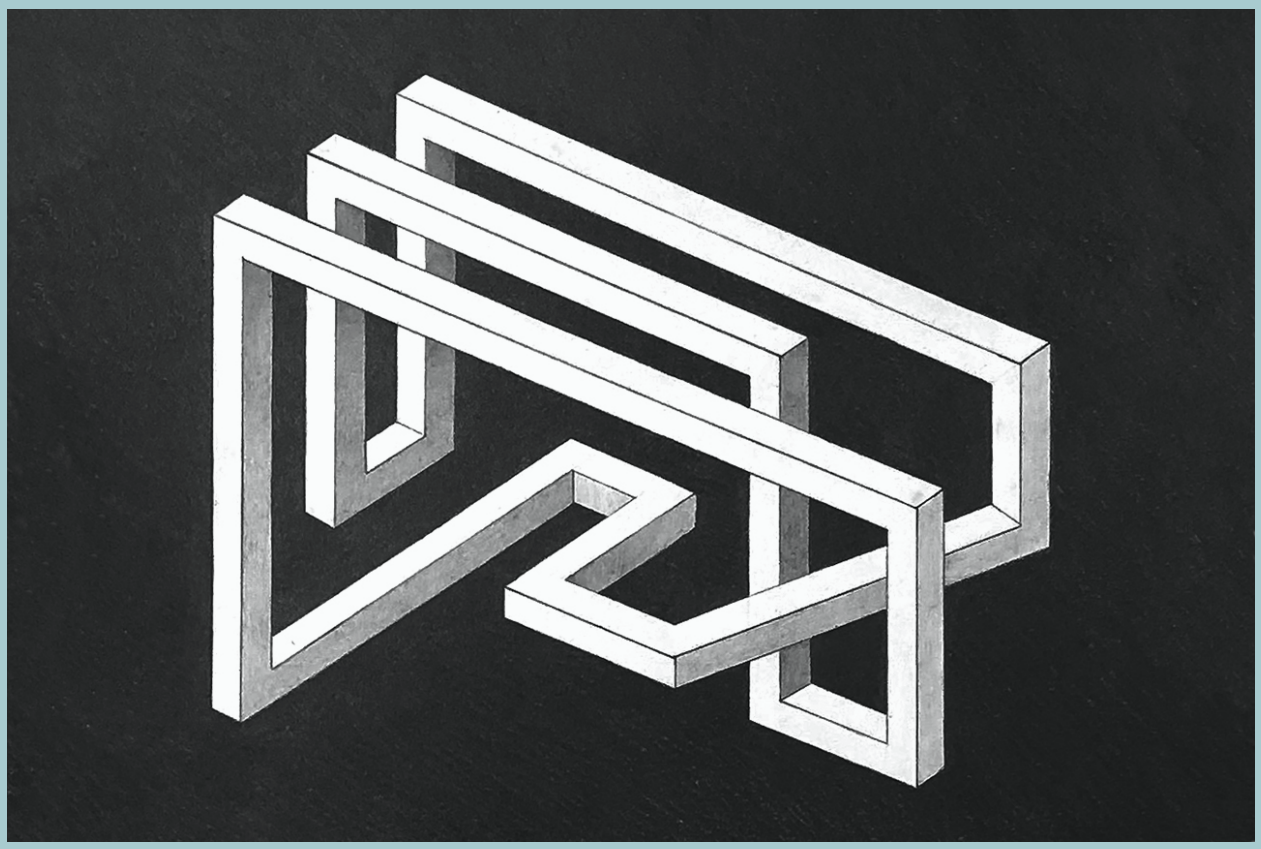


ADSR Zine
007



CONTENTS

007.1 ATTACK

007.1.1 Immediacy / Inopportune 3

007.1.2 Rapid Practice: On the ‘applied conference’ development process of PLATFORM / Eugene Ward 5

007.1.3 At-tuning In: some thoughts on working with livestream and soundscapes / Jesse Budel 7

007.2 DECAY-SUSTAIN

007.2.1 Four questions I need to ask Solange / Yvonne C Lam 10

007.2.2 Speaking Alone / Liam Mulligan 11

007.2.3 another other / Vincent Giles 12

007.2.4 Harsh and intricate and right in front of you / Cynthia Troup 12

007.2.5 a moment in time / Sebastian Kerrison 13

007.2.6 Crypt / Sonya Holowell 14

007.3 RELEASE

007.3.1 Partial objects coal-black / Vsevolod Vlaskine 15

007.3.2 Small Signs / Elia Bosshard 21

IMMEDIACY

INOPPORTUNE, comprising Nick Snowball and Marcus Jackson, was conceived as an experimental duo, focussed on performing sound-based works. We have been active since the beginning of 2018. We see our mission as creating and curating concert experiences, with a particular emphasis on the latter: curation. We would like, here, to briefly discuss our approach to concert curation, as something of a setting down and a call to extrapolation of our primary working concepts.

We were born out of a feeling of necessity for a concert programme that drew a connection between worlds that were, to our experience, relatively separate in cultural happening. While our education was largely based in contemporary music—New Music—we also felt a particular affinity to the seemingly underground performance art practices going on in Wellington, New Zealand at the time. Performance art did not figure highly in our musical education, rather, it came strongly from the fine art tradition within the city, as we saw it. However, we were aware of forebearers[1] in our compositional lineage who indeed drew heavily on relational aesthetics, while also being aware of the developments of the New Discipline, further afield.[2] In particular, we recognised a need for deep consideration of the 'concert' as a concept that comprised more than the assemblage of works, but rather a highly curated, deciduous, and fully realised experience. The 'concert'—a trope of Western art music—carries with it a certain conceptual weight, a series of rules and regulations that define behaviours, expectations, and formal (though often unspoken) rubrics against which the experience might be measured. Here was an idea that we felt both at home with, and yet deeply uncertain about. We talked amongst ourselves at length about wanting concerts that eschewed these traditional values in favour of a particular sense of interconnectedness between the works resulting in a more conceptually holistic concert experience. The 'concert', as it was understood, became musical material, and thus conceptual material, more broadly.

