

NAMES - The space between us

Marco Döttlinger points of no return, for 7 performers, mini-synthesizers, live-visuals (2024)

This work was created for the 10th anniversary of NAMES.

The title "points of no return" attempts to describe several perspectives: on the one hand, it references the generative nature of all components involved, be it the live visualization in the form of a particle system or the performance with seven mini-synthesizers, which resist an exact, repeatable reproduction of a score by design.

In addition, the acoustic and visual components are placed in a recursive dependency, conceived as a feedback loop of interaction: the visuals autonomously generate their macro-temporal, formal development and thereby imply various possible behaviors of the synthesizers/musicians. Conversely, the performers are encouraged to play the synthesizers according to certain instructions, not to control them, but rather to understand them as accomplices, to listen, to explore the smallest changes. These sonic results in turn generate the micro-temporal visual details.

I want to understand this work as a contribution that deals structurally with today's digital reality, a world that is increasingly shaped by feedback processes between technological (algorithmic) and human action.

The score is the result of a practice based experimentation process.

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doettlinger.org

Thomas Grill Blueprinting, performed environment for ensemble, live-electronics (2024)

In diesem Projekt wird eine performativ-installative Klangumgebung entwickelt, die das Ensemble und elektroakustische Klänge einschließt. Spielanweisungen werden durch eine mehrstimmige Audiopartitur realisiert, durch welche die Musiker*innen in Echtzeit durch vorab erarbeitete musikalische Charaktere geleitet werden.

In meinem bereits abgeschlossenen künstlerischen Forschungsprojekt „rotting sounds“ wurden in größerem Maßstab Feedbacksysteme untersucht, bei denen ein maschineller Bearbeitungsprozess wieder und wieder auf Klangmaterial oder Kontrollstrukturen angewendet wird und sich so die systemische Umgebung selbst in das hörbare Resultat einschreibt. Das Prinzip der Rekurrenz wird in dieser „Umgebung“ durch die maschinelle Analyse des gespielten, hörbaren Klangs (inkl. Kontext) und Rückführung in die Audiopartitur hergestellt, wobei der Blueprint (die Blaupause) durch die Artefakte der geräuschbehafteten Aufnahme und unvermeidliche Analysefehler vom Original abrückt. Es entsteht unter Bezugnahme auf Prinzipien von „Differenz und Wiederholung“ eine mäandrierend sich fortbewegende Textur, die unvermittelt auch neue Wendungen einschlägt.

Zur Vorbereitung erhält jede/r Spieler/in eine mit Mikrophon und Lautsprecher bestückte Black box, die entweder zuhört oder klangbasierte Spielvorgaben gibt. In der Aufführung

wirken die einzelnen Black Boxes zusammen und ergänzen einander mit den jeweiligen Instrumentalstimmen strukturell und klanglich.

grrrr.org

Clara Iannotta echo from afar (ii), for six musicians, electronics (2022)

“echo from afar (ii)” is part of a cycle of five compositions inspired by Dorothy Molloy’s poem “My Heart Lives in My Chest”, which speaks to the sense of being lost in one’s own thoughts, like a bird adrift in an empty sky. Through this cycle, I have explored the idea of space as a dynamic, invisible force that shapes the identity of sound. Each piece, including “echo from afar (ii)” passes through different acoustic environments, allowing the space itself to alter and transform the music while preserving its core essence.

claraianotta.com

Rojin Sharafi SÀNG, for ensemble (2024), commissioned by NAMES

SÀNG is about this poem and much more.

It’s about starting to compose and not to compromise.

After a break from composing scores and focusing more on making and performing electronic/electro-acoustic music, my ears can again listen, can again find the freshness and excitement ‘academic contemporary’ music once had for me. The abstraction, the power of structure and form, the power of designing time, being the entertaining goddess, being the anticipator, the emotions director, being honest with the process and your desires, being the musician and destroying the hierarchies that once scared me to ***. Being respectful towards any music that inspires, that is studied, that is listened to, whose musicians can’t afford a living by practicing what their whole life and being is about, unless they are found by *** and are imposed in *** and are serving the *** market.

Being honest with yourself about your desires:

For all the musicians that stay faithful to their desires.

For Names ensemble, with or without visuals.

SÀNG

Turning, turning, turning.

I spun around my own tail, spun around you,

You circled the Kaaba,

We circled ideas,

You circled us,

Is it our orbit or yours?

For now, it's theirs.

Far or near, we won't reach,

Or maybe we have reached and we don't know it.

Like the sunlight that reaches us eight minutes late,

Its light will reach our bones eighty years from now,
Painting our skin,
More colorful.
Don't be pessimistic, instead,
Search for meaning,
What other responsibility do you have?

Turning, turning, turning.
Searching for meaning in the stone.
The stone of the sea, steadfast, soft,
Sand, dust, earth, rock,
A stone rolling from one point of coordinates on the mountain to another.
A stone that's a friend of the wind, held by the snow.
A stone that is home to moss, algae, fungi, lichen.
A stone that volunteers move so that the occupiers,
With their drones, are convinced,
These lands are not empty,
Life flows through them.
Do they ever get convinced?
A stone that is thrown,
The thrower becomes a Rami, a strange name.
A stone that sits for years by the shore, dreaming of melting,
Dreaming of turning into dust.
A stone that is worshipped.
A stone that becomes God,
And people kneel before it,
A stone that turns humans into stone.
And my black stone, polished yet dull,
The one I squeezed in my hand,
The one I left behind in my mother's house.
Will I return to it?

Turning, turning, turning.
The cliffs have embraced the ancient stones,
They say they gave them shelter, but they gave them nothing.
They imprisoned them in their home.
Stones sediment in the absolute silence of time.
Either they erupt as volcanoes,
Or forever merge, gazing at each other,
Whispering together, "Nothing is eternal."
The eternal stones envy the light sands,
Yearning for the storm.
The light sands move without intention,
Without knowing, they've accepted it—
Nomadic, suspended, immersed in the air.