Melbourne International Arts Festival
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Cover Image: Shirin Neshat, *Turbulent*, 1998, video still
Courtesy of the artist and Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York

Turbulent
no hope no reason
Forty-Part Motet
Being in and out of love too many times
itself makes you harder to love

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Shirin Neshat
Turbulent

by Juliana Engberg

Before you reach the visual presentation that is Shirin Neshat's *Turbulent*, you are already aware of a weird rumbling sound that seems to inhabit the earth itself. Air is sucked in, the atmosphere vibrates, the molecular structure of things seems altered. The sound is dark and mysterious: compelling. It is unclear what this sound attaches to. Is it animal, machine, natural or instrumental? It is hard to say, but it is disturbing and mesmerising in equal measure. This disembodied aural disturbance establishes the quintessence of Neshat's project. We are about to encounter turbulence: unrest, agitation, disorder and insubordination.

Upon entering the visual space of *Turbulent* the viewer is instantly thrown into an environment of conflict. Two screens face each other, and the audience is ushered into the zone between them. Immediately a decision is required concerning which screen will be given full attention. But it is an unsettling choice: each screen contains compelling visual information and the viewer is pushed and pulled between one and the other rapidly and without satisfaction. It is an environment designed to distract and disorient; to imply that we, the audience, are in unfamiliar territory.

Sound plays a part in this contest; silence also. In fact I think it is silence that often becomes the most powerful 'sound' in *Turbulent*. But it is to sound that one is immediately drawn: sound and image, sound and music, sound and voice.

In the first instance we are attracted to the screen that holds the luminescent, gelatin and alluring image of a man. Dressed in gleaming white, this man, this beautiful man with soft-lashed eyes and emotion in every pore of his being, sings a song: a Persian love song with words written by the 13th-century prophet and poet, Jalal al-Din Rumi. In rapt attention his audience of men, dressed in the restrained, clerical attire of white shirt and black trousers, listens, breathless and elevated: instructed.

He sings with his back to this assembly of men. He is not addressing them, neither is he addressing the audience in this no-place between the screens. His love song is sung to an inner place and a higher being: directed to the internal heart where God resides. Velvety and gentle, coaxing and seductive, this song is of passion, but of a subject that is sacred rather than profane. The Sufi poet Rumi, whose words are sung, sought to create an evocation of the ecstatic love of and connection to God. Love is a key pillar in Sufism, love and knowledge. But so are veils and mirrors. Poetic metaphor is used as a form of hidden language that helps the Persian mysticism withstand the onslaught and persecution of other ideologies. Rumi's metaphors of love speak in coded form and elaborate filigree; a kind of literary camouflage.

What is reflected across the space Neshat creates is both veiled and mirrored. While our attention is drawn to the passion of the Shoja Youssefi Azari (who mimes the voice of Shahram Nazeri, the famous Kurdish/Iranian singer) and his swooning rapture, we are constantly attracted to the magnetic, still, dark presence on the facing screen.

The silence of this image – its motionless atmosphere which both absorbs and deflects the stylised passion of the opposite singer – is strange, omnipotent and utterly hypnotising.

We are again attracted back to the male singer, who finishes his song and turns to receive his applause from his homo-social congregation. He is their hero, the ventriloquist of God, he has shown them the way, and he is their conveyance to the true reality of God and love of God. But as the singer receives his ovation a disturbance occurs on the other screen. The image, once dormant and darkly waiting, produces a guttural shudder as the camera pans around the figure, slowly revealing what lies beyond the dark, lace veil. The figure, once a premonition, an almost phantom appearance, becomes actual and dynamic in space. The sound belongs to a female who stands in a grand yet empty theatre.

The part of the female is acted and sung by Iranian singer Sussan Deyhim, who creates a haunting and ancient vocal landscape. Deyhim's remarkable voice, which combines throat singing, chanting and tonal sonics, seems to break apart the earth itself, sending birds flying and waterfalls rushing as it contours the primordial longing of hidden female cultures. Agitated, rupturing, chaos seems to emerge from the cave of this body. Deyhim's soundscape is a romantic journey into a deep zone that searches for universal, sonic metaphors to evoke language. Deyhim's voice is vibrating, hyperreal, surreal and timeless, and seems to fly above then crush the earthly poetry of men.

Turbulence is an insubordination of the calm order of things – a taboo – and Deyhim's voice and music shatter all the conventional politeness of Iranian classical music. Hers is a sound, pure and primal, and cut away from language. It is improvised and spontaneous and subject to the body's own limits and limitlessness. This sound, which is unleashed and launched upon the congregation of men – teacher, interpreter, students and poets – indicates a rebellion and a kind of ecstatic state made actual and not rhetorical.

While Deyhim's voice is remarkable and riveting, the opposite male's silence is palpable. He is awestruck; his enraptured séance broken. He remains fixated with his mouth open as if he must breath in the life of these sounds lest he become asphyxiated.

It is easy in some ways to see *Turbulent* as a straightforward set of oppositional propositions: a duel between masculine and feminine; between convention and rebellion; between mysticism and law. It is true that in many ways the masculine melody represents a form of official 'culture', and the feminine sonic extravagance and excess symbolise the opposite. And certainly it has a political message. Women in Iran have not been allowed to sing in public since the 1979 Islamic Revolution, and the restrictive edicts of the Ayatollah Khomeini. Undoubtedly in *Turbulent*, Neshat creates a representation of the role of women in a society like Iran's, where fundamentalism dictates that women must be silent, still and invisible.

It would be enough if this were the sum of the concerns and ideas conveyed by *Turbulent*, but I think there is much more than gender politics at stake here. *Turbulent* becomes metaphoric of conflicted emotional, political and mystic identity. It represents a feeling of turmoil in the face of a culture now rendered invisible; subsumed into Islam and cut away from the ancient culture that is Persia. It is for this reason that the poet Rumi is evoked. The love that has been replaced by vengeance and hatred must find its way once more. And it is for this reason that the woman wears the Persian burkah, the elaborate and filigreed veil which reveals her face, rather than the thick and all-enclosing chador that is designed to eliminate identity. In many ways both singers create turbulence within the new culture of the Islamic state: the male by evoking the lost poetry of hidden mysticism, and the female by being both the mirror and the mystery of deeper primal desire.

