

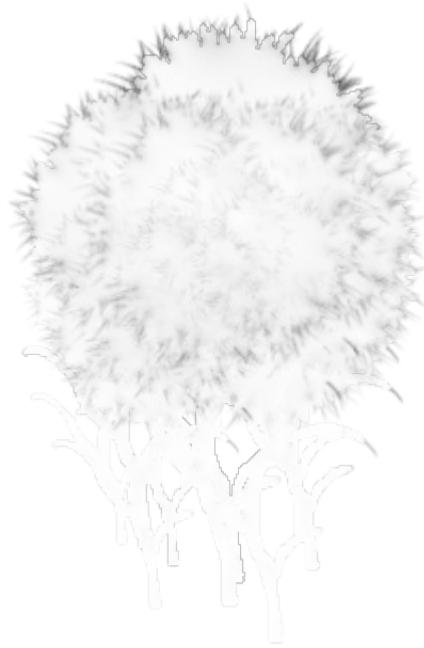
**JOUISS**

*OUISS*

**S**

**WAA**

**Y**



: *some day,  
that place  
in time*



# **Manifesto: Take 1**

**jouissance** (French sound)

jouis·sance | \ zhwē-säns \

## **Definition(s):**

### **1. (as blueprint sketch):**

It's like the figure in the carpet, its outline must remain secret.

### **2. (as process flow diagram):**

It isn't nonsense; it's just before meaning arrives; before the trap closes again.

### **3. (as detonation and its performance):**

A group of so-called fictitious characters is just as bad as a group of so-called real ones. They cause arguments among themselves (and, curiously, among the so-called real ones.) They fight among themselves. They have affairs that are kept secret, and those affairs change the unspoken agreements of the relationships within the group. You can't trust them at anytime or anywhere to be telling the truth. The real ones are the same way, so, there's no difference except that we are used to the behaviour of the real ones. Or we think we are. But the unreal ones get by unnoticed. They get written about and their reasons are taken seriously, and if they are really old in the sense of "outdated" sometimes there is a question about whether they were real at one time and somebody just made them unreal. But generally we take them more or less as they come. The real ones can pretend to be the unreal ones, of course. This is called acting. No one knows why we do it. It's so stupid. Among people who don't like it... this behavior is called "the curse of the theater." That is, for the real ones to pretend to be unreal ones. But this is just the simplest form. The real ones can pretend to be other, different real ones. And those pretend real ones can pretend to be unreal ones. This is called being an actor.

JUICE SEANCE  
CHEWY SONGS  
JEWISH AUNTS  
JUS' SAYIN'S  
SHOE OUNCE  
JIZZ CHANTS  
ZEUS HAUNTS

as used in a  
sentence:



**And you thought  
the Greeks were barbaric.**

JUICE SEANCE  
CHEWY SONGS  
JEWISH AUNTS  
JUS' SAYIN'S  
SHOE OUNCE  
JIZZ CHANTS  
ZEUS HAUNTS



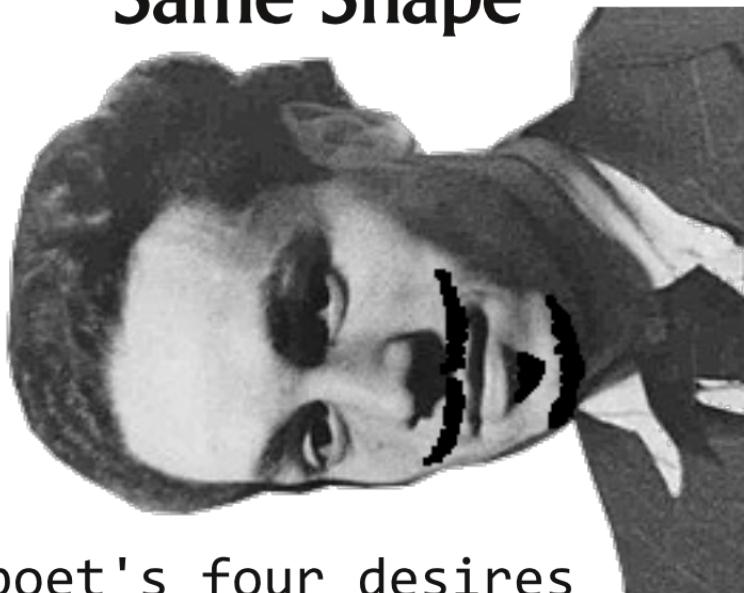
this man!?

PLEASE CONTACT US:

1-800-JOO-SANS

# Their Motions had the Same Shape

- Mr. Yes -



The poet's four desires  
are three:  
exposure and erasure.

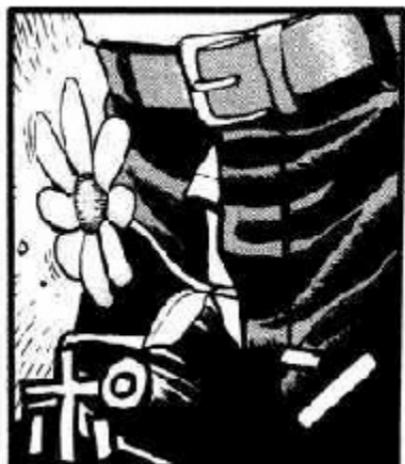


(oh boy!)

# Proposition #1

- Ramon Rodrigo -

The space must be large, but also sectioned. What we mean is something like an indoor mall. A museum could be apt too - but the narrative would have to change. Narrative may not be the right word. Streams more like it - some sort of fertile ground, crosscut by the flow of words. Disparate characters, disparate styles. There needs to be a non verbal sound to ground the characters. Players situated in portions of the hallways, the nooks, the crannies, inundating the voices with their sound. Sometimes as a gentle lapping at the side, sometimes as a drowning. Like cocktail bar musicians, embedded in the scene yet removed from it all the same. The architecture is the medium. All must pass through that prism, through that sculpted air.



Now the duplicity is complete: the voices as air transmuted into water; the instruments as water transmuted into earth; the architecture as earth transmuted into air. Tilted landscape, the masking and corruption of the natural state of each "actor" should offer something fresh and new. The architecture is total, enveloping. The instruments must stake their space. The voices must wander. What is each saying? That is, not just each voice, but each instrument, each facet of the space.

