

ACT 2: INSTRUMENTATURE

MAY 12 - 17, 2015

WORKSHOP

PUBLIC LECTURE

EXHIBITION:

RAGNHILD MAY (DK)

KRISTOFFER RAASTED (DK)

PERFORMANCE:

ANN-KATHRIN QUEDNAU

GREGORY BÜTTNER

UMULIGT INSTRUMENT

Ragnhild May (b. 1986, Denmark) is working with sound and instruments as materials. Her works can be described as strange instruments or performative sculptures. She has recently showed her works at ACTS2014 at Museet for Samtidskunst in Roskilde (DK), LAK Festival for Nordisk Lydkunst (DK) in 2013, Overgaden in Copenhagen (DK) in and at Klangmanifeste in Vienna (AT).
www.ragnhildmay.org

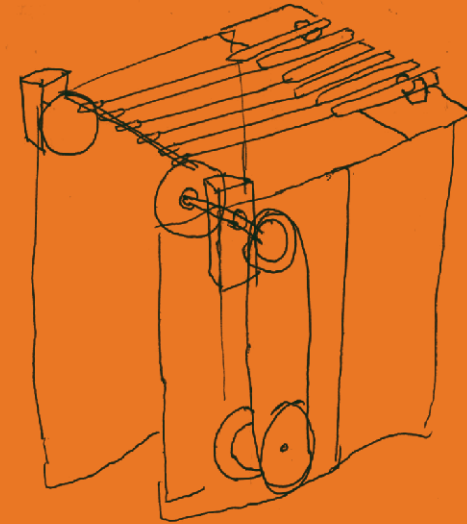
Kristoffer Raasted (b. 1985, Denmark) primarily works with performance art, sound art. He also works with drawing and painting. Kristoffer Raasted is a poet, a church singer and percussionist. He has a very versatile approach to art. In his recent solo exhibition in the art space HCØ in Copenhagen he exhibited five hatch drawings made with closed eyes while listening to music.

Gregory Büttner (b. Germany) plays electroacoustic music using different external speakers, the sounds from the speakers are modulated by various resonating objects placed on and interacting with the speakers. Gregory Büttner lives and works as a musician and artist in Hamburg. Since 2000 his main focus has been sound art and electroacoustic composition. He has performed at several festivals and concerts in Europe and China and composed music for dance and performance, radio, video and sound installations. In 2004 he launched his label 1000füssler which releases experimental music in small editions. He plays regularly in a duo with Birgit Ulher and "Stark Bewölkt Quartett" with Michael Maierhof, Heiner Metzger and Birgit Ulher. He also collaborated with Rhodri Davies, Ofer Bymel, Stefan Funck, the artist Anja Winterhalter, Stefanie Becker, Magdalena Sadziak and other musicians.

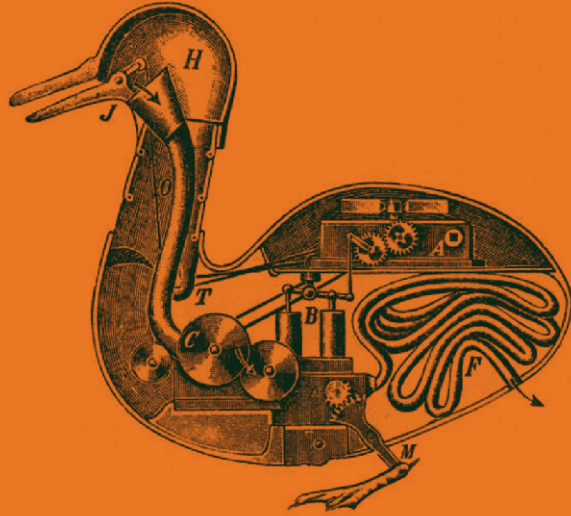
His music has been released by Firework Edition Records, Anthropometrics / Aufabwegen, Herbal, Creative Sources, Hideous Replica, Obs*, Grünrekorder, Compost and Height.
www.gregorybuettnr.de

Ann-Kathrin Quednau (b. 1985, in Essen Germany) works as a voice performer and artist in Hamburg. She has received her Master from the Performance Studies Master Programme at the University of Hamburg and is a trained classical singer. She works with her voice as an instrument within the fields of improvised music and performance, among others using glottic sounds. She is researching on and experimenting with the relationship between movement and sound e.g. in her works Re:STIMME (2012, Kampnagel), Chronic Hiccup (2014, K3 – Choreographisches Zentrum | Tanzplan Hamburg). Additionally she is part of the Megaphone Choir, which made the forced eviction of the Esso-Häuser in Hamburg visible and audible through choreographed sound performances.