This aforementioned interconnectedness between works brings about a higher-level emergent quality. This emergent quality presents something that could be experienced as a whole, rather than as individual, programmatic works. The relation here is such that the works remain to be individual, working components of the greater whole, with the whole forming itself based on the relations between the individual components, to borrow language from assemblage theory.[3] When pushed further, we arrive at a point where the emergent quality of the works presents itself from the beginning of the experience—a realised, readily-accessible concept. This is an immediacy of concept, something that is apparent and felt from the moment an audience steps inside a performance space, taking hold until the end of the experience.

[1] In New Zealand, in particular, we might look to the work of John Cousins, Samuel Holloway, Celeste Oram, and Eve de Castro-Robinson, to name a few.
[2] Jennifer Walshe, "The New Discipline Manifesto," Borealis Festival, 2016, http://www.borealisfestival.no/2016/the-new-discipline/.
[3] Manuel DeLanda, "Assemblages and Human History," in *Assemblage Theory* (Edinburgh University Press, 2016).

Our first foray into this conception of the 'concert' came in our presentation of two new works, as part of the Performance Art Week Aotearoa in November 2018.[4] The two works, *X:NNN* by Nick, and *expectation of a sensory event is enough to induce ownership over a fake hand* by Marcus were presented in an evening-length concert. For this, the audience members were held outside until the beginning of the show. Inside the performance venue, the lighting was nigh-on non-existent, being only enough to allow the audience members to find their seating. We were chained to each other at the front of the space, blindfolded and grasping each other's forearms. As the concert began, a dim light came on behind us, only just enough to bathe us in red wash. We performed the works, and in performing the works in this way, facilitated a considered, curated experience. As soon as the audience entered the space, they were part of the work, essentially as blind as we were to each other on stage. It was important to us that the works be experienced as a whole—one complete, curated evening that actively engaged the audience, as opposed to the traditional, passive formats of the concert trope: sit down, listen, applaud.

Another concert in this format was *Sweet Nothings,* performed on Valentine's Day, 2019. For this, we decorated Marcus' bedroom in the cliché trappings of modern romanticism—rose-scents, rose-lighting, curtains closed. The audience was invited into the room, where they experienced the concert. The work listing emphasised private experiences. Andy Ingamells' work *Solo*, for performer with slide whistle and audiovisual electronics, Carolyn Chen's *Pears,* Wan-Chien Cheng's *dida*, Heather Frasch's *The sounds of objects help me remember…*, and *Fapping Music (After Steve Reich)* and *2:IUI*, two speculative pieces by Marcus and Nick respectively. At various points throughout the evening, rose water was spritzed around the audience. The concert was thus more than the collection of individual works, but again, a holistic experience.

We are interested in how this notion of the 'concert' might be further extrapolated, and so, we have begun work on a 24-hour concert. This concert sets out to explore the ways in which time might be stretched as far as to have physical effects on the performers and audience members alike.

INOPPORTUNE
Marcus Jackson and Nick Snowball

[4] Performance Art Week Aotearoa, "Saturday Night Gallery — Performance Art Week Aotearoa," 2018, https://performanceartweekaotearoa.com/saturday-night-gallery/.

Rapid practice: On the ‘applied conference’ development process of PLATFORM **Eugene Ward**

Allocating theory or analysis on to De Quincey Co.’s PLATFORM performance series feels awkward, maybe even antithetical. It comes together fast and is guided by an open attitude and extended hand to performers and artists from across disciplines: come and do what you do; present a sample of your practice as it stands at this point in time. It isn’t something that is really necessary to intellectualise. Yet there is a great deal I would like to share and reflect upon regarding the impact that my involvement in these three shows (as well as some satellite projects) has had on the development of my work.

If there is a guiding principle or system that I’d comfortably claim to be a defining or conceptual driver of this annual group show—made up of discrete, yet linear and seamlessly flowing programmed performances that build into a whole—it would be that of openings and opportunities.

In its original run PLATFORM was held 5 times during 2010–2012 at FraserStudios, the ‘meanwhile use’ set of warehouses provided for arts studios and exhibitions for four years (2008–2012) during the development of Central Park in Chippendale. Sadly De Quincey Co and BodyWeather practice were still flying under my radar at that time (this was right in the midst of my late-teenage pivot from an interest in improvisation to electronic music production). I became involved in PLATFORM’s second iteration four years later, which began in October 2016 with a one-night performance at the KXT theatre space on level two of the Kings Cross Hotel. Following that year, PLATFORM then settled into a groove with a new fixed ‘home’ and has been staged since 2017 at Articulate Project Space on Parramatta Road (generally around the middle of the year in June or July and with two performances of the program, on Saturday and Sunday).

It comes down to one week. While there may be preliminary meet-ups earlier in the year between participants for a tour of the space and general introductions, and this may then be followed up by email discussion of ideas, it is the week in the lead-up to the performance weekend where so much of the collaborative development occurs. Outside of this, of course, the individual work being presented by a performer is likely something that has been forming over a longer period of time. However, in terms of the sound collaboration and especially in terms of the relational weaving of the sequence of works, it is the lead-up rehearsal week where this is realised.

One piece of preliminary work is to—from a brief or even just a title and germ of an idea—nominate the potential sound and performer pairings (though these certainly can change once hearing things in the space in the rehearsal week). In 2016 I worked with musicians Shota Mastumura, Laurence Williams and Terumi Narushima. Terumi was specifically working with Linda Luke but the rest of the sound pairings were completely open for exploration and the final sequence moved between combinations and solos made up of Shota, Laurence and myself. In 2017 and 2019 I worked with Marcus Whale (in 2018 Marcus led the sound curation and worked with Jacques Emery); 2017 saw a similar flow of Marcus/Eugene and solo alternations while in 2019 we were joined by Jim Denley and Amanda Stewart, who both in addition to presenting their own planned works, also provided improvisatory elements at other collaborative moments.

At the beginning of the rehearsal week, I make some sketches built around a particular theme or mood, or more ‘raw material’ examples of textures or field recordings and send previews over email. The two files I have linked at the end of this article are examples of each of these types of development sketches: a live recording of an improvisational palette offered for Christie Woodhouse’s work *Sky Under Which We Live* during development of PLATFORM 2017[i] and a single element ‘material’ sketch called ‘Grains,’ shown to multiple artists during development of PLATFORM 2016 and ultimately used as the improvisatory palette for Kirsten Packham’s *Vignettes for a Blue Chair.*[ii] The preview sketch files then open an exchange: early feedback and thoughts on direction are discussed, which might range from expansion to correction to assurance. The sound work in progress is a rough software template with some handwritten notes: ‘Semi-composed’ or a set of general blueprints for structured improvisations. Having reached an appropriate general tone through email discussion, it is then in the rehearsal week that the collaboration is tested in real time and space and many things can change at that point: pace, length, layers, perhaps even an additional sound performer or the complete switch to a pairing with a different musician.