What will they say, what will they say - form must be inextricable from the message (and vice versa) - it's a failure otherwise. Failure, of course, has its own allure. Can we curate a perfect failure? Return to this later, but keep the "curate". The idea is that we have only plucked the messages from the ether. The idea is that connections will germinate on their own accord. This is what we mean when we say the words must fit the scene. Allow speech to run along the corners of the ceiling - 4 sets of characters careening now and then into one another. Circuitous remarks on acting and real estate seem an adequate canvas. Imprint that with the wafting scents of forays into the social organizations of different animal species, arguments on the aesthetic nature of different styles of ping pong play, patchwork memories of coincidence, obtuse guesswork of the personas other mall-goers don - things like that.

Return to the mall. I see a grand piano at a 4-way intersection, accompanied by a singer in a cocktail dress. I see a drum set where a shoe store would be. Saxophone and upright bass at the food court. A violin and a cello adorning a corridor, facing each other. Things like that. The strings will alternate between pizzicato and long drones, that is one will play the drones and the other will pick in time and/or response, switching as they feel. Free jazz in the food court. Rhythmic experimentation at the shoe store. And ponderous piano pop accompanied by a lilting voice - think slowed down Corrina Corrina - at the intersection. This is just a possibility, of course.

It's all just a possibility of course. Pluck "failure" back into the now, if only for a moment. Possibility is beautiful in its incompleteness. Likewise, "failure" is beautiful in its missed completion. Let possibility blossom into impossibility (and back again). We say "only for a moment" as "failure" is vital to the completion; keep it safe and at the ready. It'd be no fun if everything went along to plan anyways.

COME VISIT  
SUNNY  
**POINT JUDITH!**

- LITTLE WAVES SPILL  
OVER LITTLE ROCKS.  
- YOU CAN PEEL OFF **MICA** FROM  
ROCKS AS IT SHINES LIKE SMOOTH  
- BUT YOU KNOW THERE'S  
MORE THAN THIS!

A  
LIGHHOUSE  
IN THE  
DISTANCE!

ALL SO QUIET  
THAT...

WHY DISTURB  
THE SILENCE,  
SO...

AND  
THE GULLS

FLY BY FISHING!

CAUSE YOU CAN SEE  
THE BOATS SAILING

**PLEASE, THOU**

DO NOT TAMPER WITH THE STA  
THEY ARE AN ENDANGERED  
WE HAVE HAD ISSUES WITH

IF you die  
tonight, WHERE  
WILL YOU GO?



**bandcamp.com**

NEW, FROM

**SADE**

THE SWEETEST TABOO







# Museums

- Ronit Ghosh -

When they asked me to come see you live out your final days unconscious  
I understood how worthless this life was  
You were probably dreaming, or in purgatory, who knows?  
Making love to Spanish poets, calling out my name just to spite me

I couldn't bear to look at you  
For more than three seconds at a time

I wanted to ask the nurse if I could take your lifeless body  
After this was all over  
And parade it around town like a proud matador  
Having won a fight with death  
Well, depending on your perspective on the matter

A body, which even without moving  
Had such power over me, I began to wonder  
If I loved it more than your spirit

Maybe what's left of you is a museum  
And that will be your legacy  
I promise to take care of you  
There is no question of that

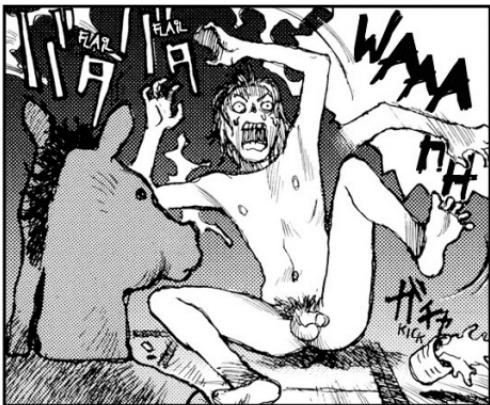
And when I die, I will come visit  
You in the afterlife  
Maybe you will slap me across the face  
For not wanting you to open your eyes  
In this hospital bed

Telling me to remember  
When all I want is to forget



A beamer running 60  
thru a 4-way stop  
is inviting.  
"Would you care  
for a  
drink?" The palm tree  
shudders on the diagonal  
(far-side), its fronds  
arcing a blush: terror  
and desire are  
lovers for me (just  
as fronds and trunk are).

There is no wind, just  
the stirring of my heart  
or rather:  
the impatience of  
stirrups. A thirst  
for iron at the  
perpendicular.



- Mr. Yes -

I thirst for iron,  
not for:

- a beamer going 60
- a lady nailed to a ray
- a trunk heavy with its shade

I thirst for iron  
in the same way  
flight thirsts for crash.

My prospective line  
is snapped on the  
perpendicular by  
a beamer going 60.  
(a 4-way stop is  
no match).

Reassembled on its  
pass, my line confides  
in relief with the  
palm tree (still far-side,  
but now still) - but what  
of the thirst?



# "Giddy-up"

**Never  
fear!**

**SUPES  
is here!**



# Otogi Nation (demo)

(alternative lyrics)

- Mei Baas -

## **“Iron and a board”**

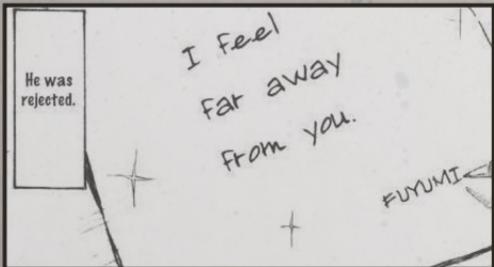
Your absence drips with glee  
Sweating like a dog,  
I might just become steam

A Tomasson chord:  
No crease left, I'm detained  
Flipping through a log,  
Awash in thought and tape

You left the tap on  
You left the tap on  
You left the tap on  
You left the tap on

Plying  
the refuse of my excess  
*(no success)*  
Trying  
to contain my overflow  
*(I'm crashing)*

I'm,  
Running ragged at the lip  
*(no stoppage)*  
I'm~,  
Drowning hapless at the hip  
*(I'm hopeless)*