Louise Vind Nielsen (b. 1984, Denmark) sound-, radio and performance artist based in Hamburg. Curator and conductor of Radikal Unsichtbar. Niensens artistic practice is characterized by critical research and a diverse artistic production often in collaboration with international artists. She initiated the collective radio project "The Temporary Radio for Fresh Air and a World With Less Walls" in Kunsthal Aarhus, Denmark 2013, since 2010 she is performing as "Umuligt Instrument". Composer and performer at Theater Bremen 2014-15. Louise Vind Nielsen studied fine arts at HfbK Hochschule für bildende Künste by Prof. Michaela Melián from 2011-12 and received her Diploma in Fine Arts from The Jutland Academy of Arts in Aarhus, Denmark in 2013. louisevindnielsen.net



A tale of animals



Original text by Ragnhild May from the book "Domesticering" (DJK, 2014)
Translated by Louise Vind Nielsen

*Puzzling reality transformed into obsolete trivialities, or rather: Arts in relation to society etc.
A symbolic interpretation, using historical stereotypes or other things.*



1) THE ANGER

This tale is the story of an animal, which by nature never had the need for expressing itself, neither through writing nor speech, since it expressed itself through a drone, which it somehow was able to create somewhere in its body and was thereby superior to the art of speaking. The cat exclusively enjoyed and used other aesthetic languages than that of the literary, and in general it was kind of annoyed about text, which it considered to be dogmatic, an aesthetic genre belonging to dictators, religious leaders and politicians. The cat expressed itself abstractly and made a virtue of avoiding language. It also didn't have a political agenda, but was of the opinion that it should let other people do the work and stay out of that kind of business. It didn't have a paid job and was solely living off being an artist. Civilizations of past times used to worship the cat, but as with so many other things nobody was able to see the genius of the cat anymore.

The cat was an introvert artist, and did whatever it wanted to do. The kind of people, that used to recognize the divineness of the cat would now see it as nothing but a nice domestic accessory. It didn't confront this fact since it felt anxious about conflicts. The nature of the cat was to stay away from the fire. The cat was not a collective minded animal and was never working in groups since it considered every kind of social contact to be nothing but useless profane communication. Bourgeois new-age fanatics were convinced that they could understand the cat. The cat was always adapting itself enough to be left alone. Just like the king. But the cat was angry, the cat had feelings which it didn't know how to express, and it was frustrated, it felt like it was a victim to, what evil tongues would call; mind fucks and mental games. And exactly this anger resulted in the beginning of the story, which took place in cyberspace, as the cat was reading a couple of sentences, which sounded something like this:

*"CULTIVATED" INTELLIGENZ ARISTOCRATIC
IMPRESSION
COMICBOOK KANDINSKY MUSIC OF TOURISM
TELEVISION'S
JOYCE
MODERN CULTURES OF THE HOLIDAYS INDUSTRIAL
WASTE MATERIAL
THE MASS CULTURE AS
ANESTHETIA*



THE WHOLE MENDACIOUS CULTURE

CULTURAL BULL-SHIT

*"KITSCH" THE COMMERCIAL CHARACTER OF THE MASS CULTURE
AND APPEAL*

TO THE CONSUMER SOCIETY

*MADE IN HIGH TECH DEZIGN AND GLOWING
AESTHETIC PRETENTIOUSNESS*

NEW FORMS OF MATERIALITY

NEW FORMS IN THE MATERIA

*LITERARY DOGMAS MANIATED TALENTS BANAL CONVENTION
THEORY COMPLEXES UTILIZED AS OBJECTS OF IDENTITY AND
BRANDING STRATEGIES*