Hopefully this begins to convey something about the unique process of PLATFORM. It happens much faster than a lab or typical development and yet at the same time, the crucial overarching elements—dramaturgy, lighting, sequencing and tech logistics—are all being formulated in great detail during that week in parallel to the rehearsals of the individual works. As someone who has done so much solitary at- home composition work it has been profound to be present in this process and take in so many different artistic perspectives on the micro-level, while also learning so much in terms of dramaturgical principles on the macro-level under the swift, meticulous—and always open—guidance of Tess de Quincey (As well as co-curators Martin del Amo in 2019, Linda Luke in 2017 and Victoria Hunt in 2016).

There was a time when I was younger when I looked at improvisation and live sound design as something very separate from songwriting and DJ’ing. There is no doubt that my involvement with PLATFORM—and other performances that stemmed out from it—has since crafted a fundamental understanding in my thoughts around music and sound practice. This hinges on two, perhaps obvious, but for me revelatory notes on creative influence: the influence impact of a collaborator (or simply witnessed colleague artist) that stretches far beyond the project or even medium itself, and the realisation that any piece of work is incomplete until it is performed to an audience (or, even if thought to be complete, it will change and by necessity, more will be added to it in this act).

As I struggle to neologise what PLATFORM is—‘applied conference’ is just one of my current takes on it—I’ll conclude with a superior encapsulation from Jill Sykes’ review of PLATFORM 2018, which is that ‘ideas flow from unusual space.’

[i] Sketch For Christie (PLATFORM 2017)
https://soundcloud.com/eugeneward-au/sketch-for-christie-platform

[ii] Grains (PLATFORM 2016)
https://soundcloud.com/eugeneward-au/grains-platform-2016

At-tuning In: some thoughts on working with livestream soundscapes

by Dr Jesse Budel

For some time, my creative practice has dwelt in ecological sound art, an umbrella field describing practices that are:

> '[engaged] with contemporary environmental issues such as biodiversity loss, sustainability and climate change through their work, forming a growing movement of environmentally concerned sound art' (Gilmurray 2017, 32).

For me, this practice is site-specific, typically involving a process of background research, field engagement with place and community, preparation and organisation of materials, and presentation of outcomes, which aim at a resonative rendering of place and ecosystem through sound.

Some works are morphologically static; that is, they aim at sonically-reproducible outcomes and are of fixed duration. Others convey a more dynamic morphology, utilising ecological contexts to inform the development of macromorphological algorithms which organise micromorphological content, or directly employ fluid sources of content (i.e. audio and/or data livestreams). This latter category is of primary interest to me.

One work where I have explored this is *Featherstone Place* (2018), a 24-7 installation for Featherstone Place in Adelaide's CBD. The work featured several distinct modules, each of which comprised sound samples (taken from day-long field recordings in situ and correlated by sound source, i.e. air conditioners, footsteps) controlled by contextually-informed algorithms - specific sounds would come and go as appropriate to the time of day. For processing, local Bureau of Meteorology (BOM) data such as temperature, air pressure, humidity and wind direction were used as data inputs for various parameters associated with convolution reverb, granular delay, resonance filters and surround panning.

A more recent work, *Strata* (2019), uses livestreams from three microphones situated at the Naracoorte Caves in South Australia at subterranean, ground level and tree canopy levels. These live-streams are sent first to Locus Sonus (a global open microphone network hosted by French cultural institutions), and then are streamed to a counterpart vertical speaker array (ground level, mezzanine and roof) in the Sir Robert Helpmann Theatre courtyard. Again, BOM data is used for live mixing and basic processing, driving filters and reverb. The result of this is an evolving realtime comparison of several soundscape strata of an ecosystem.

Famously, John Cage aspired to remove the composer from the compositional process, 'imitating nature in her manner of operation' (Cage 1990), a perspective that may be assumed in working with live streams or real-time data sources. I wish to avoid such a claim. One must recognise that interpreting and describing an ecosystem through data collation, manipulation and algorithmic derivation implies creative activity, or in a Baradian reading, a nexus of agential cuts whose result (the creative product) is a discursive reading of its source materials (Barad 2007).

In working with live-streams, where content is beyond the immediate control, a responsibility (or rather, ability to respond) to sculpting these materials is necessitated, knowing that one's choices of transductive media, effect processing or site of production will all leave their traces on the outcome. For ecological sound art, which derives its content and contexts from the materiality of an ecosystem, one must sensitively consider the impacts of these decisions to ensure that these relationships are not obscured but foregrounded. In this way, the ecological sound artist becomes a conduit of and an advocate for the behaviours and processes of an environment.

Sources:

Barad, K 2007, *Meeting the universe halfway: quantum physics and the entanglement of matter and meaning*, Duke University Press, Durham.

Budel, J 2018, *Featherstone Place,* <https://www.jesse-budel.com/featherstoneplace>.

Budel, J 2019, *Strata,* <https://www.jesse-budel.com/strata>.

Cage, J 1990, *John Cage: an autobiographical statement*, <http://johncage.org/autobiographical_statement.html>.

Gilmurray, J 2017, 'Ecological Sound Art: Steps towards a new field', *Organised Sound*, vol. 22, no. 1, pp. 32-41.

The following work comprises responses to ADSR Zine's recent callout:

"We're inviting anyone and everyone to submit short written responses to Australian artistic work they have experienced- recently or ever."

Four questions I need to ask Solange / Yvonne C Lam

A reflection on Solange's live show *Witness!,* Sydney Festival, Sydney Opera House, 30 January 2020.

Speaking Alone / Liam Mulligan

On Lewis Mosley's *Speaking Alone* for two saxophones and four amplifiers.

another other / Vincent Giles

Harsh and intricate and right in front of you / Cynthia Troup

On a work in the exhibition *John Wolseley – Heartlands and Headwaters*,

April–September 2015, National Gallery of Victoria, Federation Square, Melbourne.

a moment in time / Sebastian Kerrison

for once, i was looking back. and it felt as though i was looking ahead.