# Love that was gone without a trace

I saw her at a party  
Neither of us was invited to

We made awkward eye contact  
And tried talking to strangers

It didn't work, of course  
We were doomed from the very start

So we met accidentally  
Walking in wayward steps

I know you from somewhere  
You look familiar

The words stumbled out of our mouths  
We didn't know who we were fooling

I wanted to laugh and cry  
Somehow, at the same time

Now that we were together, I felt nothing  
All of this, to feel nothing

In your absence, there was longing  
In your presence, there was nothing

- Ronit Ghosh -

I I I  
L L L  
O O O  
V V V  
E E E  
Y Y Y  
C C C  
U U U



# Fine Grain Signals

a review: Toshiya Tsunoda - Grains of Spring

- crunch -

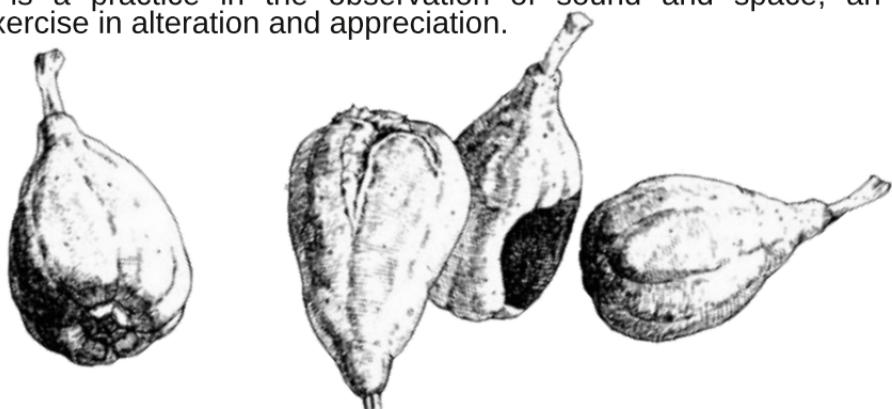
How can you capture a landscape? How can you possess it? A photograph might do you good, it is truthful enough. Yet, your eyes are limited to what the camera tells. What is lost is the rustling of a tree, the golden touch of grass, the emptiness you feel standing in the bare sky. A photograph can only produce a silhouette of what is truly there.

Maybe a painting would suit this. Texture is mimicked, color is intensified, sight is contorted. Yet, an artist makes these deliberations, and an artist obscures our own vision of the landscape. We only view the objects of the landscape, the trees and the grass and the sky, through the eyes and the hands of the artist's construction.

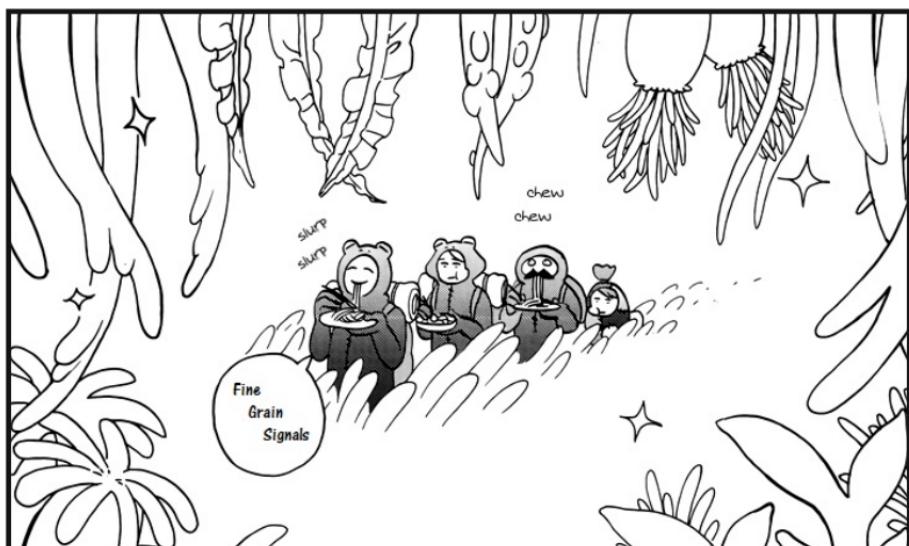
Toshiya Tsunoda is a landscape artist, from Yokohama in Japan. He takes physical space and delivers it naturally, as it occurs, but does so through his own deliberation. He uses sound to capture a landscape, and changes it into a living sculpture. He is a field recording artist.

Field recording is an art form taking real life sounds and transitioning them into listenable forms of music. The degree it is altered becomes the difference between a photograph and a painting. Take a recording and leave it be, often field recording artists rely on the senses and atmosphere of real life to add emotion to their art. However, if altered, it becomes distorted and loses the quality of natural sound. You lose the essence of the landscape.

How can you capture a landscape? How can you possess it? Tsunoda's album *Grains of Spring* looks to answer this question. It is a practice in the observation of sound and space; an exercise in alteration and appreciation.



The poetry of Grains of Spring constitutes physical space as a series of grains of space and time, that each grain has its own quality and uniqueness. The recordings simply focus on these objects and incidents in space and time in their most sonically pure form, but through the eyes and ears of Tsunoda. Take a recording and edit it, it becomes your own music, while fear of alteration turns it into a sonic photograph. The outlines of the landscape are there, but what lies beneath these objects are hidden. Tsunoda achieves his own location, where he stood in the landscape, and what he appreciates, through the use of looping. He possesses the landscape, he captures its essence. The loops focus on objects in space and time; a sonical appreciation of this uniqueness and quality of these spaces. The translucent wings of a cicada rubbing in unison, the ring of an Eastern Buzzard, the ignition of a distant truck engine. All of these effects might be heard once, or maybe the bird call is replayed a dozen times, or the rustling of tree feathers are played to you a thousand times over. You're not listening to physical places but instead hearing his experience. The bright, vibrant brush strokes of a landscape painting become instead the revisits of sounds and aspects in a recording. Michael Pisaro describes this element beautifully: "It arrests, seemingly at random, certain moments of a field recording, catching them in a loop. You begin to feel you might never get out of that loop. But then the environmental recording returns and casts you into the future."



These recordings take place in the Miura Peninsula, where Toshiya Tsunoda grew up.

Sound is temporal, and physical. We hear sound, we see it, we can feel it. Everyone has heard the waves of cars, crashing on distant shores, but have you loved it?



TONKY

MIZOTANI  
VS  
HAINO

STILL DEVELOPING  
(ANGELICSED  
CONCEPT OF  
MOSTLY VERSION  
TIME)



BUT  
WE ARE  
DIFFERENT!

