

-- 1 --

RONDO A LA WOMB

NOTES ON THE THEMATIC

Anon was born inside their head prior to the birth of their physical manifestation. They remember, visualise, and fear their own experience of the womb as an ex-convict remembers their time during incarceration.

*It is... sticky.
Why, Mother, am I covered in your stick?
Blood, Mother, this room is filled with blood.
I'm falling, I'm sinking.
I'm rising, I'm floating.
There is no up; there is no down.
I am drowning. I am drowning.*

Anon cries out this memory with a disgusting desperation intended to claw them out of the horror. They are angry, rash, and unapologetically violent to reach this goal. Anon does not thank those that brought them into the known universe, rather wishing to cause them harm and punish them for placing this existence in their lap.

*It's too... tight!
Alright, another reason to be sick.
Alright, tell her you really give a shit.
My food: it enters me through my centre.
My excrement: it exits into my sack.*

A confined space is an inferior one. Anon uses ambition to break down any wall surrounding them. Be it claustrophobia or the 'Fear of the Mystery of Missing Out', Anon must select a wider lens, see more, be more, and achieve more.

*I want out, out,
I want out, out, out,
I want, want out, out,
I want out,
I want out.*

Anon, enraged, tears through the placenta, the uterus, then the outer skin of their bearer, spewing a horrifying cocktail of amniotic fluid and blood. Left hanging grotesquely from their host as a victim of the sheriff's gallows would from their neck, Anon pursues their mission of true perspective on existence.

Anon cannot reveal themselves as superior in a premature manner. A regular admission into the education system is

-- 2 --

necessary for a low profile to be sustained. It is soon discovered that confined spaces are everywhere and there is a consistent regime against the ambition of remarkable beings. Anon becomes aggravated by this new, yet familiarly confining environment.

*A room, a very dark room.
Am I in the centre?
Doom, a feeling of doom.
Giants in every corner.
Play? You want me to play?
I'll put your face in a blender!*

This torture must be breached once more. It is not enough to be a student of experience, a bystander to the currents of change. Anon makes their own way in this world through grasping at independence and quirks wherever possible. Financial stability and economic ingenuity breed self-sufficiency in our modern world. To not create in exchange for monetary gain seems on the contrary to intuition for Anon, but as many creatives have before, Anon finds themselves at odds with the Bezos way to space: other people's money.

*Papier Mâché mountain,
Pay the man from Hamburg.
Industrial stapler crocodile.
Write the devil an email.*

*Clock in, clock out.
Juniper dreamboat.
Clock in, clock out.
A sundress in the office?*

*27-inch, Hi-Def.
Define insolent,
Swivel chair, crack addict.
Drip, pour, spill, scold.*

“If money can't buy happiness, then why is it so fabulous?” – Poppy. Having achieved their desired monetary wealth, Anon continues to strive for more than simple materialistic objects and experiences. Their exceptional prestige amongst mere humans must be converted into the true god-like status that is truly deserved; to be viewed as a saint, a future martyr, and a saviour amidst the poor and unworthy.

-- 3 --

A journey beyond the confines of the atmosphere is the only acceptable path for Anon to take. A final breach, as grotesque as before, as distasteful as ever. Anon looks back at the planet they conquered, just as they did to their host while chewing off the umbilical shackle. No thanks were necessary, nor receivable, as what Anon planned to leave behind was nothing more than a nameless, faceless entity of mass destruction and personal achievement.

A passing of time occurs over the next so-many-turns-of-the-clock. Anon grows tired of the loneliness that endless ambition and deconfinement has gifted them.

*Space is a traceless atmosphere.
Make no trace, or you will hear,
Of your sorrows, your troubles, your cries, and your calls.
Love is a melo-dramatic farse.
Fear has its uses, so store it in a jar.
But anger and bloodshed are all far more useful.*

*Science is an excuse for domination.
If knowledge is so good, then why is power so bad?
Putin, Jon Un, Trump, and Johnson.*

*Canis Venatici, Major or Minor.
See the flight of Columba, the beauty of the Lyra.
Of Pavo, and Pegasus, the Ursa eats it all,
And throws it up for sport.*

Another constellation amongst millions of lights. Anon shines far brighter than any planet-dwelling being ever has, and yet so far removed. Just a twinkling star in the dark abyss of constantly expanding confined space.

NOTES ON PROCESS

A warning. Anon wished to offer one. The question remained: how? During their time as an incognito human, Anon developed a technology capable of 're-hosting' the electronic signals in one entity's brain chemistry and porting them into another. Anon found this to be the best way to deliver their warning to the civilisation they left behind. Arguably a form of cowardice, but also a concern that Anon's elevated being would not be understood and rather feared by humans.

