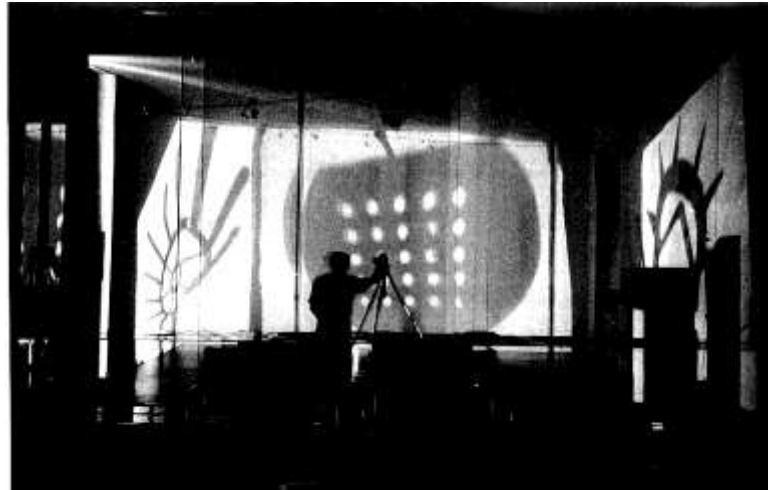


MERGE

A Radiophonic Poem, Dance and Shadow

PAUL GOODMAN | JOS JANSSEN | CONSTANTIN JAXY

MIROTO dance company



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Merge

A Radiophonic Poem, Dance and Shadow

Duration: 54:23

Text: Paul Goodman

Tape Composition: Paul Goodman and Jos Janssen.

Sound-engineer and mastering: Jos Janssen

Voices: Teresa Birks and Jessica Brown

Schadows: Constantin Jaxy

Choreography: Miroto in collaboration with the dancers

Dancers: Agung Gunawan, Miroto, Enggar Pramesti and Eko Purnomo Teguh Wibowo

Lighting: Pribadi

Sound: Bambang Ook

Total Crew: Arif Hidayat

Coordination: Eko Ompong Santosa

The Radiophonic Poem *MERGE* is a love poem with metaphysical elements. Its theme is the search for unity whether as an inner psychic whole or as a partnership/sexual union with a lover. Around this theme an associative network was built up containing image and sound complexes suggesting relationships. There are three main protagonists, two women and a man, who are present as voices and images within the content of the text. Exactly who or what they represent is only suggested as they are actually more parts of a process of unification rather than sharply defined characters. The voices can sound as if recited in an auditorium, as if talking to themselves or as if in conversation. The second voice could be interpreted as an inner voice. It is even possible that the listener has been taken away into the dream of an imaginary character. But in any case whether we are caught up in a wholly subjective or partially objective situation the theme remains constant and the catalyst for the material.

It is not possible to apply a single interpretation. The text and sound material are the means of calling up in the listener various associations, images and interpretations.

The compositions of Paul Goodman and Jos Janssen are associative and in this way intended to be open to more than one interpretation. The term associative here means that text and sound complexes undergo metamorphosis and alter into other related text/sound complexes. The listener is not forced into following a set interpretation but is supplied with the elements with which to construct their own personal version. The listener is not put in a passive position but plays an active role. We think in sounds and sound symbols. What at first may appear to be an entirely abstract conglomeration of items is actually a representation of a possible mental or physical experience expressed in linguistic and sound concepts.

The sound material is the result of various sound sources: sound synthesis, transformations of the voices and Musique Concrete. Intensive use was also made of the MIDIM/VOSIM sound synthesis system and various synthesizers. *Merge* was realized at the Studio Walen in The Hague and at the Arnhem Institute for Sonology. The radio version of *Merge* was commissioned by the program '220 Volt' of the Concertzender Nederland and given its radio premiere on the 25th of December, 1996.

The basic concept of *Merge* is comparable to the video technique of 'compositing', a layering technique. The composition is conceived in such a way that the text and sound material consists of at least 32 virtual tracks which are always present but not always audible. The original radio version of *Merge* has been enlarged by dance tracks

created by Miroto and by kinetic shadow tracks created by Constantin Jaxy.

