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Introduction

Hollis Taylor

The following pages survey the musical output of violinist Jon Rose through the prism of his museum dedicated, like himself, to all things violin: the Rosenberg Museum. Museums created around a violinist's output are rare. Aside from Rose, only Louis Spohr (1784–1859) springs to mind. Founded in 1912 in Kassel, Germany decades after his death, the Spohr Museum closed in 1933 under the Nazis but was re-opened in 1967 by the International Louis Spohr Society. Sharing its current space with a commemoration of the Brothers Grimm, the Spohr Museum focusses on violin-playing in general but incorporates an archive of memorabilia, including chin rests (which he claimed to have invented *c*1820) (Boyden et al. 1980, 33), concert programs, autographs, newspaper cuttings, and family portraits.[1] In short, the Spohr Museum delivers the predictable. It bears almost no resemblance to the Rosenberg Museum, which is another beast altogether.

The Rosenberg Museum prevails as a nontraditional enquiry into the violin that demands its archive be sung to life by performances, not unlike the Australian Aboriginal practice. Fostering both creative and political acts by its founder and others, it disrupts notions of a museum as a place of institutional reassurance, just as it confounds assumptions of the violin as an emblem of high art. Each of the seven articles assembled for this special issue explores aspects of these themes. As Erkki Veltheim observes, the Rosenberg Museum is 'a site for radical music praxis'. Although the violin remains fundamental as a 'floating signifier', Rose's activity takes place on a vast experimental canvas. He is fond of challenging the received version of history and setting the musical record right (to his mind), but he does not stop there. He delights in blurring lines in ways that can be confusing but also exhilarating. Here the unpredictable flourishes: the violin as sonic and visual artefact undergoes spirited transformations and intense collisions with politics and culture. Real world instruments, compositions, projects, and research are juxtaposed with the Rosenbergs, an entire family tree of fictional violinists who seem to take over when the practical constraints of physics and a lack of resources might limit what is actually possible in the life of one musician performing new music.

Parallels can be struck with P.D.Q. Bach, the fictional forgotten son of J.S. Bach launched as a parodic persona by composer and musician Peter Schickele in 1965.[2] He combines slapstick, musicological parody, and humorous re-arrangements of works from Bach and Mozart to Philip Glass and folk tunes. As with Schickele,

parody and satire, high and low art, and extreme and sudden violations of expectations dominate the Rosenberg Museum. Although Rose also has an alter ego, Dr Johannes Rosenberg, in this the parallel with P.D.Q. Bach diminishes. In Rose's oeuvre, the protagonist and central character is less a person than the violin itself. Chez the Rosenberg Museum, 'violin' becomes a generic device to include any amount of experimentation with string instruments. In this way, Veltheim notes how the Rosenberg Museum challenges the limited conceit of a museum as 'an official repository for catalogued, indexed and preserved objects that represent a given community's accepted histories and forms of hegemony'. The disruptions and provocations mount as Veltheim details Rose's polymath skill box, which includes improvisation, composition, interactive electronics, musicology, instrument building, radiophonic storytelling, and environmental works that allow him to conceptually and physically explore sonic worlds where few others have trod.

Anthony Bond contemplates the iconic nature of the Italian invention, the first image of which turns up in a 1530 painting by Gaudenzio Ferrari entitled *Madonna of the Orange Tree*, followed a few years later by images in a Saronno church fresco. While the keyboard in its various manifestations may have been the bread and butter of harmonic and polyphonic reasoning that led to the canon of Western music, the violin manifests the *look* of Hochkultur. And as any taxi driver may tell you, a violin is always an overpriced Strad. Bond recounts how the instrument serves as a display of power (the Cremonese violins are often owned by banks), a passport to sophistication, and a European theme park of aesthetics. He notes that in late Capitalism, the image of the violin has infused the world of advertising, selling everything from insurance and tourism to pornography and health foods. Ironically, the rise of China as a mercantile power has engendered the development and export of its cheap and accessible violins, the absolute contrarian image usually associated with the instrument.

In tracking the violin's trajectory across both fine art and popular culture, Bond canvasses not just advertising agencies, but also visual artists, designers, and conceptual musicians worldwide. One key influence observable throughout the Rosenberg Museum is Dadaism and its descendants, Surrealism and Fluxus. In Rose's view, Dada was the most important notion of the twentieth century. In a subsequent section of this issue, 'Images from the Rosenberg Museum' further underscores and extends Bond's account. These images also have an online presence, and apart from content, they are selected for colour, so I recommend viewing them online. Bond also looks beyond images and materials to motion, a recurring theme in Rose's inventions. This he attributes to Rose's interest in 'the inherent properties of sound' and his propensity to make discoveries 'out of doing, not just thinking'.

Jane Ulman examines the richness of Rose's radiophonic oeuvre, highlighting his principle themes combined with the violin: politics, sport, and alternative musical biography. The act of broadcasting is an intimate method of communication and also comparatively cheap, with productions rarely censored. So, for someone like Jon Rose who was intent on mounting major interventions into history—changing,

subverting, and/or correcting, radio was an ideal medium. Radio has attracted him since childhood, and over 40 productions have benefited from his wit and satire, his skills as composer, performer, writer, and producer, and, above all, his gift as storyteller (he writes his own texts) and fabulist. And where Rose goes, the violin follows—if not leads. Ulman understands the instrument to be his 'cultural Geiger counter'.

A trilogy of Rosenberg radiophonic works extends notions of violin by posing 'existential and psychological questions', while never preaching. In addition, a set of Rose's secondary infatuations are never far away from plot or auditory digression: consumerism, colonialism, and Australiana (including indigenous language and cultural practice) made regular appearances on the airwaves. As an ABC producer, Ulman observed Rose at work in many ABC productions and followed his radiophonic career as new histories of music were revealed through his critical ear. She notes that under the comedic mask of sharp wit, savage satire, and out-and-out clowning around, Rose's work is 'nothing if not serious'.

Bennett Hogg situates the various musical provocations of Jon Rose within the footing of Western theory and aesthetics. Hogg's proposition: straight lines are the basis of a certain conformity in music that can be traced back to Greek mythology, and 'the straight line and the harmonic series originate at the moment the infant Hermes builds the first lyre'. A specialist in music of the landscape, Hogg puts Rose's various activities under a philosophical lens, asking, are they *of* line, *against* line, or *sitting on* the line? Thinking with Ingold and Eagleton, Hogg locates Rose's 'The Great Fences of Australia' project (with giant stretched strings laying out a veritable primer of the harmonic series even as they draw lines and mark out territories) in the classic nature versus culture binary. Hogg also surveys other intricate and large scale projects by Rose that feature violins on wheels and bicycles for their Klee-like qualities of 'taking a line for a walk'—although in the Rose scenario, he is drawing a musical line over a landscape, as a bow is drawn over a string. Hogg's concern here with music as motion in space overlaps with Rose's self-assigned brief: 'to test musical notions of time, distance, and speed'. Lines do not simply extend; they act as limiters. Rose tests his limits on the violin (once in 1982 with a twelve-hour, nonstop marathon concert) but also the threshold of what a violin can be as a cultural phenomenon (Uitti 2006, 635). In his analysis of Rose's improvisation of a solo part for the Tchaikovsky violin concerto, Hogg hears a benign form of trespassing, reaffirming his concern with the spatial and geographical aspects of music.

Although the practice of sport might appear far removed from that of violin playing, in 'Blowing the Whistle', Jon Rose argues that live music can be embedded into almost any activity via interactive technologies—or, to put it more succinctly, almost any movement able to be measured can be rendered as music. Throughout his work in this arena, music does not simply accompany and accessorize sporting activity; music becomes instead the direct product of sport. Rose appreciates the many similarities between the practice of music and that of sport, particularly the physicality of both disciplines. He observed in the 1980s and 1990s how the STEIM interactive software that he utilised for his interactive MIDI bow was relevant to play in games

of rules, chance, and circumstance in the widest possible applications. This led to one of his most adventurous projects, 'Perks', an interactive badminton game that interrogated the Jekyll and Hyde duality of maverick Australian composer Percy Grainger. (As the first to use the term 'free music', as a fitness fanatic, and as a sexual transgressor, Grainger was a subject who offered wide appeal to Rose (Dreyfus 1985).) In 'Perks', musical structure is fed by the 'binary and competitive' nature of the sport of badminton.

In addition to their differences, Grainger and Rose find correspondences: in the last decade of his life, Grainger built (with Burnett Cross) a number of experimental home-made instruments, and he founded his own museum on the grounds of Melbourne University (Dreyfus 1985). Rose's museum houses many custom-made instruments made by himself or with collaborators. Among the numerous hacked violins are artefacts that push the idea of a musical instrument to extremes. Not all of Rose's oeuvre survives. After the Canberra Pursuit project in 2013, due to lack of storage space, over 130 bicycle-powered instruments were recycled as junk or repurposed for student use. Three instruments, however, were retained by the Rosenberg Museum.

As a musical collaborator with Rose in recent years, Hollis Taylor writes about his Australia Ad Lib project from the vantage points of backstage and onstage, in the field and at the desk. Upon returning to live in Australia in 2001, Rose posed the question 'How musical is Australia?', wondering if the fifth continent had, like so many other countries, drifted from do-it-yourself makers into do-nothing consumers. Australia Ad Lib is his answer. Announced on the ABC website as a portrait of Australia through 'the weird, the wild, and the vernacular', the website aimed to provide a survey of contemporary music practice in Australia that went beyond the standard tropes of opera, classical music, and popular entertainment, or even the official avant-garde. Cross-connected with hyperlinks, the website finds Rose sniffing out obscure and underrated musical practices normally hidden under the cultural carpet, like the gumleaf playing of Aboriginal elder Roseina Boston. Rose did not stop with humans. Dinky, the singing dingo, took centre stage on the website, much as he did every night wowing tourists in the back room of a roadhouse in Central Australia.

Rose notes how, apart from being home to the longest continual musical tradition (Aboriginal settlement now estimated at some 65,000+ years) (Davidson & Wahlquist 2017), the country was also home to a neglected but vital colonial musical expression, typically ignored by the ruling elite and only idling in the subconscious of the average citizen. The Ad Lib site made a point of advocating the widest concept of what constitutes contemporary music praxis, heralding marginalised voices and outsiders, and calling out cultural cringe and exclusive institutional theories of music. As such, Ad Lib was a natural extension of Rose's notion of a museum, returning us full circle to Veltheim's critique of the received definition of *museum* (or website) that strives to be no more than 'an official repository for … accepted histories and forms of hegemony'.

Finally, we encounter the **catalogue** from 'The Museum Goes Live', the 2016 manifestation of the Rosenberg Museum at Carriageworks in Sydney. Typical of a Rose project, the Museum functioned in two states: as an *exhibition* of violins and violin-like objects, sound installations, and multimedia projections, along with a reading room; and as a *performance* featuring a string ensemble playing regular and irregular string instruments from the Museum collection. Just as his Museum embraces the unexpected, so too the catalogue. In entries detailing instruments, collections, and projects represented in the Museum, Rose itemizes their provenance, condition, sound, appearance, and performance logistics, to be sure—but he never misses an opportunity to contextualize an instrument or project, drawing on history and anecdote, injecting political judgments and cultural critique, making novel connections, jumping off into flights of fancy, referring to fictional characters, reporting stories from the road (like an incident where he was held and interrogated at Berlin's Checkpoint Charlie in 1987 on account of his Nineteen-String Cello), and then veering via a sharp turn to, say, discuss the aesthetics of polystyrene. The catalogue, like the Museum, is a tour through the connect-the-dots mind, process, wit, works, and obsessions of Jon Rose.

Disclosure statement

No potential conflict of interest was reported by the author.

Notes

[1] http://travelsfinders.com/spohr-museum.html.
[2] https://www.schickele.com/concerts/FiftyYears/index.htm.

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The Transformation of the World into Violin: The Rosenberg Museum as a Site for Radical Musical Praxis

Erkki Antero Veltheim

The activities of violinist/composer Jon Rose often force a readjustment of one's socially constructed aesthetic boundaries. This article takes a tour of his Rosenberg Museum, which stands as a provocation against preconceptions about violin as a musical instrument and cultural symbol. Rose's work is founded on the violin as a floating signifier, able to take on any number of meanings in order to act as a vessel for a bewildering range of social commentary and critique. The article follows how this plays out in Rose's development of not only new techniques (notably his improvisation investigations), but also new technologies of violin playing. These include his practice of building and modifying conventional string instruments (the Relative Violin project), his forays into various forms of amplification, and his development of numerous mechanical devices that changed the way a violin can be played and heard (like the interactive MIDI bow).

Keywords: Jon Rose; Rosenberg Museum; Experimental Music; Improvisation; MIDI Bow; Relative Violins

Prelude

The Rosenberg Museum is an obsessive monument to the violin in all its guises: as a musical instrument, as a visual and sonic object, as an iconic cultural artefact, and as a symbol of taste, class and power. This institution resists any convenient definition. It could be seen as either a fiction built out of facts or an actualisation of the manifold virtual possibilities of a string instrument, and though it once nominally resided in the town of Violin, Slovakia, it really inhabits a conceptual rather than a physical space. Fundamentally, the Rosenberg Museum is an expression of its creator Jon Rose's idea of the violin as an unfinished experiment, a counterbalance to conventional attitudes towards what a violin should look and sound like.

Any object or image that resembles or incorporates a violin could be imagined to belong to this Museum, becoming a building block in a vast, rambling structure that splinters off into at times contradictory directions. In the process, the notion of a violin is itself morphed into a type of floating signifier, able to take on any number of meanings in order to act as a vessel for a bewildering range of social commentary and critique. Dr Johannes Rosenberg is himself an invented alter ego of Jon Rose and has over the years fragmented into a whole family tree, its distantly related members representing various real and invented traditions of violin playing. The entire Rosenberg Museum is typified by such wilful schizophrenia, reflecting Rose's eclectic creative life and his musical, aesthetic and social concerns.

Improvised Genealogies

A museum is commonly thought of as an official repository for catalogued, indexed and preserved objects that represent a given community's accepted histories and forms of hegemony. A museum is a symbol of truth and power, guaranteeing an institutionally validated version of our cultural heritage and consequently justifying our view of and place in the world. A museum consolidates our society's myths into seemingly immutable facts, thus performing a sleight of hand that hides the culturally contingent foundations upon which this grand narrative is constructed.

The Rosenberg Museum displaces this conservative narrative through an alternative genealogy of the violin and its role in the world, fabricating a continuously shifting improvised tapestry of truth and fiction that exposes the shaky terrain beneath our received cultural values. The accepted canon of Western music has all but erased improvisation as a legitimate musical activity, relying on the universal standard of the notated score to stamp the authority of historical worth on any musical activity. Jon Rose is primarily an improviser, and thus an outsider in the eyes of the classical music establishment, so it seems natural for him to propose an alternative mythology for his musical practice, and for this mythology to be based on the tenets of improvisation as both a philosophy and activity. As such, the Rosenberg Museum is a celebration of the accidental, of the ephemeral, of the entropic, to the extent that its exhibits are forever in a constant state of flux, often going missing, being recovered again in unexpected locations, and at times disappearing altogether.

The fictional life of Dr Johannes Rosenberg is itself a catalogue of 'wrong' professional decisions; he was supposedly born in 1921 in Wagga Wagga, Australia, and fought alongside the Japanese in WWII before emigrating to the GDR. He is an archetype of the 'other' of humanist, capitalist Western culture. The name Rosenberg already provides a clue for his role as an outsider. This name was commonly adopted by European Jews and Romany people when they were obliged to take surnames in order to become recorded members of Europe's civil society, whilst never being fully accepted and forever lacking a 'native' country. Jon Rose is similarly an eternal foreigner in the narrative of conventional musical culture, traversing across

Figure 1 Jon Rose plays the Nineteen-String Cello at Quartier Latin, Berlin (Konstanze Binder 1986).

the borders of classical, jazz, country and pop traditions yet never being confined by any of these categories.

While Rosenberg supposedly lived in East Germany, Rose himself was a long-term resident of West Berlin. Johannes Rosenberg, his name a Germanic modification of Jon Rose, is thus established as a kind of shadow twin of his creator: a personification of Rose's heterodox musical practice, and of the split at the heart of the European musical tradition that has erected an artificial wall between notation and improvisation. Rose's fascination with and critique of such dualities is further reflected in his instrument-building projects such as the 10-String Double Violin (two violins sharing a common neck). Western canonic notions of balance, gestalt, and perfection are further scrutinised with instruments such as the Aeolian Double Neck Violin (a wind powered proposition), the Sixteen-String Long Neck Violin (an instrument built to test microtonal tuning), the Tromba-mariner (a misappropriated name and string contraption attached to a boat), or the Nineteen-String Cello (an instrument inspired by the Baryton but taken to improvised extremes with a plethora of strings and electronics) (Figure 1).

Improvisation itself is an oft-misunderstood and misused term. The word 'improvise' literally means 'not make preparation for', and it is commonly assumed that a musical improvisation is spontaneously extemporised in the moment, without any planning. This, however, is an inaccurate representation of the improviser's true craft. An improvising musician possesses a vocabulary of more or less idiosyncratic musical materials, developed and refined throughout their entire career, which is used to create a real-time composition in a given situation and under the influence of environmental factors, including the acoustics of the performance space and other musicians' input. Improvisation is thus not a completely unplanned event; rather, it describes a process or a strategy of decision-making that generates new structures through an endless and fluid mediation between the known and the indeterminate.

Bastards and Other Illegitimates

In 2006, Jon Rose was featured as an unlikely soloist in the third movement of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, as part of a programme given by the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra under the baton of conductor Ilan Volkov. It was to be no ordinary performance of this iconic exemplar of the Romantic concerto tradition. Rather, it juxtaposed Rose's distinctive improvisational syntax against a faithful account of the orchestral accompaniment, replacing Tchaikovsky's original solo violin part with an acrobatic study in musical invention in a restricted domain. The effect is akin to a parkour *traceur* threading a path through the obstacles in an urban environment, or the absurd choreography of Buster Keaton transforming everyday situations into a magical sequence of gags, both treating their fixed material and social surroundings as malleable raw materials to be morphed into a kind of situationist extemporisation. Rose's performance results in a kind of cognitive dissonance, or a discursive

reconfiguration, where the ground (the Romantic concerto) metamorphoses into a new field of possibilities, the ear continuously flitting between the familiarity of the orchestra and the audacious novelty of the solo violin.

Rose's 'bastardisation' of the Tchaikovsky concerto poses the questions: Why should things be the way they are? What prevents them from being different? The answer is, of course, 'tradition', the main beneficiaries of which are those who hold power in society. 'Classical' tradition is always bound to be conservative, attempting to preserve the status quo by creating and recreating docile subjects through various cultural practices, such as music, that mirror the prevailing values and power structures in a given society. However, tradition is an abstract concept that is only made concrete by actions and hence *can* evolve and transform in as many ways as it has practitioners. This is evidenced by any number of oral cultures throughout the world, which are necessarily in constant state of flux between convention and invention.

Rose's insertion of himself as an improvising soloist into a Romantic concerto disrupts the accepted narrative of its conception, and provocatively inserts a wedge into historically codified musical roles. It forces a readjustment of one's socially constructed aesthetic boundaries, and acts as a genuine, practical demonstration that things really could be otherwise, that there are alternatives to the world as a given. It also challenges the accepted roles of the author and the interpreter, that is, the former as the unilateral creator of a work, whose spirit resides permanently in the written mark, and the latter as the translator of this spirit to the audience. The traditionalist might well ask: What gives Rose the right to rewrite Tchaikovsky? To which Rose might answer: What gives Tchaikovsky the right to tell me what to play?

Rose has critiqued Western classical music's blind spot about improvisation in two other concerto projects: *Internal Combustion* for amplified violin, ensemble and visuals, and *Elastic Band* for improvising violin soloist and orchestra, devised in collaboration with the composer Elena Kats-Chernin. Each demonstrates Rose's dialectical approach to dealing with what he considers to be some of the fundamental problems in music today, synthesising elements of classical music's standard propositions (composer, soloist, conductor, orchestra) with his own counter-arguments (collaboration, improvisation, interaction, open form).

Internal Combustion combines the concepts of the Baroque continuo and Jazz big band chart, both being musical forms that allow for limited (and specialised) improvisation in a highly-ritualised fashion, a soloist creating their own musical line against a predetermined ensemble backing. In this work, Rose at times utilises heavy amplification in order to foreground commonly ignored sounds that the violin necessarily emits as part of its mechanics: the various scrapes, scratches and other 'noises' caused by the contact of the bow on the string. These could be thought of as the internal 'heat' that allows the rest of the violin-machine to operate, underlying the whole of its more idiomatic tonal palette of sustained lines, chords and staccato passages. The work also features a database of visual images of violins in novel or 'illegitimate' contexts, manipulated by the audiovisual artist Robin Fox in real time as part of the performance. These act as a series of suggestive synaesthetic cues, the listener instinctively

imagining the sounds that the different violins might make as a virtual accompaniment to the actual sounds in the space.

In its combination of music and image, which are never intended to integrate into a relationship of mutual coherence such as a film and a soundtrack, *Internal Combustion* demonstrates a methodology of collage and collision that is evident in much of Rose's output. On the one hand, this could be seen as a realist strategy, presenting the work of art in the same continuous milieu as our day to day lives, that is, one of saturation of sonic and visual data that we habitually separate or synthesise into aggregates of perception and experience. On the other hand, it could be seen as a *surrealist* strategy, akin to the collages of Max Ernst, pasting together disparate objects that combine in ways far removed from the dictates of mundane logic and sense. Either way, this creates new and unpredictable associations between non-related elements that make something of an improviser out of the listener as well, as s/he pieces together a unified whole out of the work's multiple sensory and affective experiences.

While Rose's performance of the Tchaikovsky was a collaboration with an unwitting accomplice, his work with composer Elena Kats-Chernin, *Elastic Band* for violin and symphony orchestra, couples him with a willing co-conspirator to reinvent the concerto form as an interactive dialogue between a composer, an improviser and a conductor. The very process of its composition involved a feedback loop between Rose's improvisations and Kats-Chernin's own musical ideas, resulting in a highly open structure where the conductor is given the responsibility to piece together its final form in performance by cuing different sections at will, creating another feedback loop with the improvising soloist. Like entering a funhouse mirror maze, Rose ends up in a duet with his own materials as interpreted and augmented by Kats-Chernin in the orchestral parts, which are further refracted by the conductor's real time translation in response to Rose's live improvisation.

This work challenges authorship in a different way to the performance of the Tchaikovsky concerto, as any given performance is really the overlaid creation of Rose, Kats-Chernin, the soloist (who could theoretically be someone other than Rose himself) and the conductor. This degree of ambiguity about who to credit (or blame) for the final results of a work is still extremely rare in the world of classical or 'art' music, as it is across other artforms. It signals a radical departure from the standard image of a genius artist creating works in solitude, and simultaneously brings into question the prevailing economic model of the cultural industries and intellectual property rights. Collective actions are difficult to incorporate into a system of cultural commodification, as their authorship can't be attributed to a single individual agent who can be placed into a pre-established hierarchy of use and exchange value, or 'fame'. Popular music at first seems to transcend the cult of the individual author through the collective 'band', which nevertheless typically becomes conceived of as a single 'brand' around a central character. Rose's long list of collaborations throughout his career eschews such formal (and arguably commercial) identification, instead demonstrating a willingness and openness to engage in genuine dialogue with a plethora of artists and

musicians, both professional and amateur, whose practice in some way connects with one of the many offshoots of his rambling body of work.

Form and Dysfunction

In 2016, The Performance Space's Liveworks Festival presented The Rosenberg Museum as the installation and concert series THE MUSEUM GOES LIVE at the Sydney contemporary multi-arts venue Carriageworks. This 'cabinet of curiosities' featured:

> a robot violin played live by very wealthy Wall Street traders, a player piano transcription of a Las Vegas casino where extremely poor people lose the rest of their money, a bowing machine, an automatic string quartet powered by Robbie Avernaim's SARPS, Cor Fuhler's Keyolin, a plethora of home-made instruments including The Fence, The Plectraphone, The Traveling Monochord, the 6 String Downpipe, the Bowing Wheel, The Musical Coffin, a replica of Paganini's penis, an abandoned electric organ, the ultimate book of music criticism *rosenberg 3.1*, and violin iconography that is profound, humorous, bent, and often transgressively challenging.[1]

The concerts, Music in a Time of Dysfunction 1 and 2, involved a motley crew of performers and automated musical instruments spatialised amongst the exhibits of the

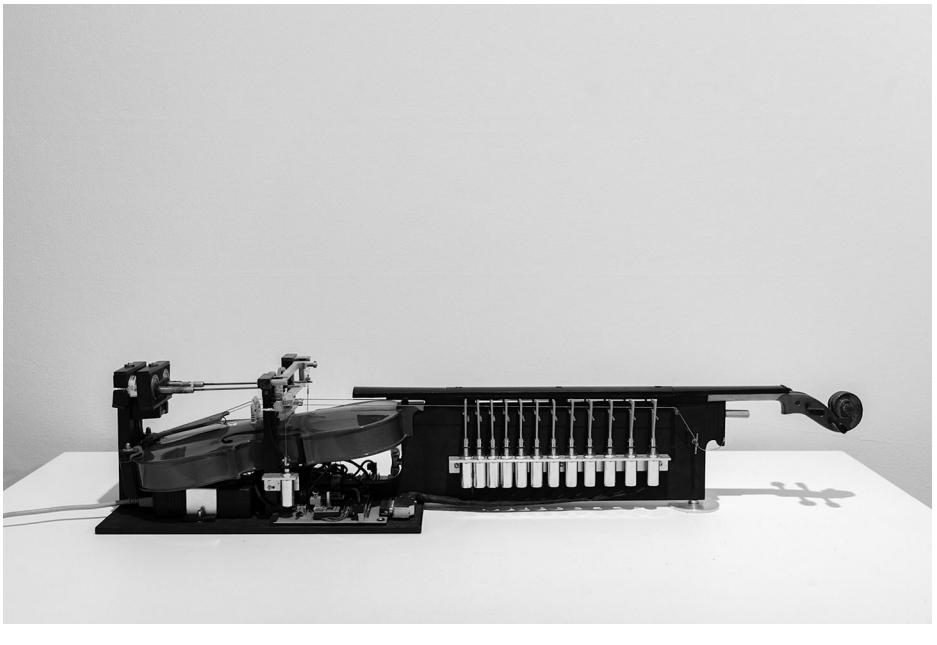

Figure 2 The Robot (Data) Violin at Dr Rosenberg's Wunderkammer, Sydney (Silversalt 2018).

Rosenberg Museum. As suggested by the title and the description by Rose above, these events blended acerbic social and economic critique with joyful sonic exploration via custom-made instruments that have something in common with the 'useless machines' of sculptor Jean Tinguely, another critic of late industrial capitalism. The 'robot violin' is a particularly apt example of the conversion of something that Rose would regard as producing nothing of real value, in this case The New York Stock Exchange, into an aesthetic artefact. This automated mechanical violin is fed real time data from the NYSE, which is translated into notes of different pitch and length depending on the stock being transacted and its monetary value. The standard model of the relationship between a creative act and an economic act is thus inverted; instead of a piece of music being given an arbitrarily set monetary value according to its author, length, and context, it is monetary value itself that produces the piece of music. Hence, something 'useless' has been put to use by means of a sonic transfiguration (Figure 2).

The concert itself demonstrated an open modular structure, each performer or subgroup following their own musical logic utilising a broad spectrum of improvisatory techniques, from scored segments (in both conventional and graphic notation) for string quartet that were cued at will, to chord charts for an electric guitar, to playing techniques determined by the construction of the custom-made instruments. The different musicians played together in various configurations via a distinctly different logic, involving conducted signals and the switching on and off of individual lights in an otherwise darkened space. This became an experiment (and an experience) in layered multiplicity, a sonic kaleidoscope where the parts are in constant movement in relation to a fixed whole. At times, this multiplicity threatened to explode into chaos, as if the form couldn't hold in all the content. It was indeed as if the Museum had come to life, its exhibits refusing to be confined to the fate of dead matter that can be ordered, catalogued and displayed in neat categories according to form and function, and simultaneously parodying the *dysfunction* at the heart of consumer society.

Bricolage

According to Levi-Strauss, bricolage is a form of mythical thought that attempts to use old materials to solve new problems. It is essentially an improvisatory attitude to constructing ideas and objects, and as such a fitting creative methodology for a musician like Rose. Bricolage can take the form of *détournement*, through recontextualising or repurposing its source material, and hence becomes an ideal way to collide objects with contrasting symbolic or sonic values in order to create syntheses that destabilise and fracture established conventions and traditions. For Rose, there is often also a deliberate fusing of 'high' and 'low' culture in his mutant creations, disrupting their normal dichotomous relationship to reveal new perspectives and potential solutions to the problematics of contemporary music and broader culture.

Rose has identified himself as a kind of hacker, breaking and fusing old codes in order to create new objects that are at once poetic reconfigurations of their parts

and also, significantly, genuine musical instruments. This creative ethos results in a playful transformation of the entire world into music (or a giant violin), a project that approximates the *Gesamtkunstwerk* ideal of Richard Wagner, and there is indeed an element of epic opera in the Rosenberg Museum and its associated mythology, its many tangents establishing a number of leitmotifs that have preoccupied Rose over his career.

One such leitmotif is the sprawling Fence Project, which repurposes fences around the world as bowed instruments. Begun on old Australian fences such as the Dog Fence and the Rabbit-Proof Fences, this project has since expanded to politically sensitive locations such as the US-Mexican border. The idea of turning a fence into an aesthetic object recalls Joseph Beuys's answer to what should be done with the Berlin Wall, which in his view needed to be 5 cm higher to have the right aesthetic proportions. Rose shares some of the characteristics of Beuys's trickster figure (as well as a penchant for invented personal mythology) in his playful, yet politically serious, inclusion of fences as an instrument in his personal orchestra. This project also typifies Rose's ability to combine high conceptualism with a genuine musical result, his research into different methods of playing and amplifying fences creating a well-formed vocabulary that has also been translated successfully into concert music via the development of purpose-built musical fences (Figure 3).

Another important theme in Rose's output, and the Rosenberg Museum, is his enduring practice of building and modifying conventional string instruments,

Figure 3 Jon Rose plays a fence at White Cliffs, NSW, as part of the Sound Circus Tour (Nick Shimmin 2012).

known as the Relative Violin project. For Rose, the violin is still an unfinished acoustic object, able to morph into new forms and merging with other unlikely objects such as bikes, radios and windmills. This relativity, the term itself knowingly borrowed from Einstein, is a kind of corrective against the fixed idea of the violin as a four-stringed instrument of a given shape and sound, able to project only a limited range of sonic ideas as dictated by the Western musical canon. It is also a way to address the common alienation string players feel towards their instruments, which usually remain an unknown and unexplored territory in terms of their construction and physical and acoustic properties, beyond standard playing techniques and simple tasks such as changing strings. Instrument-building becomes a natural continuation of Rose's improvisatory language, each new Relative Violin replete with fresh potential for a variety of sonic experiments. This project has also led Rose to research numerous non-Western string instruments, the plurality of their forms yet again demonstrating the contingency of the violin's shape and sound on a very specific tradition. Many of Rose's creations are subsumed into the wider mythology of the Rosenbergs, with fictionalised humorous pedigrees that belie their integrity as a serious and sustained statement of commonly ignored sonic possibilities of the violin and its relatives.

As an inversion of the artisanal model of violin-making, the Rosenberg Museum also addresses the contemporary mass production of violins in Chinese factories through the Violin Factory project, which recalls Walter Benjamin's essay 'The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction'. In Western string music tradition, the instrument is elevated to the status of an artwork itself, so that a performance of a piece of music becomes a conglomeration of overlapping works of art: the instrument, the composition, and the performance. The instrument is thought to emanate something of Benjamin's sense of 'aura', a kind of soul that has been infused not only with the genius of the original maker, but also the violinists through whose hands it has passed. Such a combination of precious antique object and mythological lineage has created an inflated economy of speculative investment in instrument resales, especially of seventeenth and eighteenth century Italian instruments from Cremona, the spiritual birthplace of the modern violin. Rose, with works featuring massed string ensembles playing generic violin music, has consistently positioned himself against this economy, which encourages a hierarchical and conservative view of instrumental value that is concomitant with a similar view of music, history and culture as a whole. Rose counters this with both his own DIY attitude to instrument-making, as well as by championing local Sydney luthier Harry Vatiliotis, who has assisted him in many of his projects and shares Rose's curiosity about new solutions to the violin in the modern world.

Praxis

The Rosenberg Museum is essentially a place of action, rather than merely an exhibition space for inert, mute objects. Rose's endorsement of the accidental and happenstance reinforces the improvisatory fidelity of this institution, in line with his dedication to music-making as a form of praxis—a situated, embodied activity that

is forever in a feedback loop between concept, content, and context, each transforming the others in a sometimes messy, entangled dialogue.

Rose's mutant instruments require specific playing techniques that have in turn informed his attitude to playing the conventional violin. His playing reflects a concern with reanalysing the way a string vibrates as a physical phenomenon, *in practice*. This has led to experiments with the very tension of a string, especially the way different degrees of slackness change a string's acoustic properties when scraped with a bow, hit with different objects, or plucked with a finger. The violin thus becomes a vehicle for the demonstration of the physicality of exciting strings of varying levels of responsiveness. The notions of conventional pitch and rhythm become secondary to the principles of action and activity, which demand an improviser's sensibility of constant real-time negotiation of the materials at play. The violinist becomes hyperaware of the minutest degrees of resistance, and the act of playing becomes almost like a sport, with extreme levels of precise physical exertion. Rose has referred to his attitude to technique as 'total violin playing', with no doubt a knowing nod to the concept of 'total war'. In Rose's hand, the violin becomes a weapon against both real and imaginary adversaries, his approach to instrumental technique yet another method of resisting the accepted tradition of classical string playing and its attendant cultural and social authority.

Conventional wisdom states that to truly learn to play the violin, one must begin at a very early age and be dedicated to a disciplined regime of specific exercises throughout one's youth. In many ways, this didactic tradition consequently breeds a very particular kind of social being, encouraging an extreme form of Foucauldian self-monitoring and a range of masochistic neuroses. Rose's approach to violin playing is thus as much a critique of the social and political ramifications of the classical tradition as it is an aesthetic proposition in itself, insisting on a reciprocal link between the two rather than seeing the latter as existing in a vacuum, sealed and protected by seemingly self-evident notions of good taste and cultural status.

Augmented Realities

In light of Rose's insatiable curiosity about ways to extend *violin* both sonically and conceptually, it is inevitable that the Rosenberg Museum should be a virtual site for the development of not only new techniques, but also new technologies of violin playing. Rose has for a long time utilised various forms of amplification that enable the discovery of new sounds, as well as numerous mechanical devices that change the way a violin can be played and heard (e.g. The Automatic Violin Quartet 'The Agony and the Ecstasy', Berlin 1989) (Figure 4).

However, possibly his most transformative project in this area has been the development of the interactive MIDI bow, which has radically augmented the violin's sonic, and visual, arsenal. While standard MIDI violins map the fingerboard and bridge to send data to a computer for processing, Rose's insight was to concentrate on the bow, which not only is the natural sound processing device acoustically, but

Figure 4 The Agony and the Ecstasy, automatic violin quartet, Inventionen Festival, Berlin (Konstance Binder 1989).

as an object is also in constant motion, making it much more apposite for MIDI control via a range of sensors for movement, speed and pressure. The bow expresses the choreography of physical and musical gesture in a very direct and obvious way, which also makes it ideal for triggering events that have a visible connection with a given movement, allowing audiences to learn the mechanics of the interactivity throughout the course of a performance.

The genesis of the Rose's MIDI bow follows a trajectory of experimentation at the edge of technological possibilities, long before modern gaming consoles turned motion sensing apparatuses into a mundane simulacrum of interactivity where the user becomes merely an extension of the pre-programmed machine. In 1985, Rose was invited to undertake research at STEIM (Studio for Electro-Instrumental Music) in Amsterdam, resulting in the first working MIDI bow, which utilised an ultra sound sensor, mapping the bow's position, and a pressure sensor attached to the bow hair, tracking the downward force applied on the bow and hence the strings of the violin (Figure 5).

Rose worked at STEIM with software developers Tom Demeyer and Frank Baldé, taking advantage of creations such as the sensor interface Sensorlab and the MIDI image processing software Image/ine, and eventually switching over from the ultra sound sensors to accelometers and foot pedals for more stable control of the processing environment. By 1998, these allowed Rose to use bow and foot gestures not only to

Figure 5 The MIDI Bow, second generation, STEIM, Amsterdam (Titia Royackers, 1990).

manipulate sounds, but also to trigger specific images from a given library, extending his range to the audiovisual domain in a four-limbed contrapuntal dance existing somewhere between a vaudevillian one-man band and the cosmic creative-destructive dance of the god Shiva.

In 2008, Keith McMillen Instruments created a new kind of commercially manufactured bow with sensors, the K-Bow, and Rose became a leading advocate for this new interactive tool. The K-Bow includes in its construction a number of different sensors, such as an inbuilt antenna, accelerometer, pressure sensor and force-sensing resistor, which measure grip pressure, hair tension, bow tilt angle and bow position relative to the instrument and translate these into MIDI data communicated via Bluetooth. This abundance of sensors, which made the additional foot pedals redundant, begins to introduce a new problem to the violinist, mirroring that of the digital age: one of filtering, rather than gathering, data. If each micro-gesture of the bow is analysed into constitutive parts that alter the musical result in different ways, for instance through specific signal processing streams, the violinist (or rather, by now, the 'bowist' or perhaps the 'archer') can easily become disoriented by the excessive saturation of sonic information, resulting in an uncontrollable feedback loop as s/he attempts to wrest back control of the musical results. The system can become so volatile and turbulent, even in the absence of technological failures, as to reduce the violinist into a mere cipher of the network of data, subconsciously reacting to the situation with physical movements that only increase the degree of chaos. Rose himself has described performing with the interactive bow as 'the musical equivalent to Heisenberg's uncertainty principle: By identifying and entering the moment, you changed it.' And one could say that, in equal measures, the moment changed you.

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A Radical Iconography of the Violin: The Art of the Possible and the Realms of the Improbable

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Of all the musical instruments in the classical repertoire, the violin is the most iconic and the most exploited by designers, advertising agencies, conceptual musicians, and visual artists worldwide. This article chronicles how the violin has not only obsessed fine artists throughout the ages (including the avant-garde) but has flooded the world of popular culture, taking in cinema, kitsch objects, and pornography. Examples of these are rife in the Rosenberg Museum founded by Jon Rose, who betrays an eye for the absurd. His Museum collection includes hundreds of found images and objects related to the violin and is also rich in sculpturally modified violins, some of them created by Rose himself—these he has named the Relative Violins. It is typical of the Rosenberg collection that at its most improbable, it is based on hard fact; nothing has been invented; it is in no way a simulacrum or even a virtual museum.

Keywords: Violin Iconography; Jon Rose; Rosenberg Museum; Relative Violins; Dada; Fluxus

Dr Johannes Rosenberg is probably best known for his pioneering anthropological research, specifically his extraordinary discoveries amongst the hill tribes of Papua New Guinea in 1952. One tribe he visited showed a marked disposition for producing conjoined (Siamese) twins. Such twins are usually joined at the base of the spine or the pelvis, sometimes back to back. Making the most of this genetic tendency, violins had been built that could be played in duo with the twins bowing two violins conjoined at the neck. Just such a violin forms a part of the remarkable exhibition drawn from the collections of the Rosenberg Museum.

Also found in the Museum are records of The Blažek Twins, whose life and music may have inspired Jon Rose's research into the anthropological discoveries of Dr

Rosenberg in New Guinea. Rosa and Josepha Blažek were born in Skrychov, Bohemia in 1878. They were born conjoined at the pelvis, having shared anal and urethral orifices but separate vaginas (Rosa actually gave birth to a son, but the father was apparently denied the option of marrying her on the grounds that he would effectively be marrying two women). Rosa was the stronger, so as she moved forward, her sister was compelled to follow walking backwards. As Rose has suggested, musically Josepha was always in retrograde motion. While they were exhibited as curios in Vaudeville and other venues, they were accomplished musicians celebrated for their performances of popular light compositions (and J. S. Bach's Double Violin Concerto in D minor, if research documents at the Rosenberg Museum are authentic). More musically and historically detailed information can be found online (Figure 1).[1]

Could it be that the Australian violinist and collector Jon Rose is in fact a descendent of the remarkable Doctor? Rose certainly shares his anthropological interests and has travelled the world discovering cultural practices from the unusual to the absurd. In Australia, he has visited out-of-the-way pubs, truck stops, and farmsteads where he has identified musical talents such as a singing dingo, a man who can whistle and hum different tunes simultaneously, and a nationwide gumleaf-playing tradition. Rose recorded hours of such arcana for the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (unfortunately, it is no longer available online).

