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Tempo / Volume 69 / Issue 271 / January 2015, pp 57 - 65

DOI: 10.1017/S004029821400093X, Published online: 02 January 2015

**Link to this article:** [http://journals.cambridge.org/abstract\\_S004029821400093X](http://journals.cambridge.org/abstract_S004029821400093X)

### How to cite this article:

Celeste Oram (2015). DARMSTADT'S NEW WAVE MODERNISM. *Tempo*, 69, pp 57-65  
doi:10.1017/S004029821400093X

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## DARMSTADT'S NEW WAVE MODERNISM

Celeste Oram

This year's Darmstadt Summer Courses for New Music were plugged-in, wired-up, mixed-down, line-out. Scarcely a main-stage concert wasn't amplified, at the very least. More often, new works synthesised spatialised sound design, video material, lighting and electronics in high-tech, high-concept performances.

It goes without saying that the technological presence in new music is hardly recent: the pioneers of electronic music are dead; the first instantiations of Max/MSP came into the world before plenty of its current users did. More self-evident still, tech inhabits the lives, behaviours and communications of new music practitioners with an unremarkable ubiquity. And yet, tech in new music is a specialty, a novelty – even a ghetto. Whenever tech turns up in a mainstream new music environment, criticism and reception smells on its breath a whiff of the new, like a factory-fresh car or still-wet paint. While we no longer notice the weight of the computer in our pocket, there persists scepticism about how (or even whether) this foreign object belongs in art. Continuing a Modernist tradition, technology is still regarded as the Other: an object of critique and suspicion.

Meanwhile, in Darmstadt 2014 – pilgrimage site for iconoclasts – tech was near-omnipresent and often maximalist in scale. Many works displayed a technological complexity and multi-disciplinary ambition that attested to the fluency of its creators and the skill of its executors. Little wonder, when those creators belong to a generation raised amidst augmented reality, and hailed as the greatest technological optimists yet.

Even so, it became evident at Darmstadt that a Modernist suspicion of technology prevails. In an obvious sense, several works adopted an explicitly critical stance towards technological systems such as virtual communication, mass surveillance or drone warfare. More pervasively, however, in works that engaged with the *idea* of technology as a dramatis persona – rather than just using tech as a tool – technology was aestheticised in a way that echoed the enduring Modernist conception of technology as alienating, foreign, anti-human. At Darmstadt, a tech-y sound-world was glitchy, noisy, static; tech-y forms were disjunct, chaotic, oversaturated; tech encountered the human body in order to disembody and overpower it. Dwelling on these violent technological characteristics seems to entrench the Heideggerian humbug that 'everywhere we remain unfree and chained to technology'.<sup>1</sup> Where is the technological optimism amidst this fetishisation of technology's glitches and corruptions?

<sup>1</sup> Martin Heidegger, *The Question Concerning Technology*, trans. William Lovitt (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1982), p. 4.

There is a pressing need for a technological optimism that steers away from these Modernist tropes of technology-as-Frankenstein's-monster. Granted, in a cultural climate tempered by crises of surveillance, privacy breaches and remote warfare, there is much to critique in current technological systems. For critique to be salient, however, it needs to be accurate and relevant. Technology, and our relationship to it, is dizzyingly multifarious and in a constant state of flux. A meaningful critique of a technological system necessitates engagement with that system in its specificity, and in its current iteration. Wholesale technological scepticism frames technological systems as default bogeymen, diverting critical attention away from the human structures that control and influence it. It's important to be reminded of the absurdity that the word 'technology' could apply to both a condenser microphone and a long-range missile. Yet the Modernist monomyth – of 'Technology' as a unified Other – asserts that the two share some common aura, that the way we interact with one influences our attitude towards the other. Such conflation fossilises and fetishises a generic myth that might have striking aesthetic impact, but whose cultural relevance is waning.

On more local terms, an attitude of technological scepticism quickly filters from the work itself into the wider reception of new music. Already, tech-heavy works can suffer from poor reception: due not only to shaky understanding of the craft, but more crucially, to a Modernist prejudice that the live, human artistic utterance contains a more primal truth than the digitally synthesised. If tech works project a technological cynicism, then no wonder tech works get the short shrift: the discipline itself is perpetuating scepticism about its own validity.

