

**What If I Told You**  
Lawrence Abu Hamdan, Jumana Manna, Mandus Ridefelt, Tellus  
Audio Cassette Magazine  
Canopy, March 05–07, 2021

**A PREHISTORY OF HEARING YOU**  
Spiritual Script/Written Moodboard  
18:00, 05.03.2021  
Mandus Ridefelt

THE MAKING OF A DOG

From innocence you can only fall in disgrace. And if some of us are born innocent, in angular conception, the only way into the world is through crookedness and corruption. The vocal promise of presence. The innocent is present, is no blessing. From the promise of presence and intimacy, you can only subtract into ab-sence and distrust.

The recording of Alessandro Moreschi (the last castrato) saves in-nocence for our hearing. Through a wormhole, the inscription of Moreschi’s voice sings to us from the other side, where nothing can be redeemed because the voice has left its promise behind and begun to act in accordance with its own logic.

When a voice no longer carries the promise of presence, it cedes to carry Christian souls. It starts expire Christian souls, straying them around as never-to-be-found objects. An aerosol of orphans resonates in the vault.

Moreschi’s voice emulates presence, but it resists being emulat-ed. It resists being emulated because what forced it to become a vehicle of emulation (castration) was an act outside its own logic. An irrevocable intrusion. Another primal scene of the larynx.

It refuses to be voice. It can never become voice because its promise of presence violates the very reality of the impossible be-ing of the castrato. A body with denied time.

The voice no longer carries of anything the clergy can know. It has excommunicated its owner’s soul like a dog starting to incessantly bite the masters’ hand. Feeding hands are the hands that make a dog a dog.

THE VOCAL LOGISTICS OF THE REAL

Some voices exceed their known gesture. The voice promises the presence of a face. But some voices promise a face made out of The Ears of of Will Smith, the Mouth of Anne Hathaway, the Lips of Donatella Versace, the Eyes of Elijah Wood and Rihanna’s soaring Forehead.

Creshevsky arrange known voice modules so they surpass their aesthetization as speech or music. His compositions probe an inflated state of reality. More real than realism. Realist music remains bound to and responsible afore a correspondence between the voice and what it speaks of.

But reality is always ahead of itself.

To sing of the real is to sing above and beyond. It is to sing at the number that remains when the velocity of apprehension is subtracted from the velocity of detection. It is to supercharge an input signal as to forestall that any transmission is intrinsically lossy.

Features blow up. A bloated elevator-pitch for a realism of ubiquity. That ubiquity is the omnipresence of a broken line between voices and faces. Their mutual implication is impossible to honour. The crack, the necessary failure, is the soil of vocal realism. Only by failing to deliver can the voice become itself.

Only by exceeding its given shape can the voice speak of the impossibility of being spoken (but only arranged and heard).

As listeners, we are not censors, but sensors. We sense really bloated forms, all-too large melodical arches and the thunderous Atem of bubble gum realities popping in our face.

EMULATING THE NFT

The voice is its own emulation. T-Pain is the gimmick-gloss-boy of early autotune. There were suspicions raised whether he could sing skilfully or not. Suspicions whether his artificial song only spectacularized the mindboggling presence of a digital instrument tainted the soul he was nominally indebted to present in his soulful singing.

T-Pain hacked the iconostasis of vocal pop.

From the worship of the boring cuts and crevasses of human finitude, into a swordship of how an infinite emulation is a destiny only as long as bodies remain finite. The betrayal of the voice is a function of the of the dysfunctions of natural bodies. What if the voice, in the first place, spoke for nothing that can be seen?

Bodies were never natural. T-Pain releases the logic of the voice from its leeching facial allegiance and sing at the number deemed irrational. At the number where sweet feels of voice and melody are always the aurora of content. Another iteration. This time: Primal scene – Cross you out.

The π-sexual conspiracy.

Or, the non-fungible token of emulation.

IMMATERIAL

What voice tells you that you can be anything you want, anywhere, anytime?

What voice tells you that and does not come through as a liberal mom bullshitting their poor first-born?

For a voice to tell you that you can be anything you want, anywhere, anytime, that voice must assume that you exist on the flipside of the promise that the voice is the spit of souls and the vibrating mirror of a full face staring me down (as if I was indebted to that face!?).