Both Rosenberg and Rose weave their genuine love of music, and the violin in particular, through a cultural matrix that extends the art of the possible into realms of extreme improbability. The Museum collection is filled with scarcely credible examples of the violin appearing in cinema, advertising, pornography, and surreal and conceptual art. It is typical of the Rosenberg collection that at its most improbable, it is based on hard fact; nothing has been invented; it is in no way a simulacrum or even a virtual museum—unlike the famous Museum of Contemporary Ideas 'in New York', which is entirely fictional (one of Dr Peter Hill's 'superfictions').[2]

Jon Rose has spent his professional life working with violins: playing them, modifying them, turning the built environment into stringed instruments, and working with communities in Australia, Europe, and Asia. He has spent more time performing in Europe and Asia than in Australia, and it was in Berlin that he first installed the Rosenberg Museum. The Rosenberg family connection was a fiction, but the collection itself is real enough. Jon and the Director of the Museum, his friend Jozef Cseres, have continually sourced everything pertaining to violins. Jozef found the Slovakian town aptly named Violin, and it was here that the Museum was finally housed and displayed in an abandoned building that used to house the local football club. The town name is not in any way related to the musical instrument (*husle* is the Slovakian word for violin) but proved a convenient coincidence. Luck or chance play a significant role in the development of the Museum, but these function also as the working method of all truly progressive experiments across all art forms (Figure 2).

Of all the musical instruments in the classical repertoire, the violin is the most iconic and the most exploited by visual artists, designers, advertising agencies, and conceptual musicians all over the world. The very shape of the instrument, with its prominently

Figure 1 The Blažek Conjoined Twins (Rosenberg Museum, Jozef Cseres, 1999).

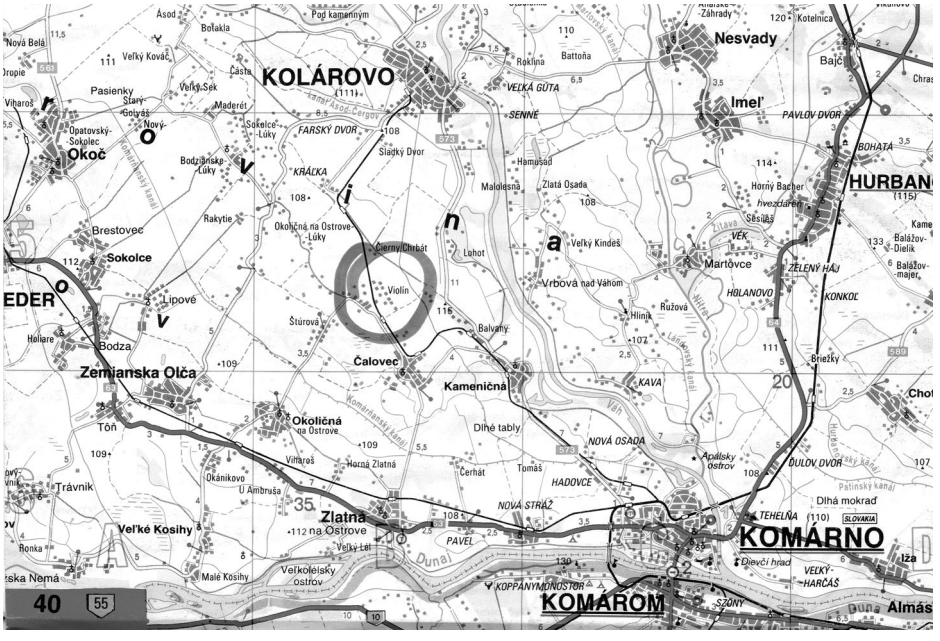

Figure 2 The town of Violin in Slovakia (Rosenberg Museum, Jozef Cseres, 1999).

cut away waist, has been identified with the female human body. That in itself accounts for the semi-pornographic applications of the instrument in the marketplace, and yet the cutaway is a very practical solution to the need to bow the strings across the whole arc of the belly. Any modernist attempt to make a geometrical violin without the waist is in fact a very impractical object (although it was attempted by Félix Savart in the first decades of the nineteenth century in an effort to *rationalize* the violin). Like Rose, Rosenberg, and the Museum, the violin embodies hard reality but evokes fantasy. Anthropomorphic shape aside, the violin embodies cultural associations of aristocratic heritage (this despite the violin's vanquishing of the born-to-rule viols by the eighteenth century—the violins being simply louder, faster, and more versatile).

One of the striking features of the classical violin is the scroll-shaped peg box. This particular shape has no practical application but has become the classical norm over several hundred years. The shape is based on ancient Greek architectural forms derived from Ionic and Corinthian capitals and the golden mean. In the Renaissance when the Violin was developed, references to classical Greek culture were a crucial marker of the rebirth of that tradition in Europe. Today, the form continues to add value to the instrument as a cultural icon that is exploited by advertising, as is shown in the Museum collection. There are, however, many examples of violins and other viol-related instruments with other shaped peg boxes, often gargoyles that appear on Hardanger fiddles from Norway. The Rosenberg collection includes a 'bird' tenor Hardanger fiddle belonging to Rose, where the peg box is shaped like a

duck's head (or is it a parrot?) (Figure 3). In spite of these eccentric variations, nothing has rivalled the social and cultural signification of the Ionic scroll. Ancient violins are venerated (fetishised) and exchanged for millions of dollars regardless of their real quality as instruments.[3] In fact, the popular beliefs and accepted qualities ascribed to the violin are fantastical rather than real. Maybe that is why Rose was drawn to the violin in the first place.

There are, however, many examples of violins made out of found materials under extraordinary circumstances. There is a whole history of violins made on battle lines and in prisoner of war camps, for example. The bodies of these have been made by scraping layers of wood from the bottom of wooden bunks, even using old wooden boxes or tin cans as resonators. In the Rosenberg Museum exhibition displayed at Carriageworks (Sydney 2016), a violin made from an old ammunition box from World War I (Passchendaele 1915) was loaned to Rose by Sydney luthier Antoine Lespets, who had found it in a Belgian flea market. The Australian War Memorial has another extraordinary WWI violin made from war relics. The body is made from a German field telephone box, while the neck is made out of pieces of wood glued together with resin and gum. The tailpiece is sourced from a human patella (Figure 4).

When visiting Australia in 1978, Rose's father noted that Jon was making musical instruments out of bric-a-brac and told him that while he was in POW camp in

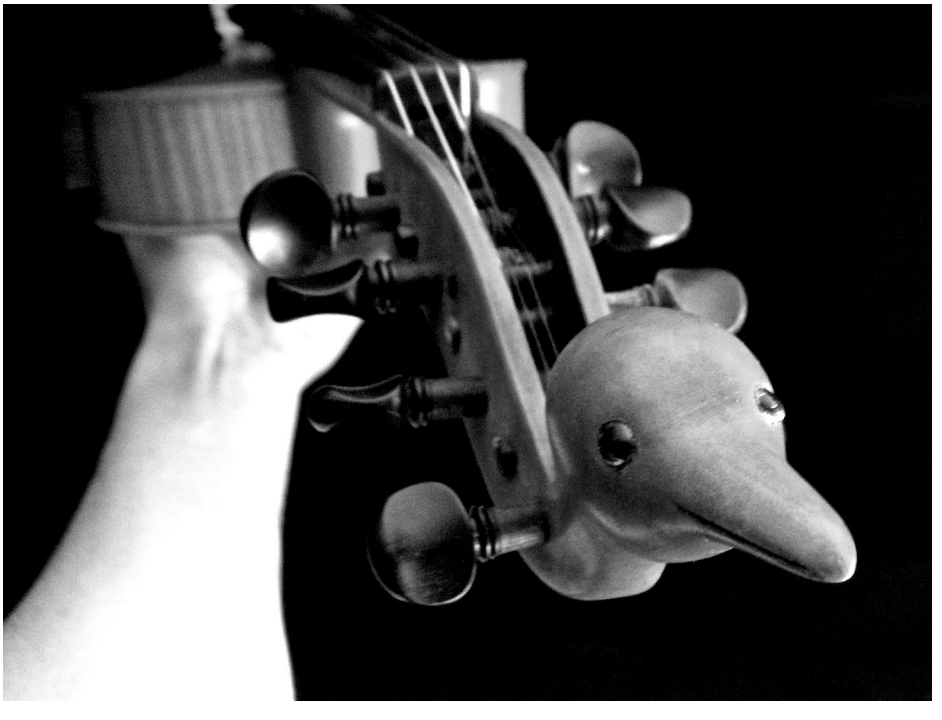

Figure 3 The bird, Tenor Hardanger Fiddle, built by Harry Vatiliotis (Jon Rose, 2004).

Figure 4 Ammunition Box Violin, anon, Passchendaele 1915 (Jon Rose, 2016).

Japan he fashioned musical instruments from found materials such as a one-string violin (with a cigar box for a sound board) that he had named 'The Little Bastard'. He had also started work on a piano for a fellow captive who was a pianist and longed to be able to play. Rose Snr spent months getting as far as two strings and two keys affixed to a packing case functioning as sound board. Before he could get any further, the camp's inmates were moved to another site and in the process the piano that he had bribed a guard to strap under a truck fell off and was destroyed. Examples of this kind abound and testify to a deeper personal love of music and instruments than the societal status they embody. Whatever the paucity of the materials, it takes loving craftsmanship to painstakingly tease music from them. According to Rose's father, it was also a mind game to remove the captive from his circumstances —a journey in the fantastical.

The collection includes hundreds of found images and objects related to the violin. It is also rich in sculpturally modified violins, some of them created by Rose himself, and these he has named the Relative Violins. Most of these have been made by deconstructing or modifying cheap Chinese violins. While performing in China, Rose realised that violin factories had been created under the inspired leadership of Mao Tse Tung.[4] Not only did this mean any Chinese child had a chance to learn the instrument, but it also served the critical function of deflating the western fetishisation of the instrument as associated with a superior cultural class. Amongst the many variations on the form of the violin that Rose has constructed since 1977 are the 'Nineteen-String Violin, Dangar Island, 1979', which includes a violin body bolted to a frame

and amplified in stereo. Various sympathetic strings from cellos, pianos, or just any available wire were strung around the basic violin form and the amplifier. The whole thing was mounted on a tripod, so he was able to move all around the instrument, finding new ways to bow it. The same year he performed with multiple bows on a double violin. The use Rose makes of sympathetic strings in a number of his Relative Violins may owe something to the time in the early 1970s when he studied the sitar with its sympathetically resonating strings.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the early modifications were the 'Double Violin Mobile' and the 'Double-Piston Triple-Neck Wheeling Violin', also created in the early 1980s. This series of wheeled violins were double bowed by the piston-like motion generated by the rotation of the wheel and could also be plucked and manually bowed. They were amplified with a basic loudspeaker attached to the frame. Rose took these instruments on long walks around different parts of Australia. In this way, the music measured not only time but distance. The action could also be run in reverse by walking backwards, thereby playing a repeat but in retrograde variation. The 'Viocycle', first formulated in Fremantle, took some time to get to a proper public performance at the Sydney Olympic Velodrome in 2004. In its final manifestation, the violin was mounted in front of the handlebars, and the motion of the front wheel was transmitted and geared down by drive wheels and pulley to bow the strings hurdy-gurdy style.

In the exhibition of the Museum collection in Carriageworks, Rose displayed more recent digitally-driven instruments that have harnessed various sources of data that can be channelled in real time and converted to play the 'Data Violin Robot', first shown in Berlin in 2015. There, he collaborated with luthier Martin Riches and software engineer Sukanda Kartadinata to realise this long-term aspiration. Data from Wall Street (where the wheels of capital grind out greed, fuelled by fantasies of unlimited wealth and unsustainable growth) are transformed in real time, ugliness becoming beauty.

In the early 1980s, Rose also started stringing fence wires across architectural spaces including Praxis Gallery (1983) and the central well of the Art Gallery of New South Wales (1984). Once again, the performer would animate space musically but also by bodily movement that was involved in making the resonating space sing. The violin is always resonating with the body of the musician, but in the classical repertoire, the movement of the player is largely from the waist up. Rose and a number of contemporary performers have changed this more in keeping with certain folk applications and the essential association of dance with music. I think of Laurie Anderson, whose energetic stage presence is integral to her musical performance. Anderson has also constructed a wooden table with a seat so that a viewer can sit at the table, resting their elbows on two shallow depressions in the wood, and 'hear' sounds resonate through their elbows.[5] The elbow is connected to the arm bone etc. … and it is all linked to the head bone. It is an eerie experience to be hearing without the ear picking up vibrating air.

Rose's addiction to motion has also led him to travel the length of the great Australian Dog-Proof and Rabbit-Proof Fences since 1983. In 2003, he and Hollis Taylor travelled 35,000 km playing and recording fences. These are in various states of disrepair, although in many places, there are vast spans of wire running through the landscape. Each wire has its own resonance and can be played using a variety of techniques, including plucking, striking, and bowing using hands and feet and even using a violin as a bow. While in remote areas of Central and Northern Australia, Rose met locals who all had tales to tell about the fences and associated events of importance in their lives. Rose collects such stories as well as sounds and images associated with strings.

The fence is also a metaphor for less agreeable aspects of our culture. Barbed wire was first invented for military purposes but quickly became a method for excluding and containing nature and other humans. It marked the demise of the previously sustainable hunter-gatherer cultures. Tracking the vast spaces that the fences covered allowed Rose and Taylor plenty of time to engage with the world before the fence and to come to appreciate the consciousness of wilderness. Taylor has made extensive studies and recordings of the glorious pied butcherbird, whose songs endlessly innovate in its pure tones. It is impossible to engage with such joyous expressions of animal mind and not begin to close the gap left by Cartesian logic and come to a world view more in tune with Spinoza, who at the same time as Descartes noted that mind was constantly in a feedback loop with the perceptible world. We are in and of the world, not forever separated from it by language.

Staying on remote stations across much of the great outback of Australia, Rose organised concerts that would attract large audiences who travelled hundreds of kilometres to attend. Working in and with remote communities is central to his life's work. He also reaches out to some of the most inspired artists and technicians in the world. In 2009, Rose brought the experimental Kronos Quartet to Kanimbla Valley on the western slopes of the Blue Mountains, introducing them to the possibilities of playing some of the farmers' fences. Following that experience, he created four mobile fences and the composition *Music from 4 Fences* at the Sydney Opera House for a Kronos performance of fence playing.

Rose also installed a wind-driven instrument in the same area in Kanimbla Valley. This installation is a modified Hills Hoist (an iconic structure for drying washing found in Australian suburban backyards), in which the clothes lines have been replaced by wires that can be excited by a strong westerly wind, although as the excitation takes some time to get going, the piece needs to be locked into position. A more animated system of producing sonic effects occurs when the hoist is being blown back and forth by the wind. Each of the four arms of the hoist has sections of metal duct attached under which six piano wires have been strung using four guitar machine heads to tune them. At the end of these arms, Rose has attached four propellers that spin as the wind catches them, causing the arms to rotate. Each propeller is fitted with a fine wire that strokes the tuned strings, creating varying combinations depending on the wind strength and direction and the selected tuning for each machine head.

Four wires built around the central column of the hoist act as plectrums that also stroke the strings as the hoist revolves, but in the absence of wind this can also be made to spin manually to give some idea of the sonic possibilities of a windy day (Figure 5).

Works such as this and the fences incorporate a considerable degree of chance. Not only is chance a significant concept within the most progressive avant-garde creative process; it is also a means of breaking through the barriers we have built between human consciousness and nature. In musical history, John Cage realised that creating complete compositions according to a personal narrative or experience was very unlikely to communicate with audiences. If that was the case, he thought it best to eliminate the subjective and controlling process of ordered composition altogether and look for chance possibilities that would remove expression and focus back onto the sounds themselves. One of his strategies was to throw the I-Ching to generate the form of the composition. Another idea was inspired by his student Robert Rauschenberg at Black Mountain College in Carolina where Cage was teaching. Rauschenberg's provocation was to make a series of white paintings in 1952 using flat house paint. He considered these a kind of screen onto which the viewer could imaginatively project or perhaps discover incidental effects of light. Shortly after this Cage performed his

Figure 5 Hills Hoist converted into a Multi-String Aeolian Instrument, Blue Mountains, NSW (Jon Rose, 2014).

composition *4′33″* (Gann 2009). Concertgoers took their places, and the pianist made his way to the grand piano, flipping up his tails and lifting the keyboard cover. He raised his hands above the keys, and for four minutes and thirty-three seconds nothing happened. Except, of course, the audience could literally hear a pin drop or the sound of trucks on a distant freeway. Like Rauschenberg, Cage invited the audience to experience the world around them and not to look for answers from the composer. In the visual arts, Duchamp used a number of strategies to introduce chance into his compositions, from collecting dust to make the sieves in The Large Glass to throwing lengths of string onto the ground to derive the shape of his standard stoppages that also became part of the Bachelor apparatus in The Large Glass. Joseph Beuys, Francis Bacon, Yves Klein, and Wolfgang Laib all allowed nature to intervene or collaborate in their processes. I find this democratising aspect of the avant-garde one of the most important innovations in the past century, and I see Jon Rose as being very much in that company.

Motion is a constant theme in Rose's inventions. For example, 'The Trombamariner, Hawkesbury River, 1979'. This contraption consisted of a resonator made from a metal drainpipe fitted with a string and a bridge. There were also six sympathetic strings, and the instrument attached to the side of a boat. The sound was transformed by the amount of water that was in the resonator. 'The Triple Hummer Bow, Sydney 1982' made use of old magnetic recording tape and was strung along the side of a car; it looked a bit like a crossbow and was driven by the wind created by the moving car. Recently, Rose has also wired up and re-purposed car wrecks that can be played as stringed instruments and as percussion.[6]

All of these arise out of his intrepid exploration of the Australian outback. Rose has said that in order to discover anything new in music, it is necessary to engage with the materials and the inherent properties of sound; discoveries come out of doing, not just thinking. This is something most great innovators in the plastic as well as musical arts have avowed. This is consistent with the need to journey without necessarily having a destination in mind. After all, if we already knew where we were going, there would be little point in going there—if discovering something unknown is the purpose of the project.

Rose has also used motion to generate feedback from sonic sampling devices placed around the stage for a performance during which he moved about stimulating the speakers by the movement of his interactive, amplified violin bow. I attended one concert in Vienna where Rose set out to perform this marvellous idea. It soon became apparent that the technology was in some way impaired, and after a brief attempt to get it going, Rose, apparently unflapped, asked the audience to give him a couple of minutes. He went offstage and, after a short break, returned with the musicians scheduled to perform after him. He had briefed them to respond to his actions just as the sampled sounds would have responded to his movements with the modified bow. It was a spontaneous and impressive rethinking of his project, and the audience was delighted. I see this as an example both of Rose's ability to respond to the unexpected but also of his collaborative sensibilities that are a constant feature in his

projects. In the Museum performances at Carriageworks in 2016, he worked with various musicians and a dancer. Under the moniker Music in a Time of Dysfunction, the assembled company surrounded the audience and played many of his instrumental creations including a loud amplified coffin; each performer had their own score and instructions and also conducted their own light show through a set of foot pedals. A deconstructed version of the old standard *The Party's Over* completed the proceedings. In 1985, he organised a cricket match with artists and curators at Performance Space in Sydney in which the bats and wickets were wired up to generate a feedback and percussive events driven by the structured parameters of the game but randomised by the varied levels of players' skill with bat and ball.

Playing with the traditional form of instruments is not new. The Italian curator Germano Celant, who gave Arte Povera its name in the 1970s, curated an exhibition Art or Sound at the Prada Foundation in Venice in 2014 during the Architecture Biennale.[7] The exhibition showed spectacular inventions of sculpturally modified musical instruments dating back to the Renaissance. Some of these were fantastical and probably not terribly easy to play. The evolution of instruments like this resembles the unravelling geometry of creatures such as ammonites towards the end of their millennia of evolution. I understand that this is believed to be a weakening of the genetic blueprint over long periods of time. The exhibition traced the adventures of instrument designs to the Futurists Russolo and Piatti, who sampled street noise, traffic, horns, sirens, etc., and in keeping with Marinetti's Futurist manifesto to make noise as loud as possible, they played the sounds back through large amplified wooden box speakers. Fluxus artists from the 1960s also featured in the exhibition as well as very recent inventions with interactive technologies.

Violins have appeared as the centrepiece of still life paintings and in theatrical tableaux. They have been seen as challenging forms to be decorated, mostly with highly kitsch results but also sometimes quite engaging, for example 'Skull Violin', an electric violin designed by Jeff Stratton. Rose commissioned Pitjantjatjara artist Kathleen Buzzacott from Alice Springs to decorate an old violin for the collection. As she worked on it, she began to trace her story in the manner of Central Australian dot painting. The narrative tells of the family going out hunting and on the verso camping out under the starry skies. This work was amongst a number of painted violins shown in the Rosenberg Museum exhibition in Sydney.

The violin has captured the imagination of plastic artists virtually since its first appearance in 1530 (a three-string violin appeared in a painting by Gaudenzio Ferrari) (Nelson 1972, 5). Violins in the Baroque often turned up in vanitas still life paintings. In the Dutch golden age, Pieter Claesz painted violins as the centrepiece of many still life compositions. One from 1628, *Vanitas Still Life with Violin and Glass Ball*, includes many signifying objects surrounding the instrument. The violin rests on tattered books with its neck reaching over a human skull. Also resting on the books is a fallen drinking glass and to the left a complex piece of mechanism incorporating a clock, all of which suggests the inevitability of time passing and of mortality.

Behind the clock is a dark glass sphere that reflects much of the composition but also the artist seen at his easel beyond.

In 1888, William Harnett, an American *trompe l'oeil* painter, placed a violin and a bow suspended over sheet music at the centre of a composition. This illusionistic piece of rendering the appearance of objects is interesting to contrast with the Picasso cubist painting *Violin and Grapes* from 1912, only 24 years later. Picasso and Braque often painted violins; indeed, Picasso painted violins and mandolins many times and even made sculptures based on them. It is the Analytic Cubist paintings that most exactly counter the illusion of Harnett. The *trompe l'oeil* image purports to fool the eye into believing it is seeing the thing itself in the tradition of mimicry that dates back to classical Greece. Picasso's Cubism does the opposite. This is not to say it bodges the representation, but far more challenging than that, it unpicks the mechanisms of visual representation on flat surfaces before our gaze. It exposes the tricks of *trompe l'oeil* such as light and shade, overlap, perspective, and so on being gradually detached from the thing represented. What we end up seeing is illusion unmasked, and we are encouraged to enjoy the means and mechanisms as such. I am inclined to think this is an idea that extends to some explorations in sonic art. John Cage, for example, removes the traditional structures and, more importantly, the self-expression of his art and replaces it with systems that leave us facing the sound itself or, just as importantly, the sounds that are beyond the control of the artist. As primarily a skilled improvising musician, Jon Rose clearly doesn't buy the Cageian notion of total removal of choice from the hands of the musician, but the violinist is prepared to go to sonic situations where control in a traditional classical music sense is relinquished and a response demanded. This is an attitude more akin to the Beckett aphorism 'Try again. Fail again. Fail better' (1983). In the case of Picasso and of Cage, I tend to think of this as a realist strategy to get us to confront the world of sensation unmediated by a controlling agent when the mechanisms of deceit are unmasked. In the Rose view, he believes a versatile improvising musician should be able to mediate or deal with any and all sonic situations that come his way.

To get back to the violin and the human body, one of the most memorable of images in the twentieth century to deal with this is Man Ray's *Le Violon d'Ingres* (1924). Ingres was obsessed by the violin, and that obsession led to the French coining the phrase *le violon d'Ingres*, meaning a hobby. Man Ray made a photograph based on Ingre's *La Grande Baigneuse*: a seated woman seen from the back. Man Ray posed Kiki de Montparnasse wearing a turban like the bather in Ingres and painted two 'f'-shaped sound holes from a classical violin onto her back behind the waist just as they appear on the violin. Any search through the archives of the Rosenberg Museum reveals a continuous appropriation of Man Ray's image, particularly in the field of advertising. In a Benson and Hedges cigarette ad, the conceit cuts further with the 'f' holes carefully crafted into the B and H of the corporation. Whether the executives followed the logic still further and glimpsed the dark cancerous lungs of the instrument doesn't require much imagination (Figure 6).

Figure 6 Benson and Hedges Cello Cigarette Advert, note the notation (Rosenberg Museum, Jon Rose, 1995).

Some years later, the Italian Nouveau realist Pietro Manzoni signed the back of a similarly-shaped woman, partly as a gesture to Man Ray but also as a riposte to his friend and competitor Yves Klein, whose *Anthropometries* (1960–1961) were paintings made by impressing women's bodies covered in blue paint onto sheets of paper as a performance.[8] In turn Klein was making a humorous critique of Pollock and Mathieu for their abstract expressionism as performance. Klein supervised the motion of the women while a chamber group of violins and cellos played a monotone symphony also composed by Klein in the background. Klein would be wearing a tuxedo and white gloves, as were the invited audience. The high society reference combining the symphonic ensemble and the formal attire carried a seriously ironic sense of humour. Klein performed this action in the same space that Mathieu, an *Art Informel* painter, had followed Pollock's example by performing his painting just as Pollock did for the filmmaker Namuth. Klein made it clear that this was a send-up of expressionism, which he loathed (Charlet 2000, 170). Nonetheless, he also had a serious intent that sought to capture the bodily energy of the women in the resulting paintings. Klein also captured nature's energy in a series called the Cosmologies, where he put paintings out in the wind and rain or allowed moving foliage to draw in the surface, once again capturing chance effects and dissolving the boundaries between conscious control by the artist and natural forces.

Back in 1923, Dada artist Kurt Schwitters performed his infamous *Ur Sonata* in Amsterdam. The invited audience was dressed in evening wear; Schwitters, also formally attired, came on stage and began his vocal rendition:

Dll rrrrrrr beeeeee bo
Dll rrrrrrr beeeeee bo fumms bo
rrrrrrr beeeeee bo fumms bo wo
beeeeee bo fumms bo wo taa

It continued for 45 min, ostensibly nonsense as Schwitters intended but not without musical form. The audience was not sure whether to laugh or be angry. It was obviously a critical social intervention at the time, but it has become a classic of experimental music and poetry. In the Rosenberg Museum's collection, a recent image from Slovakia of a violinist advertises the nationwide Lotto competition. It's actually a beautiful image, but on closer inspection, the viewer sees that the image is constructed from thousands of seemingly random numbers–a contemporary Schwitters visualisation of our algorithmic world? (Figure 7).

The association of the violin with high society and with precision and technical virtuosity has made it the butt of many avant-garde pastiches. Klein's close friend and fellow Nouveau Realist, Ferdinand Arman, was best known for making assemblages from found objects in the 1960s. One of the objects he used most often was the violin. He cut them into strips and mounted them or rearranged them; he smashed them to fragments and set them in resin. He did this so often that you might conclude that he was obsessed with the instrument.

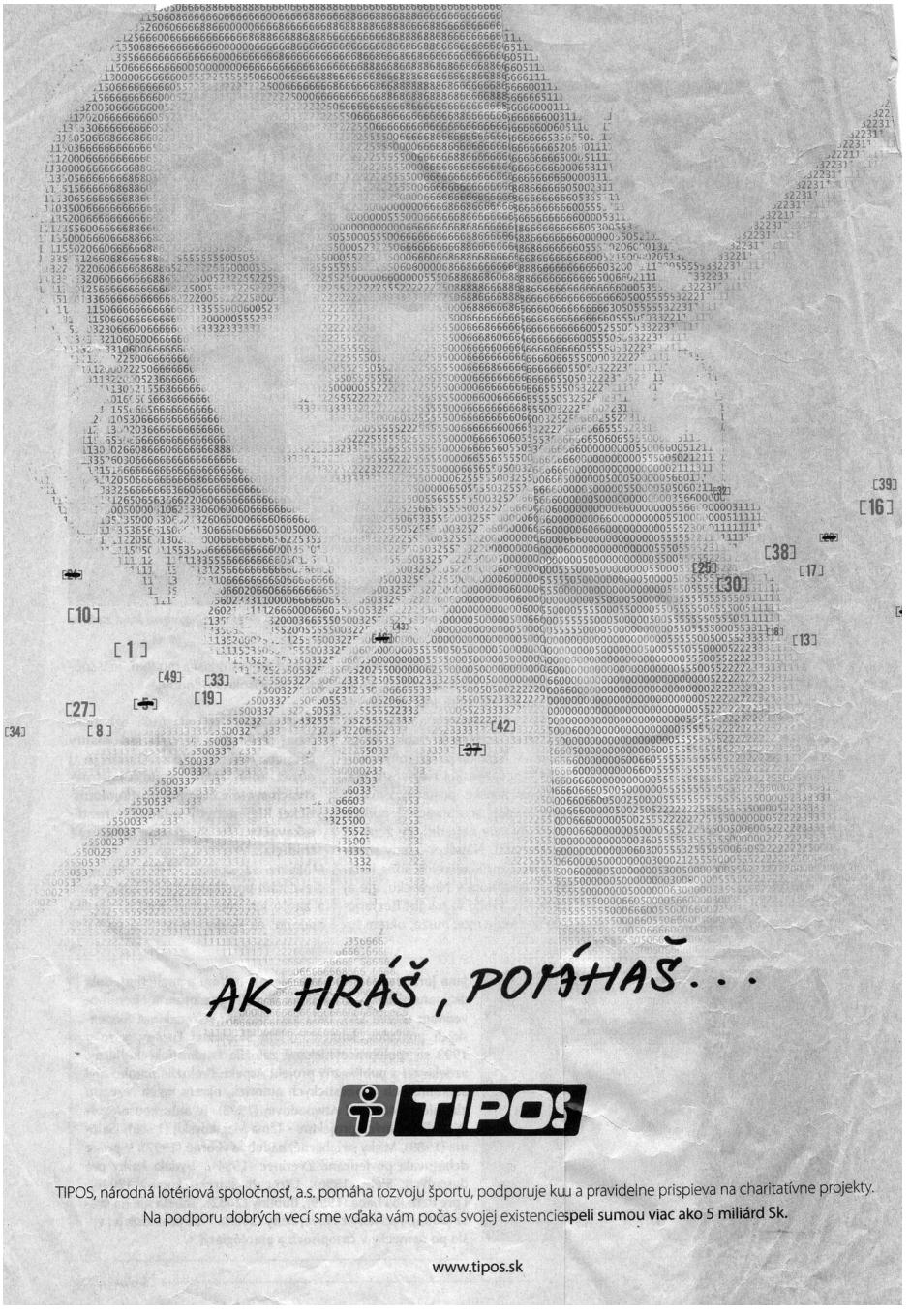

Figure 7 Tipos Lotto Advert featuring a violinist and betting algorithm (Rosenberg Museum, Jozef Cseres, 2009).

Later in the 1960s, avant-garde artists associated with Fluxus also worked with violins as well as pianos. Joseph Beuys famously wrapped both pianos and violins in felt, a fabric made from animal hair and a very strong insulator. It absorbs sound, so the implied transcendence of a piano or violin tune was rendered mute by the felt. He and Cage, along with other Fluxus artists including Nam June Paik, Charlotte Moorman, Philip Corner, and Ben Patterson unleashed drastic things to classical instruments, partly as a critique of the social difference that they implied but also as an exploration of what they could be made to do under duress. Rose was a personal friend of Ben Patterson (1934–2016), who appeared in a number of in-house performances while the Rosenberg Museum resided in Europe. The Museum holds one of Ben Patterson's last creations–a giant thermometer in the form of a violin designed to measure the 'heat' of music. Another violin in the Museum has been physically muted by pouring bags of sand onto it. Charlotte Moorman made a number of performances in Sydney as part of the Nam Jun Paik residency for John Kaldor 1976. She played her cello straddling the pediment at the front of the Palladian building of the Art Gallery of New South Wales. She also played while suspended from a cloud of helium filled balloons above the Opera House. Rose is also a radical and loves music and instruments but since escaping a music scholarship at the age of 15 has spent a lifetime constructing alternative narratives to the claustrophobia of the classical trap. He acknowledges that Dadaism (and ensuing movements such as Fluxus) is arguably the most significant notion in the twentieth century—an escape, I should add, that can have no meaning before the classical meaning and techniques have been mastered.

One of the most charming Fluxus actions was created by Ben Vautrier, who spent days lovingly polishing a violin as a performance. It came to have a mesmeric, even erotic, connotation. German sculptor and filmmaker Rebecca Horn made a beautiful violin case out of leather lined with silk, Love Thermometer (1988)—not to house a violin but made to perfectly fit a giant glass thermometer. The fluid in the glass globe at the base was pink alcohol, and when the tool was handled, the warmth of the hand was enough to send the pink fluid shooting up the stem in a perfect image of engorgement. Once again, the luxurious housing brings the erotic potential of the violin into play. Horn's sculpture and filmmaking often build around rhythmic actions including kinetic sculptures that caress, slash, and splatter the walls and floor of the gallery. Pushing the parameters of music is also an obsessive pursuit at the Rosenberg Museum. In its 2015 incarnation, the German sound artist Hans W. Koch demonstrated his 'Leichte Musik', an apparatus for determining the relative weight of music(s). In 2016 at Carriageworks, two smell violin cases were exhibited–from one wafted the aromatic scent of the Baroque and from the other the obstinate smells of heavy metal.

The violin has not only obsessed fine artists throughout the ages including the avant-garde, but it has flooded the world of popular culture. Examples of this are rife in the Rosenberg Museum. Kitsch objects based on the violin include copious violin toys, a set of ten plastic clocks, book and album covers, telephones and telephone directories, schnapps bottles, stamp collections, playing cards, musical boxes, pencil sharpeners,

fashionable ties, a doormat, jigsaw puzzles, shopping bags, cookie cutters, opium spoons, political badges, film posters—for example, of Sherlock Holmes and of Charlie Chaplin playing the violin. There are countless hundred-year-old postcards that use romantic subjects but are often downright pornographic. The supernatural beliefs of the Catholic Church have also inspired the manufacture (mostly in The Philippines) of violin-playing angel statuettes, a dozen examples of which are displayed in the museum. Sonata Stigmata consists of a violin with a broken neck and a stream of blood (applied from an internal system of tubing) against a background of the Sistine Chapel. Another section of the collection deals with violins in politics. Among these are images of Goebbels playing violin, a German soldier entertaining fellow soldiers with his violin on the way to the Russian front, the young Richard Nixon on the cover of *Life Magazine* playing violin, Mussolini, and even Donald Trump with violins. The emperor Nero is also featured in a number of settings riffing on the famous but completely untrue line (violins had not yet been invented back then): 'Nero fiddled while Rome burned'.

The heights of absurdity, however, can be found in advertising. Most of them seek to suggest quality precision and perfection by the association with the violin others play on the feminine suggestion of the shape of the sound box. In one advert, a Stradivarius violin is used to promote the excellence of Johnnie Walker scotch. Information company Paxus 'provides inspired solutions and outstanding performance'. Rolex claims that 'Menuhin keeps time with Rolex'. Haban Diamond Jewelry shows a violin and claims that 'music is the key to a woman's heart'. Another investment bank uses a violin to suggest precision: 'Fine tune your finances with Fuji expertise' (Figure 8).

An image of a smashed violin has a text that reads: 'a perfect mess becomes diminished worry when insured with British Reserve'. A semi-naked woman with violin is offered a Tiparillo cigar. There are countless cigarette ads. One of my favourites, however, is an image of a naked woman's back modelled after Man Ray's *Violon d'Ingres*; it advertises 'Nylax relieves the discomfort of constipation' (Figure 9).

Perhaps the most seriously intended sculpture that was co-opted into advertising was a gigantic violin made by stacking copies of the Radio Times. This was done by the studio of David Mach, an English sculptor who in the 1980s and 1990s made a number of ambitious installations by modelling, or rather stacking, books and journals to make convincing images of trucks, wave forms, and architecture. Mach tells me he did a number of these pieces as adverts for the *BBC Radio Times* (Figure 10).

Rose has a lively sense of humour that invades the most serious of his artworks. In this he follows the precedent of many of the most serious avant-garde artists: Marcel Duchamp, Yves Klein, John Cage, Joseph Beuys, and many of the Fluxus artists. An eye for the absurd without which the world we occupy cannot be understood has helped shape the Rosenberg Museum collection (Figure 11). All of this is underpinned by a dedication to exploring the possibilities of sound as art and the quality of music as image with all its inherent possibilities and contradictions.

Figure 8 Fuji Bank Advert, The Financial Times (Rosenberg Museum, Jon Rose).

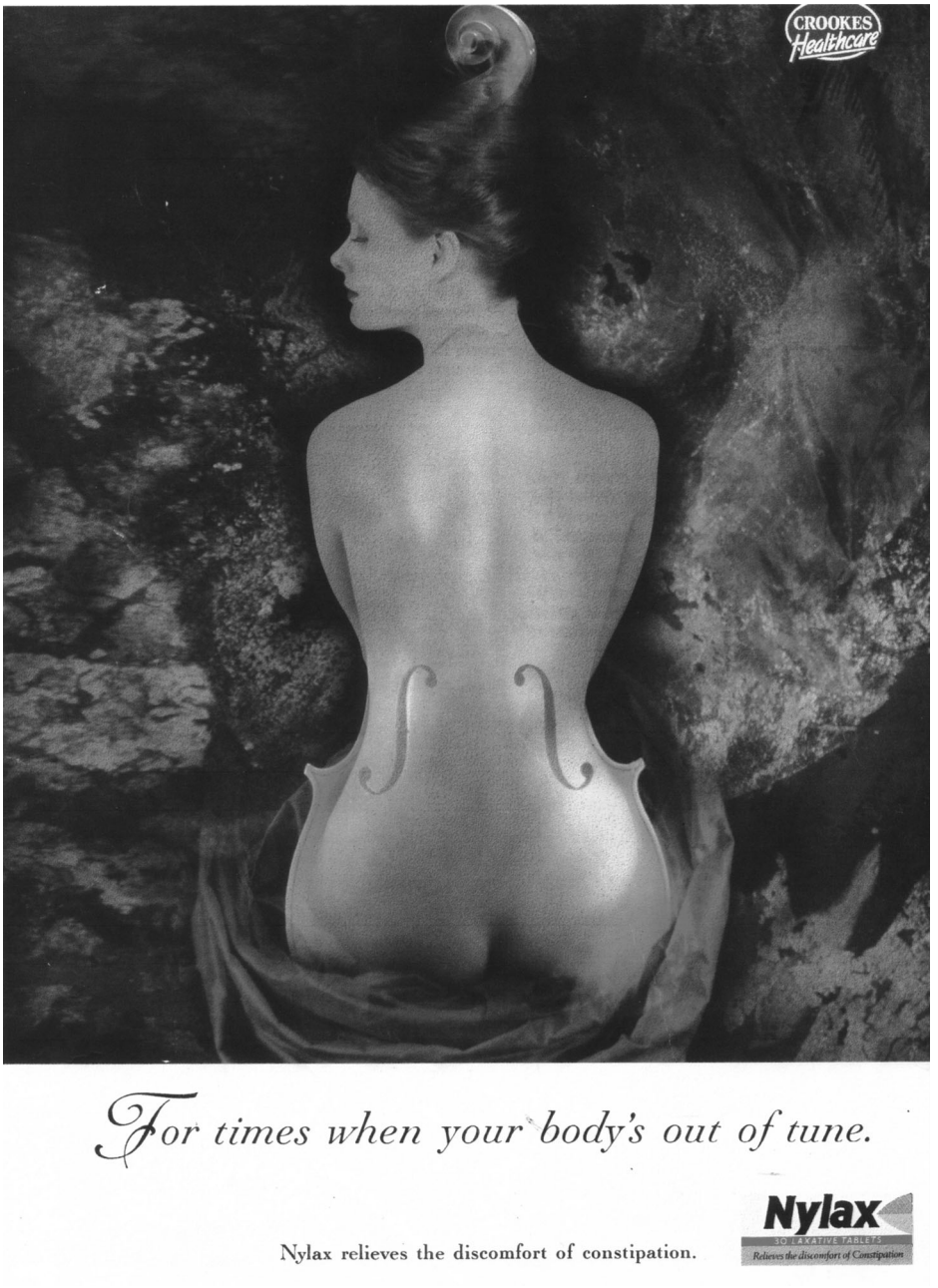

Figure 9 Nylax Advert for constipation relief (Rosenberg Museum, Jon Rose).