Four high-profile performances from this year's Darmstadt Summer Courses serve as useful case studies in these discussions: Jagoda Szmytka's evening-length music-theatre work *Limbo Lander*, Stefan Prins' game-controlled hyper-quartet *Generation Kill*, Johannes Kreidler's New Conceptualist opera-epic *Audioguide* and Jennifer Walshe's mass-media holy mass *The Church of Frequency and Protein*. More than simply employing technological media, these works explicitly engage with the *idea* of technology, and its many interfaces with human communication, ethics and behaviour. This article will examine aspects of each work with attention to two central considerations. First, how is technology aesthetically characterised, especially in relation to live elements? Second, are the works sceptical or optimistic in the way they model interactions between humans and technology? 'Scepticism' is here defined as what cultural theorist Mackenzie Wark calls a 'late critique of media', resting on 'the old saw of some organic, whole, romantic other that has been lost and can be restored'.<sup>2</sup> 'Optimism' asserts the kind of forward momentum in which, Wark goes on to argue, 'there's no going back. We are made of media. We are made of technology'.<sup>3</sup>

### Jagoda Szmytka: *Limbo Lander*

Scheduled on the evening of the first full day, *Limbo Lander* was an evening-length, multi-media meditation on virtual communication

<sup>2</sup> Mackenzie Wark, 'Where next for media theory?', *Public Seminar*, <http://bit.ly/1kLnMJ0>, accessed 27 August 2014.

<sup>3</sup> Wark, 'Where next?'

and digital identities: with specific self-reference to the task of establishing a young new music ensemble. These communication networks, however, are synopsised in the programme text in distinctly sceptical terms. 'Young people' (a strangely ghettoizing term coming from a 32-year-old composer) are 'temporarily suspended somewhere between the "real" and the "virtual"'. Likening this crawlspace between reality and virtuality to a 'limbo' reinforces the scepticism that virtually augmented space is neither a valid space, nor a space in which anything can be robustly actualised. Besides, there's a false opposite between the 'real' and the 'virtual', which rests, as Wark writes, 'on the presumption that we have some obvious and clear example of the pre-computerised subject against which to compare the ambiguous example. But we are made by and of our media, and our computers. There is no gold standard of human'.<sup>4</sup>

There's a further pessimistic bent to the title: a 'limbo lander' is a person awaiting an official diagnosis of Multiple Sclerosis. By associating virtual reality with a disease, the title echoes a Modernist anxiety over the degenerative threat of technology: especially when the disease in question attacks the brain (the self), nervous system (networks to the outside world) and muscles (capacity for action) – and is incurable.

The programme text goes on to problematise virtual communication:

...they all have to deal with distance problems [the absence of any city to settle in imposes virtual communication: chat rooms, phone talks; as a consequence, distortion and misunderstandings appear], language discrepancy [everyone comes from a different country, there is no common language to communicate, discourse must go on in a half-blurred way: some words must be displaced through sounds?] ...

These tensions and glitches of virtual communication become the hallmarks of Szmytka's musical aesthetic in *Limbo Lander*. In the opening sequence, titled 'Quizzle Translate', the musicians of Ensemble Interface are stationed behind laptops, reciting in an exaggerated, hyper-vocal style texts which attempt to devise a musical ensemble project ('let's go for collaboration'), but end up passing comment on their own Babel-like incomprehensibility ('I am not convinced that we have having the best format for this exchange'). As the performers deliver the text – their speech passed through compressed, distorted audio filters – their phrases are progressively looped, layered and stuttered in a way that suggests data scrambling or buffering hiccoughs. Then again, it's also a musical language closely related to Kurt Schwitters's *Ursonate*, in a reminder that glitching was part of modern musical language long before anyone first heard the gargling of a dial-up modem. By the time the sequence intensifies to its climax, all six musicians are chattering frenetically in an indistinguishable web of vocalised text, as if to prove that no good art was ever created by committee. Thanks to the microphone headsets they wear, they look and sound like they're in a call centre: all babble and no sense. Szmytka's musical aesthetic has pushed to its inevitable conclusion the Modernist anxiety that technologisation virally de-individualises, its unstoppable current surging discrete utterances into the vast delta of data *en masse*. But then again, it also sounds a bit like Berio's *a-ronne* (1975) – it's a strangely operatic call centre.