Crypt / Sonya Holowell

Experiencing The Song Company's concert *Cries of Justice,* in the Crypt of St Mary's Cathedral.

I can't be a singular expression of myself, there's too many parts, too many spaces, too many manifestations, too many lines, too many curves, too many troubles, too many journeys, too many mountains, too many rivers, so many. - from* Can I Hold the Mic (Interlude)*, from Solange's fourth studio album When I Get Home.

1.

Why was the drummer ensconced in a hollowed-out rectangle in the white staircase set-piece? Boy that looked uncomfortable. Lonely too. Had he been naughty boy? Did he double-dip his chip in the green-room hummus? Let's also mention the stage manager had to help him out of his cubby hole long after the rest of the band had exited stage right, when the house lights were up, and the audience was shuffling into the aisles. By god that was undignified.

2.

Speaking of uncomfortable, **could someone please give the string section some moves?** The rest of the band had slick, strident, athletic moves in that hieroglyphic style for which Solange's live shows are known. For one or two songs, their sheet music for the violinist and cellist must have read, "Tacet, but sway awkwardly while the rest of the band looks cool around you."

3.

What was with *Bridge-s?* The interdisciplinary work by Solange, by all accounts, looked like quite the spectacle at its 2019 premiere at Los Angeles' Getty Museum. But here's the rub – it combined dancers, brass players, orange costumes, an outdoor space. Confined to the four corners of the Opera House stage, with the choreographic and spatial elements of the original work removed, it was a weird honking mess.

(And it feels like a cheap shot to criticise the sound quality at the notoriously fiendish Opera House, but here goes. It was like listening in through the L headphone of my primary-school friend's Discman. Fine to do on the 412 bus to Campsie; not so great when you've forked out a $100+ for the experience at Sydney's premier music venue.)

4.

Why could I not overcome the gnawing sense of musical undernourishment? *Witness!* leant on Solange's latest album *When I Get Home,* by and large a series of musical vignettes strung together

gorgeously with spoken-word samples by self-styled healer Goddess Lula Belle and the poems of Vivian Ayers and Pat Parker. The album had flow, it had movement, it had momentum. It had hope, healing and home-coming at its core. It was a tonic to its predecessor *A Seat at the Table*, an urgent, angry and frustrated record of what it's like to be a black woman in modern America. Perhaps in a live context, rage becomes a shortcut to high-tempo energy – it's what made Solange's 2018 live show *Orion's Rise* during Vivid so spellbinding. *Witness!* was a quieter contemplative work, yes, but in that cavernous space the performance needed to envelope the audience with a sense of bigness and grounded-ness. Less is more, but it needed more to achieve the less.

A big concept I have explored in my artistic practice as of late is the non-auditory aspects of music. That is, how a musical work can explore other sensory inputs, such as touch and sight, and how they complement the sounds which they accompany. This is why Mosley's work continues to intrigue me since I was introduced to it four years ago. He explores music, installation and sound as a tactile sensation through volume and theatrical presentation, and *Speaking Alone* is no exception. With four amplifiers outlining the stage connected by live microphones in a feedback loop, the two saxophonists explored the area, playing into different microphones and contributing to the continuously growing wall of noise. The work continued to grow and develop until the audience was enveloped in a cathartic force of feedback that shook the room. This work is best experienced with both feet firmly on the ground, allowing the sound to vibrate through your whole body.

mAselli. corpse the

to the very productioN

that cOmical

and righT.

wHat is

possiblE both visually

coRpse at the

tO

meaT

rigHt

rarE

foR

At a trowel's length short of three metres, it's wider than your average farm gate, or the dripline of any young tree. On first encounter in a gallery space, it could be an elaborate graphic score, say, for percussion ensemble. But if you know the country, even a little, there's no need for musicians. You can hear it, straightaway, both harsh and intricate: this walking into human vandalism, land's vitality, endurance of human, animal, forest kinds. John Wolseley, *History of the Whipstick Forest with ephemeral swamps and gold bearing reefs* (2011), National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.* You can hear the quartz grains and gravel underfoot. You can hear the scratchings of charcoal and pencil, as well as high cicadas pulsing, honeyeaters, a rattle of branches, winged ants and dragonflies ... heat trapped in bark- and leaf-litter. Listen for colour washes stroking the paper, then soaking below a soft horizon line, from light to dark in the space

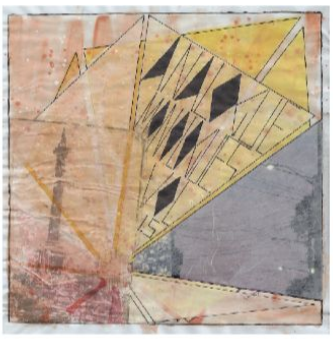
of a breath. Yes, with its scant layer of shrubs, and scattered, open trees, mainly Green Mallee, Grey Box and Yellow Gum, woodland like this can feel quiet, nowadays. You're following a dusty track, a scar, a scent of – no, never just one scent or sound, texture or story. In the shifting linework there's also a geological map, maybe a Department of Mines map from the 1920s or earlier, showing reefs, shafts, soils and gullies. Look again for the delicate hatching of a hand-drawn map. And cursive writing, too, clustered in petals that add to the impression of a hyper-magnified, cellular landscape where the space between things is most alive, thrumming in counterpoint to visible marks and signs. 'There once were fences', reads an inscription. For the sudden luminosity of water pooling, for mottling moss and lichen: stains of cobalt chromite blue (perhaps). For the sands, wild wattle, and smears of old scats; for the gleam of mineral wealth, and the still-bare tailings: light yellow ochre (perhaps). Plus a few specks of iron oxide straight from the ground. You sense bright red, though. Not just if you think of the Red Ironbarks nearby, leaking their deep ruby sap. There's the blood in the artist's walking, listening, markmaking body – and in patient memories of those shimmering swamps, as the land, these days, becomes drier and drier, and you notice the new fire ecology right in front of you.