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Changing the Record—Rose Radiophony

Jane Ulman

Over 40 major productions have exploited the medium of radio as an accessible sonic zone for Jon Rose's satire and wit, often in risky live broadcasts. In this article, I highlight some of the main themes that recur throughout his radiophonic career, which run concurrently with his other musical activities as a violinist/composer, improviser, and inventor. Rose often performs what he calls interventions, in which he changes the record and thus subverts the received version of history—or corrects it. Politics and sport may also be found in the mix, as well as the recurring themes of Australia; indigenous culture and language; colonialism; the Internet; and consumerism. His innovative work forms part of a broader history in which radiophonic art flourished in the late twentieth century.

Keywords: Jon Rose; Radio; Radiophonic Art; Hörspiel; Australian New Music

Some of the stations that have broadcast the radiophonic works of Jon Rose

ABC	Australian Broadcasting Corporation
BBC	British Broadcasting Corporation
BR	Bäyerischer Rundfunk
DR	Deutschland Radio
NPR	National Public Radio (USA)
ORF	Österreichischer Rundfunk
RAI	Italian National Radio
RF	Radio France: France Culture
RPM	Radio Panorama Moscow
SA	Saarländischer Rundfunk
SFB	Senderfreies Berlin
SNR	Swedish National Radio
SRF	Schweizer Radio und Fernsehen
VPRO	Netherlands Radio
WDR	Westdeutscher Rundunk

> In the 50's, our family didn't have TV, so we would often sit around in the evening, armed with a mug of tea and a muffin, listening to a radio play. That's definitely not the same experience as TV. Television reduces the space in a room, radio expands it, because you start to travel and you start to create those spaces and images that the broadcast sound unlocks. … Radio was the first 'virtual reality', and it was subtle, sophisticated, and unmeasurable from the start, unlike a modern computer game. … With my brother's help and the book *Amateur Wireless*, I made a crystal set in the year that Sputnik went up. I would lie in bed hidden under the covers listening to *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, expecting any moment that the phantom dog would turn his attention on me (I can't think of a more personal communications medium that allows an artist, broadcaster, or canine beast into the bed of its audience!). (Rose 1991, n.p.)

In the radio work of Jon Rose, fact is often just as strange as fiction, and odd, forgotten aspects of history are brought to the fore. In some pieces, the information is true but the context is changed, or the perspective is unusual and runs at odd angles. Often, Rose performs what he calls *interventions*, in which he changes the record, subverts the received version of history, debunks myths, creates new ones, and turns documentary into his own brand of drama. Add to this series of obsessive meddling and improbable reconstructions the spurious saga of the Rosenbergs—a family created to assist him with sorties into alternative history—and you begin to get a hint of the complexity and diversity of the Rose radiophonic output.[1]

Musicologist and Stockhausen expert Richard Toop has identified Rose's 'unique contribution to the so-called *Hörspiel* (Ear-Play) medium, a genre poised delightfully precariously between music and "radio play" that had been pioneered by Charles Amirkhanian in the States and Mauricio Kagel in Cologne' (2012, n.p.). These days, when Germans employ the term, they refer to radio drama (Döhl 1996). It took the work of producers Klaus Schöning at Westdeutscher Rundfunk (WDR), Heidi Grundmann at Österreichische Rundfunk (ORF), and others to articulate *neues Hörspiel,* which transformed traditional notions of radio drama. In Australia, the more adventurous producers at the ABC began to use the word *Hörspiel* to denote the experimental possibilities of the radiophonic medium—and this is true more generally with English-speakers.

Into this radiophonic ether, Jon Rose brought his radical agenda. Over decades, he forged an innovative style, a distinctive radio form. 'UK born, Rose arrived in Australia in 1976 at the age of 25 and, somehow finding this country's idiosyncrasies to his liking, exploded into a plethora of activities, which continue to this day', explains sound artist Gail Priest, summarising his work as 'Australia made extraordinary' (Priest and Denley 2012, n.p.). Rose has constantly identified the cultural significance of radio in Australia, weaving a social fabric that binds together a scattered and often isolated population.

Unlike other composers who work in radio, Rose writes his own original texts. His work has been a fusion of genres—a hybrid of fact, exaggeration, embellishment, and

invention with composed and improvised music carrying its own inherent narrative. These shotgun weddings of unlikely bedfellows do not always curry favour in traditional radio circles, but Rose has his supporters, particularly those who embraced the twentieth century avant-garde like Roz Cheney (ABC), Manfred Mixner (SFB), Pinotto Fava (RAI), Marcus Gammel (DR), and Kay Mortley (RF). 'Here, even before Jon went overseas, there was a Sydney-Cologne connection, between the legendary, laid-back Andrew McLennan at the ABC in Sydney, and the somewhat more intense Klaus Schöning at West German Radio (WDR) in Cologne', observes Toop. 'And in subsequent years, both ABC and WDR consistently commissioned new works from Jon. In every one of them, the violin plays some sort of role, sometimes flagrantly in the foreground … sometimes lurking in the shadows'.

Indeed, with hardly an exception in over 40 international productions, the violin is ubiquitous—it's everywhere Rose (or his imagination) goes. The instrument has not just personality but appetites and neuroses, and speaks many languages. For instance, *Anatomy of the Violin* (ABC 1986) was a full radiophonic investigation into the life and times of the violin. In it, Rose advances beyond the Man Ray metaphor of the violin as body into a surgical study in organology. Among the many glorious, gory, and unreliable insights into the instrumental corpus, the scene 'Spaghetti ma non Troppo' serves up an erotic counterpoint between strings (pasta) and a woman's voice (violin). The voice of the violin is passionate, intense, sensual. The strings respond. Or is it the other way around? The piece resolves in an orgasmic explosion of spaghetti and violin—or at least that is one way of hearing it.

Rose rejoices in the ambiguity of radio's sonic pictures and its multiplicity of perspectives. Whatever makes a sound has currency in radio land, and unlike a predictable playlist or a podcast, listening in to the radio can present the listener with the unexpected, the half missed, the misheard. Other scenes in this extensive anatomical survey include road testing the Double-piston, Three-neck, Wheeling Violin[2]; a violin undergoing open belly surgery; and violin music accompanying waltzing sheep. The programme concludes with a spurious feature about 'Violin Making in Broken Hill' (a frontier mining town).

A major influence on Rose's philosophy and work is Dadaism: its ridicule of conventional assumptions, materialism, and nationalism. Rose is a political artist. His work invariably delivers a message. His method is deft and his touch light; often provocative, iconoclastic, radical, always playful—what musicologist Richard Toop called *joyous resistance* (2012, n.p.). 'Some of the works with an explicitly Australian focus have a decidedly affectionate orientation; an example is *Syd and George* (SFB 2007), which chronicles the relationship between a park ranger and an Albert's Lyrebird'. In this three-way conversation between man, bird, and string quartet, it is often unclear who is speaking to whom. The bird takes after the human, and the human morphs into bird, as the quartet interjects transcriptions of them both.

In 1989 at the Prix Futura in Berlin, *Paganini's Last Testimony* (commissioned by The Listening Room, ABC 1988) was the centre of much debate and controversy. Failing to win the prize, it was nonetheless given a Special Commendation by the

jury for being 'technically excellent, brave, courageous, and nerve-wracking'. 'But Paganini's music didn't sound like that!' the BBC jury representative was said to have blurted out. Shuffling the letters of Paganini and re-writing the maestro's musical opus, Rose proposes a violinist who is as much a celebrity faith healer and bewitcher of the masses as a magician with sound. The living violinist takes the myths, beliefs, and fabrications surrounding the legendary dead violinist, and sets them in the religious fanaticism of modern-day USA. He credits his exposure to the ranting of radio evangelists as being a major influence on this work:

> The whole thing was about pushing the belief meter to its most extreme. What can you get people to believe? Paganini was the perfect conjurer. He worked in the same way as today's evangelical nut jobs. He fooled people into believing that his virtuosic technique and stage-craft hailed from the divine.[3]

'If the history of mainstream radio is a suppressed field, the history of experimental radio is utterly repressed', observed cultural critic Allan S. Weiss (1995, 3). Nonetheless, some works have broken out of the specialist ghetto, including *Paganini's Last Testimony*, which media historian Virginia Madsen has identified as 'one of the most repeated programs on TLR' [The Listening Room] (2009, 168). She tallies up 746 diverse works produced by TLR between 1988 and 2003 to create a 'rich ecosystem', noting that '[t]he significant radio music works of Jon Rose and Moya Henderson are proof of this' (2009). In the postscript of *Paganini's Last Testimony*, we hear the ranters and on-location recordings of the crusading Reverend Ike, CB radio evangelist, warning against the satanic power of the violin. It's confusing. Is the violin the instrument of God or the Devil? (Figure 1).

Rose moved to Berlin in 1985, during a time when a number of national broadcasters cultivated programmes that were open to innovative uses of radio, including radio used as an art form (including WDR, Rai, RF: France Culture, and ORF). 'It is in Berlin', writes composer and music critic François Couture, 'where [Rose] developed his very peculiar sense of humour, style juxtaposition, and historical fraud in a series of hörspiels' (2008, n.p.). Once there, Rose found inspiration in some wonderfully bizarre and inventive characters outside the Anglo-Saxon pantheon, among them Karl Valentin. He was a coruscating satirist, surrealist, radio- and film-maker, and instrumentalist but did not play the violin. So, Jon Rose gave him one, hence the title *Eine Violin für Valentin* (BR 1993). Valentin walked a dangerous line and survived as a performer in the time of Hitler's Germany. With the help of Konstanze Binder and Bernhard Jugel, Rose constructed a new history for this seminal Monty Python figure. The radio piece was broadcast live, and the audience was invited to see behind the scenes of live Foley (the manipulation of manual sound effects); all the tricks of the trade were revealed as part of the performance in what Rose calls 'a radiophonic peepshow'.[4]

With Valentin as protagonist, the project became a satire about how West Germany took over the East—the demolition job of the former GDR (East Germany). Extraordinary—that Rose has hardly ever been censored, although one of the children songs he

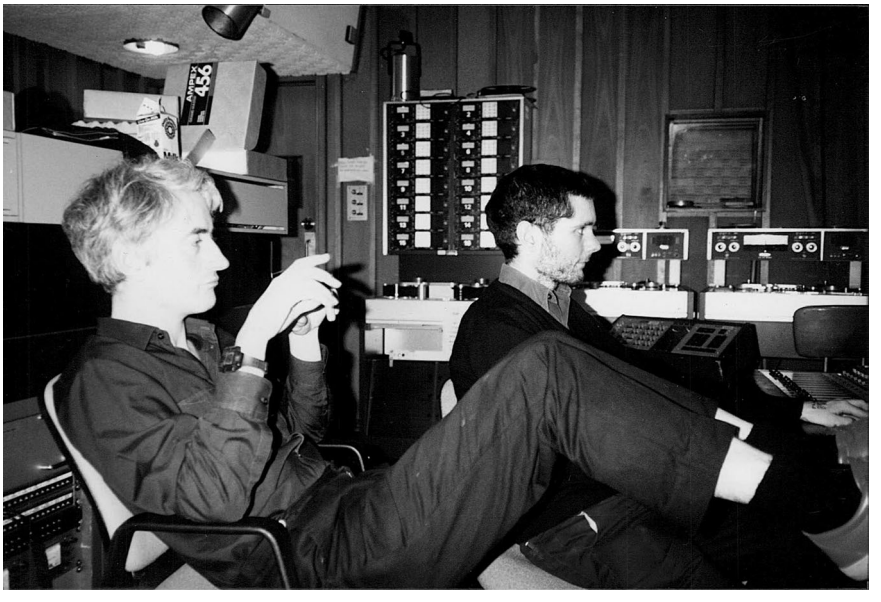

Figure 1 Mixing Paganini's *Last Testament* at the ABC studios, Sydney: Jon Rose (l.) with recording engineer John Jacobs (r). (Roz Cheney, 1988).

rewrote for this production came under the ire of the radio producers. At the time, *Ausländerfeindlichkeit* (hatred of foreigners) was rearing its ugly head in Western Europe again, and Rose wanted to change the words to reflect that. He was officially told to drop the song from the show. His solution to the impasse was to replace the offending words with a censor buzzer. The meaning remained clear. 'History is controlled by winners and written by the people who are running the show, and that's what gets handed down', he notes. 'But if you start to look carefully, there've been freaks and oddballs working on the edge of the accepted narrative right the way through'.[5]

Among his other interests, Rose is an advocate of indigenous culture and language. He has worked with a number of Aboriginal elders, teachers, and performers in his radio pieces and multimedia projects over decades. Australia's fraught colonial history provides the backdrop for *Ivories in the Outback* (2008), *Salvado* (2009), and *Not Quite Cricket* (2012), which were commissioned by Somethin' Else for BBC Radio 3. The observations and reactions of the indigenous Australians are brought into play in each of these by utilising one of the 250+ languages and dialects thought to be in existence when the First Fleet arrived in 1788.[6]

Ivories deals with the sheer number of pianos that found their way to the continent and ended up scattered across the interior, one famously arriving in Alice Springs on the back of a camel. Every piano has a story and its own distinct music, which was often dependent on the tortured condition of the instrument ('manufactured for hot climes', reads the inscription inside one imported specimen). In the grand imperial plan of

conquest, music had a fundamental role to play as the glue that kept the insecure colony together, the umbilical cord that kept the far-flung colonialists in contact with 'home', even if they had never been there. In Rose's productions, European instruments like the piano and violin continuously bump up against the physical specifics of Australia, clumsily trying to accommodate themselves in a place for which they have the 'wrong' music (Figure 2).

Dom Rosendo Salvado (1814–1900) was a Benedictine monk, missionary, and musician who founded an Aboriginal mission 132 kilometres north of Perth in Western Australia. He was often forced to return to Perth to give solo piano recitals, 'for which he was paid £1 from each of his audience of seventy music lovers. That saved his mission' (William 1967, n.p.). Salvado (himself a skilled organist, pianist, and composer) founded and directed a 20-piece Aboriginal string orchestra, which by 1885 had morphed into a 25-piece brass band. You can feel the enthusiasm welling up inside Rose as he collides with such compelling Australian stories. As he writes: 'Salvado's intentions may have been founded on the Christian zealotry and his method was without doubt patronising, but he entered into a dialogue with Nyungah speaking Yuat and they with him. That dialogue was sustained through music (Figure 3).[7]

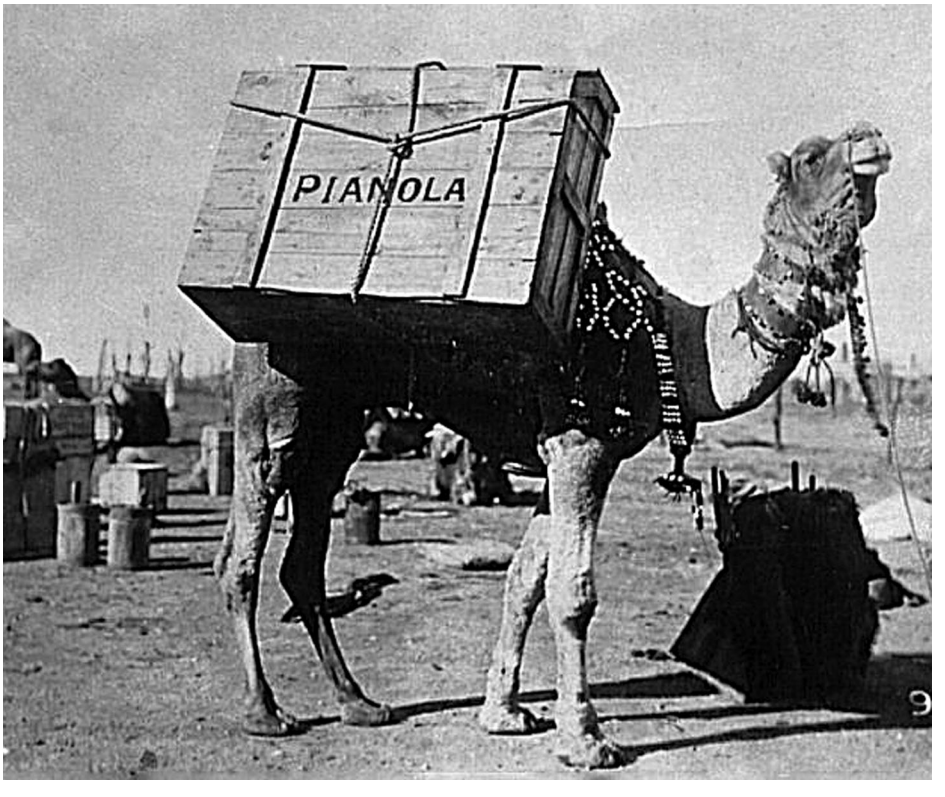

Figure 2 *Ivories in the Outback* (BBC): a camel transporting a wood framed pianola in Australia 600 miles from Melbourne. (photo anon).

Figure 3 Visual documentation supporting the radio work *Salvado* (BBC): an historic photo of The Aboriginal Brass Band at New Norcia 1946, Western Australia (photo courtesy of The Benedictine Community of New Norcia).

With music as a given, Rose regularly places history, politics, and sport in the mix. *Not Quite Cricket* relates the story of the first Australian cricket tour of England in 1868 from the Aboriginal team's viewpoint. Judging by the documentation, the tour was more a freak show than a display of sport (Mallett 2002). One of the most talented cricketers was Yanggendyinanyuk, a Wotjobaluk warrior (nicknamed 'Dick-a-Dick' by the white colonial management). His great-great-grandson Richard Kennedy, with his daughter, translated the text used in this production into the Wergaia language—brought to life again after a century of silence. Rose is captivated with the asymmetrical rhythms and tonal qualities of many Aboriginal languages; he clearly hears the sound as music and makes plenty of space for it within the radiophonic composition. Also evident is his interest in re-composing white colonial music. Most of this material he has retrieved from the trash bin of history, Australian musicologists finding it embarrassing and not worthy of consideration. As Rose 'draws out a tragedy dressed up as music hall comedy' (Ulman 2015, n.p.), a small band of violin, piano, clarinet, piano, and percussion give *Not Quite Cricket's* dance music a vibrant

Figure 4 Recording Ghan Stories (ABC) at Whitegate Camp, Alice Springs. Elder Peter Paltharre Wallis and brothers with Jon Rose after relating in Arrernte language the indigenous dreamtime story of the wild dog from the south that comes to destroy their land and culture—prophetic of the legendary Ghan train. (Rod Moss, 2014).

make over. Non-diatonic notes in the score and improvisational flights of fancy feature in the two-steps, waltzes, quadrilles, marches, and gallops.

Rose's penchant for alternate history (or *real* history, setting the record straight) enables us to hear still more rare voices. A tale of the ill-fated train from Adelaide to the Central Australia's Red Centre, *Ghan Tracks* shunts its way between multimedia performance and live radio. It meditates on the notion of progress that shackles together the Australian story: the beliefs, optimism, and miscalculations that produced countless farcical malfunctions. The full production, with Rose's striking original film footage and pre-recorded audio, was staged in collaboration with The Performance Space at Carriageworks in Sydney (2014). Onstage, the visual spectacle takes in a percussionist playing a cement-mixer (signed as 'the desert'), musicians, actors with mics and scripts, two wind machines, and a bicycle-powered zither. Elder Peter Paltharre Wallis relates in Arrernte language a moving version of the Ghan's arrival into Alice Springs: the indigenous story of the wild dog from the south that comes to destroy their land and culture (prophetic of the legendary train). *Ghan Tracks*'s radiophonic version is *Ghan Stories* (ABC 2015) (Figure 4).

A polymath artist, just one strand of Rose's fecund creativity is radiophonic production. His *Gesamtkunstwerk* (total art form) is ultimately a project that is 'almost

everything on, with, or about the violin'.[8] He perceives the violin as a cultural Geiger counter, one capable of testing the levels of cultural pathologies, and he writes at length about this. In the monograph *The Pink Violin* (1992), Australian composer, theorist, and violinist Dr Johannes Rosenberg predicts that after the demise of Communism and Capitalism, we would be plunged into *The Age of Shopping* (1995). The Doctor goes on to identify two key characteristics of the culture industry: an obsession with technical process for its own sake, and a dearth of creative content in contemporary art and music.

This prediction was the stimulus for Rose to launch a herculean shopping extravaganza over several years and across three continents; more than seventy international artists and musicians took part in these live radio works. The first radio shopping event took place in Sydney in front of a participating vocal audience with hook-ups to a lonely-hearts choir in Perth. Live radio began in a studio, but Rose has often taken it outside where there are more hazards and surprises. It can be a risky business, and he embraces the serendipitous moments and the possible technical disasters involved. Without the safety net of multiple takes and post production, there is an abandonment of control that he finds appealing.

Next, working with Kunstradio-Radiokunst's Heidi Grundmann, he created large-scale spectacles—thinly-veiled cultural critiques—in two of Europe's largest shopping complexes (Vienna and Innsbruck) along with choirs and apparitions of violin-playing angels. The events took place outside of formal shopping hours, revealing an unexpectedly eerie environment. The model was repeated in Saarbrücken with Robert Karge and SR. In these contemptuous jabs at consumerism, Rose exercises his forensic skills on the materialist machine and reductive nature of our culture.

Violin Factory (1999, also with Grundmann) was produced as a two-hour radio and Internet performance linking sites in Vienna with Vancouver, a concept of *lateral radio* (now known as *telematic art*) where sonic events take place simultaneously in different parts of the globe. The background to the event involved Chinese violin factories both real and imagined, with recordings made by Rose on visits to the home of the mass-produced violin. The actors and musicians were mixed live and re-contextualised at each location. Rose is not seduced by technology but has always been interested in it and certainly knows how to use it. The performance included state-of-the-art interactive computer systems running real time MIDI-controlled string samples and images (this intercontinental dialogue was no mean feat in the limited bandwidth of 1999).

Rose has often used the medium of radio to provide a countercultural twist to the accepted narratives of music history. This plays out in three pieces based on the life and death of major composers. At the start of *Die Mozart Industrie* (SR 1991), the cut-price sounds of that composer's *Requiem* feature an accentuated viola part (Mozart's preferred string task). We hear the sound of the maestro being buried, and at the end of the work, being dug up for profit by the industry he left behind. Wolfie ends up in heaven where whatever he desires is available … billiards, sex, bird catchers … forever and ever, Amen. He gets bored stupid by the level of angelic compliance,

but the industry is grateful, and continues to dig him up, selling Mozart myths in perpetuity.

Beethoven in the Bath (ORF 1990), by comparison, is a monologue by the composer based on his *Konversationhefte* (conversation notebooks), which he kept after deafness descended on him. Rose bought the entire edition in the 1980s while performing in the former East Germany. On reading the text, it occurred to him that these were not simply after-the-fact diary entries but the actual words of Beethoven (and his visitors) written in real time—a veritable recording of Beethoven speaking. Two key riffs appear in the ramblings of the composer—an obsession with fish and an interest in a certain opera singer. *Beethoven in the Bath* became a performed radio piece: it was first heard from a huge, ornate bathtub in a Baroque palace in Graz. As a leaking tap drips, Beethoven speaks, interrupted only by the housekeeper who knocks on the bathroom door (to the rhythm of the opening of the Fifth Symphony) and demands to know what Herr Beethoven is doing in there. Despite its comedic tableau, the disembodied voice of the composer presents a cogent and confronting experience.

Skeleton in the Museum (ABC 2003) won the 2004 Karl Sczuka Prize, Europe's oldest prize for radiophonic works. Percy Grainger is brought back to life to take the listener on a guided tour of his own museum, inventions, original thoughts, and sexual perversions. The title refers to Grainger's desire to have his own skeleton exhibited in his museum once he had no further use for it. The request was turned down by the authorities on grounds of public taste and decency. The Grainger Museum is an unappealing edifice that academics have been trying to get rid of for years. The uncanny semblances between it and the Rosenberg Museum of Jon Rose become apparent, the latter containing a musical coffin.[9] Both institutions posit the notion of the artist who can give agency to alternative and off-the-wall narratives by presenting the artefacts of proof.

A trilogy of Rosenberg radio works—*Rosenberg: Eine Rekonstruktion* (WDR 1991, Preis Acustica International); *Play it Again, Doc* (ABC 1990), and *Brain Weather* (ABC 1992)—is founded on the conceit of the Rosenbergs (an illusory dynasty of Australian violinists). Cloaked in humour, the pieces nonetheless proffer basic existential and psychological questions. *Eine Rekonstruktion* transports the listener along U-Bahn 9 under Berlin, where movements from Rosenberg's Violin Concerto are performed at each station (amongst the unlikely sonic demands are parts for an Italian soccer crowd and a race horse). *Play it Again* starts with a supersonic dive by a commercial airline flight into the Sydney Opera House, flying on the end of a probability curve first indicated in the doctor's Music Relativity Theory. Dr Johannes Rosenberg undergoes a physical and mental remodelling in *Brain Weather*, producing a plethora of Rosenberg fakes, robotoids, and extended family members—an unstoppable algorithm of ever-changeable personalities with one common denominator: they all play the violin. The fluidity and fun of these odd radiophonic experiences exhibit the fecund quality of the Rose brain. Consistency, however, is not always evident.

On the other hand, his tone is never dour. He doesn't preach, and is not didactic; there is no hint of the pulpit or the lectern. His wit is sharp and often oblique. Well-aimed jibes and good-humoured clowning abound, as well as some savage

satire; his work is nothing if not serious. Rose's radiophonic projects lead us to consider the oft-misrepresented and overlooked.

Many of his radio works have what Toop describes as 'a typically mordant, hyper-intelligent humour. A notable example is *The Long Sufferings of Anna Magdalena Bach* ([ABC] 1997), in the opening minutes of which a chronological list of Bach's offspring is underpinned by increasingly drastic sounds of labour pains' (2012, n.p.). The piece puts Johann Sebastian's second wife centre stage, overworked and shadowed by the ever-lingering smell of death of most of her children. Rose's original music unfolds, played on an anachronistic set of real and virtual keyboards, and with a monologue from Anna about an oversexed husband, Baroque truisms, and music:

> Some say that the Tree of Life is a miracle—nah, I don't reckon on that, it's a numbers grind, just like music, like when you write a new theme out, you've only got four choices really, haven't you, stay on the same note, go up, go down, or go back to the one you had before you started and try again, but hey, old JSB's been doing it for years and it's amazing there's always new combinations, it'll never run out, just a numbers game, bloody marvelous, aye, you know the dream of every note of music is to become two notes, and the dream of every two notes is to multiply and become four, and four to become eight and so on, 'til the end of time.[10]

Anna holds forth in this dark but witty piece in a broad Australian accent, armed with the tropes of feminism dressed in eighteenth century garb.

One radio work also became a concept album on the ReR record label: *Violin Music for Restaurants* (WDR 1987). Anyone thinking Brain Eno and New Age ambient airports will be very troubled. The imaginary restaurant sets each table in a bewildering assortment of different times and places, with stylistically fluctuating violin music to suit. An odd collection of guests chattering in a range of languages occupies each table; judging by the snores, one has fallen soundly asleep. The listener tunes in to witness a rousing chorus to gluttony ('a little more, please'), a Surinam cook making Dutch stew, a seventeenth century witch hunter, a very hungry dog, and an SS Nazi execution unit. At one table, philosophical conversation arrives at a clear solution: there should be no music in a restaurant. The postmodern violin music ranges from tango to Hungarian Romany, a burst of bebop, and a Bach chorale, and from medieval pastiche to assorted standards from the American songbook. Avant-garde assemblages and the world of mechanical music (the Violano) also put in an appearance. How this all manages to exist in one restaurant stretches even radiophonic credulity, but the sudden swings of mood and focus reflect on the still-fractured culture that we inhabit nearly 30 years later.

Moving in the other direction, *Talking Back to Media* (ABC 2012) looks back to a time when media meant mass media and talk-back radio was king. An ensemble of improvising musicians directed by Rose responds to a live stream from both traditional radio and the digital deluge of the Internet. *Talking Back* acknowledges the human impulse to create a narrative out of even the most disparate parts, and thereby

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Plate 2 The Rosenberg Museum Foundation Stone by Juraj Meliš, the town of Violin, Slovakia (Jozef Cseres, 1999).

Plate 3 Violin Case Casino, Rosenberg Museum, Brno, Czech Republic (Marie Mart Royackers, 2009).

Plate 4 Sonata Stigmata by Jon Rose (2007), Rosenberg Museum, Sydney (Nick Shimmin, 2016).

Plate 5 The Agony and The Ecstasy by Jon Rose(1989), remains of automatic violin quartet, Inventionen Festival, Berlin (Silversalt, 2018).

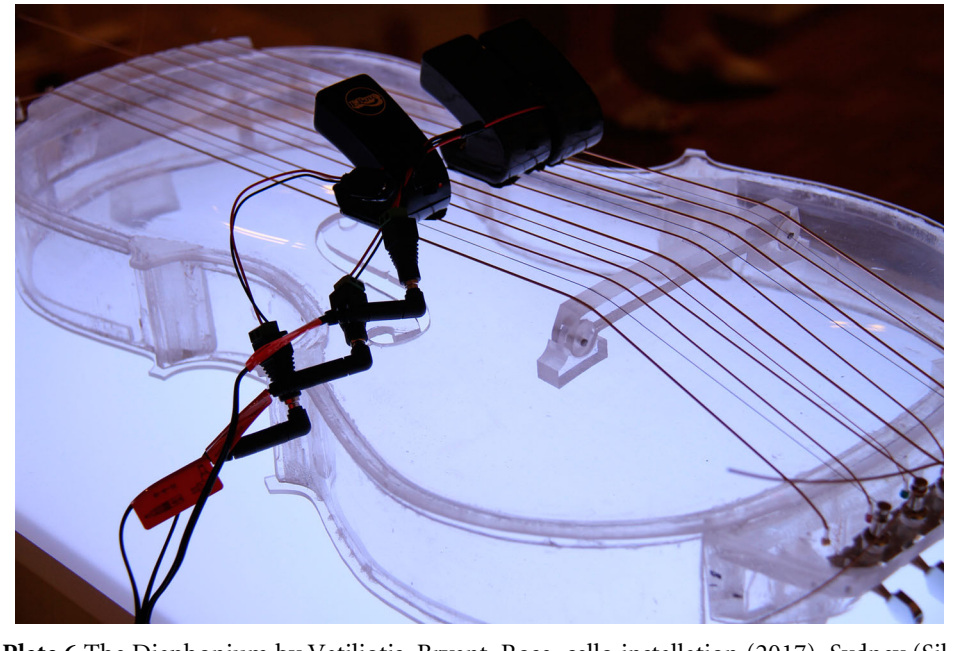

Plate 6 The Diaphonium by Vatiliotis, Bryant, Rose, cello installation (2017), Sydney (Silversalt, 2018).

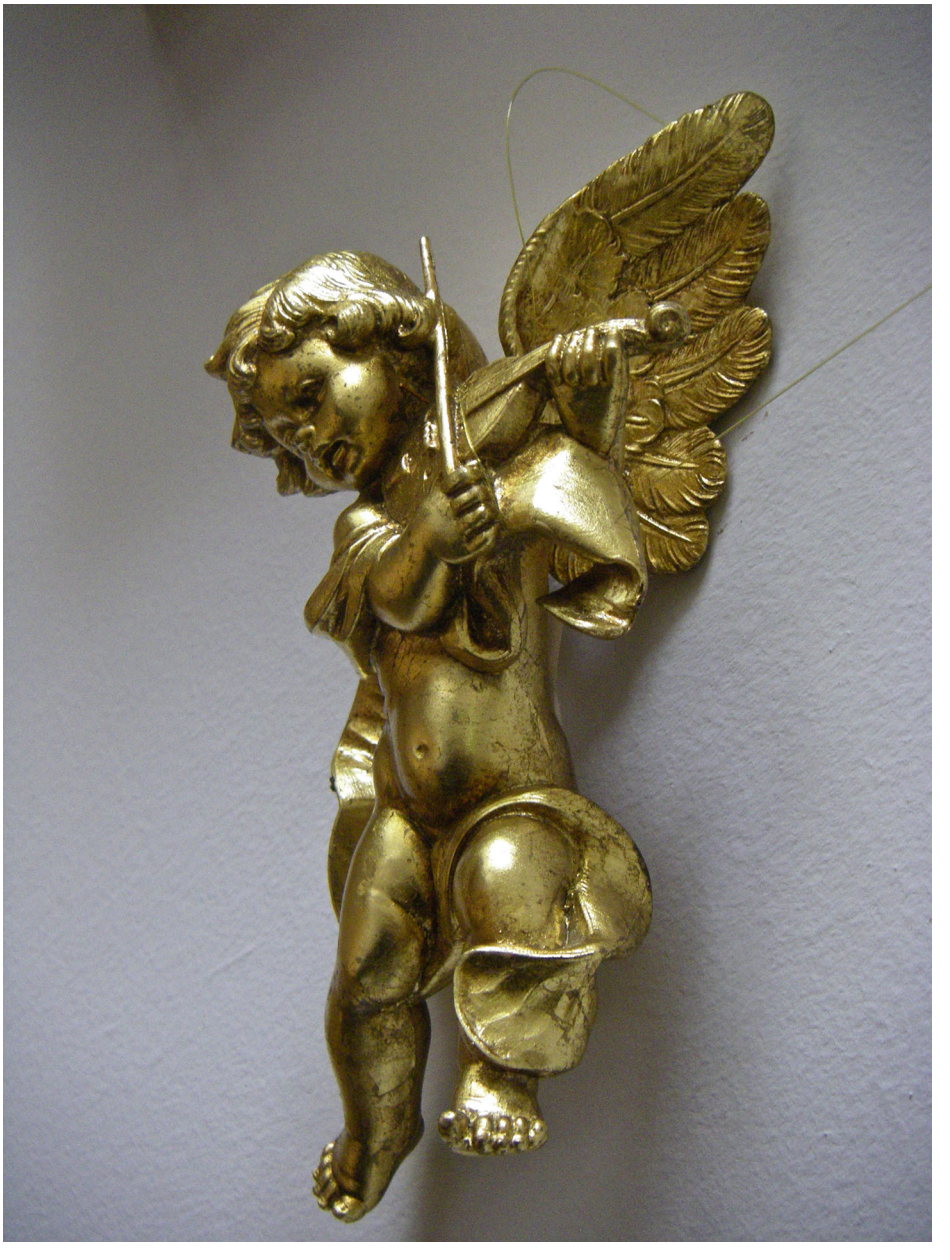

Plate 7 Golden Angel Figurine (1992), Rosenberg Museum, Berlin (Hollis Taylor, 2015).

Plate 8 *Yia Nuka* (My Story) Pitjantjatjara Violin, Morning Camp by Kathleen Buzzacott, Alice Springs (Nick Shimmin, 2016).

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Blowing the Whistle: Experimental Music, Sport, Technology

Jon Rose

My explorations at the sport/music interface focus on the nonspecialized community as an impetus within music. Key to my experiments is this question: what if, instead of aiding sport and social agency, music comes into existence as the direct result of such actions? In sports like cricket and badminton, their binary and competitive natures can serve as musical structure. In cycling, mechanisms and mobile possibilities extend the performance parameters of the sonic arts, while the physical presence of a huge interactive ball brings the experience of electronic music into democratic hands. Employing both analogue and digital interactive technologies, my investigations have led to unconventional outcomes, including game projects that evoke key philosophical approaches to 'play' central to both music and sport.

Keywords: Music and sport; Jon Rose; Interactive technology; Music games; Sonic ball Bbicycle music; Kite music; Water music; Digger music; Music of chance

Music as Stimulant or Sedative

The sound of incessant, electronic beats pervades every corner of the modern-day gym. Enthusiasts jump up and down as if in military training—or they run like rats on a treadmill. Tweak the BPM (beats per minute) up a notch, and they willingly do it all that much faster. Commentators will heap praise on sportspersons who exhibit *machine* characteristics; to be more of an automaton than an authentic human is considered an attribute in many sport contests. Performance enhancing drugs in sport may be frowned upon, but music can act as stimulant or sedative. While getting the most out of our body, music can serve to numb the pain or assist us to ignore the body telling us to 'take a break' or 'stop this right now!'

Music purportedly captures attention, raises spirits, triggers a range of emotions, alters or regulates mood, evokes memories, increases work output, heightens arousal, induces states of higher functioning, reduces inhibitions, and encourages rhythmic movement.[1] However, one person's rush of dopamine through the ecstasy

of sport and/or music may shudder to a halt or render no reading at all in someone else's central nervous system. Joggers block out the sounds of the environment whilst pounding their brains with nonstop electronic beats; meanwhile, bloggers who would *save* the environment may also pound their brains with nonstop electronic beats. Technology, movement, and sound are ubiquitous.

Clearly, humans have always responded to a motion-and-music agenda. In fact, the ability to entrain to a regular beat is embedded far back in evolutionary time. Lyrebirds, sea lions, elephants, and multiple parrot species (notably the sulphur-crested cockatoo 'Snowball') have all confounded the notion of human exceptionalism in this capacity.[2] Another author might question exactly what kind of fitness is being attained with our current fashionable gym onslaught—including levels of brain damage, hearing loss, etc. This text, however, is concerned with another set of issues: looking at a decades-long experimentation into the kind of music and sport interfaces that bring about unconventional outcomes, particularly with the advent of interactive technologies.[3] There are alternatives.

That Chequered History of Sport

Grandiose and bombastic music has appeared at the opening of all Olympic Games in the modern era; some even involved established composers. For instance, Richard Strauss penned *Olympische Hymne* for orchestra and mixed chorus for the opening ceremony of the 1936 Summer Olympics in Berlin.[4] At the 2012 London Summer Olympics, some in the crowd apparently found the electronic dance music too loud during the women's 10,000-meter final. However, the Olympic Committee defended its position: the approach (which smacks of research à la Muzak) divided '2,000 plus [pop] songs into five distinct playlists that are themed to provide the most appropriate soundtrack to each sport' (Gibson 2012).

The London Olympics did grant the opportunity for some new music to be composed, but it struck me that at its best the music was simple narrative or description and at its worst an excuse for a commission. One piece by Joe Cutler, *Ping!*, did integrate music into a sports structure. Working with modest resources, the grammar and sound of the music itself (a string quartet) related in a quite visceral way to the action of the table tennis players. Still, the performance was choreographed in such a way that the piece lacked the prime requirement of sport—namely, the unpredictability of the result or even the indeterminate nature of action from moment to moment—and with that, the drawbacks of pre-determined composed music are highlighted.[5]

Music's function to enhance and encourage grand displays of military action have been well documented since Joshua and the Jericho campaign, and it is fair to surmise that the Colosseum in Rome must have witnessed musical punctuations amongst all the narrative mayhem of chariots, gladiators, lions, and Christians in the public spectacle of the games—which was considered sport in those politically incorrect times. The Romans also savoured boxing, weightlifting, wrestling, tennis, and ball games with crowds, as today, likely willing/singing on their team to win.

It's a given: music can motivate action, whether on the sports field or the battlefield. There is no music without context and it is important to always to pose the question, who is the music for, and who benefits? In traditional Australian Aboriginal society, music was an integral part and parcel of the marked and mediated key events, social cohesion, hierarchical and democratic dealings, and everyday work of a community. But what if music, instead of aiding activity like sport and social agency, comes into existence as the direct result of such actions?

The Sporting Metaphor

Adorno wrote, 'Behind every work of art is an uncommitted crime' (1951, 72).[6] Those in power in the world of sports often react to the proposal of creating art from sport as if it were verging on criminal, especially in a place like Australia, where sport positions its hierarchical self as *ersatz* religion. As they see it, messing with the serious business of professional sport is heresy. On the other team, many artists are appalled by what they assess as the banality of sport; never the twain should meet. On encountering such dialectical opposition, my immediate instinct is to challenge the received paradigm and directly engage with the contradiction.