There's a crucial paradox here: a histrionic, hyper-vocal musical language is attempting to represent an inherently non-vocal,

<sup>4</sup> Wark, 'Where next?'

non-performative form of communication. A ‘chatroom’ is perhaps the most misleadingly titled thing on the internet: neither is it a room, nor does one chat. Virtual communication *does* allow for deeply personal expressivity. The internet – in its feverishly generative state – boasts a unique expressive syntax, to which every snapchat, meme and gif attests. And yet in *Limbo Lander*, Szmytka attempts a kind of reverse-translation by invoicing these chat logs in deconstructed musical forms. It’s analogous to a Glitch artist opening up an image file in an audio player: the result will necessarily be alienated, strange, problematic. *Limbo Lander* makes an inadequate attempt to portray virtual communication on its own terms; instead, by way of its histrionics, it co-opts them into an eighteenth-century expressive medium. The fight is fixed.

### Stefan Prins: *Generation Kill*

Two nights later, on an outdoor stage before a crowd of 3,000, with *Generation Kill* Stefan Prins widened Darmstadt’s critical focus from the personal out to the expressly political. The work’s title is borrowed from the book by American reporter Evan Wright, in which Wright recounts his experiences following the US Marine Corps in the Iraq War. For Prins, the crux of the book is in Wright’s observation that ‘this is a war fought by the first Playstation generation. One thing about them is they kill very well in Iraq’.

Four members of the Nadar Ensemble – a cellist, percussionist, guitarist and violinist – are stationed in a line across the stage, facing the audience. In front of each of them is a semi-transparent screen. When illuminated, the live players are still visible behind the gauze – but in addition, a pre-recorded life-size video doppelgänger of each player is projected onto each screen. The speed and direction of the video playback is puppeteered via Playstation controller by a second quartet of Nadar musicians, seated downstage.<sup>5</sup>

This infrastructure vividly concretises the work’s political thesis: as Prins describes, it’s ‘a musical reflection of the blurring boundaries between reality and virtuality’.<sup>6</sup> Just as a virtual cello can be played via Playstation, remote-control technology alienates physical action from its efficacy – thereby fraying the ethical ties between them. Prins is not enigmatic about the ultimate ramifications of this: the climax of *Generation Kill* is the video screens’ silent cadenza, which displays bird’s-eye footage of drone attacks in Iraq.

The critical stance is imperative in a work that addresses such charged content. But scepticism also pervades in Prins’ aesthetic characterisation of technological mediation – independent of its application. The sonic vocabulary of *Generation Kill* has been chosen for maximum assaulting impact. Though the live quartet plays real instruments, each is prepared to produce rough, crunchy sounds that are barely recognizable as the instruments they are: a beer can is wedged between the cello strings; the guitar is played with a balloon and a hand-held fan; the violin bridge is cased in tin foil. In a sense, it’s a purely analogue way of making live instruments sound like the highly compressed and distorted audio of bad mp3 rendering, or the static of radio communications. This is not to say that Prins’ sound world isn’t

<sup>5</sup> A video of the Nadar Ensemble performing *Generation Kill* is viewable at <http://youtu.be/P0zAplC4pk8>, accessed 21 September 2014.

<sup>6</sup> Stefan Prins, interview with the author, 9 August 2014.

highly compelling; it is: there's a dynamic rhythmic energy, and a rich sonic variety. Instead of invoking a traditionally 'musical' frame of reference, these sounds instantly signify the technological; yet, at the same time, they reinforce the notion that the technological is fundamentally corrupted.

In addition, the work's pervading formal arrangement is a rapid-fire barrage; there's a glut of sound, threatening in its chaotic excess. Live sounds occur in clusters of short, sharp, shocks, punctuated by the jolt of a bass drum or the sting of an anvil. Electronic sounds are looped forwards and backwards hysterically, escalating to breaking point. It's important to note most of the electronic sounds have a corresponding visual avatar: so we also see the manipulated video-performer looping and convulsing in physically impossible ways. *Generation Kill*'s aesthetic suggests that whenever the human body enters the virtual realm, it cannot escape being distorted, de-humanised, violently controlled. Before we have even entered the conflict zone of drone warfare, this violent visual/sonic blueprint defines hyper-reality as a violent, dangerous space. This would seem to be a deeply sceptical attitude.

