



When I am in any place, I disturb the silence of heaven and earth by my breathing and the beating of my heart. • God's in his heaven. All's right with the world • 'The Eternal ... will do justice to Jacob according to his works. In his mother's womb did he already displace his brother, and, in his manliness, triumph over a God. He fought against an angel and was vanquished, and here he cries and asks for mercy ... ' Isn't this the great tragedy, to battle against God and not to be vanquished? • If the angel deigns to come / it will be because you have convinced her • The supernatural part is the sweat of blood, the unsatisfied longing for human consolation, the supplication that he might be spared, the sense of being abandoned by God. • "Angel are messengers from God, right? Why are we fighting Angels?" "What are you, stupid? They attacked us!" • The soul which has poked its head out of heaven devours the being. • They all have tired mouths / And luminous, illimitable souls •

INLAND 15.3

YOUR HOUSE IS THE LAST BEFORE THE INFINITE

Samuel Dunscombe

Unfinished Piece for 27 Clarinets (2015)

Clarinets – with Aviva Edean and Michiko Ogawa

**Jessica Aszodi, Alexander Garsden,
Rohan Drape**

Four suns and a whole sky on fire (2015)

Voice and Computers

Jeanette Little

Barbaric Yawp (2014)

Uilleann Pipes – Matthew Horsley

Judith Hamann

Untitled (2015)

Cello

- short interval -

Morton Feldman

Three Voices (1982)

Soprano – Jessica Aszodi

Then you will imagine yourself inside a prism that is vibrating like a gong. You will long to vanish in thin air, to disappear into that sound. • and I am naked as a table cloth, my nerves humming. / Close to the fear of war and the stars which have disappeared. • Like a rider on a steed that flies forward, we drop the reins before the infinite • The boundary of death is passed when the heart of the soul has risen above the navel to the part above the diaphragm, and all moisture has been burned up. When lungs and heart have cast out the moisture of the heat that collects in the places attacked by disease, there passes away all at once the breath of the heat, wherefrom the individual was originally constituted, out into the universe again, partly through the flesh and partly through the breathing organs in the head, whence we call it the 'breath of life.' And the soul, leaving the tabernacle of the body, gives up the cold, mortal image to bile, blood, phlegm and flesh. • "The coast has vanished, now the last chain has fallen from me; the boundless roars around me, far out glisten space and time; be of good cheer, old heart!" Oh, how should I not lust after eternity and after the nuptial ring of rings, the ring of recurrence? • When I sit still and give it a chance, everything here is transparent, colorless. The vibrations of one's own self are lost in an infinitely receding lacework of spirals, which in turn reduce to an essence like that of a rose whose shape continues in the mind. • They all resemble one another, / In God's garden they are silent / Like many, many intervals • The infinite oneness within God generates separate Persons – and, in this sense, a person is a principle of action – who perfectly realizes and perfectly expresses the perfection of that oneness by uniting in infinite union, into identity. • The floor of the inside of the shrine is bright red, its walls cobalt blue, suggesting a point where Heaven touches a blood-soaked hilltop. • Screamingly sentient, dumbly delirious, only the gods that were can tell. A sickened, sensitive shadow writhing in hands that are not hands, and whirled blindly past ghastly midnights of rotting creation, corpses of dead worlds with sores that were cities, charnel winds that brush the pallid stars and make them flicker low. Beyond the worlds vague ghosts of monstrous things; half-seen columns of unsanctified temples that rest on nameless rocks beneath space and reach up to dizzy vacua above the spheres of light and darkness. And through this revolving graveyard of the universe the muffled, maddening beating of drums, and thin, monotonous whine of blasphemous flutes from inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond Time; the detestable pounding and piping whereunto dance slowly, awkwardly, and absurdly the gigantic, tenebrous ultimate gods the blind, voiceless, mindless gargoyles whose soul is Nyarlathotep. • Ein jeder Engel ist schrecklich • "What are you, stupid? Who knows what they think." • **With thanks to the Church of All Nations for hosting this event • This project has been assisted by the Australian Government through the Australia Council for the Arts, its arts funding and advisory body • www.inlandconcertseries.net**