one decade passed so fast, i almost didn't even notice. only by thinking about a topic to write about for this short submission it fell like scales from my eyes: time is seemingly endless but passes in a glimpse of an eye nonetheless. boom. what actually happened yesteryear? well, i just so happened to live and work in sydney and surrounding areas for one full year during twenty ten. and with it came the discovery of an incredibly prolific alternative music scene, which became a well of inspiration lasting to this very day and covering so many angles and facets of what i consider intriguing that i am now wondering why i ever voluntarily left this wonderful town again. during this one single year i have probably seen more shows of art and music than in all other years of my life combined. and i possibly could have seen twice as many if i would have been gifted with the formidable ability to split myself in half. i am not though. but that didn't seem to make an inch of a difference when it came to exploring the desire for relentless self-expression and independence on display by all protagonists involved, which in itself appeared to be a bigger force than much else on this tiny planet adrift in the vast spheres of the universe. except for love, of course. love for sounds; love for creative probing; love for articulating; love for simply being; and surely, love for one another. we are going full circle. but what about

this australian work of art i wanted to talk about now? you might wonder. well, isn't the combined output of a vastly diverse and lively art and music scene a body of art in itself? i ask.

what i encountered at this specific moment in time may as well now be a distant memory for some but i am gladly looking back to it every once in a while, and salute each and every one who was an active part of it. together you moved mountains.....

[there was just so much, i am having trouble to make the above remarks a little less abstract. although, special mention should go to everything The Now Now ever arranged, now and back then. everything which ever happened at Serial Space. and, of course, to Monica, Laura, Aemon whilst naming just a very few]



- The pieces and the voices
- A selection of fine communion wines.
- Long, languid, languishing
- Major keys still provoke my tears.
- What unites
- rituals of dark and light? Transportation (up or down).
-
- Is this the true dissonance?
-
- The stone speaks. Red marble speaks.
- We are gathered here today.
- Pointed at the centre-point, the heart. We've been directed here.
- Voices from out of sight. The gone ones. To disappear is to be made to disappear
- Don't forget.
-
- Is the composer a priest? Conductor or slave
- co co co
- co
- co
-
- co-conscious with you
- against control
- Where is the dissonance found?
-
- What am I breathing?
-
- Vibrato
- abrasive, a conduit to your pain.
- Rotations, new formations, ever fresh.
- I transmuted in the Britten.
-
- How do you taper off? Is it over?
- In the spaces between, the silence tells us.
-
- Yes, louder, flood me.
- I need your unison to bring me back.
- Consolationem.
-
- "Pfss" the attack before the tone.
- The stacking of the stone.
- What is the resonance that still tries to speak?
-
- Everyone in the circle still always individual
- As the gone ones who remain
-
- Piecing shattered stories back
- together like fine mosaic pathways

Partial objects coal-black

[On the days with no bushfire smoke,] Australian crisp air renders strange visual quality to the local undiffused sunshine. Like nowhere else, at noon, everything is an infinitely intricate mix of light and deep shadows down to the crystalline grains of sand and sandstone upon which much of Australian land is formed. This is what Margaret Preston greys might be, I think: saturated with brightness and darkness at the same time. Each eucalyptus leaf, each particle of sandstone or urban concrete lives through the sharply delineated phases from dawn till sunset, naturally overlooked and utterly insignificant.

Why decide to capture those quanta of black and bright, rather than let them be in their lucid obscurity, why proliferate worthless visuality of worthless things? The medium for it would be the still photography, of course, after it has almost completely depreciated thanks to the cheap imaging technology and the mass market of everything free, immediately circulated, consumed, disposed, and forgotten.

I feel there is something in common between photography and what Soetsu Yanagi wrote almost a century ago about the Japanese handicrafts (mingei), emphasising their mundane utility and low price as some of their defining features:

The mass production and day-to-day use of those common objects bypassed any intentional aesthetic appreciation. Yanagi insisted that manual manufacturing of everyday clothes and utensils would be mostly mechanical at the personal level. Their look and lifecycle would instead be conditioned by their natural qualities embedded in the making and use process.

The appreciation of mingei ware Yanagi promoted would come through collection and selection. In his words, by the nature of their repetitive production, it barely would be possible to find any ugly mingei object. Thus, I think, the purpose of selection would not be choosing the best but the process of appreciation, which, he insisted, would be instantaneous and intuitive (the latter is strange, of course, since any act of perception, being immediate in a way, would nevertheless require a highly cultivated eye or hand meeting a highly cultivated object). Yanagi argued against any added circulation value like deliberate extra decoration or the imposition of the author's seal and signature. Perception of mingei ware is non-representational: it happens at the level of material, production, and use with the eye following the relations of mass, texture, patterns, tension lines, or bodily utility terms like ‘grip’.

The photographing of Australian light cast upon vast landscapes and their most minute detail in a way takes one step beyond cheap mass-produced mingei objects: the digital

photographs are not just cheap, they are free to take and distribute; they are not just mass-produced, it is hyper-production mostly without intention to create market value. I would like to talk about photographs of water, which I have been taking for a while: The water surface preserves all the qualities of the light, but does not possess or capture the images it produces, since the reflections last a fraction of a second. They are even more transient and disposable and allow even less control in the process of collecting them, making it mechanical, similar to the production methods described by Yanagi, since little is left to the photographer's agency apart from the basic settings and framing: the water movement comes in series and does not have any development, none of the moments is decisive. Selection makes up for it, but in Yanagi's way: it is not meant to discard ugly and pick pretty, but simply to pick articulated and characteristic.