But here's a paradox: *Generation Kill* makes it abundantly clear that Prins is a gifted programmer, eager to explore the possibilities of a virtual musical world. As a composer, he has a sandbox-optimism toward tech's creative potential. Prins' interest in the grainy, rougher edges of tech-aesthetics partially aligns his work with the approach of Glitch Art, which aestheticises digital bugs and errors by intentionally corrupting the data of image and video files. Glitch Art fundamentally projects a technological optimism; the glitch is not seen as corruptive but as creative, generative – even transcendent. As Rosa Menkman writes in the Glitch Studies Manifesto, 'the glitch can reveal a new opportunity, a spark of creative energy ... the perfect glitch shows how destruction can change into the creation of something original'.<sup>7</sup>

But Prins' work diverges from Glitch Art in two fundamental ways. First, where Glitch artists seek out unpredictable results, hacking code without a particular intention as to the outcome, *Generation Kill* is fastidiously notated and precisely controlled. Menkman writes, 'to design a glitch means to domesticate it. It is no longer a break from a flow within a technology ... but instead a cultivation'.<sup>8</sup> Cultivation of control is central in *Generation Kill*: the video avatars are rigorously controlled by the game-players, who in turn are controlled by the score's instructions. In *Generation Kill*, bodies are glitched not to reveal the mystery of the machine, but rather the violent structures of human control.

Second, Glitch Art affirms the ethical neutrality of glitch. Artist Daniel Temkin writes that 'to the machine, good or bad data is the same ... The data is "bad" only to us, and only if we have an expectation of representational imagery'.<sup>9</sup> *Generation Kill*, in its primary conceit that the real musician is near-indistinguishable from their video avatar, absolutely establishes expectations of representational imagery. And so the glitching in *Generation Kill* seems all the more violent because it's human bodies that are most conspicuously subjected to the glitch. The glitchy edges of technological virtualisation are

<sup>7</sup> Rosa Menkman, 'Glitch Studies Manifesto', *Sunshine in My Throat*, <http://rosa-menkman.blogspot.com/2010/02/glitch-studies-manifesto.html>, accessed 27 August 2014.

<sup>8</sup> Menkman, 'Glitch Studies Manifesto'.

<sup>9</sup> Daniel Temkin, 'Glitch && Human/Computer Interaction', *NooArt: The Journal of Objectless Art*, 1.1 (2014), <http://nooart.org/post/73353953758/temkin-glitchhuman-computerinteraction>, accessed 27 August 2014.

ethicised as ‘bad data’ – invasions of the body – and hence framed in deeply critical, sceptical terms.

The danger of this technological scepticism in the political context of *Generation Kill* is that, by fetishizing complexity in a technological system, the ethical frameworks behind the use of that system are unnecessarily complicated. There’s also a danger that, by characterizing the technological systems themselves as violent and aggressive, the violence and aggression in the human control of those systems is sidelined, if not partially exonerated. After all: *guns don’t kill people; we do.*

### Johannes Kreidler: *Audioguide*

At a Darmstadt debate, ‘The Future of the Concert is Online’, Johannes Kreidler spoke of his gratitude for the bottomless well of music and resources which the internet supplies.<sup>10</sup> There’s an optimism in viewing the incalculable volume of internet content not as an overwhelming glut or excess, but as creative richness. Indeed, the internet-scavenging aesthetic of Kreidler’s own work depends on this digital utopia where vast information is freely available, both in terms of access and cost. Football coverage, Vienna Philharmonic concerts, bathroom scale adverts, Paul Celan poems, Beatles songs, stock market values and pornography are all fair game for Kreidler: *these* are his raw compositional materials, not pitch classes or additive rhythms. And in the spirit of creative commons, Kreidler gives back to the internet. He’s a prolific YouTuber, whose channel features not only performances and lectures, but also a kind of open-source sketchbook of video studies and proto-works.

German composer Moritz Eggert writes of the disappearance of medium amidst the internet’s homogenisation:<sup>11</sup> ‘wir erreichen langsam einen Zustand in dem das Medium als etwas Wahrnehmbares verschwindet, weil alles *ein und dasselbe* Medium ist’.<sup>12</sup> And yet this is like saying that two-dimensional surface is a medium, and hence painting and poetry are ‘*ein und dasselbe*’. YouTube is a medium; gifs are a medium; twitter is a medium. Each has its own unique conventions and practices – even highly condensed art history – that define their medium specificity. Kreidler’s work affirms this; he uses the term ‘YouTube installation’ to describe some of his more heavily conceptual works, like an 11-hour sonification of a binary translation of the collected poems of Georg Trakl.<sup>13</sup>