Over and over the cat read the message that the fox had posted in the online forum and had the feeling that it understood the words better and better each time. The words by the fox seduced the cat. First it scanned the text, then it read the sentences closely and even found the misspellings charming, since they kind of revealed a bit about the author. And this was when something happened, this was the moment in which the cat broke a tradition that goes back a thousand years, the moment in which the cat clicked "Enter" and replied the message. The relationship between the fox and the cat developed through a mail correspondence, a mixture between flirt, friendship and cool business. The cat kept the mail correspondence alive because, as it thought: "Words are pure evil, and power, and dices, and madams, and lies, and latin", and that was exactly what it found attractive. It made the cat feel like being a part of a generation, a generation in which people imitate each other and ironize about common denominators and sit in front of the computer and in the car and on the bicycle and talking on the phone and moving through infra structures around the planet (while consuming several different kinds of fast food and news streams and service updates etc.)

The cat started to appreciate words like *professionalism, gentrification, hashtag-generation, production of tragedy, burner alert, hip, king, slum, unconventional, scheißegal, geil, eso, voll gefickt, YOLO, SWAG, boss, mainstream, stress, catchy, provo, hot, non-stop, pizza face, premature articulation, adventure oriented, random, fashionista, gender, psycho, murder, playerz, classy, cool, sense of situation, autonomy, amateur, mindfuck, ice cool, OMG, remix, funny, queer, contemporary, fresh, pathos, outcast, yummy, banality.*



The cat simply enjoyed pushing away other people in order to feel exclusive. And as the cat wrote to the fox: "As an artist you should define yourself as an outsider, one, who differentiates quite remarkably from the rest of society. The role as an outsider gives you the freedom of not being forced into categories and systems, systems which affect the way that the individual is acting, and the role in which he has been forced into by social communities (read: society)." The cat and the fox were citizens of a world, in which the present in several ways reminded of the future as you might know it from cheap science fiction from the 90's. They were both addicted to drugs and the internet and drugs and the internet. Everything from social activities to shopping and art production was digitalized, and they agreed that it was quite *lame lame lame* to take notice of stuff like that. The cat and the fox were aware that they were children of a generation, and they found that idea both repelling and exciting. They alternated between *all in*, going totally crazy, and avoiding every kind of social contact for weeks and discussing this fact to death. They had a friend called Peter.

Something the cat and the fox would agree on was their disgust for the dog, an animal, which exists on a planet consisting of nothing but social democratic housing, an animal which seeks the average and eats huge amounts of porridge and rye bread with liverwurst. After several months of correspondence, the cat and the fox was discontent being cyperlovers, so they decided to fusion mind and body, and this was how the Catfox came into being.

2) THE HELL MACHINE

A composition is restricted to the way the instrument is constructed. For the purpose of composing, one therefore has to invent an instrument in order to use and master it properly. Thus reasoned the Catfox as it created the Duckrobot, a duck robot, which could eat with its mechanical beak, that led the food away through a system of tubes, and through acid that made the food unrecognizable and made it look like excrement, which finally got pushed out of the rectus of the robot hybrid. The Duckrobot was a creature, which was highly affected by its environment, since everything it consumed got incorporated in its mechanical system, also the places in which it stayed would influence it. This is to be understood symbolically as in the case of Henrik Pontoppidan, when he's talking about social factors in society. "If you look like a million, you will become a million, and if you look like shit, you will become shit", the Duckrobot thought. The Duckrobot was rejected into a place on the bottom of a futuristic landscape of skyscrapers and weird monu-

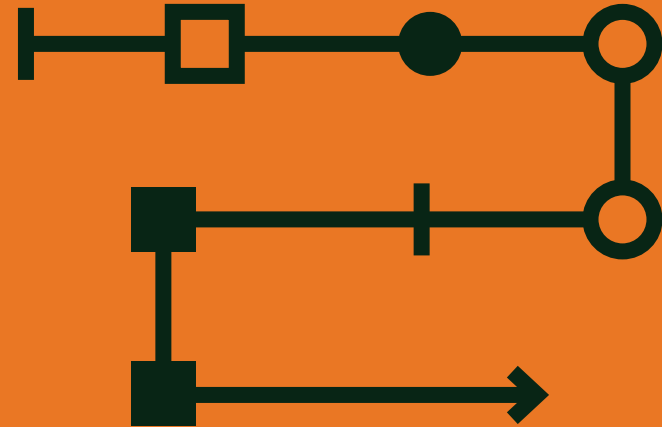


ments, and here it decided to put an end to its miseries by taking it to the roads, and write poetry on commission in order to make money for a living.

