

inland 14.3

the invisible doors of that invisible country



Alexander Garsden
Invisible Country [short version] – 2014*
Steel-String Guitar and Electronics

Anthea Caddy
*Concert for Cello, Two Loudspeakers
and Church* – 2014*
Amplified Cello

Natasha Anderson
Sugarhair – 2014*
Contrabass Recorder and Electronics

- short interval -

Rohan Drape
*From the east edge of the backyard
looking west* – 2014*
Organ

Anthony Pateras & Erkki Veltheim
The Wheezing Corpse of Modernism –
2014**
Piano and Violin

*World Premiere
**Australian Premiere

[1.] And now we have landed on the unknown continent, this kernel of higher substances implanted in the earth's crust, protected from the eyes of the curious and the greedy by the curvature of space – like a drop of mercury, impenetrable by virtue of its surface tension to the finger that seeks its centre.

[2.] I have the feeling every now and then that I can write on those large rock faces that are three or four thousand metres high, like a teacher write on a blackboard with chalk. But I don't just write lines... imaginary lines... I live those lines. I also have the feeling that afterwards that those lines are still there, even if I'm the only one who can feel them, see them, because I lived them, and nobody else will ever be able to see them.

[3.] [...] but who want to breathe with ecstasy, through the curtain of the falling rain, the scent of invisible yet enduring flowers with mournful-sounding magyar names [...]

But I wanted to breathe with ecstasy, through the curtain of the falling rain, the scent of invisible yet enduring dream-prairies [...]

Yet he wanted to breathe with ecstasy, through the curtain of the falling rain, the scent of invisible yet enduring ghosts of places

[4.] The problem is in the arc [...] We make one great weird curve from the east edge of the backyard looking west – she is on the right edge of the shot – across, following the equator of the backyard, to the west edge, looking east. Now she is on the left edge.

[1b.] By our calculations, thinking of nothing else, by our desires abandoning every other hope, by our efforts, renouncing all bodily comfort, we gained entry into this new world. So it seemed to us. But we learned later that if we were able to reach the foot of Mount Analogue, it was because the invisible doors of that invisible country had been opened for us by those who guard them. The cock crowing in the milky dawn thinks its call raises the sun; the child howling in a closed room thinks its cries open the door. But the sun and the mother go their way, following the laws of their beings. Those who see us, even though we cannot see ourselves, opened the door for us, answering our puerile calculations, our unsteady desires and our awkward efforts with a generous welcome.

[5.] Twilight Peaks



[6.] On every new thing there lies already the shadow of annihilation. For the history of every individual, of every social order, indeed of the whole world, does not describe an ever-widening, more and more wonderful arc, but rather follows a course which, once the meridian is reached, leads without fail into the dark.

[4b.] The exchange between them will not be seen. They will not put it forth to be seen. And if I make something of the situation to show a difference between the two men, the difference will distract the true onlooker.

[7.] Yet it is his exaltation that has brought us the perfume of the hawthorn trees that died long years ago; that has made it possible for men and women who have never seen, nor will ever see, the land of France, to breathe with ecstasy, through the curtains of the falling rain, the scent of invisible yet enduring lilacs.

[8/3b]. I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers, for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

**With thanks to the Church of All
Nations for hosting this event**