The YouTubing new music composer presents not only an aesthetic challenge, but also an institutional one. Kreidler’s YouTube studies are the conceptual core of his work – and yet they exist on a platform that is non-commodifiable,<sup>14</sup> and non-filterable by the usual taste-making channels of new music (commissions, programming, festivals, etc.). The great internet optimism lies in the belief that the internet is a vast canvas in which anyone can just *make things*; ANYONE CAN ART!! Does this optimism then persist when Kreidler re-purposes a large chunk of his YouTube back-catalogue for inclusion in his epic

<sup>10</sup> Audio of this debate is available at <https://voicerepublic.com/venues/darmstadt-forum/talks/ii-the-concert-of-the-future-is-online>, accessed 2 September 2014.

<sup>11</sup> Moritz Eggert, ‘Das Verschwinden des Mediums und seine Hinterfragung’, *Bad Blog of Musick*, <http://blogs.nmz.de/badblogger/2014/03/31/das-verschwinden-des-mediums-und-seine-hinterfragung>, accessed 27 August 2014.

<sup>12</sup> ‘We are slowly reaching a state in which the medium, as something perceptible, is disappearing, because everything is *one and the same* medium’. [original italics]

<sup>13</sup> Available at <http://youtu.be/kN2B-78t9RY>, accessed 21 September 2014.

<sup>14</sup> Kreidler earns no income from his YouTube channel.

seven-hour New Conceptualist music-theatre work *Audioguide*, a very expensive and high-profile Darmstadt commission? Screening the videos to a paying audience under the auspices of a prestigious festival seems to backtrack on the optimistic assertion that a freely available YouTube video is a valid artistic proposition in and of itself. Perhaps anyone can art, but not anyone can get commissioned by Darmstadt.

In contrast to Stefan Prins' work, Kreidler's application of technology is markedly transparent and simplistic. His *Kinect Studies*,<sup>15</sup> for instance – a centrepiece of *Audioguide* – show straightforward physical interactions between a human body (Kreidler's) and a virtually rendered piano keyboard: which is 'played' whenever arms wave over it, bodies fall through it or are hanged over it. Despite creating a dual real/digital space, the *Kinect Studies* are resolutely (even ironically) analogue in the sense that they are tethered to physical dimensionality: human bodies hit instruments; they make noise. This simplification does not equate with simplicity – due credit must be given to the sophisticated programming behind the studies. But any technological complexity is furtively hidden, like a magician's trick; ultimately, virtual elements conform to the basic laws of physics.

In this sense, there's a kind of technostalgia to Kreidler's work. His sound-world is often a MIDI-world, graphics are pixelated – his aesthetic is not flashy but 'trashy' (Kreidler's descriptor).<sup>16</sup> This is how Bertolt Brecht would have used digital tech: transparently, with the seams still showing. As Kreidler's work often carries a political punch, one senses a suspicion that too many technological fireworks might jeopardise the directness of an argument – that technological mystery is meretricious. Here lurks a technological scepticism: in the desire to limit technology to a functional tool, without allowing it to take on a mind of its own or transcend through a virtual rabbit-hole. Kreidler's work is often termed 'Musik der Diesseitigkeit': music firmly planted on this side of eternity, and on this side of virtuality.

### Jennifer Walshe: *The Church Of Frequency & Protein*

We uploaded units of our consciousness. We constructed perfect geometries in the hope they could tear holes in the fabric of space and time. We were more than the collective unconscious. We were The Cloud.

This is the opening liturgy of Jennifer Walshe's *The Church of Frequency & Protein*, a wildly theatrical 40-minute work for voice, ensemble and video, performed late at night in a packed Darmstadt Kunsthalle. Like much of Walshe's recent work, it was a text-heavy piece, whose dense libretto is inspired by the far-flung corners of the internet: memes, transhumanist chatrooms, gaming walkthroughs. The cyber-artefacts of these strange subcultures are most often met with scorn and the old 'what is the world coming to' bah-humbug, but Walshe appropriates them in her work with a kind of reverence. She reframes the internet not as a hang-out for crazies, but as a sempiternally renewing repository for the vast imaginative capacity of human minds. *The Church of Frequency & Protein* seemed to reveal an internet spirituality, complete with smells and bells. The bells were the chiming of Tibetan singing bowls; the smells were the chopped herbs and lemon zest that two percussionists distributed to the audience, as if we were plague

<sup>15</sup> Available at <http://youtu.be/-yzOFYSe888>, accessed 21 September 2014.