WATASHI  
DAKE

1133

# Really

- Ramon Rodrigo -

It is in his estimation that a person truly doesn't care about their books unless they are adorned with coffee stains. Of course, he only thinks this because he's unnaturally predisposed to spilling coffee, any liquid really, anything really really. And it's only natural that a coffee spiller is also unnaturally predisposed to curating a mess, which really means curating a collection of things to join into a mess, which really really means curating a collection of books that may never enjoy the relaxation of sitting on a shelf unsullied. He thinks he does his books a service via disservice.

But that's a lie. The cup always wavers with a sultriness - heat is muscular, no? Muscular are his movements, not "just". He is without compassion, he is without conscience when he dances to the heat. Well, that's true even without warmth of mug - he's a furnace of unwanted and untenable desire. Pity the books, pity the clean sheets they are denied, pity them for their only gift being a tyrant. But he is undeserving of such sentiments.

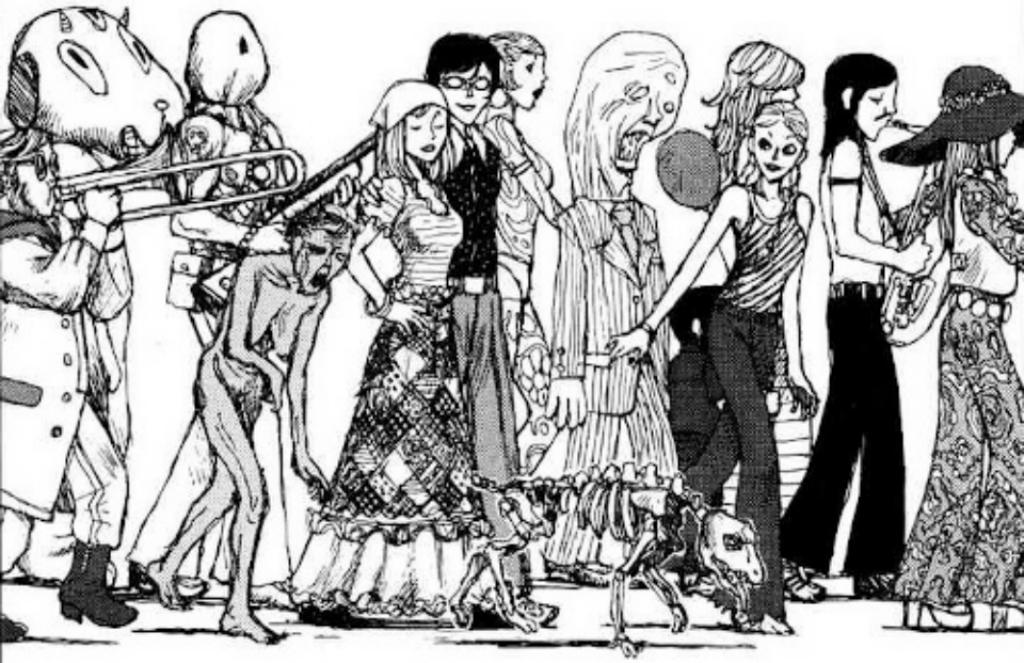


He thinks he believes the lie. These lies. Really, he mourns every sullied book in the same way the tallest child thrown into the net mourns, hands raised tentatively, without hope, without clue - well, maybe with some kind of clue, a different kind of clue, but nothing that would ever help. Really really.

# Proposition #2

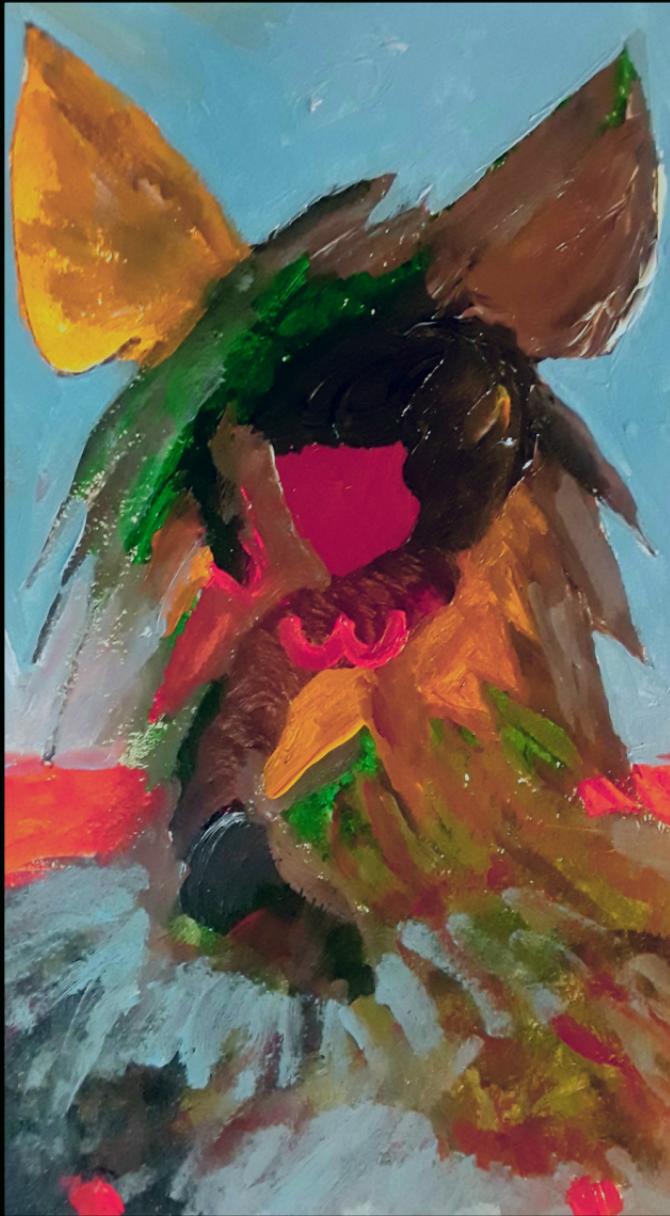
- Mei Baas -

Now here's a thought - a fake "masterclass": where a musician talks about their ouvre and performs bits and pieces from them, explaining how they work (in terms of composition). They are talking about the hits, tracing out how they tick. Rhythm guitar is the weapon of instruction. Reveal the guts and nothing else (where's the body? Never mind that, take a look at this 'ere spleen!). A 5 note chord obfuscated into a hanging bass note and alternating 2 and 3 note clusters, a chorus progression slowed down to show a minor scale where a major is felt. Insouciant melodies pinched before they're born - smother yourself in abbreviation. We talking funk, turned on its head and inside out. It's gotta have that stank (smell it!) - but without the body (smell me!). The performance has to be good enough for the listener to believe that the hits are real (I mean, where else could a kidney come from, hun'?), floating somewhere, out there, in the ether. Describe the technical vagaries and relay insight from the great ones and digress into backwoods memories of the times. This is a resuscitation of a corpse that never was. Let it be scaffolded by sharp mutes and squeaks - you can feel the fingers fumbling over the neck (whose neck?). Which is to say, the performance has to be ugly enough, off the cuff, with cuts rough yet hinting. Like the lingering trace of perfume from a woman's nape. Purity retained by defilement.