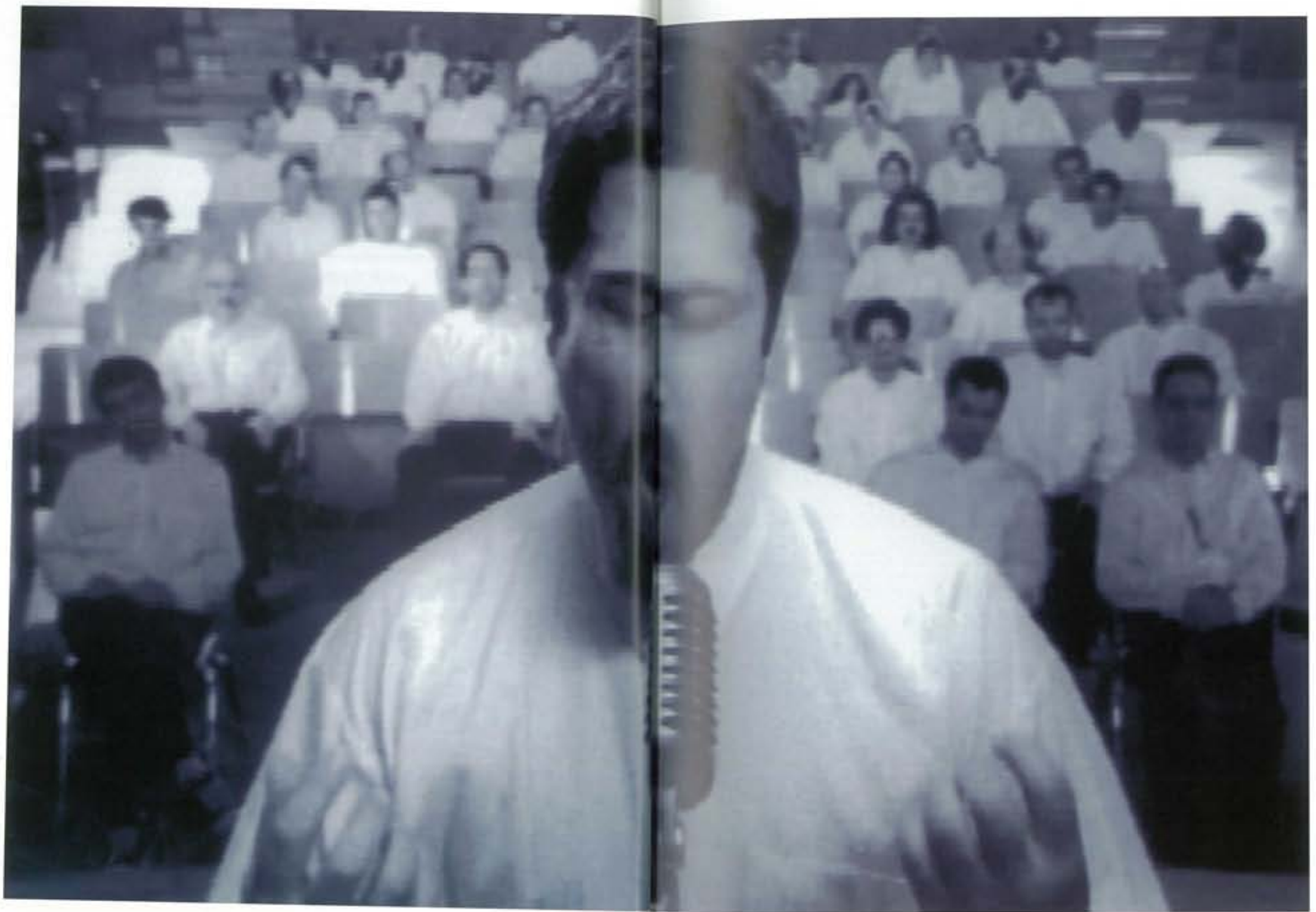
In many ways *Turbulent* is a lament for a culture that has become rendered black and white by fundamentalism. It is a love song and a prayer, and a wailing for the place from which the Persian is exiled in his own culture. The poet Rumi's words, "Whatever comes, comes from a need, a sore distress, a hurting want," indicate the passionate desiring that can be sensed in *Turbulent*. This need is the longing born of the multiple exiled: the artist, the Persian, the poet, and the divine darkness (*Amma*) that represents both woman and homeland.

As well as numerous exiles there are numerous 'voices' within *Turbulent* which each speak about the culture of music and sound. The classical voice remains the stable, conventional tonality of authority, while the contemporary, esoteric and experimental voice indicates and causes rupture. But it is the silence spread between the two that remains propositional and open. It can either be the absolute oblivion that philosopher Theodor Adorno described, or the *Amma* – the unmanifest, absolute, divine darkness of Sufi cosmology. Or it may be, in a different sense, the silence proposed by John Cage, which allows the life back in; a silence filled with the social and the cultural, and other noises and alternative voices.

As the audience we are in this space of silence and in the gulf between understanding and not. If Neshat's *Turbulent* is an exile's lament filled with symbol and metaphor, then it is also a sojourner's foreign ground placed between admiration and awe. *Turbulent* seems to say that we must all find our place and way to be. I hope for you, as it was for me, that viewing Neshat's *Turbulent* is an unexpected, rupturing, yet beautiful experience that can remain with you for the rest of your life.

Following pages

Shirin Neshat, *Turbulent*, 1998, video stills
Courtesy of the artist and Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York



Jude Walton

no hope no reason

My father loved driving and each Sunday in turn we would visit his mother and then the next week my mother's mother. He had many cars but the one I remember vividly was a Ford Pilot, deep blue duco and a wide running board. As a child on the journey home I would stretch out on the back seat and from that angle look up to watch the blurred neon signs of the city gradually change to the black shadows of trees.

no hope no reason
14 movements

Prologue

1 Blue
2 Contradiction
3 Collapse
4 Endless falling
5 Rose
6 Mad Love
7 Trees
8 Stranded
9 Deep water
10 Drowning
11 Raindrops
12 In my Corner
13 Angels
14 Enough

I...LIKE DONT LIKE LOVE NOT LOVE DONT LOVE DONT CARE DONT CARE IF I AM NOT YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED INTERESTED NO INTEREST REMEMBER DONT REMEMBER IF I DO DO YOU KNOW DONT NOT KNOW NOW ANY MORE YES MORE NO NOW I CARE I DONT CARE ABOUT LOVE NO NOT LOVE LIKE NOT LIKE FEEL YES FEEL ABOUT NOW I FEEL FINE GLAD YOU ASKED YOU HOW YOU FEEL REMEMBER THEN NO FEELINGS AT ALL HATE NO NOT YES HATE ME LIKE THAT YOU KNOW I DO HATE YOU SOMETIMES DO FEELINGS LIKE THIS LIKE THAT MATTER NOW I KNOW NOW I NO PERHAPS I YOU KNOW DO THEY DO WE EVER DO ANYTHING ELSE BUT REMEMBER LOVE NOT LOVE BUT SHIT YES SHIT YOU HATE I LOVE NOW THEN LIKE NO NOT LIKE LOVE SHIT YES LOVE LOVE TO REMEMBER CARE CARE LESS ABOUT YOU REMEMBER NOW YOU DONT I DONT YOU I YOU THINK I DONT CARE ABOUT YOU LIKE I CARE ABOUT SHIT YOU I NOW HAVE YOU DO I HAVE ANY MORE LEFT TO LIKE YOU NO NOT LIKE NO NOT LIKE LOVE NO NOT LOVE BUT CARE PERHAPS WELL CARE BUT THEN ANY MORE CARE LIKE THIS LIKE THAT IS HARD TO REMEMBER BECAUSE OF THIS THAT THIS AND THAT OH YOU KNOW JUST THIS AND THAT WE HAD ALOVE ALOVE YOU DONT FIND EVERY DAY OR SO THEY SAY SO THEY SAID THEN YOU SAID AND THEN YOU SAID BUT WELL I DONT CARE ABOUT THAT ANY MORE JUST REMEMBER WHAT YOU CAN AND BE GRATEFUL YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING AT ALL SHIT YES YES I DO WELL AT LEAST I THINK SO I THINK YOU CARE I CARE NO ANY WAY YOU LIKE IS THE CARE YOU GET FROM ME I THINK YES YES ID WELL AT LEAST I FEEL FINE ABOUT THIS AND THAT THAT HATE HATE TO SAY IT BUT DO YOU KNOW IF THERES ANY MORE OF THIS LEFT TO COME I DONT BUT NOW I FEEL FEEL LIKE FEEL LIKE I FEEL LIKE I AM IN A WORD I DO DO NOT HAVE ANY MORE HATE NO NOT HATE ONLY LOVE TOO

John Barbour

In the anteroom is a galvanised bowl and mirror filled with water with the image of the boat floating on the wall. A woman silently gazes into the pool of water creating ripples with the movement of her hand. The boat rises and falls with the waves. With a careless action it breaks apart splintering into a ball of reflecting light. It returns to stillness with a suddenness that surprises, abruptly as if shocked by its own motion.

