

IN HOUSES THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN ORDER TO HEAR THE CRICKETS MORE CLEARLY, AND SO THE GRASSHOPPERS CAN WALK ATOP THE LEAVES ALMOST WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM, THE LEAVES, THE LEAVES, THE LEAVES – IN THE NIGHT THE SOFT ANXIETY IS TRANSMITTED THROUGH THE HOLLOW OF THE AIR, THE VOID IS A MEANS OF TRANSPORT. • ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SQUARE THERE ARE SOME TREES THAT NEVER GREW THERE. IN THE DISTANCE, I RECOGNISE THE DARK LEAVES AND GOLDEN FRUITS OF THE QUINCE. I SEE MYSELF AMONG THOSE TREES, TOGETHER WITH MY PARENTS, ACCOMPANIED BY OTHER PEOPLE WHOSE FEATURES I DON'T MANAGE TO RECOGNISE. THE MURMUR OF OUR VOICES REACHES ME AS WE CHAT PEACEABLY. OUR FEET ARE SUNKEN INTO THE MUDDY GROUND. AROUND US, SUSPENDED FROM THEIR BRANCHES, THE WRINKLED FRUITS HANG EVER SOFTER. BIG BLOTCHES MAKE INROADS UPON THEIR SKIN, AND IN THE STILL AIR I NOTICE THE FERMENTATION OF THEIR FLESH. FROM THE PLACE WHERE I OBSERVE THE SCENE, I CANNOT KNOW IF THE OTHERS SEE WHAT I SEE. NOBODY SEEMS TO NOTICE THAT ALL OF THE QUINCES ARE ROTTING BENEATH A LIGHT THAT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE: BRIGHT, AND AT THE SAME TIME SOMBRE, WHICH TURNS EVERYTHING INTO METAL AND ASH. IT ISN'T THE LIGHT OF NIGHT, NOR IS IT THAT OF TWILIGHT, NOR IS IT THAT OF DAWN. • I BEHELD THE EARTH, AND IT WAS VOID AND EMPTINESS, AND THE HEAVENS, THEY HAD NO LIGHT • THEY SHOULD PAINT LIGHT, MAKING THE CENTRAL BODY OF THE LIGHT STRONGER THAN THE OUTSIDE. LIKE THE EYE AND ITS IRIS, A BODY CAN ONLY BECOME INVISIBLE THROUGH EXCESS OF LIGHT FROM WITHIN IT. IT IS BY THE SHUTTING UP OF OURS IN ITS CENTRE THAT WE BECOME SENSIBLY VISIBLE TO SENSE: IT ONLY EMANATES FROM THE FOCUS OF THE EYE, AND IT IS THAT LIGHT THROWN IN TO FIND ITS OWN CENTRE AND ORIGIN WHICH AWAKES THAT CENTRE AT LAST AND CAUSES IT TO CORUSCATE. • NO ONE EVER SEES THE SUN IN A DREAM, ALTHOUGH ONE IS OFTEN AWARE OF SOME FAR BRIGHTER LIGHT. MATERIAL OBJECTS AND HUMAN BODIES ARE ILLUMINED THROUGH THEIR OWN AGENCIES. • **INLAND 16.0: ARCANA CŒLESTIA** • WHAT CAN IT MEAN, SUCH GRAVITY WITHOUT A CENTRE? • **OR: TRANSMITTED THROUGH THE HOLLOW OF THE AIR** • 8PM MONDAY 18TH JANUARY 2016 • CHURCH OF ALL NATIONS, 180 PALMERSTON ST. CARLTON • BE IN THE AIR, BUT NOT BE AIR, BE IN THE NO AIR • **ROHAN DRAPE: 'AS IF THE PAST OF THE TRUST IN HEARING' (2016) PIANO, COMPUTER** • **WILL GUTHRIE: 'UNTITLED 201666' (2016) DRUMKIT** • **KIM MYHR, 12-STRING GUITAR** • SHE THINKS ABOUT TWO THINGS THAT I KNOW OF. ONE IS ELEVATION AND THAT COMES CLOTHES IN LIGHT, SO TO SPEAK. SHE LOATHES THE DARK. SHE SLEEPS IN THE LIGHT • **ORA CLEMENTI: '01/18/2016' (COLE/RUSHFORD, 2016) VOICES, INSTRUMENTS, ELECTRONICS, OBJECTS AND MICROPHONES** • **ALEXANDER GARSDEN AND MICHAEL KIERAN HARVEY: 'NOR IS IT THAT OF TWILIGHT, NOR IS IT THAT OF DAWN' (GARSDEN, 2015-16) PIANO, COMPUTER** • THIS PROJECT HAS BEEN ASSISTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT THROUGH THE AUSTRALIA COUNCIL FOR THE ARTS, ITS ARTS FUNDING AND ADVISORY BODY • MORE AT WWW.INLANDCONCERTSERIES.NET