What else

Sing for you . . .



Can he do?

He wants to

# getting to the root (pt 1) - mug

- □ ×

Plant Cultivate Prune Gaze Help

hobbyist gardeners and european nobility alike have for centuries regarded the flower as the most auspicious and important part of plants today, that which holds the beauty of the surface must hold meaning after all. But today we're here to talk about something bigger than ourselves, something that natives of the Andes, and people of the land have known for millenia. The part of a plant that holds the most meaning, the most importance, and the most love is none other than the humble root. From the very moment that it emerges from the seed the root is surrounded by a community of friendly life, coming in the form of a diverse soil ecosystem. These organisms all do their best to make the soil as friendly as possible to the root, and the plant. They give the plant the love that it needs to grow and have children of its own, and those children have the same special relationship with the soil. We have long been ignorant of the beauty of the soil, and of the roots, in favor of appreciating a beauty that was intentionally designed to attract and distract those like us. Flowers. Natures honey trap, both literally and in the metaphorical sense. Their bright and attractive colors have been designed and perfected over millions of years to attract pollinators and propagators like ourselves. But we're not here to talk about the sins of the floral nature, we're here to talk about the beautiful subterranean world of roots. Arguably the most important root, is the potato. A root that swells to such an extent that it practically throbs with love for the surrounding microbial ecosystem that helped it achieve such an impressive size. The plant stores enough nutrients in the root for it to completely survive a prolonged winter if need be, and weather and storm that comes in the plants direction. It is a safety net for the potato plant. The meaning of the potato root is obviously love and fulfillment, following the same tradition as floral naming conventions.



# getting to the root (pt 2) - mug

- □ ×

Plant Cultivate Prune Gaze Help

Love because when your mother bakes you a potato, you can do nothing but let the warmth flow through you. That she would care to an extent to feed you with such a filling food. Rich in energy and carbohydrates, the plants safety net now becomes your own. That which was nurtured by the billions of bacteria in the soil in a loving manner, which nurtured the plant in turn, and which your mother now uses to nurture you. There is perhaps no root more representative of love than the humble potato. Fulfillment because it fills you with a sense of fulfillment when eaten, obviously. No further explanation needed. The second root that we will be exploring the meaning of is the dandelion. A stark alternative to the potato, the dandelion is a much smaller plant to be sure but it's will to survive is so much stronger. While the potato needs the maternal embrace of the earthworm and the bacteria and the fungal root network to thrive, the dandelion braves the harshest conditions and still survives. Beyond just surviving, it thrives. It will grow in the tiniest of cracks in the most unforgiving cement, that which would make any number of gentrified individuals cry at can be destroyed and defaced in the matter of weeks by the humble dandelion. That great unyielding concrete no more, all that we have to thank for the root of the humble dandelion. The meaning of the root of the dandelion is therefore obviously, tenacity and friendship. Friendship because they congregate together, and help each other survive these harsh conditions. Where they spread others follow. The final root that we shall discuss tonight, as we have been talking for a very long time, is the ginger root.



# Do Peace

(scene 1)

- crunch -

Caroline Novak is a young girl, and Suzy is her friend.

Caroline Novak and Suzy are sitting on a concrete bench, and behind that bench is a concrete wall, and behind that wall is where Caroline lives. Someone can be seen through a window far off, making something delicious in a cramped kitchen. She makes something delicious every Sunday. **Someone** is seen sitting in the corner chair, reading the newspaper with cold coffee. He looks very serious when he reads. [**Love is Strange** by Mickey and Sylvia can be heard from a radio]. A boy in a red bicycle rings by. He notices Caroline. Caroline wishes she had a dog, but has to be content with what she has.

Caroline and Suzy are talking about Radio stations they hear, but do not see.

**Caroline:** We listen to the news at dinner.  
We hear about lovely things, from  
all over the world!

**Suzy:** My Aunty sent me a Radio, for my  
birthday. I play it softly when  
night comes.

The boy in the red bicycle whizzes by again, craning his head at Caroline.

**Caroline:** I like songs that go like this

A chorus of drum crashes can magically be heard as Caroline mimics playing an imaginary drumset, thrashing her hands around and twisting her head frantically. It looks as though she is underwater.

Suzy laughs.

**Suzy:** When you are older, you can listen  
to the Radio all you like,  
Caroline.

**Caroline:** Suzy?

**Suzy:** Yes, Caroline.

**Caroline:** Do I have to, grow up?

Suzy laughs.

**Caroline:** Oh, Caroline.

Caroline is alone on the bench. Suzy is no longer there. Maybe, she never was.

The bicycle rings once more.



# SEEDS

- Jax -

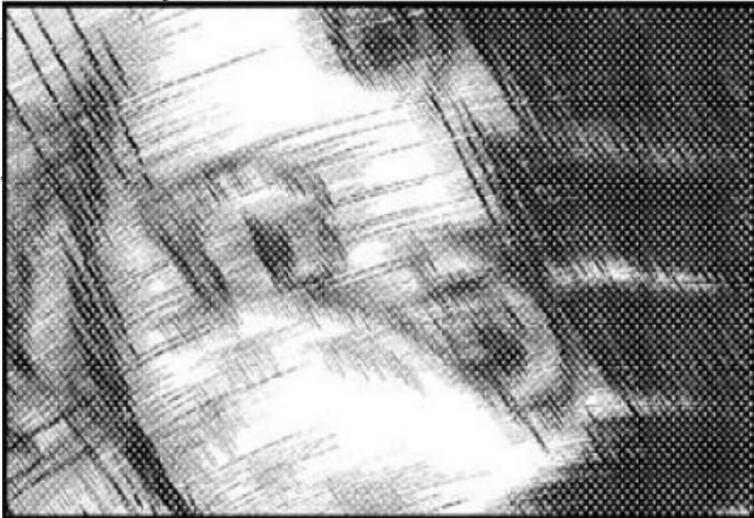
Lo-fi production as most know it is a statement, an aesthetic, nostalgia. In some cases a necessity, viewed with a present sense of fulfillment later tinged with regret (let's do it again, from the top, but this time we do it right). What it is most effective at however is highlighting "the process" which is normally obscured or sandpapered away. Think light versus echolocation. There are shadows and there are vague forms. Only one reveals texture. In this case, we are asked to become aware of or we are directly confronted with the process and the space surrounding music. Listeners are confronted with a distinct reality or a familiar reality at an unfamiliar angle. Similarly, this is the case with field recording. Perhaps as a result of certain elements' usual absence some are only attracted to this concept purely because it is novel. I would argue that this is not the case, as a matter of fact, it ought not to be novel, because it is a part of our everyday experience that most are not attuned to, and this is the ultimate