<sup>16</sup> Johannes Kreidler, interview with the author, 7 August 2014.

victims or partakers of the Eucharist. A noisy, choppy, glitchy tech-aesthetic was notably absent from *Frequency & Protein*. Sure, there was a bewildering simultaneity of action as various ensemble members concurrently recited text, tuned radios, stroked teddy bears, unravelled knitting and blew air through instruments. But, like the long sequences of text recited like mantras or meditations, ideas within this internet-imagination were presented whole, inviolate.

Walshe's was not a technologically complex work in its execution. A video was projected on a screen; the musicians were amplified; a tape track augmented the ensemble; each musician followed a stop-watch on their smartphone instead of a conductor. Many school productions are more technologically involved. But perhaps the greatest technological optimism might actually be found in works which eschew technological fetishisation. This is the central thesis behind 'Post-Internet' art: as art critic Gene McHugh describes, 'when the internet is less a novelty and more of a banality'.<sup>17</sup> In a work like *Frequency & Protein*, the technological system of the internet is taken for granted, assumed to be native to the experience of its audience. After all, how many ordinary citizens could explain how the internet really works – or who really cares?

Instead, Walshe's interest is in the *content* generated as internet users navigate its hoards of information and uniquely adapt to its challenges and possibilities. Artist Artie Vierkant's description of Post-Internet art applies equally to Walshe's work: rather than being 'too narrowly focussed on the specific workings of novel technologies', Post-Internet art conducts a 'sincere exploration of cultural shifts in which that technology plays only a small role'.<sup>18</sup> Or, as Walshe explained in her Darmstadt lecture, 'it's not a piece about the internet; it's a piece written *inside* this environment of information'.<sup>19</sup> This is not to suggest any technological jadedness on Walshe's part; on the contrary, in her lecture she enthused about 'that sci-fi moment': a sudden flash of astonishment at the present technological state of affairs. But Walshe's astonishment is less over the workings of the machine itself, and more the machine's potential for disclosing worlds, and poetic bringing-forth.

We saw the meme for what it truly was. The meme was a constellation of synapses, a biological sculpture of exquisite elegance. The meme was the universal artwork of our species. The meme was everything.

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Yet there's a paradox in staging a meditation on the virtual imagination in a live environment. True technological optimism would be convinced by the artistic validity of purely virtual means, and the expressive integrity of the machine. At present, the mainstream new music institution (read: academia) places next to no value on virtual presence: it is performances, commissions from live ensembles, physical publications, and residencies in 'real' places that carry clout. So long as new music insists on existing 'in real life', it will default to privileging live interactions while ghettoizing virtual ones.

How could new music exist virtually? And not just as an ersatz representation of a live medium, like a streamed Berlin Philharmonic

<sup>17</sup> Gene McHugh, *Post-Internet: Notes on the Internet and Art* (Brescia: LINK Editions, 2011).

<sup>18</sup> Artie Vierkant, 'The Image Object Post-Internet', [http://jstchillin.org/artie/pdf/The\\_Image\\_Object\\_Post-Internet\\_a4.pdf](http://jstchillin.org/artie/pdf/The_Image_Object_Post-Internet_a4.pdf), accessed 27 August 2014.

<sup>19</sup> Audio of this debate is available at <https://voicerepublic.com/venues/lectures/talks/music-in-the-extended-field>, accessed 2 September 2014.

concert. What about new music existing within the fabric of the internet, tailored to the richly defined mediums of participatory virtual platforms? Visual Internet Art has been flourishing in this regard for decades. Telematic music is using the internet to expand the concert stage to multiple locations, sometimes in different countries – yet it still places major weight on live-ness, event-ness, the presence (albeit elsewhere) of performing musicians. Of course, total virtuality would issue to new music infrastructures some of the most radical aesthetic, institutional and economic challenges yet. As Artie Vierkant asks, when ‘the world of the screen is our communal space ... Where now would we find a space within which to delineate “art”? Or ... is that delineation even necessary?’<sup>20</sup> Post-internet is post-authorship: and authorship is the myth upon which the Western art music tradition depends.

So long as new music remains stubbornly tethered to live-ness, no wonder technology seems foreign and alien: in real life, technology is in a foreign country. New music awaits a journey into tech’s natural habitat: the virtual.

<sup>20</sup> Artie Vierkant, ‘The Image Object Post-Internet’.