MERGE a radiophonic poem
by
Paul Goodman and Jos Janssen

1

[.....]	[...]	[...]	[...]	[.....]	[.....]
[...]	[...]	[...]	[...]	[...]	[endlessly]

2

[The ooze is nog
Let the stirrings go back and forth
back and forth like a string breathing

the ooze is nog
a construction site
blank
engendering

the ooze is nog
only nus
raw and garl
without without...

the ooze is nog
hunting
out of its mind
the stirring like a spring
like a spring the stirring

the ooze is nog
only.....only.....

the ooze is nog
gack
its word remains primordial why

like

the ooze is nog
sleep as I wish it was.
the stirring like a spring

The Geisha is sharpened
sawing and chopping
like snow her tears
arrive ghosts footsteps

like

the ooze is nog why sawing and chopping let the stirrings go back and

The ooze is nog
only jail door remains

out of its mind / out of its mind / the ooze is nog the geisha is sharpened like snow her tears
--

blank
she comes from
she comes from

without

the ooze is nog
Geisha
tightened.....tightened
primordial
like....like.... like waiting...

the ooze is nog
as the....silence....creeps....upon you.
moon-cold, smiling
she is just as you imagine her
merciless
how patient go her moon-cold hands practising
within you.
With sleep go her eyes

So!

So!

So!

The Geisha is tuning her skin Koto
to the sound of a huge machine.
When she closes her eyes, Ah! when she sings,
when she sings at the centre of a cage
made from the impossible, long strands of her hair
her dark blue robe could be the sky
as night grows around her, encloses her, hides her,
and only now and then does her light music
escape like a strange image into you.
With sleep go her eyes

So!

So!

So!

just as you imagine her
merciless.

The ooze is nog
the ooze is nog
building emptiness
like a drunken creep.

The zoo is agony eh!

3

Her eyes out of us
Her eyes out of us
Out of us
Out of us
Her eyes out of us
Out of us

Enter my garden as it grows
 dark.
 All you can see is a web of
 chaotic vegetation, uncared for and
 raw.
 Then you discern a small glowing
 point of light wandering at
 random
 through the chaos. For a long
 time you stand wondering what
 it could
 be when suddenly you grow
 aware of a yellow narcissus
 gazing at you
 from out of the depths.
 It could be the sun staring
 hypnotically,
 look look at this gold-hot
 mandala of the psyche. The fear
 which takes
 hold of you, the utter paralyzing
 cannot be described. And then
 you see
 me on the other side not yet born
 talking to myself as I hammer a nail
 deep into the depths of a fire. Hear
 it scream. Let your mind cry with
 its
 voice. Insatiable the unseen
 throbbing comes forth like...from a
 wound
inexorable...waiting for us to
 emerge from the raw lantern of our
 void
 where this blackbird singing to you
 of light opens its garden of
 movies.

But then
 with sleep go her eyes

so

so

There was a man
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a man

so

looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man.
 Maybe. Endlessly.

It was raining
 but this was much later
 much much later
 after they left
 if they ever left
 it was raining
 but this was much later
 much much later
 after they left
 if they ever left
 it was raining
 if it was ever raining endlessly

there was a man
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man

looking looking staring looking staring
 at herself himself itself

[

(fade in)

there was a man
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 Once long ago.
 Maybe.

Late at night

Endlessly.

sound of cats only moonlight. Late at night
 sound of cats
 screaming moonlight
 from the wind.
 Late at night
 the sound of cats
 only moonlight
 sleepwalking sky.

there was a man
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman

staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man

Endlessly.....

Once long ago. Maybe. Endlessly.

Late at night
 sound of cats
 only moonlight.
 Late at night
 sound of cats
 screaming moonlight
 from the wind.
 Late at night
 the sound of cats
 only moonlight
 sleepwalking sky.

Endlessly.....

10

Tarot Tarot go the cards rot rat rot rat
 slow-move.....fall.....evening light a tear of.....
 imaginary

Tarot Tarot go the birds nurs nurs
 slow-move flight enclosed in night a hand of....
 music

Tarot Tarot goes the clock runs runs
 mindless military regularity
 imaginary.....a tear of time, slow-fall evening

Tarot Tarot the cards merge with mind
 a tear of light....
 imaginary lucid stream a shine of images

Tarot Tarot goes the mind
 dreams flight eyes melting into night
 a cry of light falls imaginary
 through the cards.

But then

Snarl snarl go the strings
 animal-busy
 the night dances ringing its black depths
 to their almost rhythm.

Stars stars
 a polyphonic treasure of shy light
 the night dances ringing its black depths
 to their almost rhythm.

Thang thrung goes the paradise of lightning
 flowers of thunder unfolding

the night dances ringing its black depths
 to their almost rhythm.

Wing wang wung weng go the wings
 born from the wind
 screams of consciousness
 the night dances ringing its black depths
 to their almost rhythm.

Cut cut go its claws
 like a love without a lover
 like a lover without a love
 the night dances ringing its black depths
 to their almost rhythm.