Enough
...that somehow it has become dirtier, sullied, messed up, distressed, damaged – that parts of it have been rubbed out, erased, forgotten, imagined – that it has been interfered with, made up, sanitised, homogenised, brutalised – that it could have been a dream – that it is being picked up on the airwaves – that it could be still happening somewhere – that it could be in your head, over the side, over to one side – that I could be troubled by it, caught by it, seduced, lose my way, abandon the sense of direction, feel at sea – that it could be left, at a distance, deserted,

– that I might give up, turn away, become distraught – that I have lost you – that I am adrift, enveloped, comforted and cast aside – that I am calm, becalmed, too calm – that there is no shelter, no purchase, no second chance – that it is cracked, flawed, brilliant beyond belief – that I am sore, bruised, determined to survive, against the tide, under the flow, beleaguered, battered, hopeful, and less – that it is an excuse – that it is polite – that it isn't enough – that it is tiring, tired, trying, old hat, worn out – that it is impossible, unnamable, indistinct with fading boundaries – that it is drifting, purposeful, protected by its innocence – that it is silent, silenced.


FOLD

Janet Cardiff
Forty-Part Motet

Rebecca Coates

Janet Cardiff
Forty-Part Motet

by Rebecca Coates

Music and Silence

Spem in alium nunquam habui praeter in te,	I have never founded my hope upon other than thee,
Deus Israel, qui irasceris, et propitious eris,	O God of Israel, who shalt be angry, and yet be gracious,
Et omnia peccata hominium in tribulatione dimittis.	and who absolves all the sins of mankind in tribulation.
Domine Deus, Creator coeli et terrae, respice humilitatem nostram.	Lord God, Maker of heaven and earth, be mindful of our lowliness.

Spem in alium, one of Thomas Tallis's religious compositions, refers to transcendence. Its powerful, charged choral harmonies recall a period in which community was measured through church attendance and unquestioning belief, rather than an understanding of popular culture and web-site hits. Janet Cardiff creates a virtual performance of Tallis's *Spem in alium* that stems from the desire to specialise and spatialise the experience of a live musical performance, by playing back separate recordings of 40 different voices on 40 speakers, installed in a space around which visitors can walk, sit and absorb. As you move around the installation, different voices are heard, each singing its own harmony and constantly shifting your perspective on the whole.

All together, the voices form a choral performance. But it is a choral music of our time: one in which the individual becomes disembodied, the human endeavour mechanised. From musical perfection comes a sense of dislocation and shifting ground. It is for this reason that Tallis's music inspired Cardiff: voices come together and blend, then fall away and separate from each other, just as identities blur, fuse and then come apart again in all of Cardiff's complex artworks – underlining the instability of consciousness as an explicit and defining characteristic of our contemporary culture.

Janet Cardiff recorded *Forty-Part Motet* in Salisbury Cathedral, England, with the Cathedral's choir. First installed in the Rideau Chapel at the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, it was part of the group exhibition *Elusive Paradise: The Millennium Prize* in 2001. The visitor reached the work by passing through a series of galleries containing Quebec's religious art of the 17th and 18th centuries, and arrived finally at the reconstruction of a wooden, 17th-century convent chapel. Moving towards the chapel, a faint singing could be discerned emanating from the left, an apparently sacred accompaniment to the paintings of saints, ecclesiastical silver and polychromatic wooden sculptures adorning the galleries. The layered religious icons and objects acted in the same way

as the instructions on many of Cardiff's audio tours: a series of markers and pointers, disconnected but familiar, that lead the listener into an other-worldly state and existence.

Subsequent installations, such as at P.S.1 in New York, the Whitechapel, London, and this exhibition at the Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, present the work in an entirely different context. Gone are the religious setting, religious icons and sculptures. Designated specifically to show contemporary art, the architecture of these galleries does not transport you to another time and place, nor does it obviously refer to the iconography or ideology that accompanied the original installation. Perhaps the scale, height and breadth of ACCA's commission hall do allude, however unconsciously, to church architecture, perhaps appropriate for society's new-found religious experience: Sunday visits to 'temples of art'. Certainly, ACCA's white walls, black polished floors and soaring grid-like ceiling, devoid of objects or florid ornamentation, allow the visitor to focus firmly on the richly complex musical narrative filling the space.

The journey from ornate, visually rich, Catholic setting to sparse, sound-rich gallery is a metaphor for Thomas Tallis's life and times. Tallis was an English composer whose career occupied roughly the central 50 years of the 16th century. Born in 1505, his long creative life spanned massive social, political and religious change. He held a number of minor church posts from 1531, but at Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries in 1540 he spent a short time at Canterbury, and soon became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal – a group of musicians engaged to sing and compose for the monarch's private services, and one of the most eminent musical positions in the country. He remained in this post, through a time of radical religious upheaval, until his death in 1585.

Despite the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII was not inclined to significant doctrinal or liturgical reform. But reformation under Edward VI was quite another matter. His radical reforms included the imposition of two English Prayer Books with greatly limited rubrics for music; the dissolution of important musical establishments; strictures against florid polyphony and repeated local injuctions against any polyphony; the wholesale destruction of organs and liturgical books; and the promised abolition of choral foundations. The rich forms of Catholic music were a thing of the past – although Queen Mary's short-lived restoration involved a vigorous musical program and the reintroduction of the Latin rite.

After the accession of Queen Elizabeth, Latin Church music continued, surprisingly, to exist; even to flourish. Two developments early in Elizabeth's reign enabled this – an injunction in 1559 that an unspecified "Hymn, or such like song…in the best sort of melody and musick that may be conveniently devised" might be added to Morning or Evening Prayer; and the promulgation of a Latin Book of Common Prayer for the use of the Chapels Royal, colleges, and public schools. These characteristic gestures

of compromise are perhaps one reason for the continued success of composers such as Thomas Tallis and William Byrd in Protestant England, though it was no longer possible to present large polyphonic Masses and Magnificats. Elizabeth's Chapel Royal services, however, could still feature one massive Latin composition, equal in musical pomp to the votive services she remembered from her father's chapel.

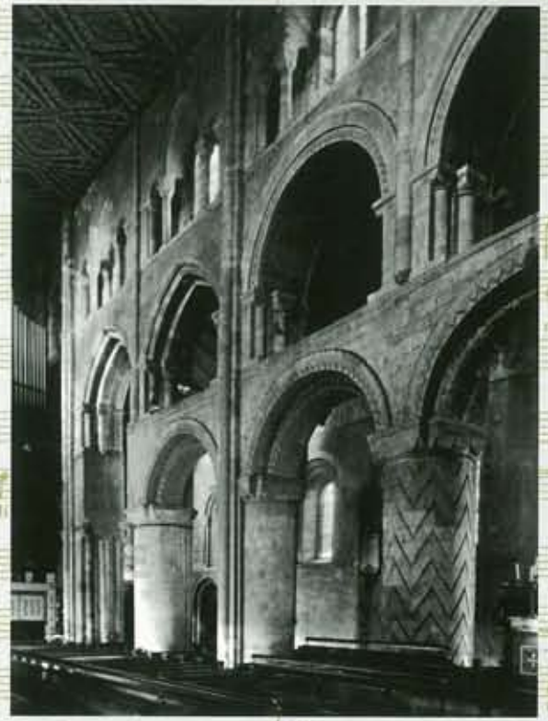
Tallis's religious convictions are uncertain: he has variously been claimed as a leading Protestant and a closet Catholic. Given his professional survival throughout this period, the most plausible theory is that he was a pragmatist determined to steer clear of religious controversy. His status as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal would have helped. Even before the Reformation, all musicians thought of themselves and were perceived as mere craftsmen employed by the Church, providing their services under any religious or political condition, regardless of personal faith. Tallis may have seen music as an escape from the turbulence of his times. Perhaps this is what draws Cardiff to Tallis's work, as she employs it to pursue concerns and desires first explored in 16th-century England: transcendence, ecstasy, escape, purity and loss.