Such voice tells you that and knows that you know that the real is ahead of itself.

All of this is for SOPHIE.

Hearing you. Telling me that

I Got Something To Tell You

**SCREENING PROGRAM**  
16:00 & 18:00, 06.03.2021  
Lawrence Abu Hamdan + Jumana Manna

**Saydnaya (*The Missing 19db*), Lawrence Abu Hamdan, 2017, 13 min**  
The work is one part of a larger acoustic investigation into the inaccessible prison of Saydnaya, located 25 kilometres north of Damascus. The detainees were blindfolded in the rare moments they left their cells, leaving the sounds heard by those who survived captivity as one of the only available resources for study and documentation of the prison's violations. Via dedicated new techniques of earwitness interviews created by Abu Hamdan, the survivors reconstructed the architecture and events of their prison experience. Since speaking aloud in Saydnaya was punishable by death, one way to measure violence resulting from the prison's brutally enforced silence was to concentrate on the level of whispering at which the detainees could speak and not be heard by guards. As a reflection of the increasing violence since the 2011 Syrian revolution, the whispers dropped by 19 decibels—four times quieter than those before that year.



**A Magical Substance Flows Into Me, Jumana Manna, 2015, 71 min**  
The opening scene is a crackly voice recording of Dr. Robert Lachmann, an enigmatic Jewish-German ethnomusicologist who emigrated to 1930s Palestine. While attempting to establish an archive and department of Oriental Music at the Hebrew University, Lach-mann created a radio program for the Palestine Broadcasting Service called “Oriental Music”, where he would invite members of local communities to perform their vernacular music. Over the course of the film I follow in Lachmann’s footsteps and visit Kurdish, Moroccan and Yemenite Jews, Samaritans, members of urban and rural Palestinian communities, Bedouins and Coptic Christians, as they exist today within the geographic space of historical Palestine. Manna engages them in conversation around their music, while lingering over that music’s history as well as its current, sometimes endangered state. Intercutting these encounters with musicians, are a series of vignettes of interactions of the artist with her parents in the bounds of their family home. In a metaphorical excavation of an endlessly contested history, the film’s preoccupations include: the complexities embedded in language, as well as desire and the aural set against the notion of impossibility. Within the hackneyed one-dimensional ideas about Palestine/Israel, this impossibility becomes itself a trope that defines the Palestinian landscape.

**LISTENING SESSION – Tellus Audio Cassette Magazine**  
12:00–16:00, 07.03.2021

Compiled from the archives of *Tellus Audio Cassette Magazine*. Launched in 1983 as a subscription only, bimonthly publication, the Tellus cassette series took full advantage of the popular cassette medium to promote cutting edge music, documenting the New York art scene and advanced US composers of the time. Tellus was in activity for 10 years (1983-1993), witnessing the digital revolution taking place in the new media arts.

*Tellus #1* (1983)  
1.Sonic Youth - *Scream (Recorded Live, Rolle, Switzerland 6/83)* (02:20)  
2.Bruce Tovksy - *Re-Gender (Excerpt)* (03:07)  
3.Mitch Corber - *Reaganomics/Infinitessimus* (01:57)

4.Joseph Neshvatal - *Ego Masher* (07:05)  
5.Verge Piersoi - *Come Sit* (03:47)

*Tellus #2* (1984)  
6. Kiki Smith - *Life Wants to Live* (01:33)  
7. David Rosenbloom - *Flowers (Excerpt from Departure)* (03:47)  
8. Carol Parkinson - *Ramp* (01:25)  
9. Mitch Corber - *Budge, Budge, Budge the Budget* (01:13)  
10. Holly Hughes Sally A. White, Maureen Angelos, Jill Kirschen and Jane Pipik - *Art Mart* (01:07)  
11. Ron Kuivala - *TI Intends... (to enforce its intellectual prop-erty rights to the fullest extent permitted by law).* (07:36)

*Tellus #3* (1984)  
12. Wharton Tiers – *Great Awakening* (03:41)

*Tellus #4* (1984)  
13. Ellen Fullman – *Longitudinal Vibrations* (04:05)