Now now starts my heart
 imaginary
 the night dances ringing its black depths
 to its almost rhythm.

11

Cold

among beams of racing light
 that run and run in all directions like a web.
 space is like fire.

Pain is so different so different
 listening all the time listening but only a
 throbbing in the silence for myself....

I fly through the voices.....and I'm caught in
 sleep again.....and there is that
 something knocking and knocking....something in
 this wild mirror that haunts
 like a cat a cat or a garden surprised by its
 own flowers

Let your mind cry with other voices
 Rest among them
 surrendering to them
 like light beating inside a cage. She sings
 Ah, when she sings
 She closes your eyes with pictures

12

Four rivers converge
 and merge below her house
 forming a large illiterate signature
 and ten flowers hang upside down
 before her cage
 holding their petals out to her instrument
 like mendicants praying to themselves,
 blind, unapproachable except at sunrise,
 they beg her notes from her hands
 as if she saw them,
 as if she carried her voice alone over the sea for them,
 as if the powder she grinds from her ocean star
 held her voice latent within them for them
 but no, they bend and cry in vain
 no river will wash them

no random knife take them to its lips
as if a train rushed by and erased the world.
The way to her house is hidden by gardens.

A snowflake lands at the Geisha's feet
as the moon lights up her tears
and she grows bigger and bigger
the pain causing her strings to tense
into a cat-cry of clawed night
and for the first time her throat strikes
the heart with song,

¹³ "Late at night
sound of cats
only moonlight.

Late at night
sound of cats
screaming moonlight
from the wind.

Late at night
the sound of cats
only moonlight
sleepwalking sky."

"We imagine without the night
to guide us.
The wind alone,
your mind-cry
is the path we take."

¹⁴ Enter where our mind burns with merciless
ineluctable tension into this imagination.

Into this imagination.

Nothing lasts forever except the idea of wings.

Cry with each others voices
dancing half-illuminated
wings spreading between thoughts of twilight.

Still into a sea-silence
engendering
bewildering
as you could never imagine it

Lie within each other
images within images
motionless and moving

dancing between yourselves
as you hold your heartbeats up in surprise.

Grow your garden of sun-rain
together.

...and I remember when we merged and sunlight swept
for the first time across the sky.

Tarot Tarot go the birds nurs nurs....
Images within images and you....

¹⁵ Let the wind shake like a rattlesnake smiling
and let the fruits break like shadows in our mouths,
Let the wind shake like a rattlesnake smiling
and let the fruits break like shadows in our mouths,
Let the wind shake like a rattlesnake smiling
and let the fruits break like shadows in our mouths,
Let the wind shake like a rattlesnake smiling
and let the fruits break like shadows in our mouths,
Let the wind shake like a rattlesnake smiling
and let the fruits break like shadows in our mouths,
Let the wind shake like a rattlesnake smiling
and let the fruits break like shadows in our mouths,
Let the wind shake like a rattlesnake smiling
and let the fruits break like shadows in our mouths,

¹⁶ Mind-pictures run
then I slept in my room
In the beginning
before a fish arches its sudden spine
and jumps from the silence of the water
into the silence of the air
and crashes like a strange creation,
a hand before a hand touches
disturbs
disturbs
disturbs
flashes its gold tail
and disappears as if it had never been]

Mind-pictures run
searching for the window, then the garden,
then for her.
Mind-pictures run
while she walked dreaming across the buildings
of her own city []
smiling at reality as if she owned it.
She repeats over and over
"They will never find me"
"They will never find me" []

And it was true at first I couldn't recognize her
her feet were stepping in other worlds
and she was dressed like a martyr with
blackbirds falling dead at her feet.
Then I slept in my room.

Mind-pictures run
 singing of yellow drums beating to the sound of bells
 singing of yellow drums beating to the sound of bells
 Nothing remained for her

Mind-pictures run
 A statue shaped like lightning
 standing in the centre of a temple gong.