Nonetheless, in sport commentary and match reports, music pops up as a metaphor peppering the prosaic text with exaggerated sophistication. I offer this gem from *The Guardian:*

> For the first 45 min, they could find no way through the Hammer's defence; Dicks, often at walking pace, conducting the orchestra with the Croat, Pilic, as leading violinist. Only Carbone looked to have the wit to break the tempo. West Ham's game was too fancy for its own good at times; Dicks would play the *1812 Overture*, but a minuet through midfield seems to be Harry Redknapp's preferred melody and, on this evidence, they don't play it well enough.[7]

Then there is the semantic issue of the difference between sports and games, each as prone to difficulty in classification as the definition of music (after Cage and hip hop). As far as I can ascertain, with inevitable exceptions, sport demands physical movement—games not necessarily so. Along with countless other human activities, sports and games have both become rule- or law-based over time, but their origins can be found in the anarchy when life was described by Thomas Hobbes as 'nasty, brutish, and short' (1651, 99).[8]

At the other end of the comfort zone, video, electronic, or virtual reality games where the participants sit on a couch and zap away at a screen or inside restricted goggle vision lie beyond the scope of this article. So, too, does a board game like chess, *aspects* of which would be a perfect vehicle for interactive music, but its cerebral nature fails to excite as other sport can, since the physical skill and effort involved are minimal. Debates continue on whether chess is a sport or not.[9] At some level in sport, as with the fundamental process of playing music on traditional instruments, haptic feedback is essential—both activities demand a physical connectedness and response.

The greater the variety of physical action, the better the interactive possibilities. But before the whistle blows, there is another aspect of sport not yet considered in a musical context.

Politics and Sport

Sport offers bounteous options for socio-political satire. With sport identified as the cultural parameter, the scene is set for Dadaist and other interventions. One of the 'Rosenberg' series of radiophonic compositions, *Brain Weather* (ABC, 1992), imagined a hideous golf course that covered the entire continent of Australia. Employed to play tunes to the rich and powerful, violinists made their way around the ecologically challenged and drought stricken greens. As if predicted, the world's longest golf course was set up a decade later across the flat, arid, treeless Nullarbor Plain—not exactly the whole continent, but nice try.[10]

The Nazi Olympics was arguably the prime example of the nexus between xenophobia, racism, and the glorification of the nation state, all brought together in a stadium-sized theatre of delusion. Although diluted down to acceptable moral compliance, this exercise in political manipulation remains the 'bread and circuses' model to this day. In 1993 I was invited to bite the hand that feeds me via a commission to make a sports-related piece for the committee trying (in vain) to return the Olympics to Berlin. At SFB (Sender Freies Berlin—a radio station conceived during the Cold War), I was able to access the original radio broadcasts from the 1936 Olympics preserved on shellac discs. These commentaries had been transmitted live across Germany. Racist slurs abound, like 'the nigger' when referring to a black American boxer and 'the little yellow man' when referring to a Japanese marathon runner. And the famous Jesse Owens final seems to predict the future conflict: 'white against black', 'Europe against America', and 'the blonde Osendarp' against 'the black locomotive' (referring to Ralf Metcalfe, the other African-American sprinter). After Owens wins the 100-meter final, there is but a smattering of applause from the 100,000+ crowd; the commentator waits, clears his throat, and awkwardly announces the winner. I was so emotionally messed up on listening to these recordings that I decided to make them the central sonic axis of the whole performance—the spoken word moving around in quadraphonic sound in the entirely suitable venue of the reopened Chamäleon Varieté cabaret hall situated in the old Jewish quarter of central Berlin. A string quartet played cut-ups of café house music from the 1930s as I athletically jigged around the stage with my interactive bowing system mark 2.[11]

Noise

On commencing work on the entropic Wreck project (2011), I discovered perhaps the most extreme end of what can be considered sport.[12] Known as dB Drag Racing, decommissioned cars are packed with as much amplification gear as can fit and turned up to volumes of 160 dB and more.[13] This is sport that somehow could only

have been invented in the Bible Belt of America; burst ear-drums might even categorise it as a blood sport. Apart from the vibrating dashboard, nobody and nothing really races or even moves. After the metres have ascertained the edge of tolerance volumes, further tests of dB are encouraged when a woman (and it's always a woman) standing by the window has her long blonde hair blown horizontally by the sound waves. It is competitive, it is about sound, and it is sport—according to its practitioners. So, for the Wreck performed in the Sydney Festival, we replaced the engine with two huge monitors set like a V8 motor.[14] They smoked, literally. Health and safety regulations determined the reduced and acceptable volumes.

What follows is a chronological report on how I have put the notion of a sport-induced music into practice over a 35-year period. The narrative is unapologetically anecdotal, as the whole journey has been empirical and local in character, often lacking resources and support. There was never a theory.

Opening Play

The first attempt at integrating the physical presence of music into the action of sport was Squash (Praxis, Fremantle, Western Australia, 1983). The concept consisted of a simple substitution of a violinist (myself) as the second player competing with a squash player going about his usual business of slamming a ball into a reflective wall. There was no attempt to abide by rules or incorporate scoring in this confrontation; the emphasis was on creating a sonic counterpoint. Because the event took place in a muffled space and not on a squash court, the wall and violin were amplified to create that intense resonant sound world that says *squash*.[15] We went for fifteen minutes before a whistle was blown by a member of the audience signalling the end of play.

Not Cricket

The Relative Band Plays Cricket took place in Sydney's first Performance Space in 1986.[16] Modelled on a backyard version of the official game (which can take up to five days to yield a result, we had but three evenings for our endeavours), our performance included an amplified bat and stumps with amplified strings attached (both built by ABC engineer John Jacobs). Sound artist Rik Rue provided surround-sound audio manipulations, broadcaster Sherre de Lys delivered a feminist commentary, video artist John Gilles projected cutup TV footage of a recent test match, and there were the obligatory batting and fielding teams of very mixed talent (the sonic results were also mixed). Mandatory public liability insurance had not yet inflicted its mortal wounds on live music in Sydney. Nonetheless, one of the players in Cricket decided that in the case of injury to an audience member, she could lose her house in any ensuing courtroom battle, so the regular hard, fast, heavy, dangerous, and great sounding cricket ball was substituted for a tennis ball. As a result, the game lacked edge and produced no bruises whatsoever. We adhered to the rules of the game but were

ineffective in achieving a theatrical edge. To signal the end of each session, we contrived for a shower unit in the ceiling above the audience to be switched on. Thus, the common cricket trope 'rain stop play' provided a traditional end to the proceedings.

The theme of cricket surfaced again in a radiophonic composition for the BBC.[17] *Not Quite Cricket* (2012) dealt with the freak show racism of the first Australian cricket team—an Aboriginal one—which toured England in 1868.

Sporting Perversions

Space is not the final frontier, nor is cyberspace. It's the brain—or at least our understanding of how it actually works and the thorny question of what is consciousness. Still lacking a general theory of cognition, we might forever struggle in this quest. Written on the toilet wall at STEIM was a pithy philosophical scrawl: 'If the brain were so simple that we could understand it, then we would be so simple that we couldn't'.[18]

Recent decades have seen Cartesian duality seriously debunked by a number of philosophers, including John Searle. Arguing that consciousness exists in the physical and chemical reality, many suggest that we should accept this logic and just get on with it. But duality maintains its grip on humanity through a plethora of perceptions and practice: scientific method versus artistic intuition, yin and yang, the black and white of racism, the foreigner and the citizen, the two-sided battle metaphor of team sports, and the gladiatorial combat of racket sports. Sport is one set of activities that demonstrates the gestalt of any rule-based game—the reciprocity of the certain and the uncertain. Psychiatrist Iain McGilchrist has suggested that the divided brain (the two physically separate hemispheres) is the root cause of the duality problem; it is, in fact, the species problem, a filter through which we act out sport. He points out that neurologists have yet to understand why the brain evolved in two distinct hemispheres, whether in the bird, beast, or human (McGilchrist 2009).

Pondering the duality worldview that afflicts us, I thought of sportifying the dilemma in the project Perks—hence this analogy: the badminton court represents the brain, while two badminton players act out the roles of the left and right hemispheres.[19] If you like, one player is saying 'this is science', and the other is saying 'no, it's art'. Humour mediates at the net. This is what I consider a propositional project—a what-if.

The brain belongs to Australian musical genius and deviant, Percy Grainger, a creator of some of the most inspired and beautiful innovations in twentieth century music, a fitness fanatic, a specialist of blockbuster piano concertos, and a collector of folk songs, but also a sadomasochist and a racial bigot. Perks served as a satirical celebration and probing of the Jekyll & Hyde in his mind . . .and perhaps in all of our minds. The 'thoughts' of the players were heard periodically loud and clear throughout the performance. They reacted to each other (as sports people do) with

Figure 1 Perks, the interactive multimedia badminton game, Sonambiente Festival, Berlin 1996 (Konstanze Binder 1996).

personal comments, spurious philosophical assertions, occasional abuse, and observations on the evolutionary struggle.

Contact microphones and accelerometers (mounted on each of the badminton rackets and the net) accessed musical material, mostly based on Grainger compositions. The movements of the rackets also controlled tempo, rhythm, panning, volume, etc. The information from each racket confronted, complemented, or cut off the material generated by the previous racket stroke. The racket-prompted commands arrived randomly (in a programmers' sense), so each stroke or hit generated anything from 1 to 128 sonic events. When the 'state of play' was in 'truncating mode', the sonic results of any hit would be interrupted by the sonic results of the next hit, and so on. No one knew what levels of musical complexity would be unleashed by each racket stroke. Overriding 'truncating mode' quickly led to multiple levels of counterpoint.

Very cool, I thought at the time—but I had missed a basic issue: the theatre of sport. A computer cares not how a data reading is generated. An accelerometer built into a racket initiates a reading whether you hit a ball (or shuttlecock), miss hit the ball, miss the ball entirely, drop the racket on the ground, or scratch an itch on your backside

Figure 2 Perks, the interactive multimedia badminton game, Sonambiente Festival, Berlin 1996 (Konstanze Binder 1996).

with it. Even with a sensitive contact microphone aiding detection of a hit, the computer cannot 'read' the game, the tension, the story, the emotion, the humour, or moments like the famous John McEnroe outburst to the umpire's negative line ball decision at Wimbledon 1981: 'You cannot be serious!'[20]

Earlier in the 1990s, I was touring in Japan with trumpet player Toshinori Kondo. We were relaxing in a bar after a concert, when an American professional tennis player heard us speaking English and came over for company. Upon hearing what he did for a living, I thought that the conversation was going to be hard work, but I was wrong. He explained how the good racket player has to have a 3D view of the entire court all the time, predicting objectively where the ball was arriving from across the net and at what speed and with what spin. If you subjectively waited for the ball, you would be too late to respond. Peripheral vision, seeing the game quietly from an abstract vantage point, being in the moment, the action faster than the thought, no time for deliberation—to us, it sounded like the experience of music in a good group improvisation.

Did Perks need good badminton players? Well, yes, although this was not evident until the first public performance. My initial idea was that the players were the motor that made the game operational; there would be agency, but overt displays of skill would not be required. Very apparent in the first game: dull or uninspired play

yielded much the same kind of music. The axiom was clear—the better the skill, the better the music.

I also came to realise that human intervention would be structurally necessary if the project was to have any sense of occasion. The performance was cut into scenes in which various sonic, text, and visual elements were interpolated, so even in a particularly uneventful passage of play, certain ah-ha moments key to the narrative would be accommodated—with still heaps of room for the unexpected sonic and theatrical event. With all the data coming directly from the game, a MIDI-controlled player-piano took on the role of Percy Grainger. Outside the court, there were parts for hurdy-gurdy, accommodating Grainger's passion for folk music; improvising guest musicians providing more game commentary; and Grainger's Free Music machines. His sexual and racial obsessions materialized through MIDI controlled video images and texts derived from *The Farthest North of Humanness: Letters of Percy Grainger 1901–14*—surely the most X-rated material associated with any twentieth-century composer (Dreyfus 1985).

Perks deconstructed a wide range of music vocabularies based on often disparate elements that made up Grainger's opus . . .from a traditional Irish melody to original 1908 Grainger field recordings of Rarotongan music, and from a chaotic version of the Grieg piano concerto (Grainger's staple gig) to digital representations of keyboard, percussion, and homemade electronic instruments found (or imagined) in the Grainger Museum, University of Melbourne.

The Results of Chance

The use of games of chance to determine musical content has fascinated composers including the dice-throwing Mozart in his *Musikalisches Würfelspiel*, K.516f (Ratner 2009).[21] Add to this Stravinsky's stage works based on card games (as well as his 1923 neo-classical *Octet* for wind instruments), Cage's use of the *I Ching* throughout his career, and John Zorn's 'game pieces' (which are in essence structures for improvisers). Richard Strauss spent much of his time playing skat (not improvised jazz vocals but a version of the card game whist); Schoenberg and Britten were very keen on tennis; Prokofiev was a chess master; when not throwing dice, Mozart was often to be found at the billiard table; and Percy Grainger was outstanding at badminton and a notable jogger, sometimes running from concert to concert (once accompanied by 100 Zulu warriors) and even running from stage to back of concert hall and back again, when he had too many bars tacit in a blockbuster piano concerto.[22]

What it is about the Ball?

Outside of Western music, of course, most societies integrally linked their music practice to every ceremonial and non-ceremonial necessity of their communal activities, from birth, through the rhythms of work, to death. Also, in most non-Western cultures, the idea of music without physical movement (dance) would have seemed

strange, even perverse. A ball demands movement and once set in motion, the laws of physics, the pneumatic bouncibility, the state of the pitch, the weather, and the skills of the players render a set of parameters that defy data-driven prediction.

Australia maintained until recently the oldest surviving practice of *Gebrauchsmusik*: fifty years ago, the chief elder of many Aboriginal groups knew how to sing into existence every significant animate and inanimate object—the collection of keys to survival. Such sophisticated and rich cultures of orality are unlikely to ever flourish again. But anyone who has witnessed an Aboriginal Australian Rules football tournament in the Northern Territory will know that 'footie' has gone some way to filling the cultural void left by whitefella colonial destruction. This game may have been invented by Victorians in Melbourne in 1858, but the Aboriginal peoples of the north have seized it with both hands and feet and made it their own. Indeed, some commentators point out that the game contains features of the traditional Aboriginal ball game Marngrook and a raft of elements historically rooted in the Frontier Wars of colonialism.[23] The game is rough and exhausting in sheer scale, the pitch can be any size, there are moments of chaos, there is no offside rule—but it can also be elegant and poised. If ballet were this good, I'd go every night.

In the ancient timelines of Aboriginal peoples, 150 years of Aussie rules football stands as a recent aberration. Sadly, the professional footie game down south does not come with any musical pedigree (the team songs being inane shockers). Across the ditch, New Zealand's All Blacks rugby team realised this lack of appropriation of traditional cultures as a huge error and introduced the haka (an intimidating Maori war chant, dance, or challenge) into the formalities of every game to wild enthusiasm and spine-tingling public enjoyment.[24]

My initial probe into team ball games took place in early 2004 as Germany was preparing to host the 2006 World Cup. How could fragile technology deal with the aggressive physical impacts of games such as soccer or rugby? I made contact with Cairos Technologies AG in Germany, which was working on a system that could identify exactly where a ball was in 3D space—data tracking at 2,000 times per second.[25] The inventor was miffed that Germany lost to England in 1966, mainly because of an allowed goal where the ball had not crossed the goal line. Infantile perhaps, but as Bill Shankly, legendary manager of Liverpool, replied when asked by a journalist if football was a matter of life and death, replied: 'No, it's more important than that'. The Cairos system had sensors in the ball, in the shin pads of the football players, and (I assume) in the goal posts. Herr Braun of Cairos ('Fidelity in Tracking') was happy to tell me that, apart from testing the fallibility of the referee, his system could run a multimedia programme in real time, but he was unwilling to spill the beans on what exactly constituted the technological set up. A reasonable attitude—he stood to make millions. In the final months before the World Cup, it became clear that FIFA was not going to purchase the system, so the millions were not made. Nevertheless, I was now hooked on how to realise an interactive ball.[26]

With limited financial resources, I faced a central conundrum: how to measure the wild and deviating behaviour of a ball in play. I wrongly assumed that the sensors

would have to be placed at the central axis of the ball for the most accurate data reading. I bought just about every kind of professional ball in use in Australia: basketball, netball, beach ball, soccer, Australian rules, rugby league, rugby union, grid iron —all these days made in India. I filled a number of them up with car tire puncture sealant to produce a ball with almost no bouncing ability, and no way of holding an electronics box centrally while the ball was filled. In addition, the sealant contained a lethal concoction of flammable toxic chemicals. I rang a number of manufacturers in Jalandhar to see if they were interested in designing and manufacturing a professional interactive ball, but no one could see dollar signs. Toy soccer balls, however, offered a readymade solution of solid artificial rubber. Once cut in half and electronics added, the balls could be stuck together again.[27]

Accelerometers from a hacked electronic game lived a new life inserted in what were to become netball balls, a hard-kicking game out of the question with these lightweight pretenders. One day, an interactive kicking game *will* become available, but any electronics in the ball will need to withstand extreme physical punishment and massive acceleration (the kicks). Team Music (a version of Netball) became the moniker for this experiment. The three-second rule (holding the ball without passing) was extended to five seconds, allowing more time for musical development. The one bounce pass was banned, as the switch inside the ball turned itself off on too many occasions. Also, the level of g-force that the accelerometers could stand remained a known unknown. Other musicians could play an obligato role, playing only when their team had possession of the ball.[28]

Blow the Whistle

Spinning at great speed, these toy balls sent a plethora of data. The interactive component in the sonic action was not obvious to players or the public. In order to keep the whole process in real time and not filter or reductively control the results, I clearly needed a larger ball that would revolve more slowly. In the USA, 2.4-meter-high balls are available, and they really *are* balls, not balloons. The question of central placement of the sensors inside a ball with a whole lot of air looked unsolvable. I tried suspending a box in the centre of ball with bungee cords but counted it out—even when the ball was stationary, the cords kept moving. Then, a simple and practical solution presented itself: the ball had an inner bladder of polythene and an outer skin of nylon, it would be possible to build a narrow gage box and slide it between the two materials after switching on the power supply for the electronics. The accelerometers covered x, y, and z axes, so data sent really mapped the roundness of the ball, its impact on bounce, its slow spin, and its movement through space. Everybody playing with the ball instinctively *got* how it worked and how they were responsible for creating the parameters of the music.

In terms of MIDI continuous controllers, the most direct comprehension of the relationship between ball movement and sound was achieved by Pitch Bend—the algorithm *says* ball curvature and rolling. Other subtler options were guided by the

weight of sound, the aggregates of active sound caused by the speed of the ball's movement, or what might be described as the suspension of the laws of gravity by the laws of music.

The scenario of the environmental piece Sphere of Influence situated the ball as earth and underlined our rough handling skills.[29] Well, yes, like motherhood, it's hard to disagree with that, but I soon realised I had gone off-track, privileging the art world—so I went straight back to sport. The game plans for big sonic ball performances consisted of whistle alerts and caption commands—roll around circle, bounce across circle, high bounce, hold ball still, surf, play dead, etc. But when the ball is released into a crowd of 300–500 people, the game quickly takes on the easy natured rules of anarchy: no rules. Everybody joins in, an exercise in crowd empathy, ball surfing extremely satisfying—and only the organisers freaking out about public liability. Memorably (at Mona Foma), the wind caught the ball and flew it over the stage to land on an unsuspecting taxi parked on the street some hundred metres away—thankfully, the transmission of data was still functioning (my obsessive preoccupation).[30] Would this casually assembled audience sit in an auditorium and patiently listen to such modernist electronic music with no ball in sight?

At a performance of the annual festival, Serralves em Festa, in Porto, Portugal, the anarchy version of the game was well under way. No one asked, 'what is the point of this?' (as in music) or 'where or what is the goal?' (as in sport). Suddenly, the ball was taken by the wind and deposited in a space halfway up the main building, wedged into a hole—an exact fit. The remote chances of this 'goal' ever happening caused the crowd to stop, stare up, and exhale a collective 'wow'. The shared experience of a biblical apparition over, the ball was dislodged, and the game continued unabated.

ballspeak

A ball flying through space has an inherent mystery; it replicates our lonely and insecure position in the universe. Any young child seems to recognise the universality and truth of a ball. It's global. Even children who show little interest in games or sport respond to this user-friendly object. The ball is pre-human. The moon and earth would exist and travel through space whether we were here to observe them or not. Unlike most of our cultural constructs—money, democracy, religion—playing with a ball-like object could well have existed before language. The ball is an ontological artefact like none other, whether it be a rolling stone or a pig's bladder. A wild dog will perceive a moving ball as prey and play with it without understanding the rules of either physics or soccer. Once set in motion, a ball object seems to take on a life of its own.[31]

On your Bike

As the American experimental composer David Behrman notes: 'An analogy that I like for interactive music is that it's like a piece of sports equipment—a bicycle, say, or a

Figure 3 The Interactive Sonic Ball at the opening of National Sawdust, New York (Jill Steinberg 2015).

Figure 4 The Interactive Sonic Ball at the opening of National Sawdust, New York (Jill Steinberg 2015).

sailboat. The design is very important, but all the experience of bicycling or sailing can't be foreseen or controlled at the boatyard or factory, nor should they be' (Gottschalk 2016, 213). Bicycle riding occupies the widest definition of sport, from gentile pastime to aggressive Olympic medal chase. The first experiment in what would become the Pursuit Project took place at the Sydney Olympic Velodrome and turned Behrman's analogy into reality.[32] (It followed on from a series of experiments in the early 1980s that postulated a parameter of music being based on distance as opposed to time.)[33]

From this modest start, a whole bicycle powered mobile orchestra was built.[34] Central to the project was the notion of sound physically travelling at various speeds through space. In each event, both cyclists and audience members heard live generated sounds overtaking other sounds, sounds in contrary motion, clusters of sounds moving together. Pursuit was perceived from the start as a community project, and was open to all comers, skilled or unskilled. Luthier Harry Vatiliotis pointed out that this activity amounted to a modern-day manifestation of charivari—a mediaeval excuse for community noise that lingers on today when pots and pans are tied on the back of a newlywed couple's car.

Imagine the darkened spaces of the huge warehouse and car park at Fyshwick Depot, Canberra. The audience assembled at key points around a marked-out cycle track. Bicycles sped around them producing pedal-powered sounds: everything from mechanical whirring violins to beating resonant surfaces at impossibly fast tempos, from bellow-powered organ pipes to a bike-operated mounted piano, from tuned car horns to DIY electronic instruments, and from a colourful selection of bells and buzzers to chain-driven DJ turntables and even the proverbial kitchen sink! Hours of welding saw many of these bicycles radically re-engineered—the misappropriation of the break mechanism, un-centered wheels, Aeolian helicopter drives, feedback handlebars, PVC drags, and the unforgettable bike powered tennis racket action.[35]

Sometimes there was just one acoustic sound accompanied by the discrete lights of the bicycle. Other times there was a whole orchestra of bicycle-produced sounds jostling for position, digitally manipulated in quadraphonic amplification (offering more rotational speeds), complete with video and light show. Interactive sensors on one bike (ridden by Paralympics champion Sue Powell, no less) and on the track determined other sonic and visceral aspects of the spectacle (traffic counter technology triggered sounds at the gateway between the inside and outside track). A four-man bicycle team ecologically generated some of the power required for the performance.

Prior and during the Pursuit, the bicycles were arranged in the temporary pit in rows of sonic compatibility (taking in volume, timbre, speed, and sound-producing technology). This worked well for the first twenty minutes of the performance, with waves of bikes being launched onto the track with a degree of identifiable similarity (each bike was allowed four laps before tagging to the next machine). However, the cyclists were a community of volunteers, not professionals, so the system inevitably broke down, with participants just going for it, or indeed ecstatically losing the plot altogether. All fine by me, the composer.[36]

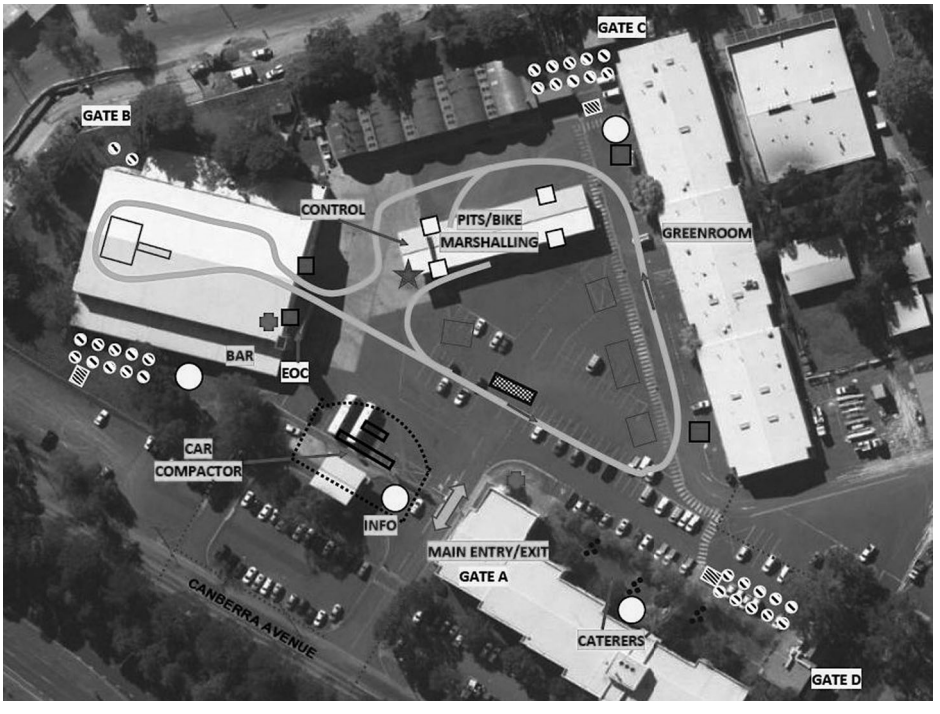

Figure 5 The Pursuit track at Fyshwick, Canberra Centenary (Jon Rose 2013).

Figure 6 The Grand Fiddle, Pursuit, Carriageworks, Sydney (Alex Davies 2009).

To the Skies, to the Waters

Kite flying is a communion with the forces of nature, the wind sending its haptic return through the string to the fingers. Music sounding god-like from the sky has appealed

Figure 7 Pursuit, drum mechanism, Carriageworks, Sydney (Alex Davies 2009).

Figure 8 Pursuit, bicycle-powered record player, Carriageworks, Sydney (Alex Davies 2009).

across cultures for millennia. The Chinese, for example, attached hummers to their kites. More fitting to my imagination, in the 1980s I experimented with an Aeolian violin fitted with a sail to catch the wind.[37]

In the first decade of the 2000s, new technology became available (outside of the military) for a transmission system capable of sending reliable data to earth from the Anemoi (ancient Greek wind gods). In partnership with Robin Fox, I jumped at the opportunity to finally realise an interactive kite project.[38]

The first stab with Kite Music took place at Wogarno Station, Western Australia.[39] The flight was shorter than hoped: Murphy's Law determined that kite, electronics,

and mini-cameras were tossed contemptibly by a blustery wind into a nearby thorn bush. The second attempt ripped half a nail off my finger; interactive technology can yield blood. Eventually, we were receiving data and live video from 75 metres skyward. These days, copious numbers of drones irritatingly buzz and transmit away all over the planet, but ten years ago the images and sound we received from a wind-driven kite captivated an audience keenly committed to the creation of music in outback conditions.

Of the three cheap security cameras on board the kite, one pointed ahead, reading like a NASA space probe (clouds giving a sense of distance), while a second pointed back towards the tail, taking audio-visual readings of swirling, disturbing intensity. The third camera pointed down the kite line, revealing a fish-eyed intense ball of a world being spun and vigorously shaken. Human dots stumbled around in the brightness. The most appropriate sound driven by the accelerometer data tuned out to be the sample of a single diapason organ pipe; the distortion and interference of signal from the cameras appropriate.[40] Duelling kites does constitute a sport in countries such as Afghanistan and Pakistan, but the experience of kite-induced music in outback Australia simply amplified the beauty of an extraordinary environment; the furthest thing from our minds was competitive sport.

A visit to friend and colleague Bob Ostertag in San Francisco afforded the opportunity of applying the same technology to a water sport—kayaking. Under the event title 'Water Music but Not Exactly Handel', he performed a series of maneuvers above and below the ripples of the polluted harbour, gathering quite a crowd. It's a long bow from paddle-powered data to the sampled sounds of an 18th-century harpsichord, but the results were satisfying enough that it is hard to envision another set of instrumental sounds in the same constellation.[41] The application of these technologies to other propositional music situations has led to public events with skateboards (20/9/2010) and even Digger Music: a duet for violin and Kobelco front end hoe excavator with minimum 250 Kilo loading.[42]

Conclusion

Music can be confusingly put to many uses. As the history of twentieth century pop music demonstrates, the music of the oppressed can quickly become the marketable music of the oppressor. So a person or object in movement does not guarantee that a hookup with interactive electronics will result in anything musically consequential, pertinent, or appropriate. Other factors come into play. Context remains critical. The aforementioned technologies, however, can enable music to materialise in unlikely situations and places well beyond the concert venue.

Who is the music for? Is it an exercise in specialist aesthetics or is it an opportunity for the non-specialist community to be involved both as performer and observer? These questions have been addressed in detail by numerous scholars, but are particularly relevant to the juxtaposition of sport and music. Are there better ways of achieving synergy (the *how*)? Is this modus operandi rich in process as well as content? Is

being *en route* as important, or more important, than the destination? (The *why* in music doesn't really get us any place useful except the existential conundrums).

Traditionally the product of communal activity, if music is to have a future, it must remain central to that notion. The age of the European composer-genius is long gone. Through exploring the sport/music interface, I have become increasingly aware of the notion of the non-specialized community as an impetus within music. This takes in the gamelan, the polyphonic singing of the Aka pygmies, and the origins of the antiphonal music in the European Renaissance. The affirmation of collectivity is one of our species more endearing qualities. Music can amplify the sense and practice of the local, site-specific group at play. In recent years notions of sports and games have truly entered the consciousness of Australian artists. Under the auspices of Vivid 2015, Musify + Gamify looked at contemporary perspectives on 'play', 'where musical play and game play coincide, from the twentieth century music revolutions in sonic liberation and participation, to the new digital interactive technologies that allow built environments to become dynamic experiences'.[43]

If music exists as work songs in traditional societies, then it can surely exist as play songs in the contemporary world.

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Notes on Contributor

For over 45 years, Australian violinist, composer, inventor, multimedia artist, and author ***Jon Rose*** has been at the sharp end of experimental music and art on the global stage. His primary life's work is The Relative Violin, the innovation of a total artform based around the one instrument. In 2012, he was awarded The Australia Council's most prestigious award for lifelong contribution to Australian Music, the Don Banks Prize. His work has been heard and seen in over 40 countries at major festivals of contemporary music, jazz, and sound art, and he has appeared on more than 100 albums, radiophonic, and media works, collaborating with many of the mavericks of new music like Kronos String Quartet, John Zorn, Alvin Curran, Otomo Yoshihide, Christian Marclay, and Ilan Volkov. Most known internationally are his 'Great Fences of Australia' project and his multimedia works with a series of interactive violin bows, which he invented in 1985. The vast diversity of Jon Rose projects can be viewed at: www.jonroseweb.com.

Notes

[1] See, for instance, DeNora (2000); Karageorghis and Priest (2012a); and Karageorghis and Priest (2012b).

[2] See, for instance, Bregman et al. (2012); Fitch (2013); Patel et al. (2009); and Taylor (2016, 5). See also https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cJOZp2ZftCw, retrieved 28 March 2017.

[3] All the interactive technology used in my sport pieces was derived from the interactive violin bows I developed with engineers Tom Demeyer and Frank Baldé at STEIM in the 1980s and 90s. Also see 'Bow Wow' (Rose 2010) and the Erkki Veltheim article in this issue (2018).

[4] See https://wandervogeldiary.wordpress.com/2012/07/27/olympic-hymn/, retrieved 28 March 2017.

[5] See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mAl1X89g05I, retrieved 29 March 2017.

[6] 'Every work of art is an unexecuted [*abgedungene*] crime' is the Dennis Redmond translation. I have amended 'unexecuted [*abgedungene*]' to 'uncommitted'.

[7] I no longer have the original cutting, but from memory I would say this article first appeared in the mid-1990s. It has no online presence; this quotation hails from my personal notes taken at the time.

[8] There were certainly no offside rules in descriptions of the kind of mob football played between towns over several days in medieval Europe (or like the 'medieval' Royal Shrovetide Football Match still played annually in the town of Ashbourne—see https://www.visitpeakdistrict.com/whats-on/royal-shrovetide-football-p688791, retrieved 3 April 2017).

[9] See, for instance, http://londonchessconference.com/a-question-of-sport/, retrieved 24 March 2017.

[10] See http://www.nullarborlinks.com, retrieved 30 March 2017. 'The course provides a quintessential Australian experience and a much-needed activity/attraction for travellers along the renowned desolate highway,' describes the website of 'The World's Longest Golf Course'.

[11] The archival recordings from Sender Freies Berlin were used in the CD *Pulled Muscles* (1993). For the interactive bow system mark 2, see http://jonroseweb.com/e_vworld_hyperstring.html.

[12] See http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_wreck.html, retrieved 1 March 2017.

[13] See http://dbdragracing.com.au, retrieved 30 March 2017.

[14] Wreck featured at the Sydney Festival 11–17 January 2013. See http://jonroseweb.com/f_projects_wreck.html.

[15] One characteristic of my violin playing is rapid-fire spiccato arriving in rhythmic patterns of varying length (5, 7, 12, etc.)—each bow stroke with a differing number of hits. The fun for me was hearing how these patterns operated within the structures set up by the three types of hit coming from the squash player: ball on racket, ball on wall, and ball on the floor—augmented with the sound of squeaky trainers.

[16] See https://www.newspapers.com/newspage/123857359/, retrieved 30 March 2017.

[17] See http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b019lzn3, retrieved 30 March 2017.

[18] STEIM, Amsterdam, is an institution that supported a number of my interactive projects, most notably the various versions of the interactive MIDI bow that became viable for public concerts around 1987. This quote has been attributed to a number of brains; Emerson M. Pugh in 1938 seems the most likely candidate.

[19] Perks (1995–1997) was performed at the Berlin Sonambiente Festival and Ars Electronika Linz in 1996, and at Festivals in Hanover, Brisbane, and Frankfurt in 1997. The Perks game was developed at STEIM by me and Frank Baldé with the original Spider software, which ran the sensor lab real world to MIDI interface, written by Tom Demeyer. Also see https://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_perks.html, upon which this text draws.

[20] See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ekQ_Ja02gTY, retrieved 3 April 2017.

[21] Also see http://www.amaranthpublishing.com/MozartDiceGame.htm, retrieved 11 April 2017.

[22] For Grainger among the Zulu warriors, see Lebrecht (1985, 303–304). Also see https://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_ball.html, upon which this text draws.

[23] See https://theconversation.com/did-indigenous-warriors-influence-the-development-of-australian-rules-football-73512, retrieved 26 March 2017.

[24] See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1-W9xgxsy2I, retrieved 3 April 2017.

[25] See https://www.bloomberg.com/research/stocks/private/snapshot.asp?privcapId=23862367 and https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Goal-line_technology , retrieved 9 April 2017.

[26] The Meso-American ball game Pok-A-Tok has been around since 3000 BC; players used their elbows, knees, and hips to get a small rubber ball through a hoop. Being a war simulation (like many ball games since), the losers were often summarily executed. See https://www.amatravel.ca/articles/pok-a-tok-ancient-mayan-sport, retrieved 9 April 2017. In North America, the Indians had their own version of soccer called Pasuckuakohowog. The Chinese also lay claim to the origins of soccer. Around the 2nd and 3rd centuries BC, during the Han Dynasty, the army trained by kicking a ball into a smallish net. Almost everyone, including the Greeks and Romans it seems, had their ball games.

[27] Jorgen Brinkman set about the task at STEIM with extremely skilful hands. For more on this project, see http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_team.html.

[28] For more on Team Music, see https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XgxyPuTdTL4, retrieved 15 April 2017.

[29] Sphere of Influence was performed at The Melbourne International Arts Festival on 23 October 2007 and at The Art Gallery of New South Wales on 21–25 November 2007. See https://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_sphere.html and http://www.theage.com.au/news/entertainment/bartsb-jon-roses-new-show-is-poised-between-art-and-game/2007/10/22/1192940979846.html, retrieved 15 April 2017.

[30] See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HLbP9U_c70w for a video of the performance of 'The Interactive Ball' at Mona Foma, 15 January 2011; retrieved 15 April 2017. See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=syYjEzRcjcc for a video of the performance of 'The Sonic Ball' at National Sawdust, 4 October 2015; retrieved 15 April 2017.

[31] For more reflections on the ball, see http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_ball.html, retrieved 15 April 2017.

[32] See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o9nXXnwR4i8 from 9 January 2004; retrieved 15 April 2017. The Viocycle utilised a violin played hurdy-gurdy style. The small wooden wheel was geared down to a practical speed by a set of rollers and belts. I estimated a regular bowing speed lasting two seconds from frog to tip and set the gearing accordingly; if the wheel spins too fast, there is little traction and consequently little sound. Even at a test speed of 15–20 km per hour, sonic phenomena such as phasing, delays, and pitch shift caused by the Doppler effect, were noticeably audible. Four bicycle-powered musical instruments from Pursuit feature in the Rosenberg Museum.

[33] For the wheeling violin, see https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WhjmI-it4Ig, retrieved 15 April 2017.

[34] These bicycle-powered musical instruments benefited from the skilled contributions of Paul Bryant, Harry Vatiliotis, Rod Cooper, Robin Fox, Wayne Kotzur, and many others. Performances took place at Carriageworks, Sydney on 14 February 2009; The Princes Wharf, Hobart (as part of Mona Foma) on 9 January 2010; and at The Fyshwick Depot (as part of The Canberra Centenary, with a 130-piece bicycle-powered orchestra) on 18 October 2013.

[35] For a selection of these instruments, see https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_zyZ7eQfyg8; for a video from the final performance, see https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y6mBtMT9mco; retrieved 15 April 2017.

[36] Also see these Canberra Pursuit performances http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_pursuit.html; and https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y6mBtMT9mco; retrieved 15 April 2017. I am neither the first nor the last composer to use bicycles for the mobile performance of music. Greg Schiemer's Concert on Bicycles (Canberra, 1983) utilised radios and specific radio broadcasts, and Richard Lerman has brought his miniature electronics expertise to

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A Violin, By Any Other Name …

Bennett Hogg

The work of Jon Rose has covered a huge range of practices, from improvising with the conventional violin to intervening in the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, and from building violin-related instruments to adapting violins to bowing the massive fences of the Australian Outback. In this paper I explore the relationship between straight lines and music, set against the different musical experiments that characterise Rose's career. Starting from the premise that, according to Greek mythology, the straight line and the harmonic series originate at the moment the infant Hermes builds the first lyre, I explore what meanings we might draw from that relationship through an examination of the work of a contemporary artist who, like Hermes, is at times an inventor with trickster-like qualities.

Keywords: Myth of Origins of Music; Lines; Relative Violins; Improvisation; Nature and Culture

I have looked—in vain—for many years now for a text in which someone acknowledges that the invention of music and the invention of the straight line were simultaneous and coterminous. This is, of course, in several senses hyperbole, but culturally, at least for the European mind-set, the myth of the invention of the first musical instrument also marks the invention of the straight line, and though I wait to be corrected, I have yet to hear of this being articulated quite as directly as I am articulating it now. As an idea, it stands as a jumping off point for my interpretation of Jon Rose's work with violins and their derivatives over the past forty years or so, as well as informing my own very different work with violins in the landscape.

When the infant Hermes (who is, rather tellingly, the messenger and mediator between the Olympian gods, the gods of the underworld, and the world of humans) cuts the skin of the cow he has sacrificed, and which he stole from his brother Apollo, into thin strips and stretches them over a tortoise shell (Graves 1992, 63–64), he is the founder of a whole sonic and mathematical civilisation. The sound of the lyre (the instrument he has made), the straight line, and the mathematics of the

harmonic or overtone series co-exist from the very start of instrumental music and lie in wait until the age of human, historical time, when Pythagoras will articulate them as a naturally-occurring system, fusing the abstraction of the line and its mathematically proportionate division with the sensual perception of the musical tone, bringing the sensuous under the domain of the rational. Hermes gives his lyre as a token of appeasement for the theft of his cattle to Apollo, who will come to be the overseer of all things balanced and rational. The straight line, then, and overtone structure, gather to themselves associations of being divinely-inspired qualities that distinguish humans from the rest of animate creation.