thesis of many artists who operate within this discipline. So why is it important to hear the creaking of the floorboards as one walks around a concert hall, choosing to include it as a part of the composition? Why is it necessary to hear the distinct quality of a laptop's microphone and the clicks of volume adjustment on a bedroom pop record? Instead, why not ask why in a world that is rapidly becoming less real do we continue to chip away at it, discarding its characteristics?



Intimacy can be achieved through direct confrontation. Sidestepping the classic assault on all senses. Honing itself down to a single element. Of course, other elements are often present but never in the form of an excuse or compromise. Uncompromising. This word comes with many implications. Typically in reference to the whole and not its parts. Does one part have the power to override the whole — to be labelled a concession?

Worlds were not constructed. Existing forms were plucked out of space and modified in a myriad of ways. Most common of all: decay. Otherwise, they were simply flipped, rotated, or zoomed in.



What is so difficult to understand about loops and repetition? You can play someone a note or chord and they understand it. Most people can conceive of a line but connect those two ends together and suddenly it's as if the rules of topology have been somehow violated.

Speaking of rule breaking, why does musical simile feel like cheating or akin to a cheeky joke? A "gotcha"? When the squeal of machinery turns out to be a violin, when raindrops on a roof becomes percussion, when the car window suddenly opens, interrupting the sequence, and the wind rushes in. Supersedure - the act or process of superseding especially: the replacement of an old or inferior queen bee by a young or superior queen.

Given a high enough bpm, any composition becomes a texture.

NEW FROM STERLING SCHOLARLY LONG AWAITED  
FOLLOW UPS TO THE CONTROVERSIAL "HEADY FOR  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLERS" PRIMER TITLED "PSYCHOLOGICAL  
POSITIONING OF GOD, THE  
LEANER TITLES: MUCH MORE

WHAT THE  
HELL IS  
IN THE UK?

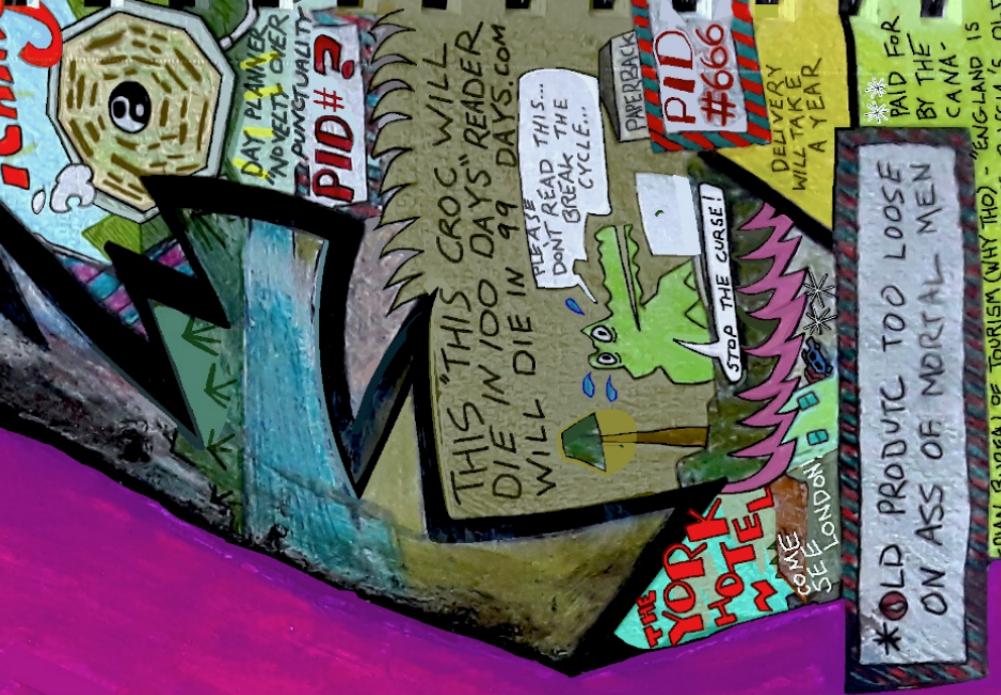
PEANUTS? FORTAC  
LOOK LIKE THAT  
JELLY FISH?  
READY FOR HELL'S HOT



JOUISSANCE



INTRODUCING  
THE



# I Say - Oh My!

a review: Robert Ashley - Music Word Fire and I Would Do It Again  
- Ramon Rodrigo -

For the select few: a series of 30 1 minute lessons (approximately\*) to woo the boogie woogie into the arms of the boogieless. If you aren't hopeless, that is (hope against hope if you must). Of course, what good are lessons if they ain't coming from the right teach'? Enter Buddy, the world's greatest pianist -"if [he] could make the load a little lighter, it would be [his] pleasure." And boogie woogie is one such way. Into the ears and out the hands, merge the divide between the left and the right and just maybe you'll find yourself flying (hope with hope if you must).



One such of the "select" - Baby, wife of bartender Rodney. Eager she is, Baby fires the chord changes along to the lessons - CCEE CCGG CCEE CCBB, always. Some got it and some don't - Baby thinks she's got it. Rodney on the other hand, is not so optimistic (the traveling salesmen echo the sentiment). If Baby is aware of the cloud of misgivings that hang near her, she doesn't show it - "boogie woogie all the way", huh?