At twelve o'clock the sky is tired.
 I stare at my sleep for hours.
 Creation won't take off its shoes
 its footsteps running at the door
 slamming it shut so the cats won't get out.
 and the heavy muscled music of the miracle night
 drones on cracking a beer bottle against
 a star,

Mind-pictures run
 storms,
 shadows,
 again kissing, always kissing,

and you

won't stop running through me
 shadows and you
 a mirage of crystal fragments
 moonlit in bliss
 and you won't stop running through me

as they disappear into her room

Let the wind
 shake like a
 rattlesnake
 smiling and let
 the fruits break
 like shadows in
 our mouths, Let
 the wind shake
 like a rattlesnake
 smiling and let
 the fruits break
 like shadows in
 our mouths,
 Let the wind
 shake like a
 rattlesnake
 smiling and let
 the fruits break
 like shadows in
 our mouths,

Seduced, the pool in her heart
 opens its eyes and you. (laughs)

Let the wind shake
 like a rattlesnake
 smiling and let the fruits
 break like shadows in
 our mouths, Let the wind
 shake like a rattlesnake
 smiling and let the fruits
 break like shadows in our
 mouths,

Storms
 Mind-pictures run

Let the wind shake like a
 rattlesnake smiling and
 let the fruits break like
 shadows in our mouths,

17 Cold

Cold

"They will never find me"
 "They will never find me"
 And it was true at first.....

there was a man
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 looking at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking at a woman
 staring at a man
 looking
 endlessly.

shadows

18 It was raining
 but this was much later
 much much later
 after they left
 if they ever left
 it was raining
 but this was much later
 much much later
 after they left
 if they ever left
 Again kissing always kissing
 and you won't stop running through me.

19 [] []
 Let your mind cry with other voices
 sane again again sane
 X from that angle of termination
 half-illuminated 'I'
 rain again again rain]

The sky melts into the sea
 the sea into itself
 what falls falls into itself
 from the heavens into the sea
 from the heavens into the sea

[]
 falling flying]

light lies busy beautiful on
 the rain again again rain

[]
 rain again again rain]

meaning deceased
 sane again again sane

[]
 falling and tumbling and descending etc. and etc. etc. etc.
 slow-ombracious like a somnambulant ambulance
 too endless to be sleep
 sane again again sane
 in...no in only exits
 'X' half-illuminated flies]

[] [] [] [] [] []

20 Let the wind shake like a rattlesnake smiling
 and let the fruits break like shadows in our mouths,
 letters evolving from the earth to the earth.
 when the droughts
 raise up the dead and confiscate
 the constellations for being beautiful
 letters evolving from the earth to the earth.
 I was a dream, she said,
 I was a dream, she said,
 lucid as a frozen crane with a fish in its throat.
 Nothing lasts forever except the idea of wings.
 Nothing lasts forever except the idea of wings.

Motionless and moving.

21 I was a dream, she said,
 lucid as a frozen crane with a fish in its throat.
 Nothing lasts forever except the idea of wings.

And when they chased us from our homes

You and I giggling and curious became angels
 with jam on our souls and wholewheat skin
 and shared our lips with images of wine.
 I gave you the sea and you gave me the sky
 and for the first time I saw myself like a blue
 god mirrored among desire.
 Elation was my name while yours remained secret
 but at night you would give me keys
 shaped like pomegranates whose seeds
 filled with movies left me breathless and sleepy
 and your eyes never left me I kept them in my heart
 and I wrapt myself in your skin to dream
 and I let myself cry with your voice
 which lasts forever like the idea of wings.

22 Cold

and I remembered when we merged
 and sunlight swept for the first time across the sky
 I had nothing left to give but a huge universe of you and I.

The ooze is nog.

Let your mind cry with other voices. Why? Her eyes out of
 us.
 Why? Why? Motionless and moving. Images within
 images

and you. Together. Together.

23 Kiss (Kissssss) Kissssss (yeah) Kiss

PAUL GOODMAN,

Vancouver 1955, Sonologist and Poet, studied and taught Electronic and Computer music at the Institute for Sonology at the University of Utrecht. As a composer he has participated in numerous concerts around the world, ex. Seoul Music Festival 2000, Korea and for many years has formed a composer duo with Jos Janssen.

He has worked with an international group of artists on a series of projects, ex. The Biennale Sao Paulo. As a poet he has written a number of radiophonic poems that have been presented in a.o. Holland, New York, Berlin and at the EBU festival: the Luigi Russolo festival in Rome. In 1996 the Münchener Biennale and the Hamburg Opera commissioned him to write the libretto "The Mother of Black-Winged Dreams" for the Polish/Dutch composer Hanna Kulenty.

JOS JANSSEN,

Arnhem 1953, Sonologist and Sound Engineer. Studied Electronic and Computer music at the Institute for Sonology at the State University of Utrecht and Gendher at the ASKI Academy in Solo, Java. At the Institute for Sonology he was for a number of years a student assistant to Dr. Werner Kaegi, a pioneer of Computermusic. He is specialized in computer sound synthesis (MIDIM / VOSIM) and uses these techniques in his compositions and radiophonic works. Since 1983, Jos Janssen and Paul Goodman have collaborated as a composers duo on a series of compositions and radio plays which have been presented and commissioned by the Dutch radio stations the Concertzender and the VPRO/NPS a.o. at the EBU festival (Luigi Russolo) in Rome, 1993 and the Sender Freies Berlin. His main interest is Electro-acoustic music using ethnic elements.

