



/ LA LOBA /

Four manifesto's

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3. MANIFESTING NAKEDNESS (language no problem)

“Voice has been described as feminine; but it is equally true that voice evades categorization. A singer wanders; a singer deviates. A voice begins in the body’s basement, a zone that no one dares to name or authorize; and the singer sends the voice (or the voice sends the singer) to an elsewhere, a place outside of our knowledge, a verge I won’t sketch or legislate except to say that I want to live there. Singing is a movement that never coalesces long enough for us to hold it. As soon as we can remark the moment of singing, it is gone.

Voice silently avoids the categories we bring to it. Voice is willing to be thrown, to disguise its source, to hurl itself out of sex-and-gender and onto the sands of a neutral, signless shore.”

‘The Queen’s Throat’, Wayne Koestenbaum

How often we have spoken of the naked voice.

How little we truly know of it.

Nakedness can be the act of removing layers
or it can be the act of showing skin.

Nakedness in voice can be the act of removing archetypes

— have we ever achieved the removal of planted perceptions from another one’s mind? —

— have we ever achieved the removal of eyes out of heads, the removal of frames out of brains?—

or nakedness in voice can be the act of only revealing. Revealing breath and pulse.

aria of the lost - last opus - no.1 - libretto

o throat

o ears

o belly, womb, o, seed

o planted mask, o sticky glue,

o soprano, o, tenor,

hand me my mask

a piece, a score, a dress, a priest, a form, express, a role, high note,

vibrato,

climax,

o listener, o auditor,

bathe in this sound,

hear these fairy tales, this romance, hear my bounds,

hear clichés, laugh and cry,

o gentle listener,

wait, did you cry?

hear my crown

.....

The throat is an erotic body part by physiology and by metaphor.

It is said to be ‘feminine’ due to its physical similarities to women’s genitals
and due to both her genitals’ and the throat’s hidden nature.

An open throat throwing out a song is the resurrection of the being behind the smoke and mirrors.
It is an unveiling. An act of intimacy. An intimacy similar to offering a private part to see.

The act of hearing is equally erotic.

A sound pierces, penetrates the ear, open, vibrates the body of the listener, moves, shakes them, even if it's for a hidden millisecond or even an unconscious shiver of *je-ne-sais-quoi*, there is a trembling body meeting sound in space.

A mask is a disguise, the simplified rendition of the known — an inherited face to put on, or maybe a word that's used to grasp, to interpret, to cage — or a mask is a choice for a constructed face to show the world. Either way, a mask is a shield, often times an unconscious one.

D e a r e s t b r o t h e r , n o . 1

how I would love to be freed from my skin.

I am a happy rotten diva,
non-violent coolness, stoic princess,
hot chick webcam, I am everyone's no one,
once-in-a-lifetime-wifey,
diva blue,
opera shield, *bal masquée*,
my skin is a soprano, lyrical moaner,
soubrette, light and unprotected,
mezzo, witch and naughty stepmom,
my voice sings herself into archetypes
my body translates archetypes into mythological flesh
my throat chokes on myths and swallows them whole
my skin translates anything to anyone who wants to feast upon it
my hair keeps images alive to starve from

.

We talked about shaving my head bald. It started as a joke and soon (way too soon) it became a good idea; we saw it as a symbol of protest. Shave away a history of suppression. Remove all ideas of beauty, ideas of gender, all the nymphs, the queens, the silly geese, trapped in my hair. Snow White has lips as red as blood, skin as white as snow, hair as black as ebony. I have all of these as well. I want to shave Snow White off.

I could be a bald opera diva and reinvent what that means.

We really considered.

You stopped considering and started persuading.

You would've done anything for me to shave my hair off.

I briefly considered. Then I shuddered.

We found no equivalent physical protest of removal for you as a man. Make-up, dress, blurring the lines, all this was *adding*, not taking away. How to take away manhood? How is it that we can both shave our heads and I would get more projected connotations than you? How is it that we can both bare our chests and I am more naked than you?

One day,
I'll be a skin head.
It might become another mask but at least we peeled everything off.
One day,
we'll unite in happy growls,
create a new archetype that wants to be loud, that moves from inside out.

Dearest brother, no. 2

these visions of baldness
these visions of dresses too big to move in
layers of shine, opening our mouths, at the exact same time,
look, wink, turn our heads back,
cough up some blood,
ten drops each,
spilled on our gowns
our arms touch, become one,
our hips, glued, merging,
like proper freaks in the side shows, Siamese twins, just by willpower ——— is this unity?

A nice image — we are attached
and we cannot do this alone.
However,
we can use our signless voice
to join
in a difficult song.

Vocalise Op. 34, No. 14

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
(1873 - 1943)

Lento ♩ = 60

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dim.