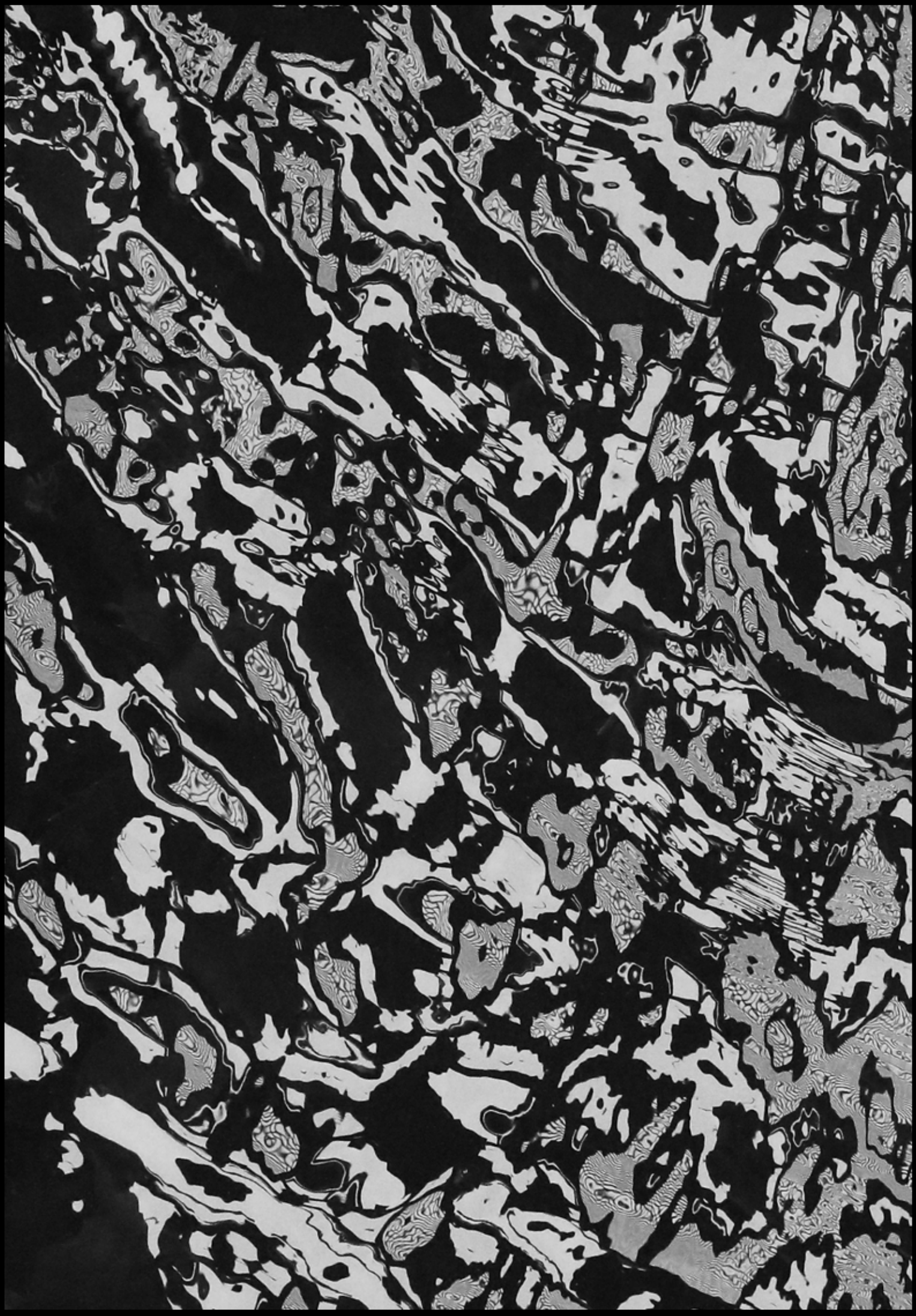
The question still remains though why take non-representational photographs, when the country has cornered itself into a war-like situation and when, perhaps, anyone not taking an activist stand becomes reactionary or irrelevant. Choosing the course where action is not a part of the method comes under suspicion and is at least viewed as: "why did you stay idle, when you could have helped (by donating, or volunteering, if not a taking political stance)?"

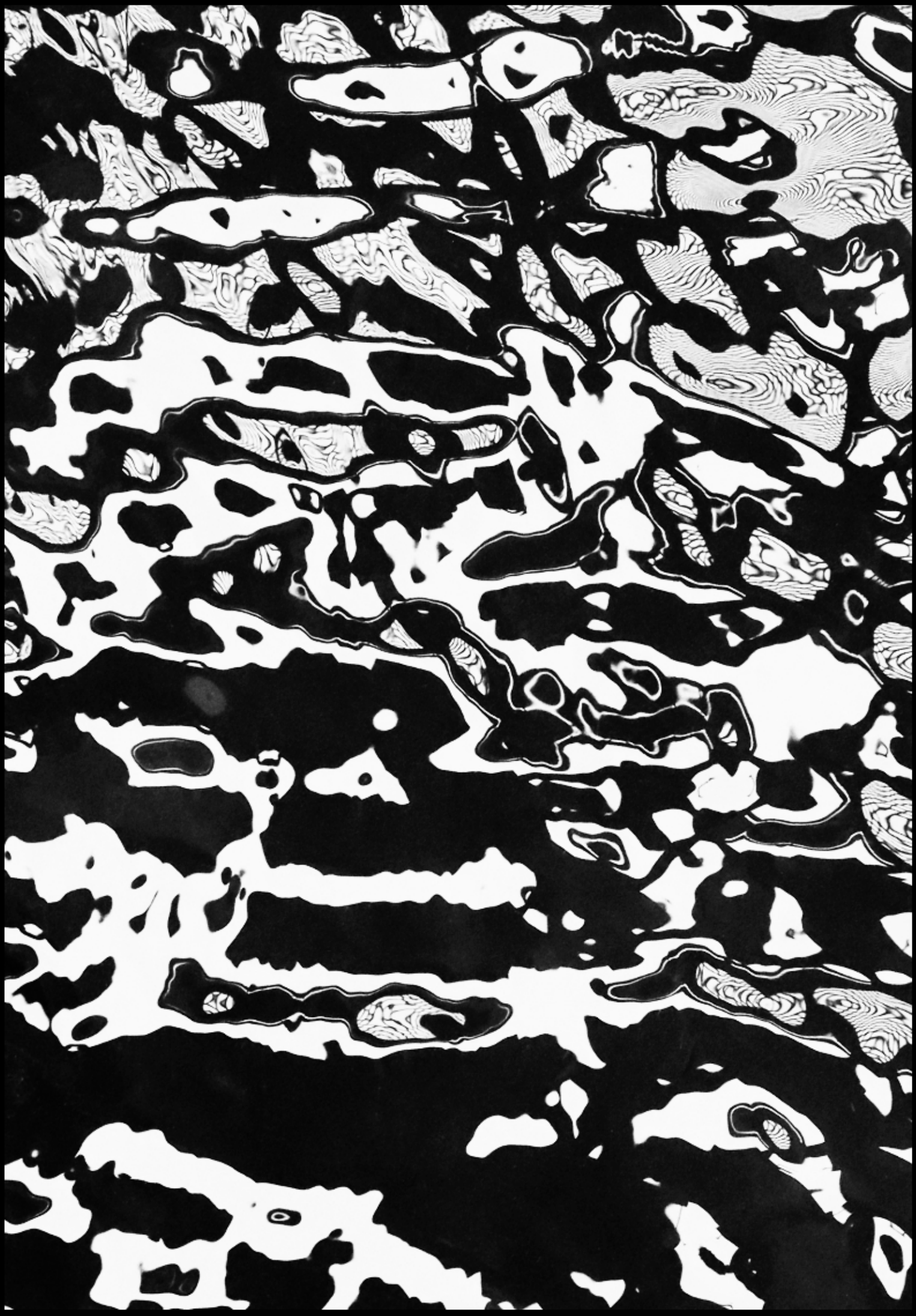
It is hard to argue against that. Photography, if it is the right thing to do at all at the times like these, may need rather to document the fight and suffering. What I also see, though, is that the ultimate catastrophe of the drought slowly suffocating the land and the raging hell of bush fires are strangely intermixed with the hordes of tourists (including those under evacuation orders). The country is at war (with nature) and at the same time it's full of holiday travellers, who easily become collateral, but not all of them seem to mind. It used to be a two-speed macro-economy. Now, switching gears between catastrophe of fire, smoke, heat, hail, dust storm and fine weather (whatever that means these days), beach, air-conditioned office, or a party is instant and happens daily. New Year fireworks still go ahead in the cities, and general oblivion reigns on the beach. And then back to the terror of bushfires in a commercial break until one decides to switch the channel, or donate, or both. I do not think it is just the Australian public that is emotionally and intellectually numbed or sedated by the media and politicians. It is a fine-grain mix, the infinite crossing of micro-frontiers and fault lines in all modalities that is so common to Australia, which currently is accelerating deeper into a social bipolar disorder (or new order). The formal visual patterns starkly exposed by the Australian light may train one's mind to discern similar structures, which are likely to be conditioned: in landscape, in society, in politics - by the remnants or rather genetics of the same frontier physics and mentality.