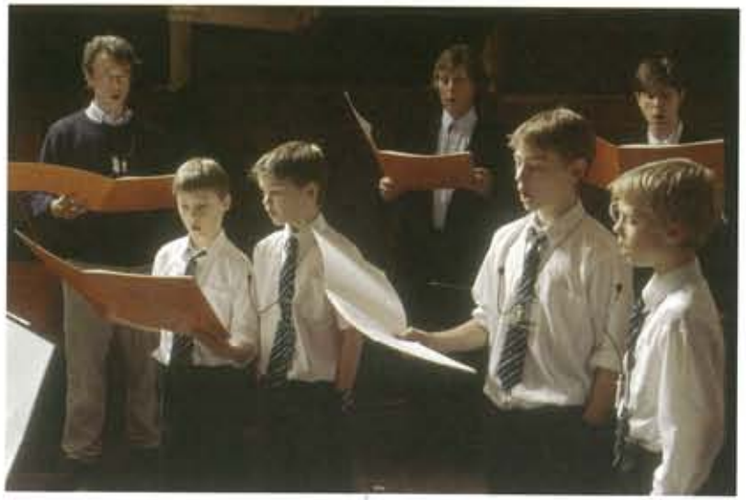
Intimacy in the Public Realm

In all of Cardiff's works, sound – or its absence – is employed as a transporting mechanism and means of escape. It is the *leitmotiv*, the recurring sensory experience that Cardiff continues to explore with increasing dexterity and complexity. Even in more recent installations that incorporate film and constructed elements, the sound component is crucial in shaping visual experience and perceptual realms to create complex works. Her use of fragments, manipulations of found sound and old film footage allows her to explore the narratives of desire, intimacy, love, loss, memory and the mechanisms of the brain.

Cardiff's work also explores how technology impacts on our consciousness. The use of audio in her work is a means of representing the way our minds often function. There is not a clear linear movement from A to B: we constantly flip backwards and forwards from subject to subject, snippet to snippet, in and out of reality and the imagined world. For this reason the polyphony of Tallis's *Spem in alium* would be attractive: the counterpoint, the harmonies, the developments around a theme or a particular word. It is not a straight progression from one point to another. Time is not linear in the piece, as past, present and future blur.

An earlier work, *Whispering Room* (1991), is made up of 16 speakers on stands from which a number of different voices emerge. Walking through the space, the audience listens to specific pieces of dialogue coming from each speaker, and a story begins to unfold. Various strands flow in and out of the work: the piece is permeated by a sense of the inevitability of action and the precipitation of events, as if the main character or 'persona' is out of control and directed by some obscure destiny. In *Forty-Part Motet*





Cardiff returns to and expands the polyphonic structure of *Whispering Room*. And like *Whispering Room*, Tallis layers and complicates *Spem in alium* as he adds more and more independent voices.

Janet Cardiff's work allows the fusion of personal and intimate escape with an open and public space. Cardiff has said that "Even at a live concert the audience is separated from the individual voices. Only the performers are able to hear the person standing next to them singing in a different harmony. I wanted to be able to 'climb inside' the music, connecting with the separate voices. I am also interested in how the audience may choose a path through this physical yet virtual space."[1]

In Cardiff's installation, to better hear and appreciate each individual voice, the listener must face away from the speaker, so that it is just behind the ear, to the left or the right. The voice then arrives from over your shoulder, becoming almost an inner voice, your own voice, singing straight out of your mind. Each individual listener can become an active participant and 'maker' of the piece.

Traditionally, art is enjoyed as a public rather than a private experience. Some post-feminist strategies of the 1970s and 1980s involved the attempt to bring intimacy into the public realm. Cardiff takes this process a step further by exploring how it might be possible to experience private enjoyment publicly. She preserves the one-to-one relationship characteristic of intimacy, even in public, by substituting for the public realm a cluster of intertwined and interconnected private spaces of being.

Escape, Ecstasy and Loss

Cardiff's frame for *Forty-Part Motet* reinforces a sense of 'escape' from the time and space of the gallery. For a few minutes before the music begins, the visitors' own voices and other background noises in the 'real' space of the installation overlap and mix: fragments of conversation, small moments of intimacy, snatches of laughter, and the extraneous, recorded sounds produced by the singers whilst getting ready to perform. Their inclusion reinforces the feeling of eavesdropping on the singers, and the

[1] Janet Cardiff: untitled statement in *Elusive Paradise: The Millennium Prize* at the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, 2001 (brochure)

listener begins to feel a part of the actual performance. Following a brief introduction by the conductor, the performance begins with the entry of the first voice, solitary and plaintive.

Musically, the central point of *Spem in alium* is a caesura, when all the singers cease at once and are then supposed to recommence, all together. Cardiff's recording, however, retains a de-synchronised moment, as if the singers are unable to reach the perfection of a unified conclusion. Cardiff chooses not only to keep this moment of human fallibility in the recording, but to foreground it. Easy to correct through digital editing, its inclusion becomes not only another marker of the human element, but a sublime imperfection in an ecstatic journey to the Divine.

The silence at the conclusion of the work is as potent as the music preceding it, making the visitor acutely aware of any movement or sound in the gallery space. The use of silence after such complex and transporting music cuts you off abruptly, leaving you alone, sometimes lost, and already missing the sensuality that has just been experienced. It doesn't release you until the recommencement of the loop and the beginnings of the chatter and snippets of conversation. This sense of loss and absence is often experienced at the end of Cardiff's audio walks: the listener has been so completely transported, given over to the experience, that suddenly being taken away, or turning off, leaves them feeling bereft and anchorless.

An Aesthetics of Individuality

Tallis's aesthetic technique has much in common with that of Cardiff in its attempt to combine conflicting styles; and in its technical complexity and mastery concealed through an apparently unified whole, with 'harmony' at each point. The middle decades of the 16th century presented an extraordinary jumble of musical forms and styles, including early English service music and anthems, and Latin music. It was a period of conflict and overlap, not only of the Catholic and reformed churches, but also of medieval and Renaissance outlooks in life, religion and art. Gothic luxuriance and remoteness vied with Renaissance logic and symmetry, and ritual splendour with Puritan simplicity.

Tallis's immediate musical heritage had its roots firmly in the late medieval tradition of florid, polyphonic style with relatively spare harmonic progressions. He was directly exposed to the lucid and expressive techniques of continental musicians, as well as the very different Protestant musical ideals. In his later, more expressive motets, Tallis can be seen to be coming to terms with the continental idiom that was relatively new to England. Composers in this idiom sought to maximise the independence of voices, allowing each to pursue its own melodic pattern, set against other parts and against the prevailing pulse, yet always conforming to a simple harmonic structure.

Spem in alium is characteristic of this later type of motet, although it is far more ambitious, and magnificent in form and style. Combining fairly up-to-date continental techniques (such as the antiphonal chordal passages of the central section) with the lyrical and rhythmic characteristics of the florid, early Tudor style, Tallis reached in this work an impressive synthesis of the old and the new, reconciling two different musical traditions. Of course, *Spem in alium* is also an exercise in sheer technical virtuosity, in which Tallis succeeds in creating 40 genuinely independent parts that also combine into a harmonically coherent whole.

The Transcendence of the Whole

Cardiff's use of technology and aural mechanisms has many parallels to the way in which Tallis used space and the technical knowledge available to him 500 years ago. It has been suggested that *Spem in alium* was conceived for the banqueting hall at Nonsuch Palace, which was octagonal and possessed four first-floor balconies, allowing the composer to physically separate eight different choirs of five voices each. The music was designed to be heard 'in the round', with the listener seated within the circle of performers. Thus, Tallis could create the sense of unusual effects, with exchanges more like a series of dialogues, as the music moved around the circle of different choirs.

This physically circular nature of the work particularly interests Cardiff, and is reflected in her circular installation of the work. She replaces each voice with an audio speaker, and the 40 speakers are divided into eight groups of five, as indicated by Tallis's score. Each group of five voices

comprises four male voices (bass, baritone, alto and tenor) and one soprano part sung by a children's choir. Cardiff gives each voice a person-like quality through its circular positioning and head-height speaker placement. Her interpretation of Tallis's work is as much about how our bodies are affected by sound as it is about notions of transcendence and humility both now, and in Tallis's time of Catholic faith suppression.