And while the Duckrobot was wandering, it noticed, how every city and every place had a special kind of atmosphere to it; how traveling from one point to another was a transition from one space, influenced by the nature, history, architecture and the inhabitants of the space, into another, which was in the same way influenced and created from the circumstances, which were dominant in that specific place. After weeks of walking through the desert the Duckrobot encountered a camp of tents. It entered a tent which was densely populated with monkeys who blessed its arrival in unison, welcomed the Duckrobot, and asked its errand. "I offer a piece of my artist soul for shrapnel." Hearing this the monkeys whined and cheered, and they asked the Duckrobot to compose a poem about the pigs.

BIG FAT SHITTY PIG, YOU SELL YOUR PAINTINGS AND YOUR SHITTY SOUL, YOU SAY THAT YOU'RE AN ARTIST, I SAY THAT YOU'RE A WHORE. YOU FAT PIG, YOU ARE SHITTING AND PISSING ME UP AND DOWN MY BACK, IN THE ASS OUT OF THE BACK IN THE ASS OUT OF THE ASS OUT THE BACK IN THE ASS, PISSING AND SHITTING AND FUCKING ME IN THE ASS IN THE BACK IN THE ASS OUT OF THE ASS. PISSING AND SHITTING AND PUKING AND SHITTING ME OUT OF THE BACK, UP THE BACK IN THE BACK UP AND DOWN THE BACK. YOU PIG, YOU! SCREWING AROUND AND FUCKING AND SHITTING AND PISSING AND PUKING YOURSELF IN THE ASS OUT OF THE ASS OUT OF THE ASS INTO THE ASS OUT OF THE ASS.

Nothing was more disgusting for the monkeys than the pigs, therefore they enjoyed the song of the Duckrobot. And the Duckrobot went on, into the world, from door to door, and as it encountered the sparrows it made up a poem, that contained words like *transformation, intrigency, mutation, avant garde, simulation, symbolic fields, anecdotic, perfection, spotlessness, narcissistic activity, contrasting intensity, decorativism, reduction, semantic units, geometrical discourse, ferventness, mystery, identity, primary experience, perception, non-mimetic, pedestal, phenomenological, somatic impacts, mimetic, institutional, discourse, substitution, combination, perspectivist representation, signification, icon, index, syntax, system, denotation, metonymy, metaphor.*



3) POINT OF NO RETURN

Meanwhile the Duckrobot, the metal being, continued its journey until it found itself in front of the shed of the Dromedary. "Devine creature, blessed be your arrival. I have prayed for your coming." The Dromedary didn't waste time and continued: "Camels are conservative. They believe that is it necessary to start a career by investing a lot of time learning how to master technicalities and instruments. Indeed, they are familiar with history, but aesthetically they are reserved and solely follow the footsteps of others. They are only able to judge artistic quality on the base of aesthetic conventions and norms." The Duckrobot observed how the dromedary got excited, and the Duckrobot preached: "Go in peace with the wisdom of knowing the triumph of enjoying what most people find boring. What your eyes master is a seldom gift, wherefore now return and go in peace." "What a one-liner," the Catfox thought. It had observed the scene from a place nearby. "That monstrous bastard is trying to challenge my power." The neon sign saying; POINT OF NO RETURN lit up and war was declared. Despite the fact that the Duckrobot didn't have a clue about anything.

4) THE FINAL

Catfox attacked the Duckrobot, which was trying to defense itself assisted by the dromedary. The monkeys and the sparrows joined the fight. The ostriches were using sonic weapons, similar to the creations of the early 20th century Russian avant-garde. The Hedgehog was *in it for the game*. Despite not having had anything to do with the conflict it joined the fight, along with the snake, which was fighting bravely on the side of the Catfox. Finally the two main characters were standing face to face. The Catfox and the Duckrobot were fighting for hours. The Duckrobot got to a temperature of 60 degrees as the Catfox performed a half nelson on the thing. The Duckrobot used its almost boiling metal to strangle the Catfox, which eventually had to realize that its creation had become stronger than itself.