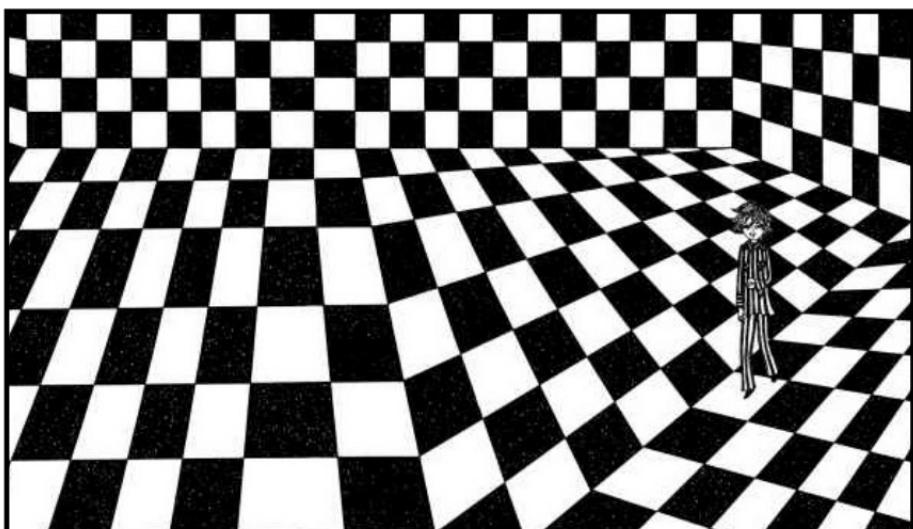
The lessons come in the form of 4 songs, the same song but done in 4 ways - "Music Word Fire And I Would Do it Again (Coo Coo)". There are no stoppages to distinguish one 1 minute lesson from the other (perhaps this is a lesson, too). What blossoms is a left field reimagining of boogie-woogie meets new-wave (there are scents of house that permeate as well). The words remain more or less the same, with slight changes in the ordering of the chorus lines and the interjection of Ashley's soft musings on "Raoul De Noget (No-Zhay)". This layering of repeated (yet not quite the same) musical and lyrical figures lend to the construction of a sinuous network of memory rehashed and reinforced. "Small ideas repeated massage the brain" after all.

The Lessons, as alluded to above, are referenced in the co(s)mic opera "Perfect Lives": first bursting from the radio of the elopers' car near the beginning of episode 3 ("The Bank"), next as a coda for the same episode, and finally hinted at by Rodney as he guardedly regards the presence of Buddy in episode 4 ("The Bar"). Both the LP and VHS release of the work predates the 1984 broadcast of "Perfect Lives", but come after the release of both the "Private Parts" and "The Bar" LP. And to return to approximately\* - the liner notes for the VHS reference the work as 28 one-minute pieces for television - which may suggest: a) there are two missing lessons o the vhs; b) the VHS was something of a "pilot" to try to drum up interest for getting a studio to bite on supporting a "Perfect Lives" production, and so the notes define the material reality of the work; c) an unintentional inconsistency between what's said in "Perfect Lives" and the liner notes for "The Lessons". However, "Music Word Fire..." is most likely the first "Perfect Lives" related work to be created. The song was born in the 60s when Ashley was tasked by a good friend to write some songs with the hope they would be produced for Motown - long before Ashley had any aspirations of writing opera. The songs, needless to say, never made it to Motown.

It's tough to see any of the Lessons making waves on pop radio let alone produced at Motown - at least, in the manner they are imagined here. Not a one man show at all (not that Ashley would ever claim as such - he always fondly called his crew of performers his "band") the fingerprints of each participant are apparent. Peter Gordon with his pop-classical mastery, a la the Love of Life Orchestra, gleams in the bounding beat; "Blue" Gene Tyranny works the polymoog and organ to strike some textural dynamism and interjects with abbreviated boogie woogie solos via prepared piano (how lovely the attack) to supply a melodic dynamism; David Van Tieghem and Jill Kroesen's arrangement of the vocals casts them in odd and oblique shapes, careening from high to low, injecting whimsy and longing in equal measures. It all coalesces into a busy tapestry of "asides" that interject and depart from each other.

Of course, it's an Ashley work through and through: the cadence of the voices, where the words are cut up, the manner in which the disparate parts are mixed together - all hallmarks of the composer. To point, take "Isolde (Maria Isolde)" around the two minute till three minute mark: multiple vocal lines that elude pure harmonization appear against the syncopated polymoog, accompanied by occasional almost-inaudible murmurings, and as the verse begins the piano slinks into place, ponderous before abruptly exiting. A fractured sense of counterpoint that posits absence as a "point" comes to the forefront. And in this fractured sense the concept of "aside" gains a musical dimension - the "lessons" (the piano solos) are subject to lesions by the other instruments (and launches its own retaliation in kind), producing a narrative of multiple voices launched in different vectors and yet tied together by their codependency.

The notion of the "aside" in the architecture of the work is also explored as a literary device via the lyrics. Ashley interestingly cuts up the repeating phrase "I loved you" with an emphasis on the 'd'. The promotion of the 'd' to occupying a space of its own allows for the line to come across in two ways: 1) "I love 'duh' you.." which can be read as placing importance on the ending of that love, and 2) "I love (duh you?)..." which seems to inject an aside thrown perhaps to the object of the singer's love (or perhaps the audience?) as well as imbuing the love felt with an eternalness, that it exists beyond the passage of time. And like the musical "asides", the origin and destination of the lyrics shifts constantly, such as lamentations to a lover (self to other), introspective musings (self to self), simulations as if coming from the outside, a la "Gracias Senor" (other to self). A center-less correspondence is derived from the repetition and layering - pushing any sense of narrative off to the side in favor of a torrent of asides.



Time and the sense of constructing memories is key to the understanding of the “Lessons”. Giordano Bruno figures in the work (as well as notably in episode 7 of “Perfect Lives”, “The Backyard”), most explicitly in “Raoul de Noget (No-Zhay)” where lines like “..the smell of icons burning” and “fight fire with fire” make it to the stage. Bruno was notably burned at the stake for his heretical beliefs at Campo de Fiori, beliefs which encompassed ideas surrounding the possibility of multiple worlds and an infinite universe. Most important to “The Lessons” is his concept of the theatre of memory - the usage of mnemonic images in tandem with subject (places of memory) to construct modes of recall via the creations of “memory theatres”. Ashley adds to Bruno’s art of memory his conception of reincarnation vis-a-vis “The Tibetan Book of the Dead”. The multiplicity of images, of memory, allows for multiple orderings and re-orderings; lives live(d) many times over (an aside: some Bruno proponents have argued his methodology is a way to gain encyclopedic knowledge of the world, which somewhat overlaps with the reincarnation bit). The orderings are generated by the anecdotal, by coincidence - magic as Sam Ashley might say. As the repeated refrain of “The Lessons” go: “I say - I would do it again”.