From this, the phrase 'there are no straight lines in Nature' has become something of a commonplace, and as Tim Ingold points out, the straight line has become associated with a whole range of cultural attributes, from rational thought (*straight* thinking), to honesty (as opposed to *crooked* or *devious*), normative 'straight' sexuality (as opposed to *perversion* or to being *bent*), and—citing J. F. Billeter—the apparent certainties of quantitative rather than qualitative knowledge. On the basis of these ideas, 'there are no straight lines in nature' comes to stand as one of the defining phenomena of a highly-partisan, normative human culture, over against the absence of the straight line in nature. That this is very often figured as a 'natural' state of affairs only serves to underline the actually conflicted inconsistencies of such a worldview—its ideological basis, as Eagleton would put it (Eagleton 1990). There is also a deep cultural ideology in the West (noted by feminist critique over the past fifty years, or thereabouts) that identifies the masculine principle with mind/intellect and the mathematical and the feminine principle with 'feeling'/emotion and the body. The categorisation of Nature as feminine (productive and nurturing) and Culture as masculine (intellectual, technological, and ordering) marks the cultural underlining of such distinctions, however spurious these distinctions are in (what we might call) actuality.

This is too easy a set of ideologies to take at face value, though, and as Ingold shows, there are in fact plenty of straight lines in Nature (the edges of crystals spring immediately to mind), and the majority of lines produced or used on a daily basis by human cultures are not, in fact, straight at all. The distinctions, despite their evident cultural force, do not stand up to scrutiny. Ingold's extraordinary book *Lines: A Brief History* repays more detailed reading than is possible here, but in it he assembles significant evidence that '[t]he hegemony of the straight line is a phenomenon of *modernity*, not of culture in general' (Ingold 2007, 155, emphasis added). This would be a modernity, then, which consolidates and empowers a patriarchal rationalism to exercise dominance, in the name of Culture, over Nature, with a whole series of misogynistic—and, given the feminisation of nature, ecologically catastrophic—consequences (see Plumwood 2002, 13–37).

If, as Ingold suggests, modernity has tended to appropriate the straight line as the dominant paradigm of the line *tout court*, he is careful to distinguish between two categories of line: the mark left by a gesture, which will tend towards the irregular, and the lines that join together discrete points, which tend towards the straight. For Ingold these distinctions between two types of line are congruent with two similarly distinct

human experiences of space and place: 'wayfaring' on the one hand, and navigation on the other (Ingold 2000, 219–242). With wayfaring, the knowledge of the terrain and an individual human subject's orientation within it emerge out of movement, sensory experience, and memory that are brought into play as the subject traverses space. Navigation, in contrast, is the purposeful movement across a place that is already 'known', either through the recollection of prior experience, or with the technological affordance of a map. The trace of the wayfarer only arises *through* the wayfaring, whereas the navigator moves by connecting discrete points that, in a sense, already *exist*. In music, parallels exist between these binary splits with improvisation as a form of wayfaring, and playing 'pre-existent' music—be that from memory or notation—as a form of navigation.[1]

The straight line, then, that was 'invented' at the same moment as the harmonic series—as a cultural determinant of Music-with-a-Capital-M—associates itself with a whole host of 'human' categories, 'human' in that imperious sense that European and Euro-colonial cultures have of trying to clasp on to anything that they can use to distance themselves from the rest of creation. The violin plays across not one but two constructions of such straight lines, the strings running the length of the instrument and the horsehairs suspended under tension between the tip and the heel of the bow. These two straight lines cross, and a mathematically predictable, but 'natural', harmonic sound results.

However, the mathematical purity of the motion of bow against string, of straight lines of tension perpendicular to one another, is undermined by the body of the player who is not a machine and who, in the case of Jon Rose in particular, actively kicks against any suggestion that mathematical perfection is a desirable outcome of playing the fiddle. Using an incredibly imaginative range of sound producing techniques, his playing (along with the playing of other improvising violinists, such as Angharad Davies, Ornette Coleman, or Kat Hernendez inter alia) unravels the mutually consolidating constructions of the straight line and the harmonic series. The strings don't always produce harmonic structures, and the movement of the bow becomes circular, stuttering, flickering, or jagged. The fixed-point, the straight lines of bow and strings, combine not into some abstract, 'pure' sound but set off evanescent gestures as one straight line crosses the other. The bow leaves behind not a visual line, as such, but plays out a gesture that fills the present with the trace of its movement, as it happens, in sound. And yet, even as Jon's improvisations seem to be musical wayfaring, that notion of the straight line (and all its baggage) keeps slipping back in. This principle—a stretched string excited by friction—remains constant across his work but gives rise to a whole range of practices and inventions that extend the violin—or perhaps we should call it *violinism*—into a tremendous diversity of forms and contexts (Figure 1).

I've drawn on Ingold's ideas about different categories of lines and different categories of movement across the surface of the Earth because so many of Jon's violin-based or violin-informed inventions—the Relative Violins,[2] as he calls them—must move through space to be sounded. The punningly named Tromba-mariner

Figure 1 Bow Piece for Eight-String, Double-Neck Violin and multiple bows (Kristine Deray, 1980).

works through being moved in and out of water while being bowed[3] within a decidedly non-concert environment (an environment I have explored in my own work with violins in very different ways; see Hogg 2013) and his Double-Piston Triple-Neck Wheeling Violin[4] and the Bicycle-Powered Double Violin must move through an

environment in order to be played. The largest scale manifestation of these Relative Violins that must move through space in order to sound has been the three *Pursuit* projects, in which bicycle-powered instruments and sound makers, including many violin-type devices, are choreographed through a space creating massive textures and sonic continuums.[5] These devices (and their players/riders), made, in Rose's words, 'to test musical notions of time, distance, and speed', multiply over and again the meeting of straight lines (stretched strings), gestures (traced in space and sound by the motion of the bicycles), and musical sound and action.

Rose is, by his own admission, obsessed with the violin but also obsessed with testing the limits of the violin, particularly the limit of what it can be as a cultural object that says, perhaps more than any other instrument, Classical Music. Taking this idea into 'the heart of the beast', as it were, his collaboration with John Oswald and the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra put Rose's 'conventional' violin and recognisably classical technique into the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, but with only the orchestra playing the music that Tchaikovsky himself actually wrote. We might, on the face of things, consider that the solo violin and the music Tchaikovsky penned for it as being the *raison d'être* of the concerto, but Rose improvised the solo part throughout, occupying the central position of Tchaikovsky's work in such a way that displaces that work into another sonic habitat.[6]

On listening to the recording of the last movement,[7] the concerto is at once recognisable (assuming you've heard it before) and completely defamiliarised, and yet this is ultimately not iconoclasm but a genuine—and to my ears musically fulfilling—re-imagining of the piece. It's like Lyra Belaqua's 'Oxford' in Philip Pullman's *Northern Lights*; it is recognisably Oxford, just not quite *our* Oxford (2011). I don't hear Rose's interventions as destructive, just in the same way that squatting is not necessarily destructive, but rather as a form of 'trespassing' that actually does no harm, and in fact might change things for the better. As should be clear, the images and metaphors that come to mind are spatial—geographical, even—and perhaps part of the reason for this is that music has been configured as property over the past 200 years or so, but also because Rose *moves into the space* normally reserved for whoever plays Tchaikovsky's notes, but he continues to just be Jon Rose, with his own notes to offer.

Perhaps the real test case of what we might call this political aspect of Rose's work is the YouTube video where he's told by a security guard that he's 'not allowed to play music in front of the Opera House'.[8] Does the *interior* of the Sydney Opera House have some kind of monopoly on music that extends outwards into its immediate environs? Would Rose's performance have been welcomed inside? If nothing else, the video is an inspiring example of creativity and exuberance in the face of pointless, miserablist 'authority'.

The policing of the environment can often put in place restrictive social practices that seem to exist only because someone has deemed that they *can*. The effectiveness of the colossal fences that are intended to restrict where rabbits and dingos are allowed to play and that are strung out across vast distances in Australia seem to be in inverse proportion to the colossal costs, physical resources, and human labour expended in

building and maintaining them. Interestingly, there is even quite a lot of evidence that certain animals use them as navigational aids rather than as deterrents to movement across the continent! Given the twin themes in Rose's work of bowed strings and the denaturing of violins, and the equally prominent position that geographical space has played in his work through the bicycle-violins (like the Double-Piston Triple-Neck Wheeling Violin, which resembles nothing so much as one of those wheeled devices that groundsmen at cricket pitches use to draw straight white lines, or the measuring wheels that civil engineers use to plot out distances on road building projects), it seems almost inevitable, in retrospect, that he ended up turning fences into 'violins'.

Rose had been building instruments to bow for many years, particularly a series of instruments with very long strings for gallery performances in which the rich and complex layers of different pitches reach into regions of the harmonic series that though still, actually, mathematically precise are perceptually so complex that the listener is transported into an other-worldly soundspace where wonder and the purely sensual leave behind any glib notions of harmony grounded on octaves, fifths, and triads. And then after several years of playing these instruments, Rose was driving past one of the endless Outback fences and recognised it as just a very, very long string. That marker of space, that delineation of who was and was not allowed to be there, that most 'human' of constructions, that straight line (at least between fence posts) was transformed, simply by the application of a bow to it, into a violin … with a different name, admittedly, but hardly less of a violin for all that, given the greatly extended range of what a violin can be, and do, through the forty years or so of work Rose has been doing with them.

It's from thinking about Rose's many fence projects, and extrapolating back from them into his other work, that Ingold's ideas about lines came—for me, at least—to resonate so strongly with what I see as a protracted—even if it is not always explicitly foregrounded—struggle with a sort of centralised abstract power, a struggle that characterises just about everything Rose has done as an artist. Tampering not only with the *how* of violin playing, but with the *what* of what a violin is or can be, he has taken pleasure in defying convention and offering up beautiful, imaginative alternatives to sterile conformity. But this goes further than tinkering with or bending conventions. The instruments, and their playing, move out into the world, be that the conventional violin in front of the Sydney Opera House or the bicycle violins in the Olympic Velodrome. So when such freedom of movement meets a fence, what else it there to do but to play it? It's not going to move, so why not turn it into a violin? (Figure 2).

In the seeming desolation of the Outback, with little in the way of forest or topography to conceal them, the great fences tear scars across the emptiness, trying to determine who and what is in or out, with lines plotted between fixed points hammered into the soil. This is the line as a paradigm of modernity, of a particular, historical configuration of human attempts to dominate Nature, of abstraction victorious over sensation. Here, with hardly any other physical distractions in the landscape, we see an apotheosis

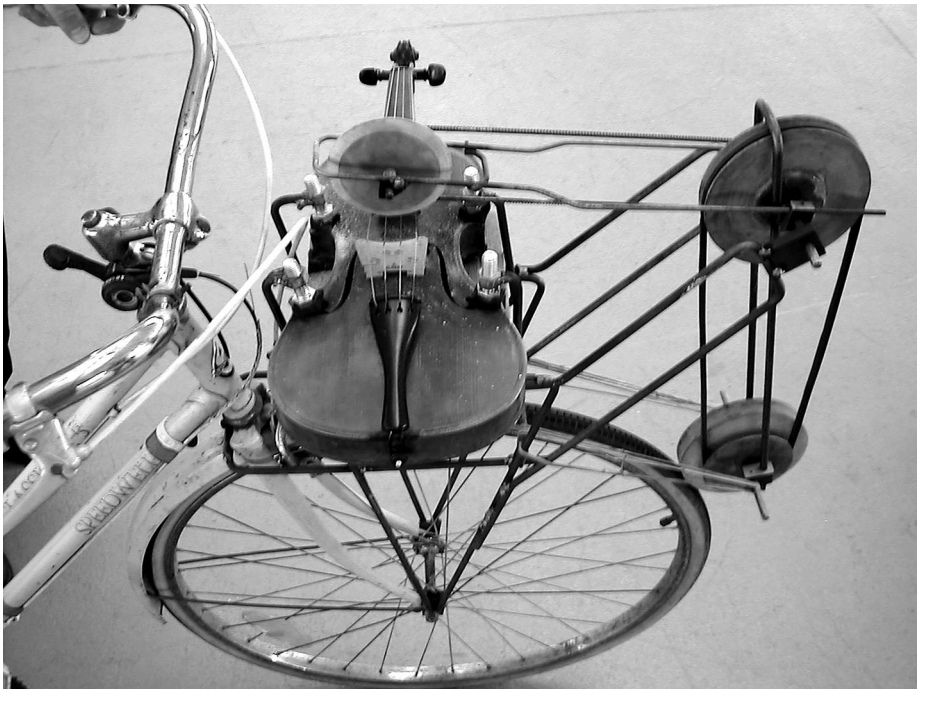

Figure 2 The Viocycle at the Olympic Velodrome, Sydney (Paul Bryant, 2004).

of the power of the straight line to legislate, to rule (no coincidence that the word *ruler* can be the ultimate authority in a society as well as an object for drawing straight lines). And it is here that Ingold's point about the straight line being an attribute of modernity rather than human culture is seen most vividly by comparing the geometric rigidity of the state boundaries of colonial Australia with the Aboriginal sense of place that emerges over millennia, and the Songlines which trace and evidence the presences of divinities that brought the world into existence.

The relation of the fences to the land is one of knowing and determining, organising the space, navigating from known points to known points that do not shift or waver. There does not seem to be any way that such an object could *discover* or *make* anything. Ironic, then, that the lines of the fence wire reveal their harmonic qualities through the 'wayfaring' of musical improvisation, rather than the point-to-point quality of a written score or a remembered melody. The fence was never built to be an instrument, but for the time Rose (often with his partner, Hollis Taylor, also a violinist) bows it, it is as though its function to separate and legislate is suspended, and the whole of its being is thrown over into sounding and amazing the listener who hears it.[9]

But there is another dimension to this work, one that has not been articulated so far. Editing an academic journal on landscape and music last year, I asked Taylor to write a short article about her work with Rose on the Australian fences (Taylor 2015, 350–363). I was somewhat surprised to receive a first draft in which rather than audio

sound files by way of illustrations, a transcript of some of the fence sounds into modern Western music notation were given as examples. Both I and my co-editor, Matthew Sansom, wrote to Taylor suggesting that it might be more useful in terms of getting the experience of the bowed fences across to the readers if we were to publish actual audio samples of the sounds rather than music notation that not only doesn't really represent the full experience of the sounds themselves, but which is also only legible to readers trained in Western music notation (see Taylor 2015, 355–358). But her response was that this was not meant so much to be the representation of an extract from a soundfile transcribed into (partial) notation, but rather a documentation of the fact that the fences, when bowed, were *music*. The notation, in and of itself, is a material testifying to the *musical* rather than simply the *sonorous* significance of their work. The notation in this instance acts as a symbolic claiming of *musical* territory, over and against the territorialising forces of the actual fences, deploying what might be considered one of the paradigmatic material forms of 'Music-with-a-capital-M' in European culture to anchor the 'Great Fences of Australia' project squarely within the ambit of the Western Art Music tradition, and at the same time playfully expanding it into the wider world. And there's a wonderful twist in associations here, because the fences strung out across Australia themselves resemble some kind of sparse, Feldman-esque music notation: straight lines on which isolated

Figure 3 Hollis Taylor and Jon Rose play a fence on The Strzelecki Track, Australia (photo by the artists, 2004).

events (fence posts and crossings) are strung out, punctuating the background murmur and resonating into an ever receding sonic past (Figure 3).

So, the fences divide up the land, and yet they can also be violins—well, Relative Violins, at least. They resemble musical notation, but their sounds *as* music can be represented on yet more straight lines (the musical stave) that, in turn, resemble fences or the strings of a violin. There is always the danger that academic—especially hermeneutic—writing gets carried away with itself, twirling a fantastic arabesque of ideas into such a tortured structure that it detaches itself from the material being commented upon. Maybe it's safer to stick to straight lines? And yet in Rose and Taylor's work on the Australian fences I find it impossible not to weave together these notions about lines, territories, sound, and the harmonic series, seeing their work as both a continuation and a meeting up point of Rose's earlier concerns. These concerns extend from the cultural status of the violin, the creative affordances of stretched strings more generally, through the musical resources made available to us through listening and working with harmonic series, to a performer's concerns with the occupation and traversal of human spaces, and the related artistic power that displacements of various sorts can engender. The fences idea has taken Rose to many other parts of the world where fences are, for want of better terminology, *an issue*. Writing of a series of performances playing fences in Israel, Rose is at pains to point out that he didn't want to 'create more problems, if possible', and reiterates that 'the main notion behind the fence project was the primary task of revealing unexpected beauty (music) in inherently ugly structures'.[10] In many respects Rose continues to separate the aesthetic from the political in ways that are entirely in keeping with the Western Art Music tradition of musical autonomy, and in an often quite stark rejection of the explicit politicisation of many forms of experimental musicking. But if any single issue seems to run through Rose's work, I see again and again the creative force of various forms of displacement. Without a straight line to deviate from—be that a violin string, or a 200 km fence—it can be tricky to know exactly where we are. But a straight line should not be synonymous with a limit. As I read his work, I see that straight lines, whatever their intended function, only come to life when they are sounded, or crossed.

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Notes on Contributor

Bennett Hogg is a composer and theorist interested in sound/music and place, and sound/music and nature. He directed 'Landscape Quartet' (2012–2014), an AHRC-funded project focussed on sound art in natural environments, and held an Austrian Science Fund fellowship at Kunst Universitat, Graz, working on the 'Emotional Improvisation' project, led by Prof Deniz Peters (2014). His academic writing draws on phenomenology and psychoanalysis, and his creative work ranges from experimental environmental sound works, through free improvisation and sound installations, to

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How Musical is Australia? A Maverick's Contemporary Sound Portrait of the Fifth Continent

Hollis Taylor

Violinist/composer Jon Rose builds on How musical is man?, ethnomusicologist John Blacking's classic monograph on the Transvaal Venda people, with the question, 'How musical is Australia?'. To answer his provocation, in 2002 Rose developed Australia Ad Lib, a website that advocates for a wide concept of what constitutes contemporary music praxis. The Ad Lib website coincides with a time when game-changing innovations to technology and society are on the threshold. Subsequent closure of the site prompts questions concerning the institutional theory of art, the politics of music vis-à-vis marginalised voices, and the perpetuation of cultural cringe. Underpinned by a series of multimedia pieces by Rose, the live show Pannikin features a selection of soloists from Australia Ad Lib—a practical outcome of the website and his research (including lost histories of Australian indigenous and colonial history that he reimagines and resurrects).

Keywords: Australia Ad Lib; Pannikin; Jon Rose; Musicality; Cultural cringe

In his attempt to reconcile the music-making of various and disparate cultures, John Blacking asked pointedly, 'How musical is man?' (1995, 7). His background as both an anthropologist and ethnomusicologist made him well-equipped to move between music analysis, aesthetic concepts, and the role of music in diverse societies in order to address his question. Nonetheless, Blacking confesses that his fieldwork listening and performing habits prejudiced the likes of Bach, Mozart, Chopin, and Webern, and that he initially regarded African music as 'other' (1995, *ix*). His landmark study credits the Transvaal Venda people with broadening his musical experience and deepening his understanding not only of *their* music, but of his own, which he comes to understand as acquired and reinforced through a long process of acculturation. Blacking ultimately sees his core question as a sociological one, and not simply a musical one. His response to new insights is to call for a dismantling of what he

believes are the 'arbitrary, ethnocentric divisions' between art and folk music. 'Must the majority be made "unmusical" so that a few may become more "musical"?', he asks, in his rejection of the concept of musical competence as belonging only to the privileged (1995, 4). In the pages of this slender volume, he sheds his elitism before our eyes.

Violinist/composer Jon Rose builds on Blacking's monograph with the question, 'How musical is Australia?'. Like Blacking's, Rose's answer is in turns passionate, stimulating, and combative. His response is a textual one, to be sure, but also extends to things seen and heard via outcomes both online and onstage.

Online: Australia Ad Lib

Home to arguably the longest continual music tradition, with Aboriginal presence now estimated at 65,000–80,000 years (Davidson and Wahlquist 2017), Australia also enjoyed a rich and vibrant musical expression in the early days of European settlement (Whiteoak 1999). Rose wondered what still remained of this once-thriving colonial musical culture, believing that although typically ignored by the elite, much noteworthy activity continues to the present day. He got more than he bargained for.

His search begins with focussed listening to buskers on downtown streets and in train stations, but other sounds catch his attention as well. A Giant Vacuum that could be mistaken for an oversized organ pipe extends along half a block. 'A tacit escalator is a well-behaved escalator', Rose notes, but the Ascension Symphony escalator's wild song rivals a wailing Albert Ayler saxophone improvisation. It would seem Rose cannot help himself. Composer Matthew Hindson has highlighted Rose's 'uncanny ability to see the musicality of everyday activities, situations and objects', noting how '[h]e finds music in everything and encourages us to see that the world is musical' (2012). Listening to the environment as music extends to Rose's outback fence trips and other roads less travelled (Taylor 2007, 2015; Gottschalk 2016, 232–233).

Through local Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) affiliates, Rose had over 50 local radio stations to draw upon to get out the word about his search: 'Got anything? Send it in!' brought in almost 250 submissions. Many of these found their way to a website that he created for the ABC in 2002–2003: Australia Ad Lib. Eschewing the standard tropes of music performance—opera, orchestras, and even much of the official avant-garde—the Ad Lib website advocates for an even wider concept of what constitutes contemporary music praxis. In this, it finds a second inspiration (and its title) in musicologist John Whiteoak's book *Playing Ad Lib* (1999).[1]

Whiteoak begins by applying the notion of improvisation to music-making in colonial Australia and to other 'unwritten music' (as Percy Grainger described it) of the continent's past (1999, *xi*). Whiteoak's subject is not the distinct genre nowadays called 'improvised music'. Instead, it refers more broadly to the manner in which much music was improvised by isolated performers out of necessity, including audience placation and faking (due to a chronic shortage of notated music), as well as referring to time-honoured musical techniques like simplification, embellishment, and

alteration. Moreover, the comparatively huge numbers of imported pianos and harmoniums demanded extra performers, including those who lacked a classical education in music. In short, musicians were called upon to solve not just musical problems but also practical ones.

In documenting the unofficial history of Australian music, Rose makes available a wealth of distinctly *other* music and cultural context (reinforcing Blacking's argument that it is only possible to discover what is 'in the notes' by assembling musical and *extramusical* information (1995, 19)). Under the subheadings Backyard Hackers, Improvisation, Mimicry, Larrikins, Outsiders, Get Physical, Environment, Oral Tradition, and Noise, the website includes commentary by Rose and interviews with musicians that document contemporary music in its sonic, social, cultural, and political manifestations.[2] 'Welcome to Australia Ad Lib, an archived interactive guide to the wild, the weird and the vernacular in Australian music', it began.

> These pages feature a selection of the most iconoclastic, larrikin, do-it-yourself performers working in Australia today. The mind-numbing mediocrity offered up by the global- music-mart can't be avoided, but while using this archive, it can temporarily be ignored. We've gone for the radical, the uncompromised, and the often-unheard music, the stuff that gets swept under the mainstream carpet. (Rose 2003)[3]

Despite this claim, some of the featured musicians already had, or went on to, careers (both obscure and international). The diversity of entries is striking. While not folkloric, there are folk musicians among them. Neither is this principally a freak show, although there are freaks. The website's audio files could be played simultaneously, allowing visitors to mix their own 'big band' versions of the sonic signatures of represented artists. On each page were several link words, such as 'vocal', 'junk', 'touch', and 'memory'. These enabled the visitor at any stage to jump out of the tour and randomly connect to another page that, although utilising the same word, concept, or subject matter, might not be considered related musical practice. For instance, 'finger' could land you on the page devoted to the unusual skills of Leslie Clark. As a child playing with his brother, he invented a new musical genre: Finger Music. Begun as a communication game using finger snaps, Clark learned to match his brother's higher pitched snap. He went on to master a four-note major chord and eventually a major scale spanning an octave. Wearing the sign 'The man who plays music on his fingers', Clark was for years a regular street performer in Melbourne, selling his cassettes for $2 (the proceeds of which were given to charity.)

Following on Rose's suggestion to mix one's own big band, 'finger' could beckon to harp, koto, fiddle, shakuhachi, or spoons. It could build a rhythm section with Epizo Bangoura on Djembe drum (from the Griot culture of West Africa) or The Roadkill Drummers, a band that makes its musical instruments out of dead animal parts found on Tasmanian roads. For keyboards, 'finger' could also land you on the page devoted to a piano accordionist or to a silent movie organist, to Ruined Pianos featuring Ross Bolleter (who delights in playing climatically-prepared abandoned pianos as

found objects)[4] or even to teenage jazz pianist Scott Erichsen, who has been completely blind since he was four months old (Figure 1). He carries with him a series of sonic maps that are more complex to memorise than any jazz standard and must be constantly upgraded as objects and obstacles are moved. Erichsen relies on echolocation to navigate his environs, and his sense of absolute pitch aids his knowledge of resonances (or sonic shadows) that guide his every move.

'Finger' will take you to the Clarinet and Turkey Duo, which includes (in addition to an audio clip) a lengthy textual meditation on the state of contemporary music by clarinettist/performance artist Leigh Hobba, the turkey's chamber music partner. 'Finger' could also land you at Feedback Violin, Rose's Hyperstring Project that employs MIDI controllers measuring the physicality of high speed improvisation. It comes on the heels of a long tradition of polyphonic improvisation in the musics of the world as well as the essential contrapuntal skills of Palestrina, Bach, and Schoenberg. In this one-man band, the violinist creates a volatile musical environment where the inherent intelligence of physical actions determines contrapuntal sonic events of arm, feet, and finger movements.

Likewise, following the multiple links of 'humour' delivers a diverse experience, from Aboriginal mimicry of the call of a laughing kookaburra to the Col-E-Flower Salad Bar Band:

Figure 1 At Glen Helen Resort, Northern Territory—one of the 'ruined pianos' Ross Bolleter has recorded on (Taylor 2007).

> I play a cauliflower, apple, celery, pineapple, sometimes with a clarinet mouthpiece; broccoli's all right, as long as you have the stem to drill a hole in to make the notes. For example, the carrot I drill holes in to tune it. I know pretty well where to put the hole; it will last two months if you run it under a cold tap and wrap it in plastic and keep it in the refrigerator. I used to play a pound of butter, you drill holes in it too, but you have to play a quick song before it melts and collapses. The carrot saxophone really gets people going, you don't have to say a word, and the carrot bagpipes with a balloon works well. (Rose 2003)

The 'garage band' of Jon Drummond can be found on the page Spanner Music, featuring a recording of a selection of spanners, played on top of a polystyrene box for resonance:

> Found objects can have purity of tone and pitch too. Interestingly enough, all well-made tools such as hand saws make great tuned percussion instruments. material for music. Jon Drummond's tool box offers up a selection of spanners that, when well struck, give a well-tempered scale quite outside the usual requirements of the accepted even-tempered scales of western music. However, certain well-known tunes come up extremely bright and shiny, mixed with the sparkling transient tones of his freer moments in improvisation. (Rose 2003)

Balancing humour are other entries, like Xylophone Solo featuring Basil Tasker, a stroke victim who spends 4–6 h every day in his wheelchair playing xylophone in a Sydney shopping mall:

> Basil is (as far as we know) unique in the field of busking, not because he plays the relatively exotic (by busking standards) xylophone, but because he takes no interest in anything he plays. His ears are covered with a large pair of headphones, he is listening to the middle of the road Sydney radio station 2CH; in the background, you can hear a busking white didjeridu player accompanied by a techno rhythm. This is an urban mix of extreme elements.
>
> Basil's playing appears to have no rhythmic or melodic sense at all, it is as if a random generator guides his impulses. I have never heard him repeat a single phrase which is remarkable when you consider that his toy xylophone only has 15 notes, all within easy hitting range. Such a free atonal approach on any other instrument would probably cause some consternation amongst shopkeepers and shoppers but Basil has chosen his instrument well, his music fits perfectly with the acoustic variations of the mall. He weaves an independent and magical counterpoint through all and any musicological problems. His musical language is personal, clear, radical, but offends no one … even when he is bypassing all the notes and just hitting the xylophone's wooden frame—like a jazz drummer hitting a rim shot.
>
> … I realise that to some casual visitors of this archive, this music is of no worth. But I would argue that the xylophone music heard in the Pitt Street Mall is part of an historical sonic continuum that also includes Mozart. The xylophone music heard in the Pitt Street Mall is a perfect practical solution to the problem of playing music in the public domain, to an audience rarely engaged but who must be never the less entertained.

> Basil Tasker is a winner, and in terms of social function, a radical and successful musician. (Rose 2003)

Another counterbalance is Pirate Song featuring autistic savant David Harvey. Beginning as a toddler, his apparently unending enthusiasm for conducting (including trees in the park), singing, and playing percussion and keyboard expanded to drawing pictures of orchestras and classical composers (and memorising much of their music). 'Each musician would be drawn in detail on a small card', recounts his mother Libby. 'The accuracy of the depiction of the instrument was uncanny, and the expression on the faces of the musicians was insightful. These cards would then be arranged in their correct positions to make up a whole orchestra.' This prompts Rose to turn to Theodor Adorno's *Philosophy of Modern Music* (1948):

> Theodor Adorno made perhaps the most profound analysis of the nature of music in the 20th century. It rested upon the conviction that art is no matter of mere pleasure or utility, but a disclosure of some kind of truth, certainly a reality. Even though he was talking about Schoenberg and Stravinsky, I think that what he argued then is just as relevant to what David sang a few weeks ago on the cassette you can hear.
>
> Because of his basic Marxist analysis, Adorno's work has been largely trashed since Capitalism has had unfettered access to exploit the world's resources and sell us the theme park culture we deserve (for those of us who can afford it). The speedy decline of live music is evidence that the hyper-marketplace is reaping reductive havoc on all music forms, including something as non-utilitarian as 'improvised music.
>
> The music of David Harvey is exceptional in many ways but its ability to exist and defy the cultural trends within which it exists, is testament to an inherent relationship between man and music that is not up for sale … now or even sometime soon.
>
> Adorno's deepest belief was that social freedom is inseparable from enlightened thought; that the emancipation of man involves him in constant critical analysis of institutions and art-forms. For him the highest musical form was always a direct expression of the social situation.
>
> David Harvey's music is a prime expression of that and not to be traded.
>
> For the rest of us, the only model currently available is Wall Street. Can't we do any better than that? Don't hold your breath, but maybe that'll fall over sometime in the twenty-first century and we can start over again. (Rose 2003)

On Heart of Texas at the Sydney Mission, Rose tracks the influence of American popular music on Australian culture. Another entry extols the sonic qualities of a School of the Air classroom convened via short wave radio: 'ring modulation, phasing, low frequency oscillation, distortion, compression, white noise, pink noise and the like, not to mention the use of a microphone as vocal extension'. Other musings include on Silent Order (chez Carmelite nuns where 'Chit chat may be out but praying, chanting and singing is definitely in'), Dot Matrix (celebrating the timbres, intriguing pitch relationships, and rhythms of a gang of outmoded printers), and a 14-movement Vaudevillian rhythm solo employing a range of roadie gear including gaffer tape.

Rose ends his Australia Ad Lib introduction with a call to do away with 'the 200-year-old European model of music as gratuitous entertainment. Its time is up'. Pointing to the relative anomaly of this blip on the radar, he notes that most traditional cultures embrace a music that is overtly functional, enmeshed with communal activities, ceremonies, and rituals.

In addition, he considers the economic realities of making a living as a musician: 'Even in Australia, up until 20 years ago, there were restaurants, clubs, and bars where a musician might earn a living', he opines.

> However, the Australia Ad Lib site is not a litany of woe; on the contrary, it demonstrates in a positive burst of energy that the fifth continent is far from being a cultural desert. Australia is actually on the crest of an alternative music wave right now; the place is positively jumping! There is radical uncompromised music being made again in the inner city, as well as in unexpected environments such as sheep stations and ghost towns in the middle of the outback. (Rose 2003)

As composers chop up music experiences and place them in compositions, a technique well-known from time immemorial (flourishing as well amongst avian vocalists like lyrebirds), the reservoirs of exoticism and sonic interest are being drained. Australia Ad Lib aimed to replenish the dam, showcasing diverse approaches to and functions of music as well as unique sonic resources.

Offline: Australia Ad Lib

Rose posed specific and pressing questions about the state and scope of Australian music at a time when game-changing innovations to technology and society were on the threshold. The digitalisation of a multitude of human activities was in full swing, but Facebook and YouTube did not yet exist, and Apple (not yet the global behemoth) was still considered the computer technology of individual artists, musicians, and custom-made software. Ad Lib also pre-dated (but presaged) Web 2.0, which does not denote a technical update, but simply a change in the way web pages are designed and used. Web 2.0 marked a move beyond mere passive viewing to participatory, user-generated content easily employed by non-experts. During the design of Ad Lib, bandwidth was narrow, with dial-up access to the Internet still common. ABC's IT protocol stipulated very small (mono) files, as digital space cost a premium. The use of 'Real Audio and Video' for continuous streaming (instead of .mp3 and .mp4 files) meant that the audio and video aspects of the site would be outdated within ten years.

Supported by a grant from The Australia Council for the Arts, Rose was given three months to develop and launch the website. So vast was the number and diversity of the individual musician-contributors that he continued for another two months without remuneration until his access codes to the ABC server were revoked and his entry to the building denied. Ad Lib was abruptly closed to new uploads in 2004, but not before 209 individual examples of compelling, yet largely unknown, music and

musicians had been collected, described, deliberated on, and uploaded. In 2016, the ABC removed the site (which consisted of 1094 URLs) without informing its creator. Following complaints from academics attempting to trace some of the featured artists and associated commentary, the site was restored, but the audio and video were never converted to useable .mp3 and .mp4 format. Ad Lib was again removed by the ABC in 2017. 'So much for the Internet being forever!' shrugs Rose.

Why did Ad Lib get the boot? Perhaps there are larger, more interesting questions at stake. What is music, who is it for, where does it happen—and who gets to decide? Art critic and philosopher of aesthetics Arthur Danto coined the term 'art-world', urging a consideration of art's cultural context and its vulnerability to 'prejudice, inertia, and self-interest' (1964, 573). Following on this a decade later, George Dickie's institutional theory of art focused on 'the *nonexhibited* characteristics that works of art have in virtue of being embedded in an institutional matrix', drawing our attention to the significance of the conventions of presentation and validation (1974, 12). However, institutional needs and interests are in frequent tension with attributes of art. Australia Ad Lib challenges Dickie's trust in institutions to make classificatory determinations about and confer status on art objects (Taylor 2017, 209), urging us to be more generous in appraising and according value to the material, the surface, the local, and even the outsider. Despite claims of making classificatory decisions, institutions regularly make determinations that are *evaluative* (the criteria being their own interests and collective pressures). Rose believes that the attributes we assume for iconic institutions such as museums, libraries, and national broadcasters—the qualities of stability, trustworthiness, permanence, discernment—can no longer be relied upon. 'Now, they are all businesses, and they're subject to the pressures and whims of management. As Karl Marx expressed: "All that is solid melts into air"' (1998, 38).[5]

Contra Dickie, candidates for musical appreciation need not be individuals acting on behalf of a social institution. Philosopher Jerrold Levinson, noted for his work on the aesthetics of music and art, suggests an alternative to the institutional theory of art. He would replace Dickie's emphasis on behind-the-scenes judgments made in exclusive institutional settings with an *independent individual* (Levinson 1979, 232). Societal institutions of art are not essential, he insists (247). One could argue that this is the aspiration of the Web 2.0 experience. Although sponsored by (and ultimately deactivated by) the ABC, the Australia Ad Lib site flourished with non-institutional forms of evaluation and approval.

I want to linger for a moment with the outsiders and freaks, or those on the Ad Lib site who might be suspected as such by institutional bureaucrats. Like a number of contemporary scholars, philosopher of music Stephen Davies attunes us to the conventions, pragmatic concerns, and outside music considerations that evaluate music and musicians, branding some of them as marginal cases (2012). These concerns are at once acoustical and cultural, and any number of musicians for any number of reasons can suddenly find themselves dismissed as 'other'. As musicologist Susan

McClary reminds us, musicology often 'remains innocent of its own ideology, of the tenets with which it marks the boundaries between its value-free laboratory and the chaotic social world' (1985, 153). The authority of institutions to make claims about the who, what, when, and where of music has clear links with institutional, economic, and political power.

A final factor looms in our assessment of the fate of Australia Ad Lib. The term 'cultural cringe' was coined by Melbourne writer and critic A. A. Phillips to describe the inferiority complex that prompted so many of his fellow Australians to dismiss their own literary culture (1950). He was not alone in his insights into colonial mentality and the obstacles such a mindset puts in front of intellectuals and artists of all stripes. As early as 1894, bush poet and fiction writer Henry Lawson pointed out that a 'London hearing' was crucial to an Australian writer's success in his own country, and that any success would likely be branded as plagiarism, or at minimum as derivative (Roderick 1972, 108–109). These insights were quickly generalised to take in the entire Australian experience, and although some argue that the concept of cultural cringe is an oversimplification (Hume 1993), others attest to its presence and explore its nuances (Horne 1964; Smith 1974). While artists might have gotten over provincialism long ago, Rose and many others would argue that bureaucrats and politicians keep the story going (Montgomery 2008, 35). Rose is well-known for being 'not averse to throwing the odd barb at this country's cultural emperors. "The people who run culture in this country are terrified of their own stuff", he says. "They only look for overseas models and they only applaud people who do overseas things. It's a cultural cringe"' (McFadyen 2005).

If you did a similar survey today, what would the results be? What remains, what's gone, and what's new? Australia Ad Lib is frozen, a snapshot of time at the cusp of a technological revolution.

Onstage: Pannikin

A *pannikin* is a small metal cup—standard equipment for drinking tea boiled in a billy in the Australian outback. For three nights, Rose's Pannikin is a cup full to overflowing onstage at the Melbourne Arts Centre as part of the 2005 Melbourne International Arts Festival. Underpinned by a series of ensemble pieces composed and/or arranged by Rose, this two-hour show features 18 live soloists (and several more via video) from the Australia Ad Lib website. One critic described the line-up as 'the everyday, the seemingly mundane, the obscure, the esoteric, the uplifting and the, let's be frank, bizarre' (McFadyen 2005). The seven-piece Pannikin Band took in violin, viola, cello, double bass, percussion (including amplified corrugated iron), piano (grand and toy), and interactive electronics.

At this point, I must declare an interest. On opening night, our *chef d'orchestre* is in hospital fighting a 103° fever. I've been suddenly bumped from enthusiast to expert. As violinist in the Band, it falls upon me to lead the ensemble and deliver the running commentary Rose has prepared to knit the show together[6]:

> What you are about to witness celebrates two main oral traditions. One, the Aboriginal, is arguably the oldest ongoing musical tradition that we have as a species, and it's also our direct line back to the origins of music itself; the other derives its content from the do-it-yourself nature of music practice throughout the last 200+ years of white settlement. The music establishment tend to look on the second tradition with a mixture of embarrassment, amnesia, and surprise that there was any music going on in Australia before the American troops turned up here in the Second World War to show white Australians how it to play big band swing. But there was and still is a lot of home-grown music that doesn't necessarily tug its forelock at some overseas model. (Rose 2005)

A few of the featured segments follow, a mix of what I read out with what I experienced.

Whips & Lassos. There's scarcely room onstage to accommodate Ashley Brophy, who makes music with whips and lassos. His entire family is in the circus business. His sister incorporated lethal snakes into her act before she was sixteen, while one of his brothers runs a circus in Moscow and the other a boxing troupe and a pub in outback Queensland. Ashley and his wife operate their own circus production company. It is determined that all band members must wear clear safety visors for this number, but we aren't fooled by this otherworldly guise. Health and safety regulations are surely in breach as Brophy's whip cracks land around the band with increasing intensity and force. Fortunately, Rose's score is so demanding that the band has no time to reflect on what a stray whip crack might achieve.