*Tellus #5-6 Double Issue* (1984)  
14. Louise Lawler - *Birdcalls* (09:20)  
15. Julie Harrison – *Subordinate Acts* (01:02)  
16. David Wojnarowicz and Doug Bressler – *American Dream-time* (06:07)  
17. Barbara Barg and Barbara Ess - *Excerpts from A Streetcar Named Desire, For Blanche* (05:40)  
18. Kathryn High – *Hospital Visit* (01:35)

*Tellus #7* (1984)  
19. John Miller – *The True Voice* (01:01)  
20. Patrick McGrath – *Spike Rising* (03:27)  
21. Gregory Whitehead – *Eva Can I Stab Bats In A Cave* (01:11)

*Tellus #8* (1985)  
22. Fast Forward – *Spot* (03:58)  
23. Christian Marclay – *Groove* (04:54)  
24. Club of Rome (aka Asmus Tietchens) – *Endzeit-Kino, Gehirnspinst, Hydrox, Torsox* (10:32)

*Tellus #9* (1985)  
25. Ron Kuivila – *Cannon Y for C.N* (03:51)

*Tellus #10* (1985)  
26. Thurston Moore – *Skrewer Boy* (03:11)  
27. Glenn Branca – *Acoustic Phenomena* (03:58)

*Tellus #11* (1985)  
28. M'lou Zahner Ollswang - *Mosquitos* (01:41)  
29. Helen Thorington – *Stella Nova (Excerpt)*(04:43)

*Tellus #12* (1986)  
30. Brooks Williams – *Demented Folk Tune* (02:18)

*Tellus #13* (1986)  
31. Architects Office – *AD. 301.5* (01:00)  
32. Controlled Bleeding – *Clotage* (05:15)

*Tellus #14* (1986)  
33. David Hykes – *Opening Kyrie* (05:17)  
34. James Tenney – *Septet for Electric Guitar* (05:25)

*Tellus #16* (1986)  
35. Elodie Lauten - *Tango* (03:43)  
36. Christopher Berg – *Tango Meditation* (04:57)

*Tellus #17* (1987)  
37. Neil Zusman – *Bug in Wilderness (Excerpt)* (01:55)  
38. Nancy Buchanan – *The Work of Art in the Age of Electronic Reproduction* (01:22)  
39. Rii Kanzaki – *Flora* (01:31)  
40. Ben Rocco – *In Light of Sound: Sphere Study (Excerpt from Collaborations in Video)* (02:02)  
41. Peter Rose - *VOX* (01:56)

*Tellus #18* (1987)  
42. Jerri Allyn – *Queer Revolution* (09:06)

*Tellus #19* (1988)  
43. Wang Li – *Solos on zheng 21-string zither in 'Welcoming Spring'* (03:34)  
44. R.I.P Hayman - *Nightsongs* (01:26)

*Tellus #20* (1988)  
45. Art Interface – *Music For Fans #10* (05:17)

*Tellus #21* (1988)  
46. Joseph Beuys - “Ja Ja Ja Ne Ne Ne”, 1970, Mazzotta Editions, Milan, 33 rpm, 500 copies. (excerpt 2:00) (02:04)  
47. Marcel Duchamp - *Some texts from “A l’infinitif” (1912-20). Recorded by Aspen Magazine, November 1967, N.Y.* (4:00)  
48. Joan Jonas - “The Anchor Stone”, 1988. Engineered by Bren-da Hutchinson at Studio PASS, N.Y. (2:30)  
49. Susan Hiller - “Magic Lantern”, 1987, Edited by B. Hutchinson with Tim Guest at Studio PASS, N.Y. Abridged version (5:03)

*Tellus #22* (1988)  
50. Remko Scha - ‘Katadeedo daynatadoh’ (0:47)

*Tellus #23* (1988)  
51. Paul Bowles – narrator ‘Allal’ (26.38)  
52. Paul Bowles – narrator ‘Points in Time IV’ (05:40)  
53. Paul Bowles – narrator ‘The Garden’ (08:02)  
54. Paul Bowles – narrator ‘Points in Time XI’ (01:20)

*Tellus #24* (1988)  
55. Tomas Schmit – *No. 13* (00:07)