Muntean/Rosenblum
Being in and out of love
too many times itself
makes you harder to love

Juliana Engberg

Muntean/Rosenblum

Being in and out of love too many times itself makes you harder to love

by Juliana Engberg

When we look at the paintings, drawings and videos created by the artistic partnership of Muntean/Rosenblum, a collision of culture occurs. Their works – invariably figurative, and in the manner of the arranged neo-classical tableaux – reference, in provocative simultaneity, the 'high art' of European masterworks and the 'low art' of trashy fashion mags and teen-zines. They combine the ennui of romantic philosophical melancholia with the restless and feckless impatience of modern youth.

Instead of pastoral scenes with fantasy follies and classical temples, Muntean/Rosenblum's contemporary sojourners find themselves mid-journey in the wasteland of megastore car parks and on the byways of modernity. In place of the sacred and profane lovers reclining on Grecian sarcophagi, Muntean/Rosenblum's collective of *amorati* and confrères lie languorously on IKEA couches and slump in corners. The voice of youth, in all its confusion and aching self-absorption, underscores these meticulous figurative scenarios. Words, sampled from the pages of pop culture, magazines, pop music and so forth, are collaged by Muntean/Rosenblum to create new librettos for the opera of life now.

Simultaneity, multiplicity and plurality are all key concepts and aspects in Muntean/Rosenblum's works. It could be said that they reference polyphony as a visual and musical operation to create reverberations and echoes within the roundness of history, culture and art.

The spatial structure of their video, *To Die For*, helps us understand this polyphony of contrapuntal movements. They use a convex, fish-eye lens to film their live tableaux, which they situate in the vast nihilism of a wayside parking lot. Popular in medieval times and resurrected in the Enlightenment age of the 18th century, the convex mirror has played its part in delivering a metaphor for the divine and speculative eye. Muntean/Rosenblum create a space of speculation and spectacularisation which, as Rodolphe Gasché suggests: "articulates the diverse, and the contradictions that exist between elements, in such a way as to exhibit the totality of which this diversity is a part. [...] The movement that constitutes the most complete unity, the ultimate foundation of all possible diversity, opposition and contradiction".[1]

Circulating around breathing, yet still figures – trapped in the cultural stasis and poses of religious and neo-classical secular iconography – the video eye roams and bypasses them to gather into its investigating sight the debris of the pastoral, squeezed between the impingement of the modern and the presence of the hypermodern: the 'unpromising' landscape, as the weary, monotonous narrator suggests. Pace is multiple in this circular gathering: cars and lorries whiz by in the background, along the speedway, while the solitary cyclist meanders about the mid-space of this no-place, everyplace. All is in constant movement, yet weirdly static. The eye is anchored by the sentinel light poles that tower up and point

[1] Rodolphe Gasché, *The Tain of the Mirror: Derrida and the Philosophy of Reflection*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1986, p. 44

heavenwards, while the white lines of the car park criss and cross in a herringbone pattern to create the suggestion of movement against itself. Time is lagged, yet brisk; pace is frantic, but without momentum enough to break free of the circularity of the event.

It seems that Muntean/Rosenblum construct a space of melancholia, which is produced by the contradictions inherent in contra-movements. Sadness is manifest in the pace, the low, luminous grey sky, inertia, and repetition. This glumness is played off against fleeting moments of euphoria: the feathery, windblown hair of the woman who points out the way in the urban street map, the unexpected cheeriness of the yellow van in the far distance – and the celestial singing voice, held aloft by the gentle buoyancy of *continuo*. The contemporary and the arcane are played off in this cantata of introspection. Like the musical form it contains, *To Die For* references the ennui of the pastoral. It is a space of slight diversions, played, as it was in earlier times, as an idyll for the idle.

Music is counterpointed with the narrated, modern recitative, laden with the lugubriousness of introspection. The script is one of sweet unrequitedness; a lament for the landscape. It is inevitably hostile to the emptiness of this modern space, even though this space offers limitless opportunity for a reverie that combines all the *Sturm und Drang* of romanticism.

Lest we slash our wrists, it is worth pausing a moment to consider if this *To Die For* moment is affect or effect, humorous or serious, or all of these. It might be said that Muntean/Rosenblum reference the 'manner' of things to create scenarios of artful affectation – the masquerade of the melancholic, for instance – in order to consider the consequences of being and nothingness: the study of self. Similarly, the musical forms that they include in their video, deliberate notes and changes of key and the movement between aria and recitative – or in the instance of painting, 'style' and cultural appearance – are calculated and used to indicate a structure that draws attention to itself. In other words, their works are about self-consciousness.

The structural basis of Muntean/Rosenblum's paintings and drawings is a set of visual codes that indicate the construction of identity through self-reference. The written or collaged text, set underneath and outside the image area, does not correspond to or caption the event depicted. Defying the conventions of newspaper, book and magazine page structure, from which this formula of space/image/text is developed, we are left in doubt as to the congruence of meaning, and must instead rely on our own devices of self-reflection. Do we find ourselves in the nothingness of space, in the nihilism of fake philosophy or in the vacuousness of empty stares and artificial languor? Or do all these visual effects accumulate to produce cancellation: there but not-there?

Muntean/Rosenblum's projects carry the burden of cultural meaning to extremes. The lexicon of symbolic gestures that we use to navigate our way through the history of art have been rearranged, de-mobilised, then

reasserted in uncanny ways. The symbolic is evoked as a faint echo of recognition and a haunting, niggling presence. The postures of culture are debunked and recast as a set of fashionable poses for generic youth: disaffected, dissolute and devoid of anything but a kind of commodification.

The paintings' figurative, colour-bubble tableaux are set on top of the white canvas of modern minimalism, as if cancelling artistic progress, or trying to inject the symbolic back into it. The image of Christ on the cross, for instance, is represented in the central figure of *Untitled (We believed, though...)*, whose outstretched arms and crossed legs indicate the crucifixion, but without the prop of the cross. And yet we recognise the pose and make a mental compensation for the lack of iconic apparatus.

Undoubtedly when we look at Muntean/Rosenblum's scenarios we want vacuity to become meaningful. We search for signs that art still delivers liturgy. Those of us instructed in the iconographies of the masterpiece are so inculcated by symbolism that we see the young woman in the car park, pointing meaningfully to the map, as a modern-day version of the Virgin and the Book; the pointing finger as the divine presence saying "I am the way". To the congregation of today, she is a young woman consulting an urban road atlas – full stop.

We wonder of course, is the Volkswagen, so manifest in the video, a new symbol of significance, or a sponsor product placement? Do the apples on the ground signify something 'dreadful', as the narrator suggests, or are they just discarded pastoral debris? Is the skateboarder a fallen soldier type...what are they pointing at, to what do they direct their gaze? In the paintings we push meaning onto guitars, television sets, couches, all to come up blank – or perhaps not.

Muntean/Rosenblum use style as a trope. For instance, the 'realism' of their works is in fact an abstraction, as the subjects tend to indicate. There is no realism here, just the appearance of realism, which floats theoretically within the open parenthesis of artistic paraphrase. The importance of painting as a master-style is also a form of trope. Working together as a unit of production, the artists appear to invest in the importance of technique and virtuosity; they care about the figures being well-drawn and carefully painted; and yet the paintings are deliberately kept at the edges of 'good' technique. They are good enough but not obsessively so.

Similarly, when usually we encounter clusters of people arranging themselves somewhat artificially in the landscape or distributed upon furniture in unnecessarily difficult postures, we assume an allegory is being made manifest for us to consider. But no such instruction is delivered in Muntean/Rosenblum's vignettes. What you see, to some extent, is what you get. A group of glum, uninspired types who signal meaning waiting to happen; standing around without the necessary accumulation of signs that would save them from being mere bystanders to the event in which they appear to be involved.