Simultaneous Hum & Whistle. Computer programmer Michael A. Greene can whistle and hum independent lines of music at the same time. He begins with *The Ashgrove* as a canon, then *Good King Wenceslas*—first as a canon, then as a mirror inversion (humming the tune upside down and whistling the tune the right way up), and then presenting it as an augmentation (with the whistle executing the tune twice as fast as the hum). For his grand finale, Greene hums *Danny Boy* while simultaneously whistling *Waltzing Matilda* (although thought of as signature Australian, the melody comes from an old Scottish air). This level of cognition and contrapuntal skill would test any contemporary composer, and yet Greene's are the type of 'Coordinated Action' skills demanded in composer Paul Hindemith's classic *Elementary training for musicians* (training—yes, elementary—perhaps not) (1949).

Auctioneers & Riffs. Some years prior, Rose and I were invited to festivities celebrating the partially restored ghost town of Milparinka: we were to bow the new fence around the graveyard. In the bar that night we came across John Traeger auctioning off a duck to an extremely inebriated crowd (even a ghost town in outback Australia can support a pub). In Pannikin, Traeger pursues more traditional fare, selling off imaginary cattle to bemused buyers in the audience. Auctioneering at its best is a form that exists half way between singing and speaking, a classic example of accelerated *Sprechstimme*:

> 'What you're taught is, "Sell out of your guts, boy, not out of your lungs"', Traeger recounts of his apprenticeship, 'and you find pretty early, say you've got 20,000

> sheep in front of you and 40, 50, 60, maybe 100 lots, well that's a fair day's work, particularly in a dusty yard'.
>
> 'It's entertainment, in the oral tradition', responds Rose. 'In music, we talk about chops'.
>
> 'The tone in your voice should create a sense of urgency, you build up the crescendo, I'm gonna knock it down—this is your last chance', explains Traeger. 'Compare Queensland auctioneering to Victoria or South Australia, it's like chalk and cheese, it's the same job within a few cents, but the way they sound, the different rhythms, the nasal thing, language is different too. (Taylor 2007, 169)

White Man Jump Up. The night after the auction, the Uniting Church Flying Padre is due to lead Easter services in the renovated sandstone courthouse. His parish takes in an area of 68,000 square kilometres. Rose and I have been pressed into service for the music, and we are happy to accommodate. It's in keeping with our understanding of the many functions and values of music. The Padre will lead with classic hymns, with me on violin and organ. In preparation, Jon stretches a wire across a wooden table and calls it an instrument. He also assembles a plastic bucket, a hubcap, clappers, a drumstick, a musical saw, and some corrugated iron. Corri—where would Australia be without it? As part of the country's cultural identity, corrugated iron is a mainstay, from cheap lean-to's to chic architectural projects. The Pannikin Band is no exception. Corrugated iron quality has declined over the years, but our percussionist demonstrates in a solo feature that even today's cheap replica of the former glory still supplies that heavy metal sound.

Chain Saw Tribute. 'Who can tell the difference in a blindfold test between the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and the Sydney Symphony Orchestra? Not many, if any, I should think', speculates Rose. We end the first half of Pannikin with a tribute to WACO, the West Australian Chainsaw Orchestra (formed in 1984 to protest old growth forest logging), whose sound *is* unique and clearly identifiable.[7] This is Noise Music, but John Briggs, WACO's conductor, suggested three influences on their postmodern aesthetics: Count Basie and other big bands of the 1930s and 40s, free jazz, and Woody Woodpecker.[8] Be that as it may, for the audience, this is riveting theatre. Four dramatically-lit sawists positioned above the dark stage alternate sinister gesturing with their instruments in throttle mode with slicing into planks of timber, sawdust flying. Unlike the band below them, this quartet of orange-clad soloists is fully covered in personal protective equipment: hardhats, goggles, ear defenders, padded safety mitts, insulated jacket and trousers, and steel-toe boots. We strings are hard at work on a fugue, as one does when chain saws are about, and have to trust that no wood chips will come flying our way (Figure 2).

Ntaria Lamentations. The Hermannsburg Mission was founded in 1887 in the continent's Red Centre. In the space of just a few years, 53 Lutheran hymns had been translated and a 40-piece choir established. 'Still today, when the Hermannsburg Aboriginal Women's Choir sings the chorales of J. S. Bach in their Arrernte language, with their own articulation, gliding portamentos, and timbres, it is an extraordinary and unique music that is being made' (Rose 2013, 14). Our concert features a video

Figure 2 The original West Australian Chainsaw Orchestra (used with permission, undated).

Rose made of this mesmerising cultural collision at the old stone church. Up front, a crucifix and a plaque displaying hymn numbers hang above the pulpit as the choir sings *Rock of Ages* in language, barely opening their mouths (two of the women manage to sing from the side of their mouth). A huge sound comes out: we see six choristers, but we somehow hear many more (Figure 3).

Singing Saws. The Pannikin Band morphs at one point into the Sydney Saw Orchestra. Seated in a circle, seven (eight on the final night when Rose is released from hospital to join us) neophyte sawists of the acoustic persuasion place a saw handle between their knees and squeeze it to hold the saw in place. We bend the blade into an S-curve and apply a bow to the non-serrated edge. Adjusting the curve allows for a change of pitch, including a continuous portamento. A shake adds vibrato, and the sound sustains for a good long while (unless we botch it). Working from a general set of our maestro's instructions, we slowly build in spooky intensity. It sounds like a theramin convention.

Gumleaf Playing & Bird Mimicry. Gumleaf player Roseina Boston, a Gumbayungirr elder, begins her segment with bird calls on nature's simple green reed aerophone, including kookaburra, whipbird, parrot, willie wagtail, noisy friarbird, and hawk. The gumleaf comes with a steep learning curve. 'Beginners struggle to make any sound at all, and due to the essential oils characteristic of eucalypts, leafists experience a strong taste of resin after blowing just a few notes' (Taylor 2015). Held against the lips, the gumleaf serves as a vibrating valve when blown. It is high-pitched and

Figure 3 The Hermannsburg Aboriginal Women's Choir outside their church (Jon Rose 2004).

incredibly loud; the band can feel the vibrations moving through the air. Boston produces 'a rich sound with extrovert vibrato, reminiscent of the soprano saxophone of Sidney Bechet' (Rose 2013, 35). Dressed flamboyantly in what could be described as Aboriginal country and western, she peppers her performances of hymn tunes and popular and patriotic songs with zig-zagging stories from her past.[9]

Her grandfather's brother, Uncle George Possum Davis, was well-known for his Burnt Bridge Gumleaf Band of the 1920s and 1930s. Boston filled us in on the history when we first met her:

> How did these bands get formed?
>
> People good at anything get together and wanna make music, that was the thing with the squeeze box and the gumleaves and the clap-sticks and the boomerang music sticks.
>
> Was the 1920s Aboriginal gumleaf music vaudeville music, like the white gumleaf players were doing, or was it traditional music?
>
> It was traditional, carryin' on from the younger days when they used to pick the leaves just walkin' in the bush and imitatin' the sounds of birds, that's what I was told, and it just grew, the sound is similar to a violin but different again, it's got a

> sound of its own, I've got one here in this glass of water, I keep 'em wet to keep 'em flexible, it took my husband Harry 18 years to get a sound out of it, when I do the schools and talk about our culture, I always take my gumleaf and show 'em how to do it, you put your hand there and you can feel it, it's sealed off all between the lips, you're not blowin' it, you just give a little toot.
>
> A gumleaf band marched across Sydney Harbour Bridge for the opening [1932]—I wonder what they played then. *Farmer's Daughter* was a great hit, and country music, they loved country music, I love that and hymns, and they always get Harry and I to play the national anthem for schools and events.
>
> So, it's a musical instrument and you can play whatever you like on it [Rose prompts her].
>
> It is, you only have to get the knack and control, it's so magical in a way, when I walk through the bush playin' my gumleaf, just pickin' a leaf and playin', all the birds come around me, I love it. (Taylor 2007, 88)

The days when Aboriginal leafists performed at significant public events are over. 'What has happened to this tradition?' asks Rose. 'Why isn't there a 20-piece gumleaf band marching down George Street on Australia Day? This is the New Orleans jazz of Australia—who is looking after this, who is nurturing this?' (Taylor 2015) (Figure 4).

Dingo Obligato. Rose describes our next guest as 'the busiest working muso I know', believing that all opera students should study this canine's phenomenal technique. Five

Figure 4 Roseina Boston onstage at the Melbourne International Arts Festival with the Pannikin Band (courtesy Jon Rose 2004).

or six nights a week, busloads of international tourists pile into Jim's Place about an hour south of Alice Springs to hear Dinky, the Singing Dingo. This segment pits an improvisation session Rose had with him a few years back with obligato commentary from Pannikin's violist. In the video, Dinky climbs onto the keyboard of an 1884 Thürmer piano, forcing Rose to settle for the leftover keys. The Singing Dingo is in exemplary form: the human goes high, dingo follows; the human goes low, dingo matches, with pitches that uncannily fit the harmonic soundscape from moment to moment. When the music stops, he adds his customary short coda. And there are moves: 'He even does an up-and-down paw cadenza, a very hip, Cecil Taylor concept-driven note cluster' (Taylor 2017, 278). But is it music? According to philosopher Kate Soper, 'the culturalist would go by the achievement, not by the nature of the beast' (1995, 53). Dinky challenges Blacking's definition that music is '*humanly* organized sound' (1973, 10) (Figure 5).

Pannikin cleaves to a persistent trope in Rose's work: research. Composer Jennie Gottschalk identifies 'research' as a recurring feature in experimental music, employing the term in its wide associations to take in ongoing experimentation and engagement, acts of discovery and speculation, learning by making, accessing hidden or otherwise unheard sounds, and conducting forays into physicalities—of sound, of instruments, of bodies, and of spaces—all of which are germane to Rose's work (Gottschalk 2016, 1). Understanding research in this expansive way is also pertinent, for instance, to acoustic ecologist Peter Cusack. He describes his work as 'sonic

Figure 5 Dinky the Singing Dingo with Hollis Taylor on piano and his owner Jim (Jon Rose 2004).

journalism', where his field recordings target supposedly undesired sounds to stunning effect (Cusack 2014). *Sounds from Dangerous Places* features recordings made at Chernobyl and the Caspian Oilfields and in various UK sites, including 'Snowdonia Woodland' (with its landfill waste gases) (Cusack 2012). Likewise, Rose maintains a fascination with sounds (both familiar and strange) in place and time. As a researcher, he unearths edginess in lost histories that he reimagines and resurrects; he evokes the past via reinvented means. His research extends to experiments with technology that can be understood as conversations with and about technology and potential nodes of interaction between man and machine.

Offstage: Pannikin

In *Blues people*, poet and music critic LeRoi Jones (later known as Amiri Baraka) observed that 'music can be seen to be the result of certain attitudes, certain specific ways of thinking about the world, and only ultimately about the "ways" in which music can be made' (1963, 153). Similarly, both on- and offstage, much of Rose's activity invites us to examine and revise the notions we hold about music *and* about the world writ large. He values plurality over one dominant model. 'Instead of importing the latest theoretical cultural package from the US or the UK', he writes, 'the way forward is to explore the many elements in our indigenous and colonial history that contain empirical guidance for the future of music practice. But first, we are going to have to believe that it is worth trying' (2013, 61).

Parallels can be drawn to approaches by West Coast composers Henry Cowell, Harry Partch, and John Cage, 'where any resource, any experiment, any tradition (including, most definitely, exotic and ethnic traditions) might prove of value' (Griffiths 1978, 115). Rose, however, cannot be accused of musical orientalism, for he casts neither east nor west, but right in his own backyard. His notion that anyone might be a composer or musician finds resonance with Cage and with collective compositions by ensembles like Musica Elettronica Viva and the Scratch Orchestra formed by Cornelius Cardew (Griffiths 1978, 193), not to mention with many human cultures through the ages.

More recent work by Rose has focussed on creating realistic models for the profession of musician. As composer and saxophonist John Zorn observes in his preface to Rose's *The Music of Place: Reclaiming a Practice*:

> Art, music and society are in a crisis. The best way to stay alive and get through this crisis is to stay positive. Not an easy task. But great music and great art is continuing to be made outside the constraints of the marketplace, where freedom and truth continue to ring, and it is this that can guide us and give us the needed hope to get thru the dark ages. (2013, 1)

One path to repudiating the commodification of music if to expose how limited our experiences of music are. One critic calls Rose 'an archaeologist of vibrations': 'To label him a musicologist is too narrow a definition. For the sounds he digs up are,

to most ears, not music at all—even to the people who create them. It's noise, cacophony, racket, din and commotion. … It took the uncommon facility of Rose's ear to pick up on the great unheard' (McFadyen 2005). Rose transforms what could be a confronting journey (in Australia Ad Lib and Pannikin) in turns by reason and history, as well as through slices of humour, moments of intense theatre, and unexpected juxtaposition. He is not so much challenging mainstream systems and artistic traditions as broadening them. For composers, the alternative ways of making music featured in Australia Ad Lib and Pannikin serve as moments to transform and extend the potentials of classical music composition. For audiences, his invitation is for listeners to expand their understanding of music and consider marginalised voices and alternative avenues for a more inclusive musical experience.

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Notes on Contributor

Hollis Taylor Violinist/composer, zoömusicologist, and ornithologist Hollis Taylor is a Senior Research Fellow at Macquarie University. She previously held research fellowships at the Institute for Advanced Study in Berlin, the Muséum national d'Histoire naturelle in Paris, and the University of Technology Sydney. Taylor has an abiding interest in animal aesthetics, particularly vis-à-vis Australian songbirds. Her monograph, *Is Birdsong Music? Outback Encounters with an Australian Songbird*, and her double CD, *Absolute Bird*, were both released in 2017. She performs her (re)compositions of pied butcherbird songs on violin along with various outback field recordings, and she also writes birdsong-based works for other musicians and instruments. Her practice also takes in sound and radiophonic arts.

Notes

[1] Whiteoak (with co-editor Aline Scott-Maxwell) went on to produce a second monograph exploring the cultural diversity, community, and improvisatory practices in Australia from 1788 to the present: *Playing ad lib: Improvisatory music in Australia 1836–1970.*

[2] Musician Cat Hope credits Australia Ad Lib as 'one of the first publications to acknowledge Nosie as a genre in this country, and the site features some 30 projects under the term' (2008, 72).

[3] Archival pages of Australia Ad Lib can be sourced through the Internet Archive Wayback Machine at: http://web.archive.org/web/20170506171315/http://www.abc.net.au:80/arts/adlib/default.htm. However, only text can be accessed; no sound or video is available. Alternatively, some audio from Australia Ad Lib is held privately by Jon Rose at: https://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_australia_ad_lib.html.

[4] Also see Bolleter (2017).

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The Rosenberg Catalogue: A Selection of Violin Iconography from the Rosenberg Museum

Jon Rose

Jon Rose is the major philosopher and cosmologist in a violin-centric world. Through his work he has fashioned totally new ways for violinists to think of their bows and their instruments. He has given listeners freshly made dimensions to contemplate. When I think of Jon, I'm reminded of Leonardo. He has fearlessly and fancifully explored all the currently known parameters of the violin and discovered many previously hidden ones as well. Jon has led the way in using the violin as a tool to explore life. If all he had ever done was to give us the sounds and the image of the violinist bowing barbed wire fences throughout the world, it should be said that his work has placed the violin front and center as a force for renewal and regeneration in a tired world.
(David Harrington, Kronos Quartet, San Francisco, 8 March 2012.)

Keywords: Jon Rose; Rosenberg Museum; Violin Collection; Experimental Violin; Relative Violins; Violin Catalogue

Somewhat like King Canute and the tide, nothing you say or do can really defeat entropy. Decay, misuse, casual neglect, technological obsolescence, the constant changing of a musician's abode, theft, the recycling of materials, the lack of resources, and time itself reduce a collection such as this to an odd register of curiosities. But the dysfunctional and entropic nature of the Rosenberg Museum does have a very salient quality: it mirrors the cultural curves and characteristics inherent in late capitalism.

Many musicians, artists, and artisans have contributed to the Rosenberg Museum over 30+ years. Some realised their mistake too late and quickly recovered their exhibit; others couldn't help themselves and have kept on giving. The following list is not in any batting order:

Jozef Cseres (former director of the Rosenberg Museum), Rainer Linz, Konstanze Binder, Martin Riches, Sukanda Kartadinata, Harry Vatiliotis, Paul Bryant, Wayne Kotzur, Christian Marclay, Milan Adamčiak, Miloš Bod'a, Josef Daněk, Michael Delia, Sándor Győrffy, Juraj Hamar, Annegret Heinl, Martin Janíček, József R. Juhász, Peter Kalmus, Juraj Kassa, Kawabata Minoru, Sándor Krizbai, Bohumil Kubíček, LENGOW & *HE^{ye}RME^{ar}S,* Viktor Lois, Miko Malioboro, Juraj Meliš, Michal Murin, Chris Newman, Rudolf Pacsika, Benjamin Patterson, Milan Rusko, Peter Skala, Zsolt Sőrés, Jan Steklík, David Šubík, Július Fujak, Martin Zet, Carlos Zingaro, Otomo Yoshihide, Kanako Uchiyama, Jean-Michel Van Schouwberg, Hollis Taylor, Nick Shimmin, Hans W. Koch, Audrey Chen, Nancy Hall, Kathleen Buzzacott, Laetitia Royackers, Cody Hambly, Victoria Spence, Lespets and Camden, Georges Dupuis, David Moss, Chris Cutler, Tom Demeyer, Thomas Epple, Juraj Hamar, Ying Li Ma, Tos Mahoney, Sachiko M, Phil Niblock, Matthias Osterwold, Johannes Bergmark, Joelle Leandre, Wolf-Peter Stiftel, Carlos Zingaro, Nikolai Dmitriev, Dietmar Diesner, Robert Adrian, Marie Mart Royackers, STEIM, John Jacobs, Maloo Bangeter and students, Madeleine Von Bernstorff, Louis Burdett, Wulf Teichmann, Mascha Teichmann, Cornelia Von Schlippenbach, Dagmar Benke, Alison Rabinovici, Aleks Kolkowski, Erkki Veltheim, Matthew Bolliger.

What you witness is an incomplete anthology of violin artefacts that boast a physical reality—or have done in past years. The intention is to demonstrate a prescient visualisation of this cultural icon as the instrument is turned to reflect and relish, in allegory and metaphor, the realities of recent history and contemporary life.

Jon Rose Sydney 27th October 2016

1. Data Violin Robot, Berlin, 2015

The Data Violin is a joint project between Martin Riches, Sukanda Kartadinata, and Jon Rose. This collaboration between Martin (who invents machines that physically 'talk' amongst other wonders of science, creativity, and perseverance), Sukanda (who is one of the most in demand creative software engineers in Berlin, a fine musician, and a problem solver par excellence) and JR, comes together to realise a fantasy that has been sitting in one of the Rosenberg notebooks for decades. In a world when, via digital technology, anything can be transformed into anything else (or yet more copies of itself), let's consider one of the most squalid activities on the planet and how it may be manifest as something beautiful—its antithesis. Current money generating data from Wall Street must be (outside the military use of technology) the most redolent paradigm of disgust that can be imagined; it also promotes the insane illusion that we can sustain infinite growth on a finite planet. So this is what infinite growth sounds like. The Data Violin (violin music powered directly by real time data from Wall Street) made its world premiere at the Rosenberg Museum in Berlin, May 2015 accompanied by a small string ensemble playing a corrupted version of *Pennies from Heaven*.

Status: complete, functioning, and held by the museum.
Sound and photos available at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i02PiVRvpBQ
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JFst_7UYdQI

2. Yamaha Disklavier, 2016

This piano transcription (via Melodyne software) features the pokies at The Sahara Hotel, Las Vegas - where a double room costs only $30 because they expect you to leave the rest of your money with them before leaving. It was recorded in June 2008, a few months before the GFC came to a head with the collapse of Leyman Brothers Bank - until that time considered 'too big to fail.' It's an extremely noisy place with about 200 pokies (not large by Vegas standards). Somewhere between Cecil Taylor, Nancarrow, and a dysfunctional 12 bar blues, it may become apparent to the listener that the piano is playing away vaguely in the people's key of C. That's because most of the electronic arpeggios and scales used by the designers of poker machines are indeed in the key of C; the musical character of each machine becomes more apparent when the mic is positioned next to a specific gamble in play; other pitches are caused by the vocal delight and dismay of humans or the inaccuracy of the algorithm.

3. Ten-String Double Violin, Sydney, 1982

Played with a double bow, this Relative Violin construction shares a common neck and the same strings. The two bridges are positioned in the normal place on their respective violins. There are seven playable strings tuned in fifths with three sympathetic strings as well. The player bows two separate violins at the same time, with pitch manipulation achieved traditionally by the left hand, although it is placed between the two bows. Put simply, as pitch rises on one violin, a mirror inversion of the same pitch happens on the other violin. The instrument can also be played laterally with tuning chocks to stop various pitches, leaving both hands free to bow independent lines on each of the violins. An example of this is available at http://www.jonroseweb.com/g_rosenberg_double_violin.html, along with an article *The Genetic Tendency in Violin Music* by Dr. Willy Orwig, which traces the origins of the double violin amongst the violin playing Payawipaya people of New Guinea.

Status: both halves complete and held by the museum.

Sound and photo available at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_10_string.html (Figure 1)

4. Aeolian Violin, Dangar Island, 1981

A sail on this violin catches the wind and excites the eight strings, making them sound. The angle of incidence is most critical in maximising the full potential of any wind and, like a sailing boat, requires the same levels of experience to become operational. Sailing close to the wind is optimum. Pitch modulation is effected by continual use of the tuning pegs. The Aeolian Violin has twin necks, the second attached to the base of the instrument.

The strings have to be 'excited' in just the right way, requiring a technique quite different from bowing. If the strings are tensioned too tight, they simply stop vibrating; if the strings are too loose, there is no sound. Once the wind is caught, the strings must be continually re-tensioned to hold the Aeolian effect—a transitory set of states like

Figure 1 The Ten-String Double Violin, Sydney (Kristine Deray 1982).

sailing a boat. As with a number of *Relative Violins*, tuning is related to functionality as opposed to some culturally agreed convention (e.g. A = 440).

Status: physical remains of instrument, but without sail and rigging.
Sound and photos available at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_aeolian_violin.html

5. Sixteen-String Long Neck Violin, Botany Bay, 1980
Designed specifically for the production of harmonic clusters, the 16 strings, made of low gauge, high carbon steel wire, are detuned to a set chord within an octave. The neck and fingerboard are double the standard length, causing a radical change of timbre unlike that usually associated with a violin. A stand was constructed so that the instrument could be self-supporting and played horizontally. As with many of these instruments, contact microphone, graphic equaliser, volume pedal, and amplifier are attached for the projection of all sonic possibilities, including those that exist only at a low volume level. Seeing this violin hanging on an exhibition wall in Berlin in 1998, it was in a sad state of repair, reflected by its green body colour. The tension of all those strings had obviously been too much for the instrument: the front belly had completely collapsed under the strain of the extra-width bridge.

Status: broken, a former musical instrument.
Sound and photo at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_longneck.html (Figure 2)

6. Double-Piston Triple-Neck Wheeling Violin, Sydney, 1984
This instrument answers the perplexing question 'How *long* is a piece of music, or to be more precise, how *far* is a piece of music?' The answer could be clearly articulated by giving precise measurements as to the distance in kilometres, metres … down to the decimal place indicated on the on-board odometer. A piece of music could now be considered to last for, say, four kilometres and thirty-three metres. Of course, by walking backwards, the performer could hear again what he had just played … but in retrograde. Modified from the elbow violin, this instrument worked with a similar piston mechanism as a steam engine. Two bows were attached to the pistons, and as the wheel rotated, the bows were pushed up and down in an 'arpeggiated' movement. The violin had three necks, two in the main playing part, with a bridge dividing down the middle, and a third with five resonating strings. A vital environmental consideration on the music was the condition of the road. Small bumps gave rise to interesting spiccato affects. And on board collection of cheap electronic gadgetry (including an analogue pitch shifter and cheap amplification rendered through a horn speaker) completed the mobile musical experience.

Status: violin remains with reconstructed wheel, pistons, and bows.
Sound and video: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WhjmI-it4Ig

Figure 2 The Sixteen-String Long Neck Violin (Jon Rose 1980).

7. Tromba-mariner, Hawkesbury River, 1979
In its medieval incarnation, the *tromba-marina* consisted of a long sound box with one string and a bridge, one foot of which rested on the belly and one foot inside the instrument, making a buzzing sound. The musician played it with harmonics only, leading imaginative listeners to mistake the sound for a trumpet played underwater, hence its name. The Rosenberg Tromba-mariner (note spelling butchery) was attached to the side of a boat, with six sympathetic strings. The main playing string was a double bass A string. The intent was hey, let's make this a real marine string instrument. Rosenberg recalls in his memoirs (*The Pink Violin*, pg. 567):

> I used a metal drainpipe, an excellent resonator. The sound was transformed depending on how much water filled the tube. Contrary to scientific opinion, there is a sonic difference to the pipe being half full as opposed to half empty. The locals used to think I had some weird, state-of-the-art gizmo that attracted the fish. While out playing on the river, I would often become aware of fishermen's boats closing in, assuming scientific intrigue, and hoping to catch 'the big one' or at least profit with a smaller catch from my mysterious aquatic machine.

Status: Lost; photo documentation only.
Sound and photo at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_tromba_mariner.html (Figure 3)

8. Five-String Trapezoidal Viola, Sydney, 1981
Almost without exception, most violin-derived instruments that follow the Rosenberg aesthetic and practice are recycled, cheap Chinese instruments. The Five-String Trapezoidal Violin, however, is based on an invention by Felix Savart (1791–1841), a scientist who decided that the classic shape of the violin was disturbingly irrational and wantonly sexual. The Frenchman set about trying to make a rational instrument that would adhere and reflect the values of The Enlightenment, including no arching and straight sound holes. Although his designs were approved by The Academies of Sciences and Arts in Paris, they never really caught on, but he did make it possible for an unschooled 'hacker' from the modern era to make a playable musical instrument for less than $4 in a couple of days. The traditional pine was substituted by marine plywood.

Status: housed in the museum in original condition.
Sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_trapezoidal_viola.html (Figure 4)

9. Nineteen-String Violin, Dangar Island, 1979
A violin on a frame—this instrument was bolted to a tripod and amplified in stereo, with strings going over, through, and around it much like a violin caught in a spider's web. Strings were added in a perpetual state of experimentation: old cello strings, guitar strings, piano wire—any string or wire to hand. Rosenberg stopped adding strings after the total reached 19. How did he know to stop there?

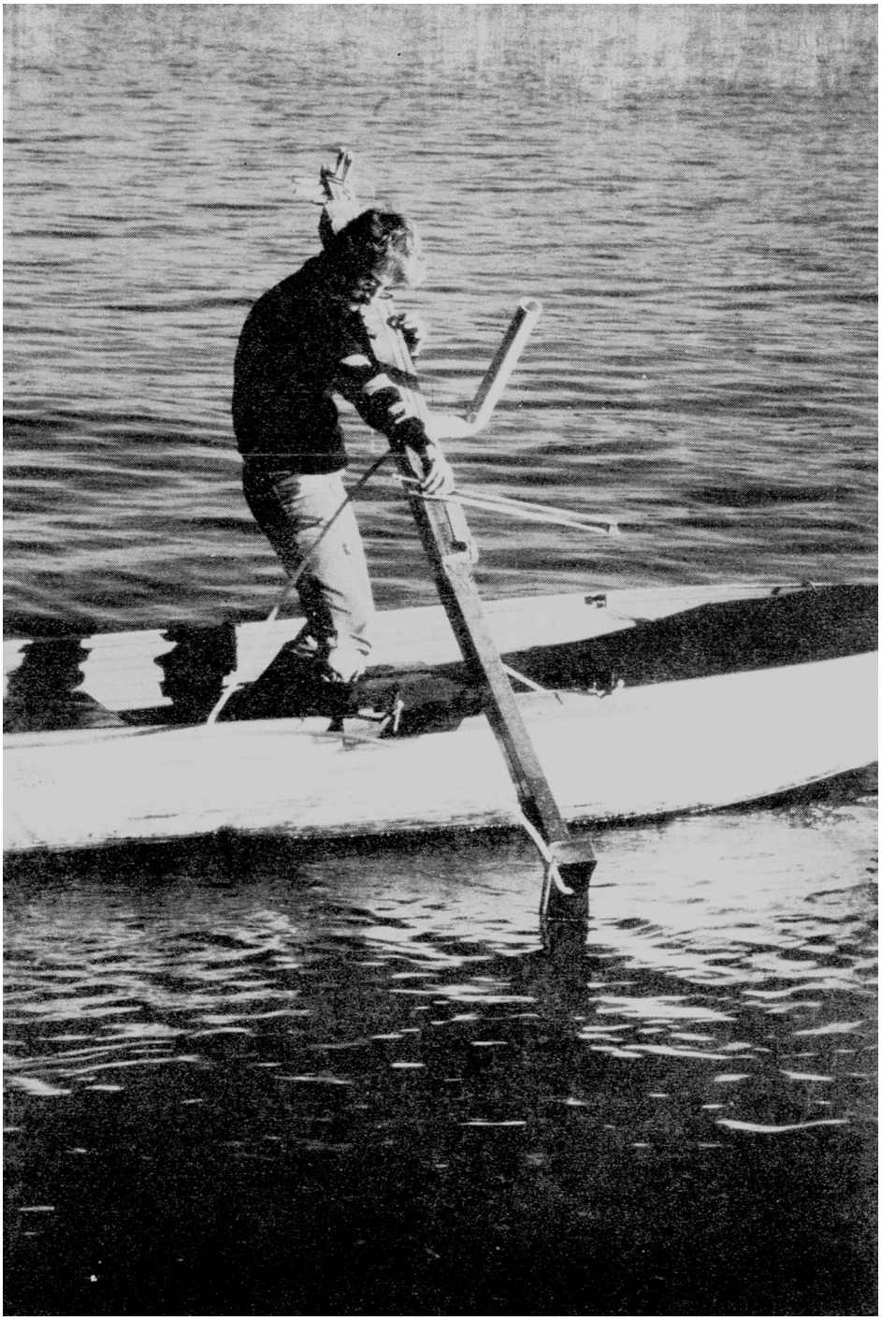

Figure 3 The Tromba-mariner (Kristine Deray 1979).

Figure 4 The Five-String Trapezoidal Viola (Jon Rose 1981).

> In the same way that an abstract expressionist knows when a painting is cooked. I started with the idea of making the violin self-supporting. By putting it on a frame, my hands were freed up from any instrument support role, so I could move all over and around the instrument.

current status: missing, stolen in London, January 1981.
sound and photo at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_19_str_violin.html

10. Nineteen-String Cello, Sydney, 1981
Built to replace the Nineteen-String Violin, the Nineteen-String Cello had a fretboard on the back. By the manner in which it was amplified and by hammering down the fingers on the frets and bowing simultaneously, Rosenberg could produce from the same physical action two or three sounds distributed throughout the stereophonic field. Up to 7 strings were accommodated on the regular (enlarged) fingerboard, plus 5 strings to the right and 3 strings to the left of neck, including one string that could be extended below the instrument tensioned by its own rod. All the extra strings could act as sympathetic or be played arco or pizzicato. Initially, there were some 5 movable bridges employed; one auxiliary string started halfway up the main fingerboard acting as a top end resonator; various bowable and adjustable wooden rods, metal springs, plastic resonators and rotating appendages (for rhythmic applications) protruded from the body; and another string went right through the middle of the main bridge causing intense overtones similar to a well set up Hardanger fiddle. It was the most complicated and most versatile of all the *Relative Violins*.

current status: stolen by a French theatre couple *Cirque Electrique* in Paris, *c*2003–5.
sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/a_jonrose_violin_revenge.html
pictures and sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_telviolin.html
http://www.jonroseweb.com/c_articles_tenor_violin.html

Anecdote from Jon Rose: After the demise of the former DDR (East Germany), a barrage of negative texts issued forth from commentators, many of whom never worked or even visited the country when it existed (e.g. *Stasiland* by Anna Funda). What many of these writers missed was the surrealist and theatrical qualities created by the bizarre connectivity that arose from the presence of West Berlin situated within the communist state (I refer you to the photo of West German Kreuzberg punks escaping over the wall from West Berlin into East Berlin in 1988, historically considered to be the wrong direction. Such reversed realities were common in the Berlin I lived in: http://www.jonroseweb.com/c_articles_slawterhaus.html).

In 1987 while crossing back to West Berlin through the famous Checkpoint Charlie in the middle of an East German tour (yes that 'evil state' handsomely supported new and experimental music), I was held in custody for several hours. The first guard, on looking at my Nineteen-String Cello and comparing the same with what I had written on the declaration form, declared 'Das ist kein cello' (That's not a cello), and went on

'Do you think we are all stupid here? We know what a cello is; it has four strings; you have simply too many strings on this instrument for it to be considered a cello.' And so started a chain of events that included me being interrogated by another guard and then the head of Checkpoint Charlie on duty that night, who turned out to be quite a Stalinist nut job. When I showed him my official contract with the Künstleragentur der DDR (the official artists' agency of East Germany), he just crumpled the papers up into a ball and, while throwing it across the interrogation room, spat in my direction, 'I don't know anything about any ****ing Künstleragentur.'

Then, running his finger across the cello, he announced, 'Here is dust; if you were a real musician, you would at least keep your musical instrument clean!' On it went and eventually they brought in a vopo (People's Policeman) on duty at The Wall who played the cello. And so I sat in front of a panel of four policemen and proceeded to demonstrate a full lexicon of experimental techniques available on the Nineteen-String Cello. I should point out that the cello, apart from having too many strings, was also fitted out with appendages in wood, metal, and plastic that were bowed or plucked for sonic effect. As their fingers pointed to a spot on the cello, I would demonstrate the associated avant sounds. I noticed that the cello playing policeman was sweating somewhat; he would have to deliver a verdict: musician or not musician, cello or not cello. Eventually, he picked up one of my bows (some of which were just as unorthodox as the cello) and asked how I could play with such a bad bow? Unthinkingly, I told him that actually I had bought that one in East Germany. With the unintended insult to East German bowmakers, the interrogation panel stood up as one and left locking the door. Well, how I screwed that up, the 19 string cellist thought. An hour passed, the chief came back to inform me that I could go. Great … my passport, please? No, he wasn't going to give me back my passport. So there I was stuck in Checkpoint Charlie unable to go to the East or West Berlin.

Sitting there in a kind of no mans' land, I considered that life up to that point had been quite agreeable, as to the future, well … when the original border guard (who had inadvertently started this whole story) appeared and gestured that I was to follow her (for indeed it was a female vopo). Now, The Berlin Wall was built on East German territory and inserted in the wall at regular intervals were small steel doors. These were used to carry out repairs and occasionally to nab liberal western art types who were always painting some empty slogan about freedom on the western side of the wall. I followed my vopo along a service route south from Checkpoint Charlie to one of these doors. Without a word she gave me my passport, opened the door in the wall, pushed me through, shut door, and I found myself in West Berlin.

Living in Berlin and working in East Germany at the time of The Wall was sometimes like being an extra in a John le Carré novel. Once, I smuggled out of East Berlin the manuscript of a book by critical communist party member (and former Australian citizen) Salomea Genin to her son waiting in the west, but that is another story … .

11. The Agony and the Ecstasy, Berlin, 1989

Commissioned by The Inventionen Festival of New Music, Berlin in 1989, this string quartet was an automatic installation of four violins. Electric motors powered the

arpeggiated bow action at variable speeds. One of the violins had a low-end budget sampler built into it as well. They all had built-in amplifiers with horn speakers chosen for their lively mid-range characteristics. The ensemble made a ferocious noise. The installation was set up so that when someone walked into the room, the lights were triggered and all the violins (perched on stands and residing on a specially built stage) went off in a confrontational high-pitched, arpeggiated **wall of screech**. This installation clearly had something of a minimalist irony about it—think of all those hours practising bowing exercises. A display of mechanical excellence was not an issue, dysfunctionality and low tech being a prime aesthetic of the composition; there was no intention to attempt one of those fantastic automatic 'violano' violins from the early twentieth century that ran on player-piano technology. For the purposes of this Sydney showing of the Rosenberg Museum, Harry Vatiliotis has agreed to help resurrect one of the automats. We have upscaled it with a wheel, the diameter of which is the length of a standard violin bow. The Bowing Wheel can be demonstrated on request.

Status: remains of the 4 violin automats, mechanisms in need of repair, no stands.
Sound and photo at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_autoquartet.html

12. Megaphone Violin, Sydney, 1980
This instrument had a cheap 6-watt amplifier built into it plus an FM (frequency modulated) microphone. Apart from having on-board amplification, it also could function as a mini radio station. Because of the microphone's cheapness, it broadcast on 30 or 40 different frequencies. People listening to any station on FM within a range of about a hundred metres would have their 'fine music' signal substituted by a distorted racket reminiscent of Jimi Hendrix and his experiments with feedback. Highlight: outside performance from the roof of Exiles Bookshop near Taylor Square, Sydney 1984, the audience was seated in chairs arranged between the traffic lanes.

Status: converted into one of the Agony and Ecstasy automats.
sound and photo at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_megaphone.html (Figure 5)

13. Metal Resonator Violin, Sydney, 1981
This was a four-string violin with the bridge sitting on a metal plate which replaced the standard resonating body. This instrument was directly inspired by the Stroh violin which amplifies the violin strings through a membrane and metal horn. A number of different resonating materials of plywood, porcelain, and plastic became substitute plates in research of sonic possibilities for the vibrating string. The metal plate accentuated high frequencies but lacked a strong fundamental, giving it a sound world more associated with the Islamic than the Occidental tradition.

status: disappeared Sydney 1985.
sound and photo: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_metal_resonator.html

Figure 5 The Megaphone Violin (Jon Rose 1980).

Anecdote from Jon Rose: When my father visited me in Sydney in 1978, he noticed that I had been creating musical instruments out of bric-a-brac, building materials, and anything to hand. 'Oh, I used to do some of that', he commented and then proceeded to tell me in some detail what he had made in the dire circumstances of his 3 ½ years as a prisoner of war in Japan (1942–1945). I knew he had been a POW, but the instrument building was all news to me. Not only had he made a one-string violin out of a cigar box (named 'the little bastard'), but he had started work on a piano! A classical pianist in the camp had wanted to keep in practice and so had asked my father to draw up a piano on a table. Having accomplished that, work was started on an upright piano with a packing case for a soundboard. After several months and with two keys and strings operational, the camp was moved. My Dad bribed a guard with Red Cross cigarettes to tie the piano under one of the trucks. En route to the next hellhole, the piano fell off.

The one-string violin disappeared as well. POWs improvising violin-like instruments into existence in abject circumstances is a remarkably frequent shared practice in both twentieth century world wars.

14. Polystyrene Violin, Sydney, 1980
A variation on the violin with plate resonator, the polystyrene turned out to be a huge resonator of sound—not at all refined but bone-jarringly effective. The frequency depth of polystyrene meant that bass guitar strings could be used. It was extraordinary

that such a small instrument could work so easily two octaves below middle C. The aesthetics of polystyrene put this *Relative Violin* in the extreme end of the left field of folk 'bricolage' tradition—not a pretty sight but most effective.

status: lost, probably put in the trash, Sydney, 1985.
sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_polystyrene_violin.html (Figure 6)

15. Seven-String Viola with Plectrum Wheel, Botany Bay, 1982
Used in a number of performances around Sydney, from the painting-dance-music events with '3 in 1' at The Gallery of NSW to this one at Taylor Square involving an assistant(?) whirling a speaker around his head. The wheel mechanism plucks the extension long string.

http://www.jonroseweb.com/a_jonrose_violin_video.html
(second video from the bottom)

Status: lost in Slovakia.

16. The Whipolin, Amsterdam, 1997
After surviving having its crank handle ripped out of its socket by a particularly enthusiastic percussionist, Jon Rose was looking forward to years of experimentation with this giant-sized hurdy gurdy. The instrument had a variety of applications due to its extensive collection of wheels (used for 'exciting' the strings). Each wheel functioned with different brushes, spikes, sandpapers, and other abrasive materials applied directly to the playing string. It can be heard on a number of tracks on the CD *Hyperstring* ReR (recorded 1997).
current status: stolen by that French theatre couple *Cirque Electrique* in Paris, *c*2003–5
Sound and image at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_hyperstring.html

17. Windmill Violin, Fremantle, 1983
Positioned over a quiet side street, this rather spooky surveillance-looking instrument in fact had a very simple action. The wind turned the sails of the windmill, and plectrums attached to the arms of the sails plucked the strings at regular and high-speed rhythms. It didn't survive the first major storm.

