or partially destroyed. Broccolichi used the appropriate tools to dip into the current acoustic identity of several zones in this region by capturing some of these resonances, aiming at a kind of phonographic portrait of the territory. To do this, he used (among other things) an acoustic antenna capable of picking up sounds as much as a kilometer away (this kind of equipment is often used by ornithologists because it is both precise and discreet). Climbing up the chimneys of a factory, he picked up the general mood—the drone, as the technical term goes—of the valley. He also explored the old BASF factory that once made magnetic tape and now lies abandoned and empty. There he made numerous sound recordings and met former employees who gave him a unique account of these personal and collective industrial memories (the buildings were demolished shortly afterwards). Psychologically, this experience had a powerful human and aesthetic impact on the artist as the experience of an emotional memory, of embodied memory, of its beauty and fragility, the suffering and dramas that it evokes. The acoustic material gathered by Broccolichi was not reworked: the sound plates were mixed but not treated, so as not to add complexity to complexity. There is nothing baroque, therefore, about this sound capture. It is a readymade sampling of a world of vibrations that no longer has a functionality, without any industrial effectiveness (at least as far as the BASF factory is concerned), one that comes across with great clarity. It is the record of a relic.

Developed within several different disciplines, the work of Pascal Broccolichi is based on listening and, more specifically, on sound envisaged as a vocabulary of forms that lend themselves to the creation of installations. As a framework for his research, the artist has developed a network of multiple environments connected by ongoing relationships between one work and the next. By scattering the customary principles of certain acoustic laws and their fields of technological application around the exhibition art space, Broccolichi coordinates the typology of sounds with our capabilities for perception.

HONG-KAI WANG: THE BROKEN ORCHESTRA LIVE IN STOCKHOLM


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The Broken Orchestra Live in Stockholm uses the Austrian modern composer Arnold Schoenberg’s famous quip, “My music is not really modern, just badly played” as its formal performative directive, by inviting several professional musicians on different instruments to respond to and reinterpret a childhood recording of Bach’s “Ave Maria” as performed by me and my brother. The work shares an impromptu discussion, exercise and performance as the audience witnesses the construction of a unique sonic space.

Born in Huwei, Taiwan, Hong-Kai Wang received a B.A. in Political Science from National Taiwan University, Taipei, and an M.A. in Media Studies from The New School University, New York. She works with sound as a conceptual means to investigate relations and the construction of new social space, focused on a collaborative and process-driven approach to production. Her work spans performance, workshop, text and installation, and is concerned with listening and sound as forms of perceptual, cognitive organization and questions of relation and harmony. Wang has presented her work internationally—of the valley. He also explored the old BASF factory

BENEDICT DREW: ARCHIVE TAPE FROM THE SUFFOLK CONCRETE MUSIC CENTRE 1972

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Audio document of the sound component of a video work presented at the exhibition SNAP 2013 Art at the Aldeburgh Festival celebrating the Benjamin Britten Centenary, Aldeburgh, U.K.

At the turn of the millennium Pierre Henry performed at the London Musicians’ Collective. The curator of this concert told me that he had been told by Henry that the last time he had been invited to England was by Benjamin Britten in 1953, he performed in a small cinema in small seaside town of Aldeburgh in Suffolk.

Whilst researching this I discovered this piece of tape music. It turns out that it was made at the the Suffolk Concrete Music Centre. After further research, I found that this is located in an abandoned WWII pillbox in the middle of a field and was set up by one individual. This individual had been present at the concert that first saw this music arrive on the flatlands of Suffolk and he experienced this music not as machine music but the music as a machine itself, capable of bending time and space. Wanting to recreate this practice he set about trying to replicate it, but with none of the then advanced technologies; his attempts were closer to those of the Melanesian cargo cults. His version of a concrete music became increasingly reliant on ritual in which he would try and perform a kind of magnetic alchemy.