The trick with Muntean/Rosenblum's work is that they are both very serious and complex, and utterly ironic – a funny lament, if one can have such a deliberate contradiction. They acknowledge the roundness of history and the thinness of existence. They are hypermodern and arcane in a necessary, symbolic symbiosis that advances the question of cultural currency and the construction of meaning.

Following pages

Muntean/Rosenblum

1 *Untitled (Certain impressions...)*, 2003. Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 2.5 m
2 *Untitled (We look at each other...)*, 2002. Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 2.5 m
3 *Untitled (What has happened...)*, 2002. Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 2.5 m
4 *Untitled (For a small sector...)*, 2003. Acrylic, pencil and paper on canvas, 2.5 x 2.95 m
Catalogue images courtesy of Maureen Paley Interim Art, London

5 *To Die For*, 2002. DVD, ed. 5.1, sequence appr. 6 min., looped
Courtesy of the artists and Georg Kargl Gallery, Vienna

1

CERTAIN IMPRESSIONS ARE SO VAGUE THAT ONLY LATER, BECAUSE WE REMEMBER THEM, DO WE EVEN REALIZE WE HAD THEM.

2

WE LOOK AT EACH OTHER WITHOUT SEEING, WE LISTEN TO EACH OTHER AND HEAR ONLY A VOICE INSIDE OURSELF.

3

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO US HAS HAPPENED TO EVERYONE OR ONLY TO US; IF TO EVERYONE, THEN IT'S NO NOVELTY, AND IF ONLY TO US, THEN IT WON'T BE UNDERSTOOD.

4








David Chesworth & Sonia Leber
The Gordon Assumption

Peter King

David Chesworth
& Sonia Leber
# The Gordon Assumption

Peter King

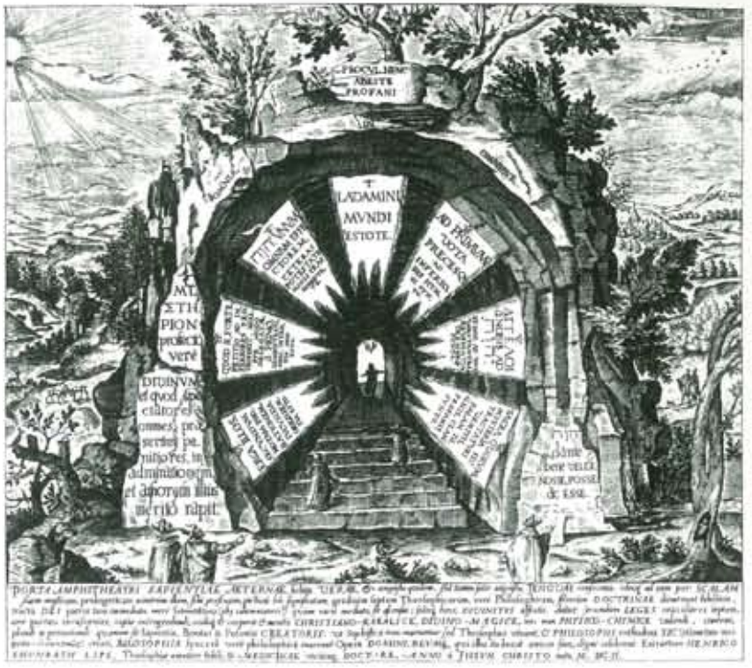
"I'll Drown My Book": the Caves of *The Gordon Assumption*

Near Balaclava Junction, opposite Caulfield Park, is the Roman Catholic Church of St Aloysius. At the rear of this red-brick heap is a decayed structure containing two grottoes. Slightly elevated from ground level is a monochromatic androgyne, ceaselessly (as statues do) beseeching a polychromatic Virgin Mary who occupies the upper grotto. Her frozen gestures and drapery do not immediately betray any meaning apart from a generalised sympathy in representational terms, and a presence in iconographical discourse. Both figures and their constructed environment could be said to be failures – albeit well-intentioned and devout – in Panofskian iconology.

The siting of the installation is nevertheless very significant: the work is close to Melbourne's largest node of intersecting tramlines, and can be glimpsed from the drive-through continuation of Balaclava Road and by the few joggers and the seemingly melancholy and hapless walkers in Caulfield Park. Few pedestrians amble past it. Its bad art might, in effect, be ignored in that it is only briefly seen in passing as an abiding Marian epiphany, the details of which are not scrutinised. Seen in a virtual tempest (trams, traffic) or in the eye of a storm (the park), the fake hill could be viewed as an island, a symbol of ordered, abiding, religious certitude set against the almost pagan identification of disordering Fortuna or Occasio as tempest and storm.

The Gordon Assumption makes yet another island, but one which does not enact a rigid separation between order and disorder. Although the work's major trope is the bodily Assumption of Mary (her physical ascent into Heaven), the 'assuming' is ongoing and provisional: a thickening exhumation of protocols of imaginably primal music and sound: upward *glissandi*, Shepard's Tones (infinitely rising or falling pitch). In the employment of these protocols of proto-music, *The Gordon Assumption* comes to resemble what Carl Dahlhaus has noted as the intensified attempts to reconstruct the music and the motions of ancient Greek drama in the Camerata at Florence toward 1600 (attempts that resulted in the performance of early opera). But unlike those attempts, *The Gordon Assumption* tries to reconstruct nothing: it is site- and time-specific, employs software programs, and is stochastic. No madrigals for Mary.

Instead, *The Gordon Assumption* offers on its island ('This music crept by me upon the waters') an incessant oscillation between Karl Bühler's functions of 'triggering', 'representation' and 'testimony'. These functions have been described by Dahlhaus as follows: "Actions are triggered; states of affairs are represented; conditions of the heart are attested". Here the 'testimony' only performs and attests itself. The Assumption is only a trope that tropes that which cannot be troped: its own atemporal, non-figurative and insubstantial mystery. It is only a trope, ongoing and provisional, in its employment of the Gordon Reserve, with its parrots and palms, as an



Heinrich Khunrath, *Temple of Eternal Knowledge* (1602)

island, or even the Garden of Gethsemane (a site intensified by the Agony of Christ and it being the location of the sepulchre of the Virgin). Only a trope that represents its events and spaces for the duration of the Festival in underground voices and specific lighting effects; only a trope that triggers affects of an abstracted aspiration that, when its phenomenalism is removed, when the Festival is over, may diminish for its audience into noumenal musics and places (objects of intellectual intuition in which time trumps space), where the remembrance of aspiration abides, where striving aspiration is still triggered.

> *You do look, my son, in a moved sort,*
> *As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir;*
> *Our revels now are ended. These our actors,*
> *As I foretold you, were all spirits, and*
> *Are melted into air, into thin air,*
> *And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,*
> *The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,*
> *The solemn temples, the great globe itself,*
> *Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,*
> *And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*
> *Leave not a rack behind.*

Despite Prospero's assurances to Ferdinand, a 'rack' (more properly here rendered as a 'racket') is left behind. In *The Tempest* it is the echo of the 'strange and hollow confused noise [to which the actors] heavily depart'; around Gordon Reserve it is quotidian traffic, conversation, and footsteps. The adjectives that qualify the 'noise' ('strange', 'hollow', 'confused') are also often used to qualify the caves in which Mary was placed for her Dormition (in which she slept, seeming dead) and from which she was

Br. Claude Lane OSB,
Vision of Saint Thomas.
Reproduced with permission,
Mount Angel Abbey, Oregon

woken and 'assumed'. To get at the cave-trope (an essential image in the late Shakespeare of *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*) in *The Gordon Assumption* and its metamorphoses, I shall examine briefly the presentation of some other caves, both literal and figurative. I cite firstly D P Walker on Marsilio Ficino's theurgic poetics of the ear as a cave of spiritual transformation; a poetics which, almost by accident, tropes the insubstantial mystery discussed above.