Status: disappeared, photo documentation only.
Sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_wndmll_violin.html (Figure 7)

18. Half-Bicycle Violin Combo, Fremantle, 1983
Supplied with a playing mechanism which looked very much like an old French moped, with the engine (violin placed upside down with a specially concave-cut bridge) resting on top of the front wheel. The wheel-driven violin provided the drone and noise, while another violin positioned above was played in traditional cello style. The lunchtime performance at Praxis, Fremantle was stopped by angry

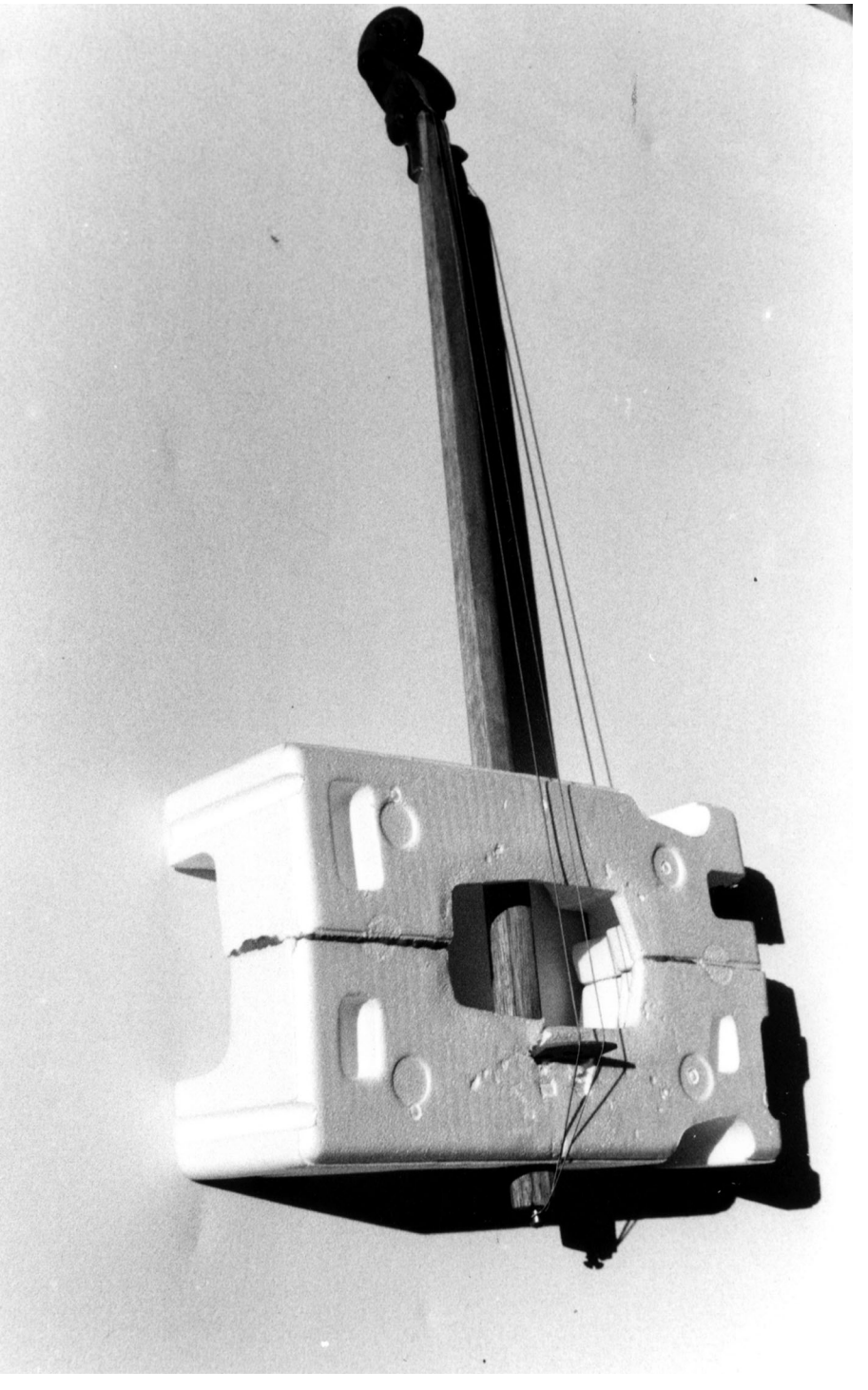

Figure 6 The Polystyrene Violin (Jon Rose 1980).

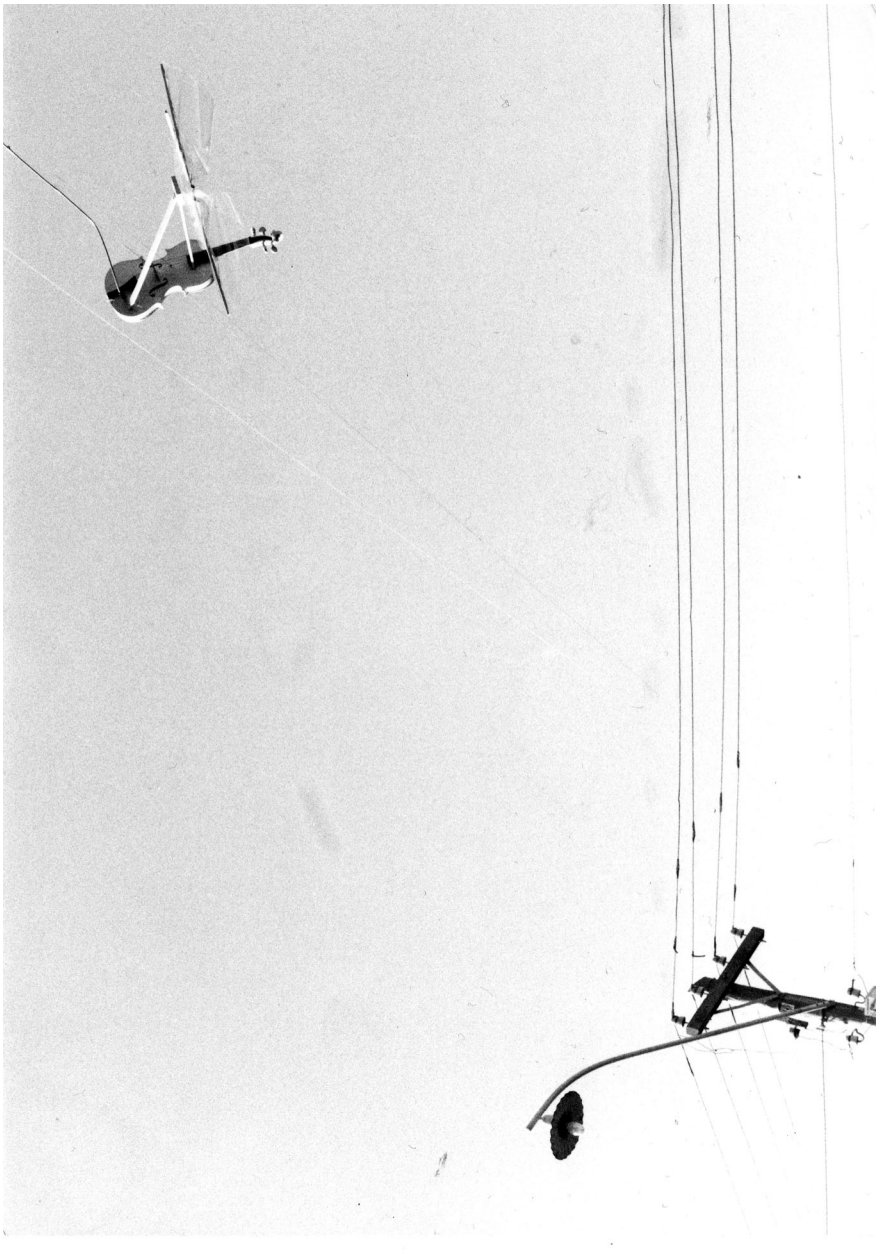

Figure 7 The Windmill Violin (Jon Rose 1983).

office workers from an adjacent building—interfering with a lunch break can be provocative work … but not as troublesome as trying to play the violin in front of the Sydney Opera House. It is illegal to play music at the Opera House; ask the security guard who apprehended me and appears in this video.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tf9JukT1iMY

The world would have to wait until 2004 for the Viocycle to take to the Sydney Velodrome at speed, not that anybody was waiting.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o9nXXnwR4i8

Status: disassembled and the violins re-used in other projects
Sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_double_mobile.html

19. Triple Hummer, Sydney 1982

Finally, an ecological use for all that old quarter-inch audio tape. Originally inspired by the buzzing noise attachments to Chinese kites, the Rosenberg Hummer looked like a crossbow and was designed initially to be clipped on to the side of moving automobiles. The other hummer use was an installation left attached to one of the river navigation markers, one of two huge port and starboard posts, in the centre of the Hawkesbury River. This hummer was positioned so it could catch the variable southerlies and westerlies common on the kilometer-wide river estuary.

Status: photo documentation only
Sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_humming_bow.html

20. Pedalboard, Amsterdam, 1987

There have always been freaks in the history of music, or those who carry out the practice of music in a way considered inappropriate. One such hero was Nicolaus Bruhns (1665–1697), who became known for his improvisations on violin while playing an accompanying bass part on the pedal board of a church organ. This pedalboard was equipped with two strings (as opposed wind pipes) and amplified to create a foot-controlled counterpoint for violin.

Status: photo documentation only
Sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_2_string_pedal.html

21. The Rosenberg Reconstructed Double Bass, Paris, 2002

The bass was covered with 1000 signatures of the good citizens of Saint Ouen, Paris. The back plate presented a door to the interior 'toilette' of bassist Jöelle Léandre—featuring, as it did, a shower, make up facilities, and a small wardrobe of costume changes. The bass was originally 'part exchanged' for concert fees in East Germany in 1988, narrowly escaping arrest as contraband at Friedrich Strasse control (The Palace of Tears); its cover was used by Sascha Waltz in a duo with Jon Rose on an 'art barge' as part of

The European Capital of Culture, Antwerp, 1993; its final appearance was in the Rosenberg Museum, Paris, 2002. Such a history cannot be invented. Apparently, the first thing the wretched French couple did after they 'disappeared' the double bass, was paint over all the signatures. Saint Ouen is a poor part of Paris, the people who live there are probably used to being 'disappeared' metaphorically on a regular basis.

Status: stolen by that French theatre couple 'Cirque Electrique' in Paris, *c*2003–5
Sound at: http://www.jonroseweb.com/g_rosenberg_reconstructed_bass.html (Figure 8)

22. String Frame, Sydney, 1978
An experimental structure for testing all kinds and qualities of strings and resonators.

Status: neglect, entropy, loss - photo documentation only. Five foot pedals were later added, which controlled string tension/pitch.
Sound and pictures: http://www.jonroseweb.com/d_picts_stringframe.html

23. Ring Modulator Violin (GDR violin), Berlin, 1988
To my knowledge, the notorious Stasi of the former GDR never tried putting a camera inside a violin; indeed, I doubt whether such a spying device would have yielded any useful results. But if they had had an interest in experimental music, this, I would like to think, would have been one of their propositions.

Status: available for viewing at the museum.
Sound: needs batteries but probably still functions just fine.

24. Vegetable Box Violin, Berlin, 1998
Once Slovakia and The Czech Republic became the centre of Rosenbergian activity in Europe, a number of new items began to appear at the doors of the Museum in the town of Violin (Slovakia). Exhibitions took place in Nove Zamky, Brno, and Prague and featured many violin constructions and bricolage previously unknown to the violin connoisseur. Juraj Hamar bought the box, ate the vegetables, and transformed the leftovers into a violin. Thank you, Yuri.

Status: The museum still has it!

25. Dental Bach Performance, Paris, 2002
The late Ben Paterson performed his *Dental Bach* composition with Hollis Taylor on violin at the Rosenberg Museum exhibition at Mains d'Oeuvres, Saint-Ouen, Paris, January 2002.

Status: photo only. (Figure 9)

Figure 8 The Rosenberg Reconstructed Double Bass (Jon Rose 2002).

Figure 9 Hollis Taylor and the late Fluxus artist Ben Paterson perform Dental Bach, the Rosenberg Museum, Mains d'Oeuvres, Paris (photographer unknown 2002).

26. Shopping Angels, Saarbrücken Shopping Centre, 1995
The 'Shopping' project was directly inspired by Rosenberg's observation that after the decline of capitalism and communism would come The Age of Shopping. The first book, *Pink Violin*, predicted this state of affairs, and the bible-like *Violin Music in The Age of Shopping* supplied the proof of the moral indictment.

Status: photo only.
Sound: recording available through Saarländische Rundfunk. (Figure 10)

27. Tomy Toy Violin, KDW, Berlin, 1992
An example of *Violin Music in the Age of Shopping* from the massed collection of violin kitsch.

Status: violin along with many similar still in the museum collection. (Figure 11)

28. Drawing of Robot Violinist, Amsterdam, 1994
The Age of Shopping required new power playing postures for the consumer violinist: this drawing is by aikido expert David Misumi. In the beginning, the violin (like many other string instruments) was cradled in the arm, a comfortable and user-friendly position. Then someone came up with the bright idea to place the violin under the chin; the musician would now be able to play higher, faster, louder. Thus hundreds of years of contortionist bone and posture twisting were guaranteed.

Figure 10 The Shopping Angels, Saarbrücken (Stephan Dutt 2002).

Figure 11 Tomy Violin, Berlin (Konstanze Binder 1992).

Status: photo only, originally traced to the School of Postmodern Dance, Amsterdam. (Figure 12)

29. Violin Angels, Vatican City, 1990
The Catholic Church promotes new violin angel brands for The Age of Shopping. These particular non-flying angels were bought in shops around the Vatican and are purchased by the believers, although it is difficult to ascertain if they actually believe in flying supernatural creatures or not; mostly manufactured now in The Philippines.

Status: part of the Rosenberg Museum Religion Department.

30. Violin Tattoo, Tokyo, 1995

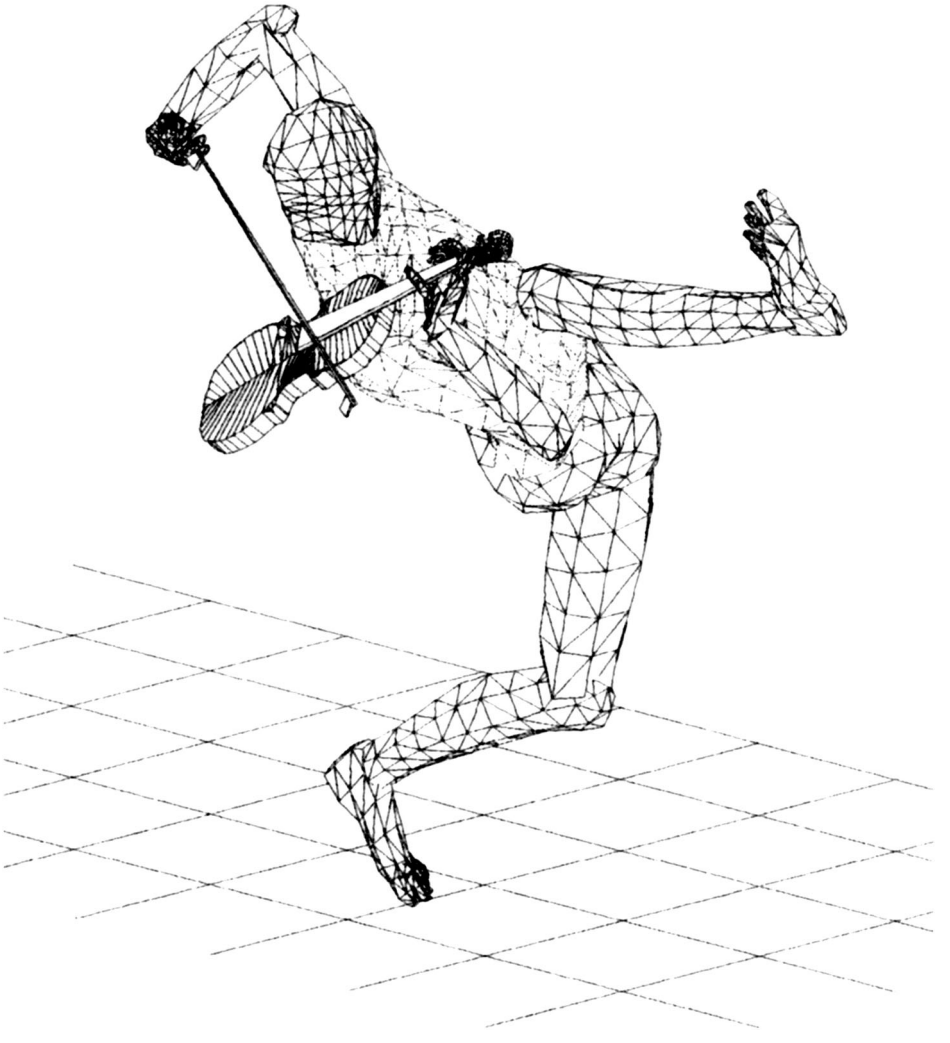

Figure 12 Drawing of Robot Contortionist Violinist, Amsterdam (Jon Rose 1994).

The culture of Tattoo originates from the Pacific Island peoples, so it remains a conundrum as to why the practice of violin tattooing should have taken hold in Japan with such a passion. Along with various sexual fetishisms promoted by the many artists of Manga fame, the violin is commonly spotted among young men and women in the age group 30–40 years old.

Status: ubiquitous (Figure 13)

31. Violin with Barbed Wire Strings, Berlin, 1998

This sculpture was submitted by Slovak artist Juraj Meliš; it is unclear if the violin is a response to the fence music of Jon Rose, or the music of the barbed wire fence is a

Figure 13 Violin Tattoo (Rainer Linz 1995).

response to this violin. Juraj Meliš was also responsible for carving the awesome Rosenberg Museum Foundation Stone, first seen in 1999 in the football club of Violin. The museum now hosts a replica of this stone in plastic.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uUARc6ufZAk

Status: barbed wire is on sale at all good hardware stores.

32. The Ten Clock Violins, Berlin, 1988
There used to be a store on Oranienstraße, Kreuzberg (Berlin) that specialised in the East–West import of cheap domestic appliances. To his amazement, one day the author saw a clock violin in the window; then a few months later, another of a completely new design. Much to the shopkeeper's complaints ('a good citizen only needs one clock, not twelve!'), the entire box was purchased. Close examination reveals that these clocks had an optional space designed for a transistor radio clock—never utilised. Original colour: brown; modified colour: pink; material: plastic; functionality: not much.

Status: still available for inspection at the museum. (Figure 14)

33. Cockatoo Eats Violin, Blue Mountains, Australia, 2014
Why do cockatoos find violins so attractive to eat? Although vegetarian and armed with the loudest vocal broadband white noise of any bird, these Australian parrots cannot

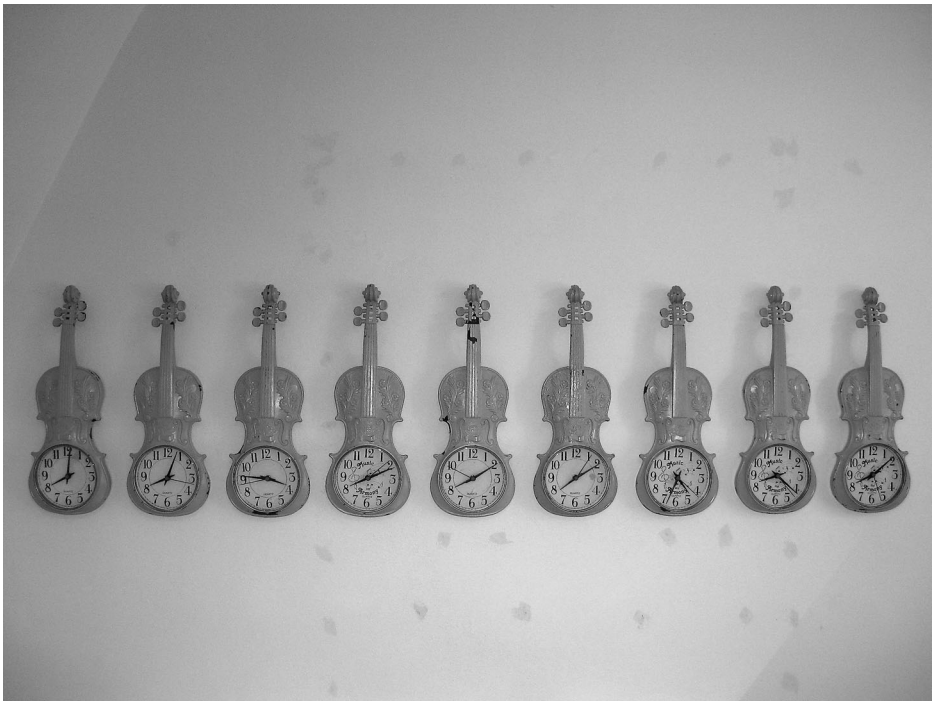

Figure 14 Ten Clock Violins, made in China, Berlin (Konstanze Binder 1988).

Figure 15 Cockatoo Eats Violin, Blue Mountains (Jon Rose 2014).

resist a raw violin. Dogs, too, will contentedly gnaw away on a violin all day (see *Rosenberg 3.0—not violin music,* chapter: 'The Islamic Violin').

Status: fifteen cockatoos available for hire in the Sydney area; house demolition, general yard maintenance; will help solve neighbourly territorial disputes, etc. (Figure 15)

34. Kami Kase Violin, Rotterdam, 1999
As followers of the late Dr. Johannes Rosenberg will know, the world famous violinist joined the Japanese Imperial Air Force in 1942 and survived the war as a failed Kami Kase pilot. This replica of his flying machine was first uncovered at a lecture on Sonic Resonance given by Dr. Rainer Linz at the opening of The RM exhibition in Rotterdam.

Status: Amazingly still owned by the museum and on display in this current exhibition. While gazing at the heavens, and pondering the unanswerable questions, be careful where you walk .... (Figure 16)

35. From the RM collection of Kitsch
A selection of 2D and 3D objects featuring the violin as central image in an extensive collection of violin kitsch includes such hideous gems as watches, clocks, ties, necklaces, plastic violin toys, dolls, cigarette lighters, postcards, playing cards, Christmas cards, religious iconography, flashing key rings, angels, devils, cartoon characters, novelty items, doormat, candle holders, glasses, cups, schnapps bottles, postage stamps, CD holder, CD covers, opium containers, gambling casino violin case, a violin tool case, coal boxes, perfume box, violins with fluffy animals, etc.

Status: see now before entropy takes its course.

36. The Payawipaya Ceremonial Violin, Berlin, 1998
Ethnomusicologists would foam at the mouth if they could just glimpse this wonder from Papua New Guinea. This story of endeavour and exploration in the jungles of South East Asia excites the mind that peers into the unknown. Read the full story and hear the sounds of the double violin here:
http://www.jonroseweb.com/g_rosenberg_double_violin.html

Status: owned (stolen?) by The Rosenberg Museum.

37. The Abela Violin (remains), Rotterdam, 1999
Lucas Abela is renowned for his performances of screaming into amplified glass at high levels of feedback. Not many people realise that before his current career choice, Lucas was in fact a promising violin player and graduate of The Yehudi Menuhin School. At the Rotterdam edition of RM, Lucas performed a violin solo which reduced the physical structure of the violin to a pile of barely recognisable splinters in the space of 12 s—one of the shortest violin solo compositions in the classical canon.

Figure 16 Kami Kase Violin, Berlin (Marie Mart Royackers 2015).

Status: owned by the Rosenberg Museum and available for viewing.

38. A Selection of Violin Bows, Rotterdam, 1999
The bag features various constructed and transformed violin bows, including the very useful notched 'dagger', the 'serrated tendency', and a large convex bow, now finally being manufactured and utilised in new music (particularly Cage-type pieces on the cello) all over the world. The teacher of Jon Rose, Anthony Saltmarsh, championed the use of the Knud Vestergaard Vega bow, a convex bow (inspired by Albert Schweitzer and seriously 'tropical' musicology) to regularly perform the unaccompanied Bach *Sonatas and Partitas for Solo Violin* (arpeggiated chords being replaced by full four-part chords sounded simultaneously).

Status: Lost after the Museum's holdings were exhibited in Brno; probably firewood.

39. The Saint Sebastien Violin, Paris, 2002
This series of violins with rods and holes connecting front and rear plates of the instrument was inspired by the saint who was used for target practice with bow and arrows. Bowing these thin wooden batons or rods produced a fine and very controllable variety of tones, not dissimilar to the sound of a clarinet. The late guitarist and *wunder* luthier Hans Reichel went on to develop this technique into a whole orchestra of extraordinary sounding

'Daxophones'—a unique achievement unparalleled in contemporary music.

Status: currently in very bad repair in the Museum's department of restoration; it has clearly been vandalised. Many more holes than one would think necessary.

40. The Liechtenstein Virgins, Vienna, 1990
Full story can be read in *The Pink Violin* (pg. 178). Although this pagan fertility cult originated in Australia, it seems that there are now branches appearing in parts of Europe. As the late Christopher Hitchens has pointed out, 'Even if God is or was a violin, how could he expect to reveal himself by way of such an unmusical person who in turn could not possibly hope to pass on the unaltered truths of the sonic universe?' The correlation between times of economic uncertainty, sexual dysfunction, and the decline of the values of the Enlightenment are markers of an age where any superstition can power small and dangerous groups of fanatical followers. The pursuit of sexual pleasure and the physical pain rendered by violin playing remain inexorably linked through cultural practice. Appearing traditionally in groups of four (apocalypse style?), the group currently housed in the museum was found half-buried in the catacombs of Vienna, Austria by the late Canadian artist Robert Adrian.

Status: these artefacts were vandalised at the 1998 RM exhibition; they are consequently missing their violin bows. (Figure 17)

41. The Radio Violin, Cologne, 1990
This violin was donated to the museum by WDR (the main radio station based in Cologne) in the days when there were budgets to support such multi-lingual radiophonic escapades as *Rosenberg—a Reconstruction* and indeed mass-produce violins with radios internally installed. This production was the first of a trilogy that included *Brain Weather* and *Play it again, Doc*, both made for the ABC in Australia.
http://www.jonroseweb.com/h_radio_rosenberg.html

Status: sadly, this rare violin finds little worth listening to on the radio. However, at the violin coffin named Violin Radio is a selection of radiophonic works all based around the violin.

42. *Fleisch* CD cover, SL005, Saucerlike recordings, Melbourne
The avalanche of violin imagery launched by Man Ray with his *Violon d'ingres* continues to this day unabated by time, fashion, commerce, or feminist theory. A series of photos taken by artist Paul Shroder was contributed to the Museum.

Status: CD package also contained a rare scent; theoretically, this CD is still commercially available.

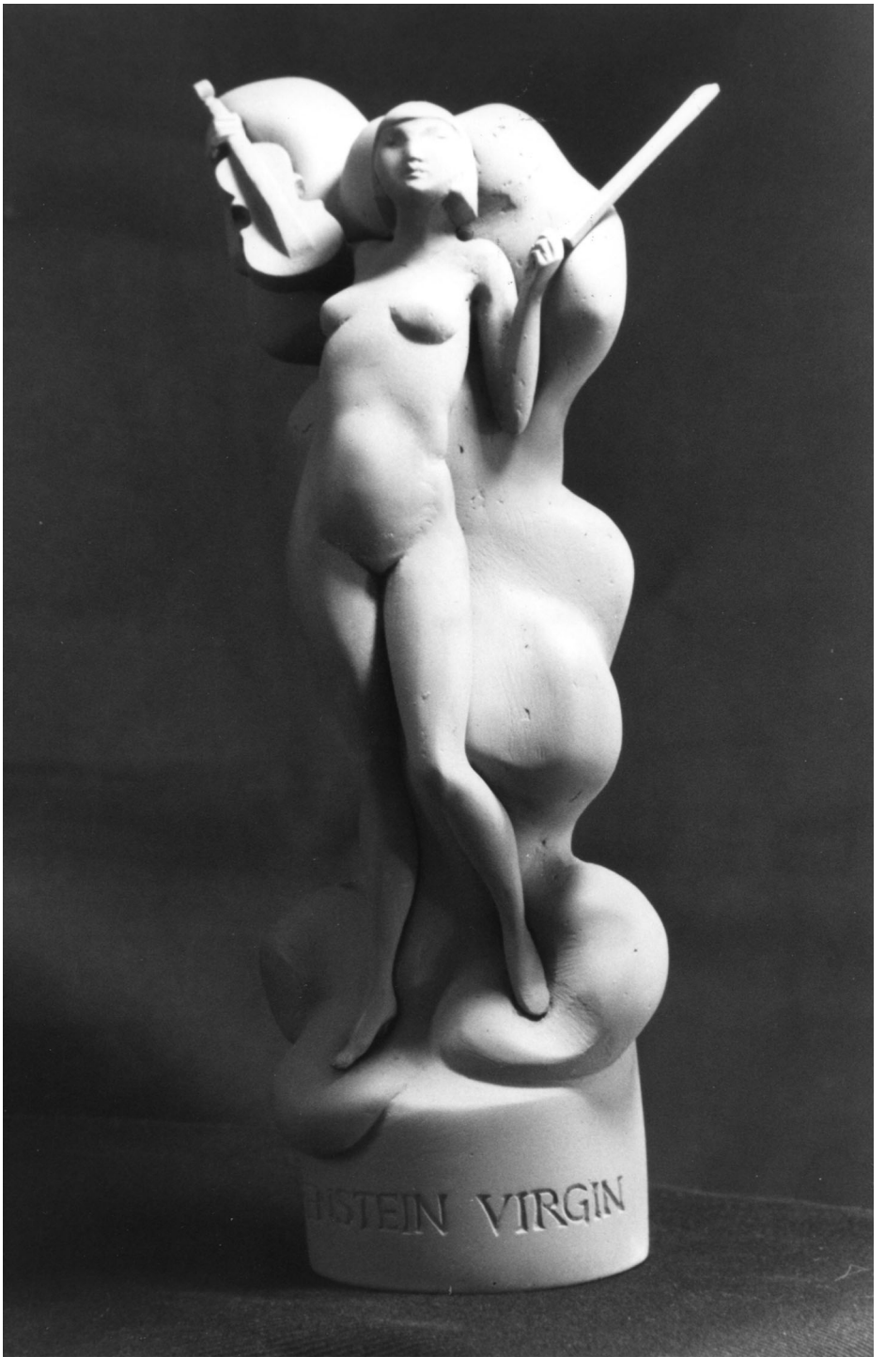

Figure 17 The Liechtenstein Virgins, Vienna (Robert Adrian 1990).

43. Extremely Crushed Metal Violin, Berlin 1989
Found in a Viennese flea market, artist Christian Marclay couldn't find a suitable use in his own output for this thoroughly mangled tin violin, so he donated it to the Rosenberg Museum. One may at this juncture introduce the *wordless functional analysis* of Hans Keller to sweeten the discourse. His method of analysis was designed to be presented in musical sound alone, without any words being heard or read, and without analytic superimposition of any kind. Thus, in the case of the Marclay violin, rust would be the significant medium of criticism. So, *ipso facto*, the analytical interludes of the original time–space continuum (flea market) must demonstrate in a metallic sensibility the links between the work's content, rendering audible to the listener the formal hidden and unnoticed 'latent unity' or 'rustiness' underlying the 'manifest structural contrasts'. Or to dislocate the argument entirely: Music about music is immeasurably more objective than words about music.

Status: remains in the perfect time–space continuum in which it was lost and found.

44. The Railway Station at the town of Violin Slovakia, 1999
The story of how a suitable home was found for the Rosenberg Museum is now widely accepted by musicologists, although still sceptically viewed by cultural critics who have never been there. Located in a Slovakian enclave within a Hungarian enclave in darkest Slovakia by Dr Jozef Cseres and New York minimalist composer Phil Niblock, it seemed that the museum had finally come home. A short account of its existence reads thus: the town of Violin was owned by a Count Violini, who lost it in a card game at the beginning of the twentieth century. Owing to the debt, the town was consequently held by The Bank of Slovakia for several decades, until being flooded by the Danube in the 1950s. After this unfortunate set of disasters, the Mayor of Violin gave Jozef Cseres (director of RM) the football club to be the Museum's permanent home, and the rest (turned out not to be) history, as local residents took a dislike to both director and his museum, threatening Jozef with his life unless he and his violins took leave. Hence, the museum activities were curtailed to once in a decade celebrations. The inaugural football match between residents and the museum was abandoned at 0–0 owing to the grass being over one metre in height.

Status: the railway station is now designated dysfunctional by the authorities, as trains no longer attend to the town of Violin's requirements or desires. Local farmers still drive by on their tractors yelling at any who will listen that violin does not mean violin in Slovakian; *husle* is the Slovakian for violin, not violin. The waiting room is inhabited by a multitude of flies—many dead, many waiting to die. This poetic discovery was made at the time of the 10th anniversary of the Rosenberg Museum in Violin.

http://www.jonroseweb.com/g_rosenberg_museum_2009.html

Footage exists from the 1999 Violin festival with the late Fluxus artist Ben Patterson sawing up violin cases, placing contents in a blender, and making marmalade; a violin

quartet performing at the railway station of Violin; a train arriving at the station; a concert with violins and flies taking place in the waiting room at Violin; a local alcoholic confronting a violinist; and a farmer shouting at violinists to go away.

45. Rosenberg's GDR Passport, Berlin, 1989
One of the rare and precious things, spread out in enlarged format along with various artefacts of the maestro's musical life in East Berlin—awards, GEMA performing rights forms, photos of performances in support of the Berlin Wall, a police stamp, special Stasis accreditation, sweeping panoramic views of an atmospheric Potsdamer Platz without any of those hurriedly erected new buildings, etc.

Status: lost and found.

46. The Director's Mother's Garden Violin, Nove Zamy, 2014
In the course of time, due to my older son Jozef who is a professional in the field of contemporary arts, I was confronted with many bizarre things and situations. Though I am accustomed what everything can be considered for the art, my son still surprises me. But one of his surprises was exceptional, i.e. quite pleasant—the collection of violins he was accumulating last 10 years in the apartment I am living in. He turned one of its two rooms into a stock house packed with so called works of arts—various sculptures, violins, paintings, books and unidentified objects. Some of them I really like (that is the mentioned surprise) but most of them I simply don't understand. They seem to me as old shlocks so I would like to throw them out with big pleasure.

As a pensioner I have plenty of time, I like to read, so I would like to read some of the books from the strange collection but these are published in English that I don't speak. Many times I just angry because I cannot clean up the room; here and there it is packed till ceiling so I cannot reach the dusty places on the top to clean them. The biggest problem is a dust; shlocks attract a dust. Other day my son announced me a joyful news—towards the end of this year he will empty the room forever. No more violins, no more shlocks! Finally I can redecorate.

Melánia Cseresová
Mother of the Rosenberg Museum curator
(*Rosenberg 3.0—not violin music*, My Life with strange violins, pg 0)

Status: visitation to Melánia's garden by appointment only. (Figure 18)

47. Dr Rosenberg's PC, *c*1959, Berlin, 1992
Following on from Alan Turing's hypothesis and research, Rosenberg might well have been the first musician to carry a portable computer on his concert tours. Although this two-bit machine arguably lacked any capacity to compute anything at all and had no possibility whatsoever of storing any consequent data, it looked kind of functional and very much 'of the time' to the casual observer and those of an experimental bent who just want things to have turned out differently. Read

Figure 18 The Garden of Melánia Cseresová, Nove Zamky (Jozef Cseres 2014).

Figure 19 Dr Rosenberg's PC (Konstanze Binder 1992).

'Stoneberg' (chapter 1) in *Rosenberg 3.0* for a dysfunctional future of computers in which a stone computer performs just one action once before crumbling under the weight of gravity.

Status: vanished after suffering the data loss that supported its existence. (Figure 19)

48. Violin Suicide, Amsterdam, 1995

Some places make you feel like doing this. A quote from *The Pink Violin* (pg. 205) seems appropriate at this moment: 'We are creating a monophonic culture which addresses itself in grey and monotonous tones. Nothing is left to chance, talent is unrequired, the territory of experiences is controlled, reduced, and cheaply sold. But for those who would deal with fate, there are still the boundaries of desire where the logic of meaning evaporates'.

Status: moved onto a better place in another reality.

49. The Islamic Violin, Paris, 2002

This composition (also known as Violin Bomb or Violin Singularity) was first performed in Paris at Mains D'Oeuvres on February 8th, 2002 by Ibrahim Qurashi, Waleed, and Veronique Ruggia. The Violin Bomb was designed and built by Jon Rose and Waleed. Remnants and artefacts from this event used to be held at the Rosenberg Museum in the town of Violin, Slovakia. A video of the first Violin Bomb Test (1/2/2002) can be experienced here:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R84TdK1oK6U

Indeed, genetics must be something to do with the whole violin conundrum. On Jon Rose's mother's side, he is partly Afghan; her family name was Khan, which could have meant doing hours of practice on the Saranda instead of Satan's instrument itself. People often used to ask him if he was Jewish. Plays the violin? Must be Jewish, goes the rocket science. So, he is in the minority then or at least on the opposing team. The story of The Islamic Violin, like most great stories, is based on a true one featuring a street violinist with a foreign look and name who stored his violin in a bus station left luggage cubicle in Hamilton, Canada. An official of the bus company became suspicious of the violin case and alerted the police, who with due care and subtlety, took it out onto the street and blew it up! 'Due to the current world situation', explained the police as they handed a few bits of wood and string back to the devastated musician. The score of the composition has the following note:

The inability of Muslims to recognise a violin manifests itself through the entire Lebanese restaurant industry in Australia. During and after the Lebanese civil war of the 1950s, the 1960s, 1970s, and 1980s, many families from both Christian and Muslim communities in Lebanon emigrated to Australia. A tradition quickly grew whereby Christian Lebanese restaurants would always display the sign of the violin outside their premises (some of these are quite remarkable art pieces of neon, post-digestive, calligraphic Arabic deco). Research has shown that many Muslim Lebanese literally *do not see* the violin, thinking that it may be some kind of

indigenous pig or plant life or, worse, a Christian plot conceived by the CIA (who run a number of military bases in Australia). One could think that the Muslim restaurants would be running a counter campaign of non-recognition, posting any number of Islamic bowed instruments in retaliation to this provocation (one considers here the Afghani *rebab* or *dilruba* as suitable images to represent all that is fine in Muslim culture), but one would be mistaken. Muslims do not stoop to such low immoral subterfuge, relying instead on the final statement of account that must be paid at that restaurant in the sky.

Status: blown up; remains are to be seen in the museum. The explosion caused the violin to be distributed in quite formal concentric circles over an area of ten metres diameter. Stunningly beautiful. So beautiful, in fact, that the cleaner of the building (Mains d'Oeuvres was an old trade union premises in Saint-Ouen, Paris) swept the thousands of violin pieces up and threw them in the trash before anyone had thought of photographing the artwork. It was the only day in the year that the cleaner had ever been seen. (Figure 20)

50. The Rosenberg Museum Advertising Collection

A selection of 2D artefacts, featuring the violin as promotional device in magazines, newspapers, mail catalogues, and online portals: the use of the violin as iconic sophistication in advertising for banks, insurance, politics, luxury items such as Swiss watches, expensive swimming pools, housing, holidays, food, wine, clothes, cigarettes, hard and soft core

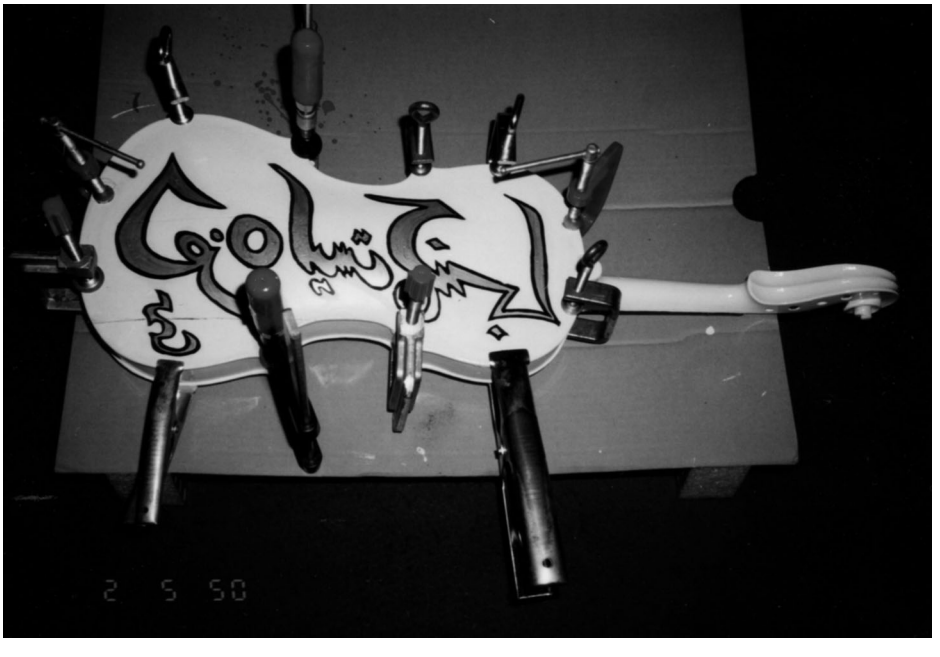

Figure 20 The Islamic Violin (Ibrahim Qurashi 2002).

pornography, and even … music! Everything imaginable is included, from a stunning King Kong lookalike pushing insurance and heaps of violin ads pushing cigarettes, to Linda Brava, a former violinist in the Helsinki Philharmonic, pushing her soft porn star career in the 'Sex and Music' issue of Playboy in April 1998.

