

## SILENCIO

First session

Our first meeting was postponed for one week - he had the flu - I was a human fountain for 2 days, being unwillingly and violently purged from every exit possible.

No choice, somehow it felt like a bad omen but we didn't have the choice.

So here we were, one cold and wet Thursday in January, in my studio, ready for .....ready for .....for.....ready for.....ready for our first session.

Needless to say I was nervous. What would happen ? would anything happen ? would anything come out of my throat ?

I had decided the day before not to plan or structure anything and above all not to expect anything.

anyway what could I expect ? after a few days of exercising my cords and a few attempts at overtones; I must admit I didn't think anybody else but me could hear the faint harmonics I painfully managed to produce.

So here we were facing each other....almost....a few pieces of equipment seperating us. The dreaded moment; you're on I have pressed record.....

My throat felt suddenly very tight; I barely managed to articulate; what shall I do? what shall I say ? ....I laughed nervously....feeling quite embarassed..

he looked at me..not sure what he was thinking..didn't really want to know frankly.

at least one minute of silence....time to think....to pull myself together....He didn't seem to mind..

vowell I thought.... pure tones..... u o a e I this is it let us chant all the vowels one after the other; let them resonate through my whole body. aaaaaaaaaaaaaa

that will give me something to do...structure....structure.....I was safe again it will be relaxing too....if anything else....

uuuuuuoooooaaaaaaeeeeeeiiiiiiiiii

it felt good very good.....it was good very good...surprisingly powerful.....thing to do.....if not to listen too....well at least not yet.

some very strange sounds....quite promising and inspiring

what would happen if you layered all the vowels/tones together. which one will overcome the other what is uuu+oooooo+aaaaa+eeeeeee+iiiiiiiiii

a certain association with light; doesn't the whole spectrum add up to white and with colors too; all the primary colors mixed together gives you a kind of shity brown.

what would happen to all the vowels together.

Now imagine a tonal landscape. walkink from one uuuu to one aaaaaa to one eeeeeee and back to aaaaaa. what would be the point of pure harmony where one could experience all the vowels equally.

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Second session

Tomorrow we are meeting up for the 3rd time for our third session. And already I have broken my routine . It really pisses me off. I should have a diary text ready to be read and recorded, a sum up of our second session, a way to keep track of time and of progress. And I have nothing. Actually by the time I read this all the above will not make sense.

I am reading this now and it doesn't make any sense. so let us speak in the present tense . I do not feel quite ready for this . 4 weeks is a lot time. But it is amasing how much time one can waste in this and that and more of that. my car died on me. had to find a new bargain, mission accomplished I aM the proud owner of a red ford escort F reg. One exhibition fell through or almost has, bloody annoying I was really looking forward to it. cooled off the dialogue with L from the gallery, doesn't feel right somehow..... and haven't completely recovered from his pre christmas comment; a certain lack of humour in my work , needed a lighter approach... there might be some truth in there..... still not the right thing to say somehow. .... created this kind of power relationship that I thought we had avoided.....

domestic troubles. being the landlady of an indian princess in a brixton council flat is bound to create some tension. butr I will not give in and submit or surround to her silent demands. neither will I take it upon myself to show her what working life is about. soon she will be back in her privileged and secure bombay home where each of her needs and fancies will be caterd for, leaving her all the energy and mental space to think about her next piece of political / conceptual art.

It makes you wonder doesn't it ?

I do sound a little bit bitter and envious, ..... well a part of me is.

Now where were we ? yes yes. pain pain pain and screams screams and more screams..... real pathos real pathetic pathos ..and somehow hilarious in its pathos if it makes sense.....a few lonely breaths ....a few good tones and vowels sound. the voice is definetely getting stronger and more confident. but still a long way to go..... still a tiny bit self conscious about letting go. still concerned about the raw quality of the outcome. will I ever be brave enough to make any of it public. I will have to I must.... Andy please make sure I do.

A lot of improvement needed but definite potential. And it is bloody good fun to do and that is precious to me. it is so easy for me to become too serious...

well well well. a few additions for today. a tiny plastiky brownny yamaha keaboard, acquired at a car boot sale for £2 and a mouth organ or what is it called something like a keyboard that you blow into. not too sure what to do with them. but managed to make a few noises, repetitive noises of course.

So let us get on with it and see where this noisy boat will lead us.

also listened to some avant garde records from the late 60's and 70's. thank you Andy...

not much I like but very interesting to see what has been already done around the voice. and a few great things also.....