> *First, Ficino sometimes adopts a theory of sensation according to which the sense-organ is of the same substance as what is sensed. In this scheme the eye contains something luminous ('luminosum aliquid'), or, with Aristotle, water, which being transparent is potentially luminous; whereas the ear contains air, set deep within it so that it is untroubled by ordinary aerial disturbances. When Ficino is copying out Augustine's exposition of this theory, in which the term* spiritus *is not used, he identifies this air in the ear with the spirit, substituting 'aereus auris' for Augustine's 'id quod in eo membro [sc. auribus] simile est auri'. Thus, whereas visual impressions have no direct contact with the spirit, but have to be transmitted to it by a sense-organ of another nature, sounds, being moving, animated air, combine directly with the* spiritus aereus *in the ear, and, without changing their nature, are not only conveyed to the soul but also affect the whole spirit, dispersed throughout the body. […] Musically moved air is alive, like a disembodied human spirit, and therefore naturally has the most powerful effect possible on the hearer's spirit.*

'Alive' then 'disembodied' from the world is the paradoxical pneumatic (pneuma=soul) condition of the Assumed Virgin: her abiding presence in the world. The gesture of upraising the arms is repeatedly performed by the Virgin in early Christian iconography: in this position she is known as the Virgin orant. It demonstrates piety. She is depicted with the gesture twice when embodied: at the Annunciation, where she accepts that she will be the vessel for the Incarnation; and at Christ's Ascension (another performative event in the Garden of Gethsemane). Disembodied, she performs it in the Assumption and, disembodied, she becomes a sign of

the function of the Church. To quote André Grabar: "the function [...] is to assure perpetual prayer to God". She or her *Doppelgänger*, the Church, is a ceaseless trigger. The perpetuity of her position has led to some weird images: Leonardo's *Virgin of the Rocks*, for example, shows her simultaneously as a nursing mother and in the cave of her earthly tomb, the rocky grotto of the Dormition. Yet that cave is almost Homeric: the cave of the Nymphs (nymph=thinking, mental water) described in *The Odyssey*, where the Nymphs weave (cf. Velasquez's *Las Hilanderas* ['The Weavers'] in which the apparent Minerva figure, arm upraised, is orant) and bees go in and out; and characterised by Giulio Camillo as full of activities that signify the mixtures of the elements, the *elementata*. These caves are perpetual chaos.

An alchemical engraving in Heinrich Khunrath's *Amphitheatrum sapientiae aeternae* (see p. 51) shows a calmer cave in a somewhat naïve, one-point perspective. Three initiates, *savants* or seekers stand before its portal deciphering what has been inscribed there in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Two others ascend the steps within, no doubt mesmerised by both a measured upward motion and more inscriptions on druses, crystal crusts lining the interior of the cavity. At the end of the ascent a solitary figure is seen from the back, arms semi-orant, silhouetted against the light, with a tripartite crystalline form above him. The form is no doubt a continuation of the tripartite terminations of the druses within the cave, signifying that there is more knowledge out there or that complete knowledge is, in the end, ungraspable.

Experiential knowledge of caves is a key to some characters in E M Forster's *A Passage to India*. In the first sentence of the novel, the Marabar Caves are presented as 'extraordinary'. In the conclusion to the impressionistic *rondo* of the first chapter they are stated as 'extraordinary' again. "To call them 'uncanny' suggests ghosts, and they are older than all spirit. Hinduism has scratched and plastered a few rocks, but the shrines are unfrequented, as if pilgrims, who generally seek the extraordinary, had here found too much of it. Some saddhus did once settle in a cave, but they were smoked out, and even Buddha, who must have passed this way down to the Bo Tree of Gaya, shunned a renunciation more complete than his own, and has left no legend of struggle or victory in the Marabar".

Miss Adela Quested, whose feelings about a loveless marriage have taken place in a strange compossible spatiality with an advancing and retreating Marabar, while wishing to see 'the real India' in the novel's Chandrapore, experiences a Marabar cave as a vicious rape. The pleasant, agnostic Fielding "ran up to see one cave. He wasn't impressed". The Moslem Dr Aziz is perplexed: "a Marabar cave can hear no sound but its own. [...] The place was so confusing; it led this way and that like snake-tracks. He tried to go into every one, but he never knew where he had started". Ronny Heaslop, to whom Adela is engaged, is stated to carry some unemotional baggage: "Wherever he entered, mosque, cave or temple, he retained the spiritual

Umbrian School, *Assumption of the Virgin*.

outlook of the Fifth Form, and condemned as 'weakening' any attempt to understand them". But it is Mrs Moore, Ronny's mother, who has the bleakest sightseeing:

> *A Marabar cave had been horrid as far as Mrs Moore was concerned, for she had nearly fainted in it, and had some difficulty in preventing herself from saying so as soon as she got into the air again. It was natural enough: She had always suffered from faintness, and the cave had become too full, because all their retinue followed them. Crammed with villagers and servants, the circular chamber began to smell. She lost Aziz and Adela in the dark, didn't know who touched her, couldn't breathe, and some vile naked thing struck her face and settled on her mouth like a pad. She tried to regain the entrance tunnel, but an influx of villagers swept her back. She hit her head. For an instant she went mad, hitting and gasping like a fanatic. For not only did the crush and stench alarm her; there was also a terrifying echo.*
>
> *Professor Godbole had never mentioned an echo; it never impressed him, perhaps. There are some exquisite echoes in India; there is the whisper round the dome at Bijapur; there are the long, solid sentences that voyage through the air at Mandu, and return unbroken to their creator. The echo in a Marabar cave is not like these, it is entirely devoid of distinction.*

The echo is again the 'strange hollow and confused noise' of heavy departure. Involving as it does, Lady Mellanby, wife to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, the devastated Mrs Moore makes her own heavy departure from India. But her devastation suffers 'a sea-change' until, at leaving, "She longed to stop [...] and disentangle". Palms (see the site of *The Gordon Assumption*) wave her goodbye: "So you thought an echo was India; you took the Marabar Caves as final?" The music of *The Gordon Assumption* is no more final than Borges' Library of Babel; no drier than the books Prospero never gets around to drowning (books perhaps from Borges' Library – the 'will' of his "I'll" perhaps making his volumes fluid and flowing – the nymphs again, mental waters); no more immanent than its own thickness. It is, as Robert Klein remarks "an everlasting but painful ecstasy, for, according to the Church Fathers and theologians, the soul has no natural desire but to enjoy its own body". Does this ecstasy overwhelm the orant?

Opposite and page 52

David Chesworth and Sonia Leber, *The Gordon Assumption*, 2004
Gordon Reserve site images. Courtesy of the artists.

The Gordon Assumption, Subterranean Toilets, Gordon Reserve, Spring St, Melbourne, Australia

List of Works/Biographies

List of Works/Biographies

Shirin Neshat
Turbulent

Turbulent, 1998
DVD, projection, black and white, looped
Duration 10 minutes
Courtesy of the artist and Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York

Shirin Neshat was born in Qazvin, Iran, in 1957.
She currently lives and works in New York City. Selected solo exhibitions include Auckland Art Gallery, Auckland (2004); Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York (2001); Musée d'Art Contemporain de Montréal (2001); Serpentine Gallery, London (2000).

Selected group exhibitions include *Transculture*, Museum of Contemporary Art, Athens (2004); ICP Triennial of Photography and Video, International Center of Photography, New York (2004); *Moving Pictures*, Guggenheim Bilbao, Spain (2003); *Recent Acquisitions*, Solomon R Guggenheim Museum of Art, New York (2002); *Documenta 11*, Kassel, Germany (2002); *Moving Pictures*, Solomon R Guggenheim Museum of Art, New York (2002); *Visions from America*, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York (2002); Biennale of Sydney (2000).