Having something of a creative morsal remaining in their body, Anon sympathised with the fact that art has been deemed

-- 4 --

a highly successful and respected form of delivering important societal messages. The sufficiency of certain forms of art, however, did not meet Anon's requirements. To correctly pass on their message, Anon would need to innovate.

Contemporary theatre and performance art has long entertained Anon's fascination with the likes of Roomful of Teeth, The Crossing, Jenny Hval, Marina Abramović, Pyotr Pavlensky, and many more. The political, philosophical, and sociological statements these artists made offered a spotlight into the moral cavities of Anon's mind. Anon felt the raw burn these artists felt with unrivalled sympathy.

In order to manipulate their host effectively, Anon deemed it necessary to discover new and innovative performance techniques involving technology. They first learnt the applications of the 'TC Helicon VoiceLive Touch 2' to portray a live shaping of various vocal effects. Forever ambitious even within a message warning humans of the dangers of ambition, Anon also discovered the Kaoss Pad Quad and enjoyed its fluidity and organic nature within effects manipulation. Anon spent regular practice sessions honing their skills with these devices with the aim of providing an interesting and coherent performance, wielding their important message.

This issue of coherence became ever present in Anon's practice. The collaborator to Anon's host, a bright young multi-instrumentalist and composer by the humanoid name of Julian Race, proved to be extremely resourceful. Julian's focus and determination to frame the performance in a consistent and intelligible manner ensured the message's success. Mr. Race also provided an immense amount of research into what humans before them have done. He focused his investigation on a wide range of works ranging from Mozart: *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* to Adams: *Nixon in China*.

As the time to deliver the important message drew nearer, Anon's host and collaborator set about practicing regularly to master their message for the audience. Anon began to realise the insufficiency of their host's appearance and wished to change it. Anon wished to use a 'blank canvas' appearance to deliver their message. This meant dressing the host in full

-- 5 --

white overalls and removing the presence of hair. Anon was also aware of the host's pre-existing relationship with the audience, and therefore set about maintaining a veil of secrecy until the message was ready. They also prepared another method of separation of character by making the host's appearance a surprise to the audience.

As a last-minute thought, Anon decided the theme of time passing in an inconsistent manner needed more emphasis. This led to the creation of a short film that was screened above the host, containing scenes of a mundane nature being played in reverse. This also aimed to create another layer of "chaotic focus" into the message being delivered. Anon wanted the audience to be overwhelmed by visual and auditory stimuli just enough to challenge them and contain their whole attention throughout.

The performance played out as intended and with perceivable success, well received by the audience. Anon, satisfied with their delivery, departed the host after the final word, collapsing them to the floor. The location of Anon is now unknown, but it is believed they were ready to depart our known universe and did so with quiet thanks. For the first time, Anon admitted their ambition had dissolved them not into a superior being, but instead an Icarus. An Icarus that flew not just too close to the sun, but into its core.

[1468 words]

BIBLIOGRAPHY

ABROMOVIĆ, Marina. 1974. *Rhythm 10* [performance art]. Edinburgh.

ABROMOVIĆ, Marina. 1974. *Rhythm 2* [performance art]. Zagreb: Gallery of Contemporary Art.

ADAMS, John. 2011. *Nixon in China (1987)* [online]. Metropolitan Opera, 12 February 2011. Available at: <https://www.metopera.org/Season/On-Demand/opera/?upc=811357014158> [Accessed 27 December 2022]

-- 6 --

- EBERSTADT, Fernanda. 2019. *The Dangerous Art of Pyotr Pavlensky* [magazine feature]. New York: New York Times. Available at: <https://www.nytimes.com/2019/07/11/magazine/pyotr-pavlensky-art.html> [accessed 15 January 2023].
- GILBERTSON, Michael, NALLY, Donald. 2022. *Born* [composition]. Malvern, Pennsylvania: The Crossing: Navona.
- HVAL, Jenny. 2016. *Kingsize* [Youtube Video]. Chicago: Pitchfork. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mRYNK0BnEFI> [accessed 15 January 2023].
- MOZART, Wolfgang Amadeus. 1991. *Die Entfuhrung aus dem Serail* [sound recording: CD]. Perf. Sir Colin Davis, The Academy of St. Martin-In-The-Fields. Philips.
- PAVLENSKY, Pyotr. 2013. *Carcass* [performance art]. Saint Petersburg.
- PAVLENSKY, Pyotr. 2013. *Fixation* [performance art]. Moscow.
- SANER, Emily. 2020. *Marina Abramović: 'I'm an artist, not a satanist!'* [interview]. London: Guardian. Available at: <https://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2020/oct/07/marina-abramovic-im-an-artist-not-a-satanist> [accessed 15 January 2023].
- SHAW, Caroline. 2012. *Partita for 8 Voices: No. 1, Allemande* [composition]. New Amsterdam: Roomful of Teeth.