And eventually, the symbolism arrives, an afterthought rather than the root cause: the photographs of the series *partial objects coal-black* capture shattered and reconstituted swarms of black objects on the face of the water, coal-black tainting the pliable and submissive waves, water as a prerequisite for us to have any hope at all.

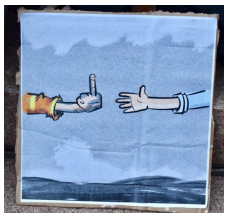
The images were taken at the Coal Loader, Balls Head, NSW.

Sydney, January 2020





Small Signs



IF WE BURN
YOU BURN
WITH US!

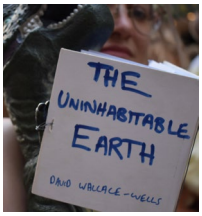
USE
LESS
PAPER.

Don't Make
Earth like Mars

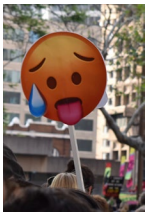
Solar

AUS IS
CHOKIN

WINTER ISN'T
COMING

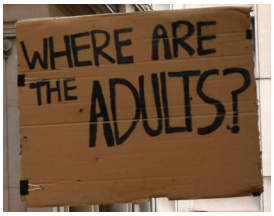

THE
UNINHABITABLE
EARTH
DAVID WALLACE-WELLS

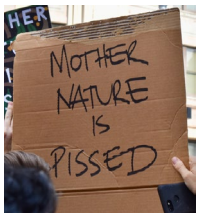
OUR BEDS
ARE
BURNING

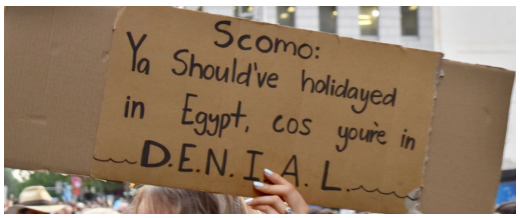


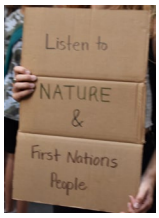
WE
HELP

Cardboard Boxes







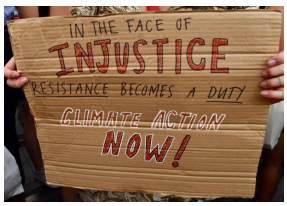

Listen to
NATURE
&
First Nations
People

THIS PLANET
CAN NOT SUPPORT
THIS YTEM

LOOKING FOR
LEADERSHIP on
CLIMATE CHANGE

HELP ME

F%#K
FIGHT IT
WE WANT OUR
PLANET BACK


IN THE FACE OF
INJUSTICE
RESISTANCE BECOMES A DUTY
CLIMATE ACTION
NOW!

BRING
DOWN
SCOTT
MORRISON

WELCOME
To The
ROARING
20's

WE WONT BE QUIET
WE WANT
CHANGE

SCOMO
CHANGE
NOT
CLIMATE
CHANGE

W.W.G.D?
(what would Greta do?)

I LIVE A SUNBURNT
COUNTRY, A LAND OF
SWEEPING PLAINS

HMMM
THIS
IS
BAD

ALL PAMIC
NO DISCO!

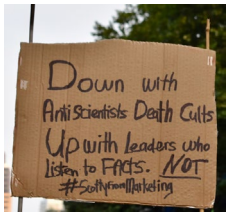
COULD HE
CARE ANY
LESS?

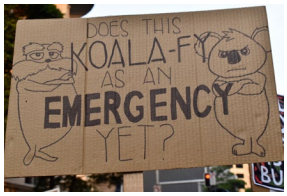
NO INTELLIGENT
SPECIES
WOULD DESTROY
THEIR ONLY
HOME & PLANET

DON'T
LET
BLINKY
DOWN!

SHIT'S
FUCKED

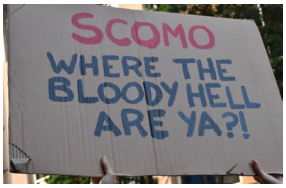
HELP SAVE
OUR
PLANET!