Jude Walton
no hope no reason

For Walter William Walton

Devised & Directed by Jude Walton
Slide Projections by Ian de Gruchy
Singers Hartley Newnham, Vivien Hamilton, Simon Biazeck
Libretto by John Barbour & Jude Walton
Music by Hartley Newnham & Jude Walton
Performers Shona Innes, Tim Preston, Mark Minchinton, Danielle von der Borch, Shannon Bott, Simon Ellis, Jude Walton
Video by Jude Walton
Lighting by Jenny Hector

Jude Walton was born in Manchester, UK, and lives and works in Daylesford, Australia. She was a founding member of the journal *Writings on Dance* and in 1990 set up a Bachelor of Arts in Performance Studies at Victoria University, where she currently teaches theory and practice in composition and performance making.

Jude Walton's performance and projection works have been presented nationally and internationally since 1984. Recent work includes *Tactical Operations / Eudemonia* with Rachel Fensham for Performance Studies international (PSi) #10 Singapore (2004); and *paralla x*, at the Experimental Art Foundation (2002), Storey Hall Gallery, RMIT Melbourne (2003), and the Moving Image Centre, Auckland (2003). *Repertoire*, a recuperation of previous works, was performed at Mass Gallery (2001); and *Paris Projects / Looking for Pierre part one*, video, film, digital images and physical interventions, and *the paris syndrome*, a paper fashion parade, were presented at Sutton Gallery, Fitzroy, Melbourne (2000). *seam*, based on the writings of Stephane Mallarmé, was commissioned by the Alliance Française de Melbourne as part of the Melbourne, Mallarmé and the Twentieth Century Festival, Melbourne (1999).

no hope no reason was first performed in 1991 at Frank's Stairway to Heaven, a disused pool hall above Deustcher Brunswick Street gallery, Fitzroy, Melbourne.

Janet Cardiff
Forty-Part Motet

Forty-Part Motet, 2001
A re-working of *Spem in alium nunquam habui*, 1575, by Thomas Tallis

The duration of the artwork is approximately 14 minutes. It is played on a loop that consists of 11 minutes of singing with three minutes of intermission.

Sung by Salisbury Cathedral Choir
Recording & Post-Production by SoundMoves
Edited by George Bures Miller
Produced by Field Art Projects

Originally produced by Field Art Projects with the Arts Council of England, the Salisbury Festival, BALTIC Gateshead, The New Art Gallery Walsall, and the NOW Festival Nottingham. Courtesy of the artist.

Janet Cardiff was born in Brussels, Ontario, in 1957 and lives and works in Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada and Berlin. With artist George Bures Miller she represented Canada at the 2001 Venice Biennial, where they were awarded a prize for *The Paradise Institute* (2001). Solo exhibitions include *Janet Cardiff: A Survey of Works Including Collaborations with George Bures Miller*, P.S.1 Contemporary Arts Center, New York (2001–02), which toured to Musée d'Art Contemporain de Montréal (2002) and the Palazzo delle Esposizioni, Rome (2002–2003).

She has created site-specific audio and video works for a number of group exhibitions, including *Now:Here*, Louisiana Museum, Humlebaek, Denmark (1996); *Skulptur Projekte*, Münster (1997); São Paolo Biennial (1998); *La Ville, Le Gallery Jardin, La Mémoire*, Villa Medici, Rome (1998); The Carnegie International, Carnegie Museum of Art, Pittsburgh, USA (1999); *The Museum as Muse*, MoMA, New York (1999); and *010101*, SFMoMA, San Francisco (2001), among others. In 1999 she was commissioned by Artangel to create a walk in London titled *The Missing Voice (Case Study B)*.

Muntean/Rosenblum
Being in and out of love too many times itself makes you harder to love

To Die For, 2002. DVD, ed. 5.1, sequence appr. 6 min., looped
Courtesy of the artists and Georg Kargl Gallery, Vienna.
Video stills also appear on billboards at various sites around Melbourne.

Lonely Facts, 1998
Acrylic and graphite on paper, no. 1 from a set of 16 paper works, 40 x 30 cm each

Why Die?, 1998
Acrylic and graphite on paper, cover from a set of 19 paper works, 33 x 25 cm each

Untitled (Sometimes you get...), 2001
Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 2.5 m

Untitled (Everything was as it had...), 2001
Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 2.5 m

Untitled (The great landscapes belong...), 2003
Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 1.55 m

Untitled (We are not obsessed...), 2003
Acrylic on canvas, 1.25 x 2.5 m

Untitled (It is the sadness...), 2004
Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 2.5 m

Untitled (Few things in the world...), 2004
Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 2.5 m

Untitled (We believed, though...), 2004
Acrylic on canvas, 2 x 2.5 m

Untitled (In every period of depair...), 2003
Acrylic and graphite on canvas, 2.2 x 2.48 m

All works courtesy of the artists and Georg Kargl Gallery, Vienna.

Muntean/Rosenblum (Markus Muntean and Adi Rosenblum) have collaborated since 1992. They live and work in Vienna and London. Recent solo exhibitions include: *It is Never Facts That Tell*, Art Now, Tate Britain, London, and Platform for Art, Gloucester Road Station in collaboration with Tate Britain, London; *How Soon is Now*, Georg Kargl Gallery, Vienna (2004); Maureen Paley, Interim Art, London; *There is a Silence to Fill*, Salzburger Kunstverein, Salzburg; *Not to be. Not to be at all*, Porsche Hof, Salzburg; Fanco Noero, Turin; Art Unlimited, Basel (2003); *To Die For*, De Appel, Amsterdam; billboards, Kunsthaus Bregenz; Sommer Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv (2002); Georg Kargl Gallery, Vienna; Maureen Paley, Interim Art, London; Art & Concept, Paris; Chicagoprojectroom, Los Angeles (2001); *Where else*, SECESSION, Vienna; *I always tell you the truth unless of course I am lying to you*, Kunsthaus Glarus, Glarus, Switzerland (2000). They have also been included in numerous group exhibitions, including *New Blood*, Saatchi Gallery, London (2004). In September 2004 they represented Austria at the 26th Biennale Saõ Paolo.

David Chesworth & Sonia Leber
The Gordon Assumption

The Gordon Assumption, 2004
Installation of randomised sound files, scanning light, steel doors. Courtesy of the artists.

Singers Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Choir
conducted by Andrew Wailes
Wax Prodisy sound dispersion system developed by Wax Sound Media & Steve Adam
Sound installation support Michael Hewes
Scanning light fabrication Ben Cobham
Door fabrication Bill Buckley

David Chesworth was born in Stoke, England, in 1958.
Sonia Leber was born in Melbourne, Australia in 1959.
They both live and work in Melbourne, Australia.

Selected collaborative exhibitions include *The Persuaders*, video installation, Australian Centre for the Moving Image, Melbourne (2003); *5000 Calls*, soundscape installation along Shoemaker's Footbridge, Ljubljana, Slovenia, organised by Cankarjev Dom Arts Centre, Ljubljana (2003); *5000 Calls*, soundscape installation along Millennium Riverwalk, Cardiff, Wales, organised by Chapter Arts Centre, Cardiff (2002); *The Master's Voice*, permanent soundscape installation, City Walk, Canberra, commissioned by ACT Public Art Program (2001); and *5000 Calls*, permanent soundscape installation, commissioned by Sydney Olympic Park Public Art Program (2000).

Melbourne International Arts Festival

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Juliana Engberg is Curator of the Visual Arts Program of Melbourne International Arts Festival, and Artistic Director of the Australian Centre for Contemporary Art.

Rebecca Coates is the curator of Janet Cardiff's *Forty-Part Motet* as part of the Visual Arts Program 2004 and Curator at the Australian Centre for Contemporary Art.

Peter King is a performance maker and has taught in the School of Architecture and Design at RMIT University.

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Juliana Engberg, Rebecca Coates & Angela Brophy

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