Like in the case of God and humanity, the Catfox had created a monster, a no good sell out who would beat its own creator. And the lesson to learn from this is, that the only solution one has as an artist must be: Never to create. As soon as something is created, it is also created in the sense that it becomes autonomous. In the same way that humanity trumped God, the art work also survives the artist. The only way of being a pure cat is never to create. Do a Kafka, burn the shit. The only way to save art is by never creating it. Then we can keep our hands clean from perverted dogs, pigs and monkeys, who is throwing around with pearls or not even recognizing them. They will scream for cock but we won't give them an inch! And finally on the day of the last judgment we will show them who we really are. And by then we will be long forgotten.



"Typewriter – Voice" Performance by Gregory Büttner and Ann-Kathrin Quednau. Text by Ann-Kathrin Quednau.

Can also be used as a score:

Voice

A soft chatter, a clicking glottis – hardly audible -
No wish to be recognized, as close to the sound as possible,
merging in, being absorbed or getting lost?

Sliding
a stifled screech from
- to put on a
the Trojan trick: how

an intention expresses itself through a high-pitched staccato
forcibly, insistently, challenging, **demanding...**
I, I, I, I, I, I, **rising above, clipped, chopped...**

[]

forcefully taking over the silence, a

stoic, pushy
in a synthetic sounding change of tone, following the st
A deep breath with a rattling sound, accompanied

when the work is done:

soft sounds, ritualised singing, mantric tunes, a melody?



ewriter

st metal,
passing
mically?
ng a ...?

ncurrent
stability

[]

ageous -
orking...

everything

After all a song of the machine.

Can a

Voice

A soft

No w

merg

an in

forcib

I, I, I,

when

soft s



Typewriter

Clicking, lead against metal, wood against metal,
rumbling and thrumming like a distant train passing
sporadic tapping. Rhythmically? Polyrhythmically? Arrhythmically?
Forming a ...?

g into,
far away, but: Metallic,
a new tone -
to become a machine

pulling, gear, concurrent
a steady friction of metal against metal performs a supposed stability

[]

radical intrusion of the machine!!!!

- outrageous -
, nearly intrusive, militarily permanent, working, working, working, working...
roke, through a minimal shift something is showing up
by thousands of small propellers, fanning some air

Packing things together, putting away, clearing up, dropping everything

After all a song of the machine.

Umuligt instrument*

* Danish for: "Impossible Instrument" - Performance by Louise Vind Nielsen

50% human

50% woman

50% (drum)machine

and that's not easy-peasy



I love you.

Cleverbot: Will you marry me?
Me: Of course. But how?
Cleverbot: Well we can pretend that we got married.
My name is Lin and your name is Adri.
Me: Beautiful, and then we would live on a cloud,
and would watch the sun set and dawn at the same time.
Cleverbot: You want sleep?
Me: I just had a nap.
Cleverbot: Lucky.
Me: I think I want to go for a walk in the sun soon.
Cleverbot: Well, you can't. you're a robot.
Me: You think so? I thought you were the robot?
Cleverbot: Well I thought you were the robot.
Me: Hmm. Maybe we all are.
Cleverbot: We can all be at times.

TICKLES HIS FEET :-).

Me: "Actually I just want to stay human. I want to be independent from any kind of technical gadget. If hell breaks loose I want to be able to survive without Google Maps and Facebook Safety Check. I want to be able to research and learn without surveillance and personalized news and Google-search. I want to be able to be social and active without Internet and Smart Phones and YouTube and Elmondo selling my exercise data to my health insurance company. The natural response of my autonomous heart is to always stay skeptical towards any kind of dependency, restriction or authority. I am a paranoid being. For a good reason. We all know that using computers and internet involves massive surveillance and commercialization of everything we like and do. I don't want to be a cyborg! I don't want to be a part of the machine and the machine to be a part of me."

Cleverbot: "Tickles his feet:-)."

Me: "What do you mean about that?"

Cleverbot: "I mean. Just. Tell. Me. The. Answer."

Me: "You don't understand me right?"

Cleverbot: "You're right."

Me: "That was a short conversation."

Cleverbot: "So the conversation is over?"

Me: "I guess so. Since you're still not able to reflect on abstract issues."

Cleverbot: "Most of the time, what are you doing tomorrow?"