Down with
Anti Scientists Death Cults
Up with Leaders who
listen to FACTS. NOT
#ScottyfromMarketing


DOES THIS
KOALA-FY
AS AN
EMERGENCY
YET?

WELCOME TO
THE BIG
SMOKE

Shakas
for
climate
action


SCOMO
WHERE THE
BLOODY HELL
ARE YA?!

HOW DARE
YOU!

IT'S
TIME!

CARE
MORE!
ISNT

ITS
NOT
THAT
HOT
"YOU SHOULD SEE
HAWAII"

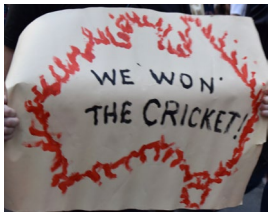
WIPE
URANUS
NOT
EARTH

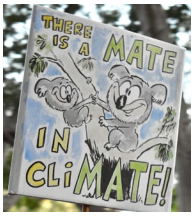
CLIMATE
ACTION
NOW

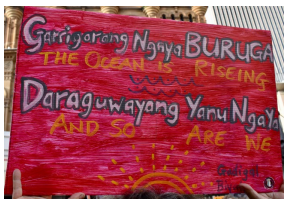
DON'T BELIEVE IN
CLIMATE CHANGE?
IT'D BE COOLER
IF YOU DID...

I
WAS
A
QUIET
AUSTRALIAN

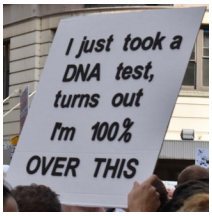
Drawing & Painting



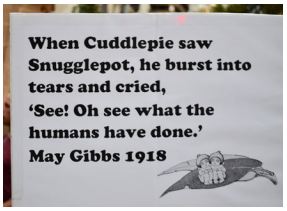


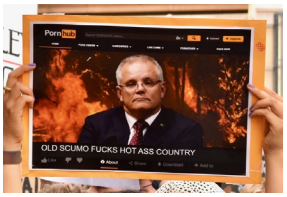


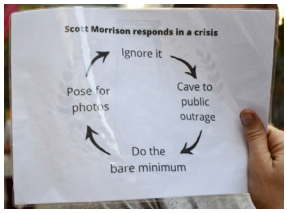
Assorted Materials

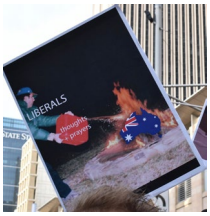


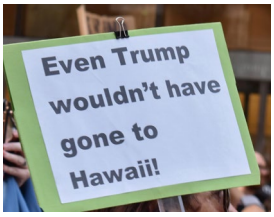
Printed Signs



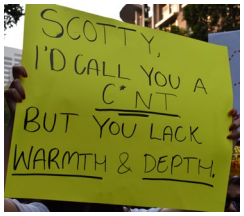


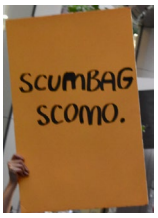


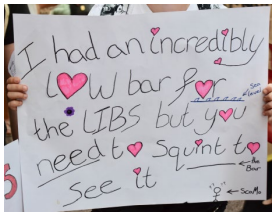


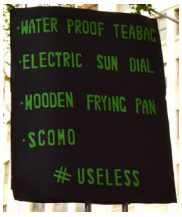


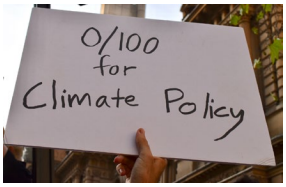
Handwriting

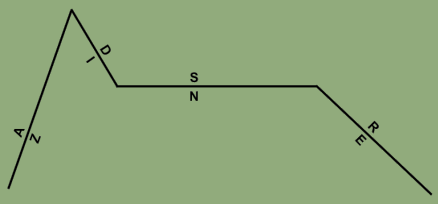












ADSR Zine

[attack, decay, sustain, release]

ADSR Zine is an online platform established in November 2018 by Elia Bosshard, James Hazel and Sonya Holowell. It is a bi-monthly publication that features writing from contributors who are, or who work with contemporary practising artists. We value the process of reflection, translation, interpretation, critical response and active engagement with Australian art and performance.

We believe that the artist is not only an expert in their field, but offers an important voice beyond the scope of their primary discipline. Artists are welcomed to move beyond this scope to embrace naivety, presenting the sweep, the details, or a combination of both.

As a magazine with a strong interdisciplinary focus, the online format allows for the delivery of written, sonic and visual resources to present, support and facilitate discourse between practising artists.

WHAT WE DO

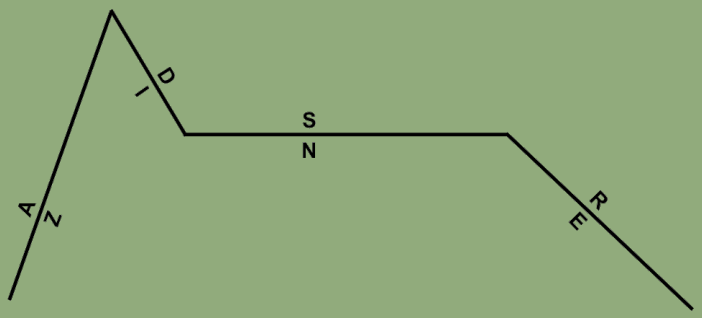
ADSR Zine offers a 3-part conceptual scaffold that is designed to evoke experimental and non-formalist approaches to responsive writing and media within a contemporary arts and performance context.

OUR POINT OF DEPARTURE

ADSR Zine is a platform for discourse that encourages experimental approaches to discussing visual, performative and sound art. Functioning from an ‘art begets art’ premise, we offer contributors significant creative license.
We are influenced by the wave of 70’s and 80’s experimental music and art publications (NMA, Sounds Australia) which were platforms for creative and innovative solutions to writing and conceptualising experimental work.

TEAM

Editors = James Hazel, Sonya Holowell, Elia Bosshard
Website design = Elia Bosshard
Cover Art = Nadia Odlum


A
Z
D
I
S
N
R
E