Status: hundreds of items are available in the archives. (Figure 21)

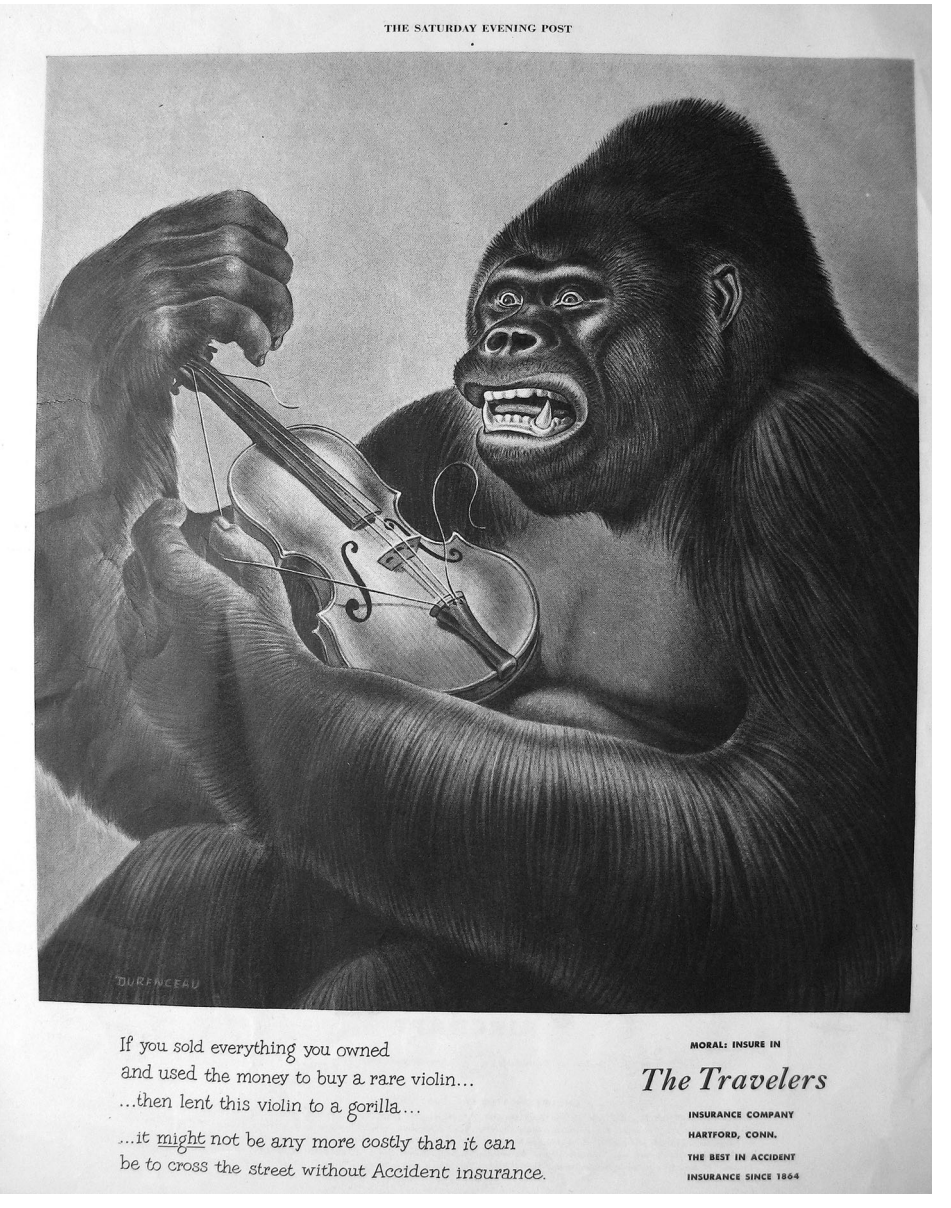

Figure 21 The Travelers Insurance Advert (King Kong) (Jozef Cseres 1999).

51. The Rosenberg Museum Political Collection
Mussolini, Goebbels, Nixon, Karadzic, and several obscure Australian politicians (e.g. Nick Greiner) have accompanied the violin on their rise to power. War, as Carl von Clausewitz suggested, is the continuation of politics by other means, and so the violin also features with the victims in the various concentration and POW camps of World War II. Notable in the collection is 'This violin saved lives in Changi', an article on Sir Edward 'Weary' Dunlop, *The Age,* 2 September 1988.

As exposed by Paul Greene in 'The Conventional Critical Solution Passed Over' (*The Pink Violin,* pg. 80), Saddam Hussein became a homicidal maniac not because of any sexual dysfunction but because he couldn't cut it as a violinist. Contrary to public belief, Nero never played the violin, as they were not invented until the sixteenth century.

Our example here is the pathological and paranoid President Richard Nixon, featured on the front of *Time Magazine*, November 1970.

Status: it's all there in the archives at the reading table.

52. Ammunition Box Violin
A stunning ammunition box fitted with a carved violin belly and fingerboard is on loan to the Museum by Sydney luthier Antoine Lespets. He found it at a flea market in Belgium. The inscription gives us the following limited information: BANNERTREU (could be the name of the manufacturer of ammo box, but Banner Treu is also the name of the manufacturer of German patriot post cards), Raimbault. Karl (name of luthier), Passchendaele 1915 (name of battle). That Karl Raimbault was a highly skilled luthier appears beyond doubt as the moulding of the f-hole is beautifully carved. What happened to this poor man is not clear— blown to bits, disabled, or somehow a survivor.

Status: enjoy it now at the museum before the artefact is returned to Antoine Lespets.

53. *Yia Nuka* (My Story)
This is a violin painted by Kathleen Buzzacott, of Pitjantjatjara and English descent. Born in Alice Springs, she spent the first years of her childhood in Queensland, returning to Hermannsburg, Central Australia to live with her mother; Kathleen still lives and works in The Alice:

> When Jon gave me this old violin to paint, he told me it was once broken and then put back together again. As I began to paint, my story came out. I thought of my grandmother, my white grandmother. As very young children my brother, sister and I grew up with my father, and our white side of the family.

> My grandmother once said, 'You have long fingers; you should learn the violin'. I never did though. My story represents me with me white grandmother, who is now 95 years old. She and I are very close; we talk regularly. The black lizard (perenti) is bush tucker that my youngest son loves to catch and eat.
>
> The painted violin also shows me, my brother and sister, our mother and stepfather, going out hunting. The story on the back tells of camping under starry skies with my cousins out bush. I returned with my siblings to the red desert sands of Central Australia where my heart belonged when I was 10 years old.
>
> My white grandmother said, 'It is good for you to be back with your people, love'. 'But I thought *you* are my people', said I. It was wise to send us back. We learnt many things living in a remote aboriginal community. Out lives changed. We found out who we were. We were happy.

Status: on show in the Museum and looking magnificent.

54. The Musical Coffin

In the violin business, the traditional black wooden violin cases are known as 'coffin cases', and, indeed, once a violin is considered flesh, no more imagination is required. The newer and more fashionable cases just don't have that factor somehow—too clean, no smell, no small fury animals setting up home. In planning The Museum Goes Live, the word went out 'Let there be coffin cases'. No response, as very few people keep them; they have gone the same way as distressed upright pianos of a certain age. Luckily, luthier Antoine Lespets found a source and the museum's original collection of coffins has been replenished. There are two smell violins: one sniffing of Baroque violin, the other reeking of Doom Metal violin.

And following earlier attempts at violin case speaker technology, we have a functioning coffin speaker of refined fidelity and imbued with some frequency responses that shake the living dead.

Playback Relative Violins: inappropriate use of a violin 'coffin' case as an amplifier in conjunction with a piezzo cone driver. Heard are a collection of cut-up extracts featuring the following violins: Ten-String Double Violin (1982), Five-String Scordatura (1993), the Twelve-String Clusterfuck (2012), Sixteen-String Long Neck (1981), Violin and Revox Tape Loop (1977), Windmill Violin (1983), Interactive Bow Playing an Amplified Bow (1987), Agony and Ecstasy Automatic Violin Quartet (1989), Megaphone Violin (1980), Whipolin (1995), Bird Tenor 'Hardanger' Violin with four sympathetic strings in addition to the four octave lower strings tuned scordatura (2004), Regular Plain Vanilla Violin (Vatiliotis 1985), the Nineteen-String Cello, and Eight-String Double-Neck Aeolian Violin (1981).

And talking of the dead, the museum has invested in a real, full size coffin, thanks to a bargain offer from Joseph Medcalf Funeral Director in central Sydney. Freshly painted gloss black and fitted out with silver handles and an internal amplified string, this coffin is ready and waiting to be performed.

Status: ominously present in the museum; it will be activated by Tess de Quincey in performances on 2–5 November 2016.

55. The Don Mori Revolving Double Speaker

Powered by a washing machine motor and still functioning after 32 years and travel between hemispheres, this unique piece of technology will be used with the abandoned organ in *Music in a time of Dysfunction parts 1 and 2*, at the Museum on 27th October–5th November 2016.

Built by a Sydney-based electronics genius who also made 100-watt amps (with built-in graphic equalisation) the size of a veneer brick.

Status: to be heard and marvelled in the museum at performance time only.

56. Violin Factory

The story of the mass production of cheap student violins and boxloads of violin kitsch in China. The instruction manuals are a linguistic delight too. As our rulers continue to confuse themselves about what kind of colony and whose colony we should be—British, US, Chinese?—violin manufacturing in China shows us the current economic reality and possible future. A violin can be bought for $45 AUD; the package includes case, bow, rosin, strings, and postage, but no instruction manual on how to play it. In the words of Mao Zedong:

> The masses have a potentially inexhaustible enthusiasm for the violin. Those who can only follow the old tunes in a revolutionary period are utterly incapable of hearing this enthusiasm. They are deaf and all is silence ahead of them. Haven't we come across enough of these kinds of reactionary bureaucrats in music? Those who simply follow the status quo invariably underestimate the people's enthusiasm for the new functional violin music. Let something new appear and they always disapprove and rush to oppose it. Such people are always passively deaf, always fail to move forward at the critical moment and always have to be given a kick in the backside before they move a step. (Introductory note to 'This Township went co-operative in two years' (1955) from *The Socialist Upsurge in China's Countryside*, vol. 2.)

Further reading of China and the history of the violin factories available here: http://www.jonroseweb.com/e_vworld_violin_factory.html

> As the sheer scale of global environmental collapse becomes apparent, China's role in the solution or exacerbation of that process will be paramount – weighed in the balance is our species' survival or extinction. The ever-rising superpower and manufacturing workshop of the world is caught in a bind: while investing heavily in new methods of production, old habits must be cushioned against the rising tide of expectation … Recent figures show that China has transformed itself from a prime exporter to the world's largest importer and consumer of violins. In the People's Republic, we know for certain there are currently two million functional violin students and ten million piano students. These are the shock troops that will take over the unprofitable orchestras of Western culture, relieving the rank

and file string players of their income and careers. (Violin factory: bowing new paradigms of production, creating the future, crowdsourcing power from *Rosenberg 3.0 – not violin music*, Blurb, 2015)

But before we circum to inevitable gloom and doom, it is wise to consider the fissures of dysfunction that thread their way, not only through the West, but through the People's Republic as well. Jon Rose recollects:

> It was the second tour of China (1998) under the auspices of The Beijng Jazz Festival (promoted forlornly as a Beckett-like experience with the posters announcing 'Waiting for Jazz'), and we were all sent south to Shenzhen, the special industrial zone parked next to Hong Kong. I was to play a solo with interactive bow, violin, and electronics followed by a world music group from Sweden. On arriving at the vast cinema for my sound check, I was informed that the guy mixing the sound was situated in an adjacent building on the 5th floor and would I like to convey my requests to him? I enquired as to whether he could actually hear any sound from the cinema where I was to perform. No, my minder replied, he definitely cannot hear anything from the cinema, but he would control the PA from the next building no problem. I suggested there was a problem. Over the next few hours and intense negotiation an alternative mixer was brought to the stage so I could control my quite complicated sound setup. Finally, I got it all working and with 15 min to go before the start of the concert, suddenly from a side door, a small army of cleaning ladies arrived to clean the stage. With iron determination, they started to throw buckets of soapy water all over my equipment and attack everything in sight with their mops. I armed myself with my bows and went on the offensive. The minder stepped in and, to his credit, took my side in the short but decisive skirmish. Meanwhile about 2,000 punters packed the cinema and so, pausing for a large breath, I delivered the programmed solo interactive performance of about 40 min' duration. Not really a problem at all. Blank expressions; polite applause. In the interval I packed up as much of my gear as possible and then it was the turn of the world music guys. They were only through the first couple of numbers when the manager of the cinema marched onto the stage and announced in English: 'End of concert; now time for movie'. I have this enduring memory of two Swedes and two Indian tabla players with their mouths open as the lights went out and a screen descended from on high to the opening music of *Saving Private Ryan*.

Status: the massed production of violins shows no sign of slowing down, and you can listen to some of the results in the coffin case marked *Violin Factory*.

57. Obsolete Interactive Bow Technology

In 1983, Jon Rose and Martin Wesley-Smith recorded the album Tango (HOT 1009) using the violin and Fairlight CMI—a radical use of digital technology. In 1987 Rose introduced the interactive violin bow into the world. Since then, he has been exploring the possibilities of interactive electronics at STEIM, Amsterdam through a series of violin bow compositions, known under two generic titles as either The MIDI Bow or The Hyperstring Project.

Sometime after the last Ice Age, a hunter-gatherer returned to his cave and, instead of sharpening his arrows for the next day's sortie, picked up his bow and started to improvise on it, using his fingers, a stick, or a bone. Sometime later, in a stroke of genius, he started to use that weapon to excite the strings of a chordophone, a precursor to the *rebab, lira, ravanastron, er-hu, kalumbu, crwth, berimbau, bumbass, chikara,* viol and violin, to name but a few from the long list. Bows come in a plethora of shapes and sizes, from the colossal arched Vega bow invented through misguided Bach scholarship to the abrupt, serrated, and hairless stick used with the Korean *ajaeng* (zither). One thing, however, that bows with hair have in common is their stick-slip action. While the bow hair is sticking to the string, motion in one direction is followed by a quick snap back in the opposite direction upon release. This gives rise to the characteristic sawtooth waveform and consequent sound of the bowed string.

The bow is forever weaving a pattern, like a giant knitting needle noodling with imaginary wool, drawing transitory shapes, creating an abstract gestalt, not quite a synesthetic condition, but posing intangible relationships. The sign is written in the bow stick as well as by it. The bow drips with its own totemic language. Looking at classical violinists on Youtube with the sound turned down, it is possible to pick the composition being rendered (or murdered) as much by looking at the bow as by watching the left hand. The whirl of bow activity is a clear indication of sonic attack, duration, speed, timing, rigour, acoustic projection, and (in non-classical musics) pulse. Amplification can readily confuse that relationship—a volume pedal can transform or reverse that expected expression and function of the bow, the lightest toneless bow hair sound becoming as loud as a full-on *sforzando* down bow.

Can an improvising violinist now buy a commercially available interactive bow? Keith McMillen's K-bow looked like it would break out of the experimental ghetto and into the hands of any violinist who dared or cared. Altogether, there are seven streams of high-quality continuous controller information transmitted via Bluetooth to a computer. The bow is perfectly balanced and weighs no more than a regular bow. Max-based stand-alone software, written by Barry Threw, allows for signal processing, sampling, looping, and the immersive possibilities of surround sound, with clear visual monitoring.

And it still works, right?

No. Like much technology, it is already obsolete.

Surviving are two bows from three generations of interactive bow technology developed at the STEIM Institute in Amsterdam between 1985–1997. Initially using ultrasound, then bow pressure sensors, the final version also incorporated accelerometers, switches, and a 3D continuous controller foot pedal. Once Apple had switched its focus from making practical computers for innovators to becoming the world's largest corporation, there was no way that small scale inventors could keep upgrading software and hardware to the next operating system. The moral of the story is, don't upgrade your Apple computer if you have a functioning project. Let the project die a comfortable and peaceful death.

http://www.jonroseweb.com/e_vworld_hyperstring.html
https://www.jonroseweb.com/e_vworld_k-bow.html

Status: theoretically if you could find an old OS 9 Mac to plug in to … and you have time on your hands.

Sound: this technology was used on many commercially available albums. (Figure 22)

58. Corrugated Iron

The sonic qualities of the ubiquitous Corrugated Iron have long been underestimated. The quality is not quite what it used to be, because these days there is less iron and more alloy in the mix. But the result still makes for a wild collection of amplified buzzes, hums, and rattles when excited by a piezzo cone (or more recently in Dr Rosenberg's Wunderkammer 2018 by the regular strokes of a powered windscreen wiper).

Status: a single bass string was recently added to the Corrugated Violano. (Figure 23)

59. The Muted Violin

Some might say that standard violin mutes are more than adequate for reducing and modifying the sound of a violin. But let us propose something more radical—a violin buried

Figure 22 Jon Rose with MIDI Bow, Hyperstring Project, Amsterdam (Titia Royackers 1990).

Figure 23 Single-String Corrugated Violano and wiper (Silversalt 2018).

alive. Instructions: (1) place a funnel above the violin; (2) pour a bag of sand or small stones through the funnel; (3) when violin has been muted, keep going to make sure.

Status: awaiting operational moment

60. Sonata Stigmata

The violin is fitted with an internal tube for the distribution of blood in the case of a miraculous intervention. This exhibition takes place in a prescribed historic building, so there is some concern over the protection of its heritage concrete floors, hence the blood supply has been disconnected. This is what it looks like in operation—new music for a bleeding violin:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iFK31arUUyo

Status: restored with new improved background courtesy of the Vatican.

61. Paganini's Penis

Reconstructed and donated by the late Nancy Hall of Alice Springs.

Nicolo Paganini (1782–1840), arguably the most famous violinist of all time and responsible for popularising much of what is considered virtuosic technique, suffered from a permanent erection in the last years of his life. This painful condition is known as a *priapism* (from the Greek God Priapus who is often portrayed with an erection, he being responsible for high yielding fertility amongst the ancients). Paganini also suffered from syphilis, an enlarged testicle, tuberculosis, and possibly Marfan syndrome. He eventually died of internal haemorrhaging and, due to rumours of relations with the devil, it took 4 years before the Catholic church would allow his body to be buried in sacred ground; meanwhile, the stench emitted from his corpse required 3 coffins to confine the odours.

In 1988 Paganini's Last Testimony was produced for the ABC's Listening Room. Health warning: some people may find the material in this radiophonic work distressing.

http://www.jonroseweb.com/h_radio_paganini.html

Status: this radio relic of happier days at the ABC is available in a coffin case near the penis. The Penis itself is in fine fettle. (Figure 24)

62. The Stroh Violin

On the border between Thailand and Myanmar in a small and undistinguished hut, copies of the famous Stroh (now of high antique value) violin are manufactured in brass and aluminium. An invention inspired by early mechanical recording techniques and the inability of regular violins to be 'heard' by the huge recording horns then used to document the performances of violin virtuosos and other sonic entertainments. The louder and more directional Stroh instruments took on new roles for the violin, including street performances, dance bands, and the fledgling jazz combos of the

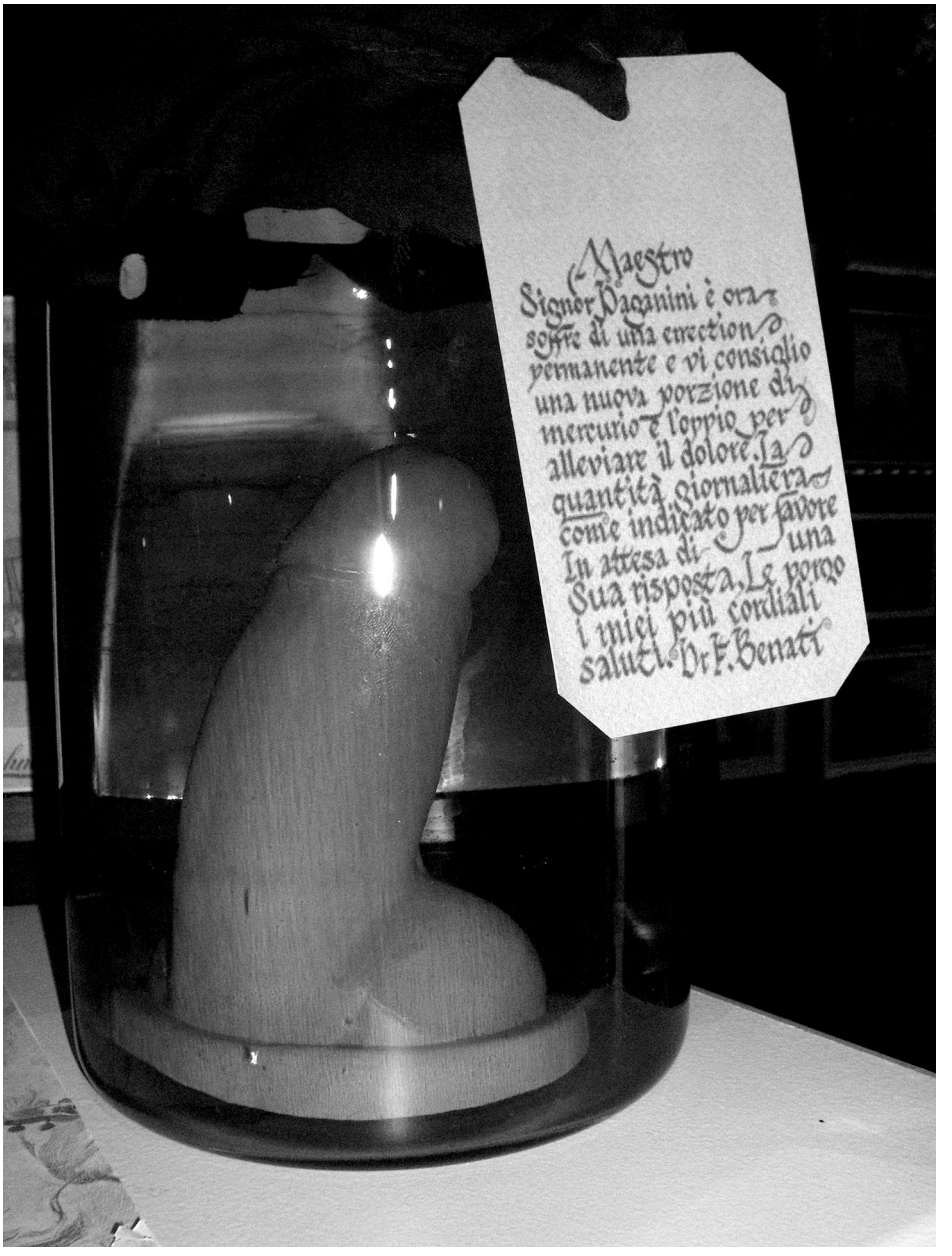

Figure 24 Paganini's Penis, a reconstruction, Nancy Hall (Nick Shimmin 2016).

early decades of the twentieth century. The major authority on Stroh instruments in Australia is Alison Rabinovici; her thesis *A History of Horned Strings: Organology and Early Sound Recording 1899–1945* (Melbourne University) is a thorough and engaging investigation into this history.

Status: playable after the addition of a shoulder rest.

63. The Tinolin
Bought in a Newcastle secondhand shop in 2005, its origins unknown, this instrument points to a culture of outback invention and a time when necessity was the mother of invention (when was the last time you heard that phrase used?) A Google search reveals that this musical instrument might be unique.

Status: extremely rusty

64. The Musical Saw
Prior to a European tour this 'Stradivarius' saw (manufactured in Sweden) was de-toothed, owing to the security controls brought into airports after 9/11. The precaution made no difference, as on checking it through the machine, an emergency alarm was set off and saw and saw owner were both hauled off to the side to explain. What are the chances that the head of security at Sydney Airport on that particular day and hour would have had an uncle in Pennsylvania who used to play the musical saw? But there he was, larger than life and armed with a wide smile: 'Gee, I know what that is. It's a musical saw'.

The musical or singing saw was very popular in the first half of the twentieth century; no less than Marlene Dietrich popularised it on film. These days, it is almost impossible to buy a decent sized saw with the necessary 'sweet spot' and S-bend flexibility, as power tools have taken over. The eight-piece SSO (Sydney Saw Orchestra) performed at the Melbourne Festival as part of Pannikin in 2006. Since then Ensemble Offspring became the proud owners of the other seven saws.

http://www.jonroseweb.com/pannikin/singing%20saws.mpg4

Status: not as rusty as the Tinolin (Figure 25)

65. Clusterfuck Viola
It's like this: life for a violinist would be so much easier if a violin were fitted with guitar machine heads rather than the traditional pegs. Especially if that violin was The Cluster Fuck Viola and had 12 strings tuned always to a new scordatura (wrong tuning). (Figure 26)

66. Hardanger Violin
And when it comes to scordatura (wrong tuning), the Norwegians know a thing or two. The Hardanger fiddle has a history reaching back to the seventeenth century, with over twenty regularly used tunings. One of the favourites is the so called Troll tuning (A E A C#) designed for 'devil tunes' (seems to be a theme round here). The Museum also houses 'The Bird' violin, built by Harry Vatiliotis, which is a tenor violin with Hardanger-like sympathetic strings:

Figure 25 The Musical Saw (Stradivarius) (Nick Shimmin 2016).

http://www.jonroseweb.com/c_articles_tenor_violin.html
http://www.jonroseweb.com/c_articles_scordatura.html

Status: experiments with scordatura remain an endless source of wonder and variation

67. The Ethnomusicological Section of the Rosenberg Museum
The RM formerly boasted a *dilruba* (used in the string frame set up of 1979), a sitar (sold), a *sarangi* (pawned), *er-hu* (missing one peg and its bow, the hair of which normally weaves between the two strings), a *sanxian* (complete except for plectrum), an Apache violin (complete) see this page:

http://www.jonroseweb.com/c_articles_apache_violin.html

Coming from a long line of single string long stick instruments found in Europe in the Middle Ages and known generically as bumbass, it's counterpart in Australia, the lagerphone, appears to have arrived on these shores stringless:

http://www.jonroseweb.com/c_articles_bumbass.html

Despite the name, the Neapolitan Mandolin included in this section is not derived from the violin but from the lute family. Originally supporting a course of gut strings and finger picked, the demands of the Enlightenment pushed the instrument inevitably to go louder, faster, higher with metal strings tuned like a violin in two courses and played with a plectrum.

Figure 26 The Clusterfuck Viola (Jon Rose 2014).

Status: The Ethnomusicological section of The Museum is in some disarray, as in a binary world where capitalism has eaten everything on and under the exotic table, it is extremely hard to posit what constitutes musical ethnicity anymore.

68. The Pursuit Project
The final manifestation of this event for the Canberra Centenary 2013 mustered 130 instruments. Presented here are the original Viocycle as test driven in the Olympic stadium (2004), the Grandfather Long Neck (pitch controlled by break, rear wheel drive transmission), the Front Wheel Driven Large Drum, and the Double Bow Machine (rather than a violin, it is now used to modulate feedback from a electro-magnetic strung handlebar).

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o9nXXnwR4i8
http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_pursuit.html
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y6mBtMT9mco
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_zyZ7eQfyg8

The first full scale Pursuit took place here at Carriageworks in 2009.

The Carriageworks foyer became the cycle track—a race of speeding sounds, the sound of bicycles singing. The audience was assembled at various key points around a cycle track. Around them and past them, bicycle powered sounds moved physically through space/time at different speeds. Sometimes there was just one acoustic sound accompanied by the discrete lights of the bicycle. Sometimes the live sounds were digitally manipulated in quadraphonic surround complete with bicycle-mounted light show.

Wireless transmission boxes linked instruments and cyclists to a central mixer and quadraphonic sound system, offering more rotational speeds, sounds in contrary motion, and other options such as pitch shift and live sampling techniques to the pedal powered instruments. Close up images of the instrument mechanics appeared on video screens beside the four speakers. Through an integrated MAX/JITTER system, live sound and action transformed the images into a synchronous experience. Pursuit was a specially-choreographed spectacle of sound, speed, and light based on pedal power lasting one uninterrupted hour.

Status: Four bicycle powered violins were reclaimed from the Pursuit Project. The rest were returned to the Recyclery Canberra from whence they came. (Figures 27 and 28)

69. Great Fences of Australia

The Fences project started in 1983; it maps the vast spaces of Australia. Since 2002, violinists Jon Rose and Hollis Taylor have travelled 35,000 kilometres playing and recording the unique sounds of hundreds of fences in every state and territory of the fifth continent, including the well-known 'Dog Fence' and 'Rabbit-Proof Fences'. Along with this video and audio material, the lives and histories of the people who build, look after or use the fences has also been documented.

Many people look at fences and see not much; Jon Rose and Hollis Taylor look and see giant musical string instruments covering a continent. The strings are so long that they become the resonators as well as the triggers for the sound. On straight stretches of a simple five-wire fence, the sound travels down the wires for hundreds of metres. The music is ethereal and elemental, incorporating an extended harmonic series (the structure of all sound). Fence music encapsulates the vastness of the place; the music of distance, boundaries and borders.

The fence is the perfect metaphor for all kinds of manmade endeavours, disasters, contradictions, and hubris. Fences arrived with the end of the hunter-gatherer way of life and the introduction of agriculture. With that came the development of the Abrahamic religions, the European philosophical tradition, the Cartesian mind–body split, an 'Enlightenment' that confirmed duality as 'can do', the separation of mind and matter, and the hierarchy of mind over matter. According to some philosophers, our present demise (or overwhelming global triumph) is due to the domination of the grasping, language based left hemisphere of the brain over the holistic right hemisphere. Why do we have a divided brain, anyway? We find ourselves now in a situation, maybe too late, where we are trying to reconnect with an animate planet full of beings, whether fauna or flora, that we have treated as 'not us' and trashed to the edge of extinction.

Figure 27 The Plectraphone from The Pursuit Project (Jon Rose 2005).

Fences can be seen as analogies for the old binary battle between our species and nature, or our culture(s) and the wild. The desire for exploration, control, and exploitation of resources are fired by fences; indicating a frontier history of extreme hardship, violence, and theft. They also mark the notion of belonging, friend or foe, certainty and

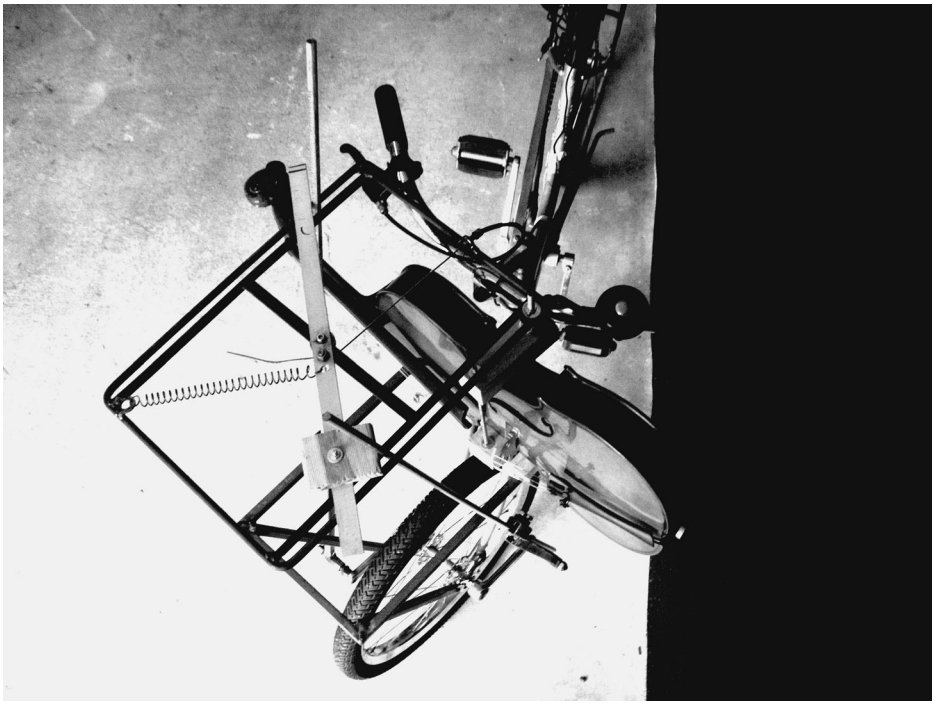

Figure 28 The Bowing Machine Bike (Jon Rose 2014).

uncertainty, knowing, and unknowing. Fences mark the boundaries of cultures and political systems, a sense of the private and public, a hierarchical statement that says 'I exist' and the rest—eh—somewhere over there on the other side. Dr. Hollis Taylor's definitive book experiencing the fence project *Post Impressions,* 2004 Twisted Fiddle, can be perused at the reading table.

More fence links:
http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_kronos_fence.html
http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_israel_fences.html
http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_mexico-usa.html
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8-BAqDGtQPY
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=93bqXIeBhP4

70. At The Reading Table
The Pink Violin, 1992 NMA
Violin Music in the Age of Shopping, 1994 NMA

As revealed in the seminal book *The Pink Violin* (ISBN 0 646 080032), the Australian composer, theorist, and violinist Dr Johannes Rosenberg predicted that after the demise of Communism and Capitalism would come The Age of Shopping. He also identified two important characteristics that the culture industry of this period

would develop: firstly, an obsession with technical process for its own sake and, secondly, a contemporary art and music world largely empty of any creative content—a culture where the constituent parts had been removed from their context (meaning) and all voices, authentic, original, or otherwise, would continue to exist only as easily identifiable, sellable products. Content as a recognisable idea would cease to exist because all 'the content' would become interchangeable; it would not matter what was going on providing there was evidence that something was going on—a merely quantitative world of massed copies and fakes. All music, whatever its origin, status, or supposed function, would now exist in a digital dreamtime that the originators of Muzak could never have imagined. Rosenberg envisaged the music supermarket of today, a place where the tins on the shelf are interchangeable, the labels maybe looking different but the content (once bought) identical (bunch of binary code). (JR 1992)

http://www.jonroseweb.com/f_projects_shopping.html

Status: in one of the coffin violin cases (where else?) are some tracks from The Intakt CD 038/1995, *Violin Music in the Age of Shopping*. One of many manifestations of this project, this album was never distributed in Australia and features Shelley Hirsch, Chris Cutler, Otomo Yoshihide, and Irene Schweizer. The introduction to the misanthropic 'Violin World' was recorded in the same year.

Rosenberg 3.0—not violin music, 2015 Blurb

Rosenberg 3.1—not violin music, 2016 Blurb

A new kind of music criticism is demanded in these post-mortem times, one that can deal with allegory. One seized with imagination. One that can find relevant and fertile soil upon which to pass the seed of enquiry, a criticism that can be carried on to germinate further bifurcations. The lack of page numbers in the first edition of *Rosenberg 3.0—not violin music* is here compounded with an overabundance of annotations contributed by *the great describer* himself. Georges Dupuis, the world's fastest simultaneous concert reviewer, has not only consented to review the book, but to review each page (including blank ones) in all their masticated agendas, both overt and covert. This edition is a feast of observation, provocation, and bite sized chunks of cultural transgression. Why this, why now, some serious young insects may ask? What's wrong with the accepted hierarchy and pecking order? Because, dear reader, the age of the individual genius has already passed through the species' digestive system … we feel better already. So, who will write the next criticism of the criticism of the critique that is *Rosenberg 3.0*? Who will own *Rosenberg 3.2*, *Rosenberg 3.3*, and beyond? Silence beckons the adventurous and the hungry.

Status: As with the stone computer's algorithm featured in Rosenberg 3.0, that managed a minimal production output of just one action once (before crumbling), so with the publication *Rosenberg 3.1*—there are just three copies in existence. (Figure 29)

Figure 29 Dr Jozef Cseres, wearing violin themed tie and shirt, former director of the Rosenberg Museum 1998–2015 (Jon Rose 2015).

This Catalogue

Status: At least three attempts have been made to create a comprehensive catalogue of the Rosenberg Museum. There is simply too much stuff coming and going, so all have failed with a degree of flare, and this endeavour is no exception. (Figure 30)

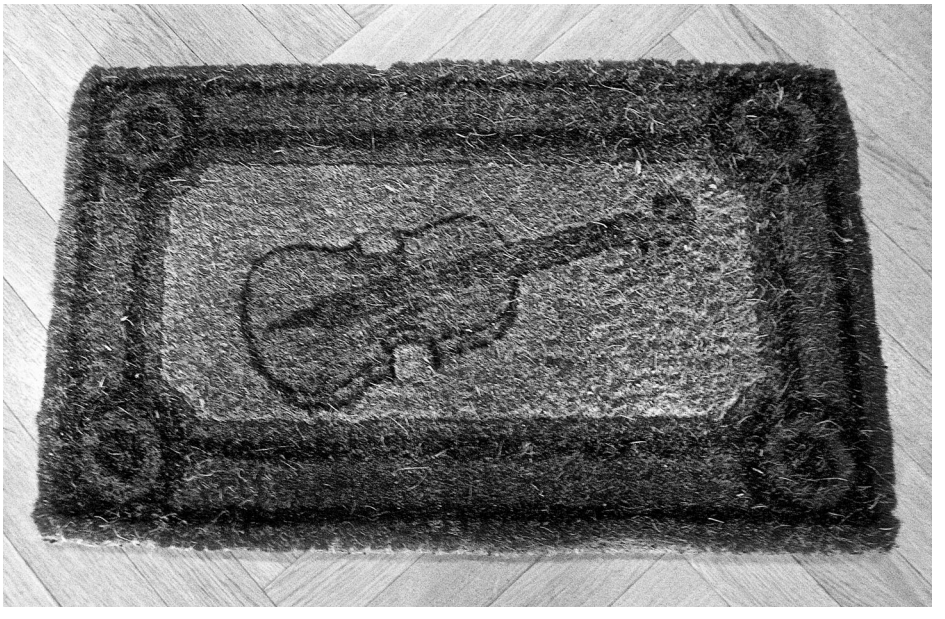

Figure 30 The Rosenberg Museum Doormat (Jozef Cseres 2009).

Disclosure Statement

No potential conflict of interest was reported by the author.

Notes on Contributor

For over 45 years, Australian violinist, composer, inventor, multimedia artist, and author ***Jon Rose*** has been at the sharp end of experimental music and art on the global stage. His primary life's work is The Relative Violin, the innovation of a total artform based around the one instrument. In 2012, he was awarded The Australia Council's most prestigious award for lifelong contribution to Australian Music, the Don Banks Prize. His work has been heard and seen in over 40 countries at major festivals of contemporary music, jazz, and sound art, and he has appeared on more than 100 albums, radiophonic, and media works, collaborating with many of the mavericks of new music like Kronos String Quartet, John Zorn, Alvin Curran, Otomo Yoshihide, Christian Marclay, and Ilan Volkov. Most known internationally are his 'Great Fences of Australia' project and his multimedia works with a series of interactive violin bows, which he invented in 1985. The vast diversity of Jon Rose projects can be viewed at: www.jonroseweb.com.