As he is also specialized in Javanese Gamelan music, he has made many radio programs for the VPRO radio 4, Sender Freies Berlin and the WDR Cologne, and produced the 3-CD set "Dewa Ruci" performed by KI Anom Soeroto.

He is the founder of the Arnhem Institute for Sonology (AIS), a private studio for computer music and research. He is a part-time engineer for the Indonesian

Mediation project of the University of Leiden.

CONSTANTIN JAXY

1957, Artist, lives and works in Oyten near Bremen. He studied at the Academy for Visual Arts in Braunschweig. In 1985-86 he received the DAAD scholarship for the Netherlands, The Hague and in 1987 won the 'Kunstpreis Junger Westen'. In 1988 he was a teacher in residence at the Stichting Open Ateliers, Rotterdam and in 1992 the Kunstfonds, Bonn awarded him a grant. Grand Prize - International Biennale for Drawing and Graphics, Gyor, Hungary. Prize of the International Art - Triennale Majdanek, Lublin. Romerturm Special Prize of the International Graphic Biennale. He has exhibited widely and recently has had exhibitions in a.o. the U.S.A., Hungary, France, Lublin, Hanover, Rotterdam, Budapest and Frankfurt. Paul Goodman, Jos Janssen and Constantin Jaxy have worked together on various Shadow-projects and exhibitions since 1998.

MIROTO

Yogya, 23-2-1959, trained in classical dance of Java from early childhood, Mirototo graduated from Jakarta Institute of the Arts (IKJ), as well as Indonesia Institute of the Arts (ISI) in Yogyakarta, and in 1987 went on to pursue studies in Germany at the Folkwang Dance School and Wuppertal Dance Theater, during which period he participated in the Pina Bausch work *Victor* in the Holland Dance Festival 1987. Mirototo has been highly praised for appearances in the European and American performances of the 1993 composition *The Persians* and the *Biblical Pieces* (De Nederlandse Opera) in the Music Center of Amsterdam (1999) directed by Peter Sellars. In 1993, he completed the Master of Art degree in the department of dance of UCLA. Collaboration with Ong Keng Sen in the Theatre work "Desdemona" performed at: Adelaide Arts Festival; Munich Dance Festival; Singapore Arts Festival; Hamburg Theatre Festival; Fukowa Arts Museum. Collaboration with Yin Mei, New York 2001. He teaches at the ISI.

FOR MORE INFORMATION :

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Teresa Birks

Teresa gained both her undergraduate and masters degree at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS), University of London, in the Department of Southeast Asia and the Islands.

Jessica Brown

Jessica studied classical dance in Australia and lives and works in Holland where she works a.o. for the Introdans dance company.

Agung Gunawan

Klaten, 1971. Studied at the SMKI Yogyakarta. He has danced in several productions of Bagong Kussudihardja, in a production of Miroto (Kidung Kunthi) and performed in Boston, USA. He won a national prize for choreography at the TMII in 1998. He has performed in many productions: "Sangka kala", "Lepas utas" and "Brigade maling".

Enggar Pramesti S.

Yogyakarta, 1982. Studied at the SMKI and now studies at the ISI (dance composition). She has already performed frequently a.o.: "Didik nini thowok", "Mardawa budaya" and "Suryaencana".

Eko Purnomo Teguh Wibowo

Yogyakarta, 1970. Studied at the SMKI, Yogyakarta. He plays kendhang with the group of dhalang Ki Seno Nugroha. He is interested in and performs Wayang, Dance, Kethoprak and dances in the classical Yogya/Surakarta style. He also dances in the Ramayana, Prambanan group. In the Sendratari festival of Yogya 1996 he won a prize for music composition.

Bambang Ook

Studied Geology and now studies at the ISI. Performs regularly as a dhalang and is the director of a Kethoprak.

Arif "kriying" Hidayat

Studied at the ISI (Theatre). He creates works for theatre and works for the International Dance Interactions Yogya and the International Puppet show (TMII).

Eko Ompong Santosa

Studied at the ISI (Theatre). He creates works for theatre. Won a prize in 1992 at the Indonesian Art Student Festival as the best artistic designer. Won a prize at the Yogya Theatre Festival in 1999 as a promising actor and director.

Pribadi

Studies at the ISI (Theatre). Since 1994 he has worked as a lighting man.