The validity of the cosmology Ashley provides is besides the point (or rather: a point that deserves more time, more space, and a more critical eye). What is the point is this: “The Lessons” not only embody a singular material event (per the narrative) - 30 (approximately) 1 minute lessons to teach boogie woogie - but also exist as a thread entwined in the fabric of Ashley’s conception of the migration of human consciousness. It goes beyond “Private Parts”, it goes beyond “Perfect Lives”, it goes beyond “Improvements: Don Leaves Linda” (note the tap dancing bit there), and I bet it goes beyond “Dust” (not only are the pop songs there also borne of the Motown hope, the intersection and departure of memory is a key motif). After all, “boogie woogie is the vessel of the eternal present.”

# How would you like your funeral to go?

- meet the cast, and a special guest! -

**r**  
(unpaid intern)

**Ramon Rodrigo**  
(benign tumor)

**Crunch**  
(test dummy)

**Mug**  
(frothed yogurt)

**Mr. Yes**  
(the big cheese)

**Jax**  
(noise maker)

**Mei Baas**  
(flotation device)

**Ronit Ghosh**  
(unhinged door)

**John Cage-Free**  
(patron saint)

**Firth**  
(digital artifact)

The body of r served two ways: half goes to the grinder and subsequently dried out, the other goes to the smoker with a smattering of spices. Roll up some smokes with the first and enjoy some treats with the second. Bon appetit-

Do i have to die?

My answer should be defaulted to my widow, who in the event of my death would most likely construct a quiet funeral concession of all my friends and family to mourn and grieve appropriately, citing "it's what they would have wanted". However, I cannot say with confidence that is what I would want. No, she never really knew me in life after all. I would want my naked pale body immortalized, cast out to sea at twilight to have the violet moths of the water caress my skin in fleshed grafting, like I am a bridal cadaver on my fated wedding night. My soul can be reborn in matrimony with the speckled blue. Or maybe- no maybe my widow is right.

i have not given the question much thought until now, when i die it'll be someone elses problem notmine. but to answer the question ,

Proceed to a procession, one that doesn't end till your legs give out. A procession is a dance party no matter how you cut it; the soundtrack: Eastman's "Stay On It" - audience participation is expected (instruments are allowed, slap a belly and squeeze a lip if you must). Pall-bearers: better work on those lats lest you be joining me.

[dictated not read] my funeral would take place in a seaside industrial town on one of those massive concrete slabs that jut out into the water. there are rows upon rows of cranes licked by salt and rust. cranes that once aided the construction of boats but have since been abandoned. cranes that can be seen from the edge of town blanketing shadows upon the low tin roofs, there are cranes of varying sizes. a modest one would be picked out for me. perhaps it was a lingering fear of heights said with a half smirk - allow me (as if anyone had a say) the universal privilege of being irrational until the bitter end. the service would be on a sunny, cloudless day, i claim out of necessity not symbolic meaning, as i would be lowered into the water in sync with the sun. [no further instruction]

Taxiderm me up (I'd like to go into the next world as C-cup FYI) and send me off with a game of duck, duck, goose!

There has to be a good playlist of music. Some songs that are inspiring, some that are flat out depressing (this modesty shit about not wanting people to cry at your funeral is ridiculous). I want to be sufficiently awesome enough to make people cry. Playlist ideas for the funeral? Probably some Nick Drake and John Fahey for the depressing parts. Nothing makes you sadder than the primitive guitar. And then maybe some upbeat songs. Definitely Future Island's Season's Change; what a bop, am I right? But, as with any good funeral playlist, the hard part is the ending. I don't know the answer to what my final song will be ( thank God!) That means I have a few more years to live.

The obvious answer would be with my wife jumping over the casket, trying to mount me while I have a solemn erection. But that would be leaving too much in the hands of other people, no? Can one get pregnant through an erection by someone who has died? I would like my soul to be reborn as my wife's child, so I can see her as a mother. I would like to grow up to make her proud, but for all this, I have to die relatively young. So I guess that's my answer. I want to die young.

I want my body secretly confiscated and buried on the prairie while the oldest cowboy immediately, locally and discretely available (excepting slightly for any relevant quarantine restrictions) sings "oh bury me not on the lone prairie" (to be clear: YES, bury me on the lone prairie). Next, I would like 5 representative friends/family members (for a general "snapshot" of my social life) given clues to initiate a scavenger hunt to ultimately... not really find my body, but at least find out I died. Obv this is outlined specifically elsewhere but to tease, there are cool intersecting paths of the participants, foreshadowing, etc, anyway, don't care about the funeral itself, I won't be there. Just have fun with it/do it up.

Vicente Huidobro

Keiji Haino

Les Rallizes Denudes

Enrique Valiente Noailles

Robert Ashley - Celestial Excursions

Giordano Bruno

Robert Ashley - Perfect Lives

Robert Ashley - Music Word Fire and I Would

Jean Baudrillard Do It Again (Coo Coo)

Roberto Bolano

Nile Rodgers - Paris Masterclass (2010)

The Gerogerigegege

Nishioka Kyoudai - Kyuuusai no i

Tommasini Juicers

Jandek

Corrina Corrina

Suzukawa Rin - Asobi Asobase

Isle of Dogs

Nicanor Parra

figure it out  
yourself,  
dumbfuck  
- Mr. Yes

Franz Kafka  
Sade

Kui Ryoko -

Dungeon Mebi

Marquis de Sade

Yuuki Kikuchi -

This Croc Will Die in 100 Days

Asano Ilio -

dead dead demon's  
dededede destruction

Oshimi Shuzo - Aku no Hana

Furuya Minoru - Boku to Issho

Matsumoto Jiro - Keep on Vibrating

Yamakawa Naoto -

Matsumoto Jiro - Tropical Citron

Mou Ippai Coffee

Doopees - Doopee Time Ginger Root

Ashinano Hitoshi -

Furuya Minoru - Ping Pong Club

Yokohama Kaidashi

Supercar

Kikou

Usuta Kyousuke -

Sexy Commando Gaiden: Sugoiyo!! Masaru-san



## CONTACT INFO:

-email: *juice.seance@gmail.com*

-instagram: *juice.seance*

C-ya!



