

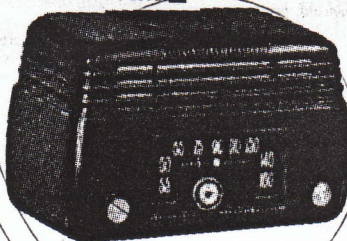
Shake Rattle and Roll

a theatre of operations
for the body in pieces

From my earliest radio experience, listening to a small transistor throb beneath my pillow in the dead of night, I have been fascinated by radio's profoundly schizoid identity. In one ear plays the Happy Folk Band of RADIO UTOPIA, brainwaves and radiowaves mixed into a grand electromagnetic community: *I dream of a time when everybody on the planet lives, breathes and touches each other on air!* But into the other ear, a different band marches on, the Trigger Finger Crash Band of RADIO THANATOS, with its twisted carnage of countless broadcast aircraft rattling with great gusto straight into oblivion. In fact, the two bands are as inseparable as a pair of ears stuck on a single head, with dreamland promises of radio as universal communication forever haunted by ghostland interference. *Won't you please bring back my body to me...*

Shake, Rattle and Roll represents a new departure in my own ongoing migration through radio's dreamland/ghostland. Using a variety of composed, improvised, recycled and performed phonic gyrations, *Shake, Rattle and Roll* attempts to put into practice my growing belief that while radio happens in sound, sound is not what matters about radio. What does matter is an intricate play of position, a play that unfolds among far-flung beings, for the most part unknown to each other: bodies and antibodies, living and dead, floating mouth and severed ear, screams and incantations, songs and parasites, all on parade, destination unknown. What I propose, then, is a passage from the "theatre of sounds" to the "theatre of operations"—this is what I mean by *shake, rattle and roll*.

performed
and produced
by Gregory
Whitehead



Castaway Chorus

4:03

*Bring back, bring back, bring back my body to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my body to me!*

You're on the air. (Scream)

Thank you very much.

slower, slower, slower...

And this is what I mean by shake, rattle and roll.

A World of Lips

4:56

sorry... sound check... we did not rewind here—

Very, very good. Finally, repeat the proposition without using your larynx:

*"The problem with bodies is the reac-
antibodies and the problem with anti-
no body at all."*

Very, very, very good. Let's consider proposition proved.

Shake, rattle, roll (...)

Get wired, stick a needle in the brain spin those tunes baby, 'cause you're tightly twisted roller derby brand of thing.

Shake, rattle, roll.
Shake, rattle, roll.
Shake, rattle, roll.

The kind of strange and paradoxical fate of language out of the body, language once it continues to move through...

I am the prosthesis.

A land where the unutterable is uttered...

And this is what I mean by shake, rattle and roll.

A Jog Through the Cave of the Imagination

That it is not just a place of sudden bursts of philosophical illum- but is also a place of the most depraved kinds of madness.

That it is not just a place of sanctuary but also a place of danger.

Not just dreams, revelations and sanctuary but nightmares, madness and danger.

The Cave of the Imagination.

Have you been there?

What about your research?

Darkness.

Rattle My Bones

8:21

A very, very kind of disquieting thing to hear over your headphones. I we almost crashed on take-off from Honolulu. With stabilizing flaps de- by metal bars that had broken away from the landing gear, the plane lifted off the ground before it began to rattle violently.

Now in the wake of each fresh plane crash I confess to being one o morbid souls who reads survivor accounts with intense curiosity. A

Song For a Punch-Drunk Disembodied

My body flies over the ocean
My body flies over the sea...
Won't you please bring back my body
Oh bring back my body to me

My body flies over the ocean
My body flies over the sea...
My body flies over the ocean
Oh bring back my body to me

Shake, rattle, roll (...)

and this is what I mean by shake, rattle and roll.

I meant that the whole idea of live radio was an illusion, that the living only speak through the articulated corpses of technology.

The dead mediate the living, and so the more dead the transmission the more alive the sensation: the more dead, the more alive; the more dead...

luminous files. Such accounts almost invariably refer to rattles moments before disaster. So as the luggage rments sprang open above our heads and those miniature Samsonites coming down onto us, I felt that we were moments away from rattling right turn unit.

e Qantas pilot immediately—when you hear a pilot, they tend to be very deeply cool dudes, you hear a note of anxiety in a Qantas pilot voice ally know you are in serious trouble—the Qantas immediately informed us that he was lightening id by dumping two—thousand liters of fuel into the ocean.

rattle, roll (...)

what I mean by shake, rattle and roll.

40:27

Proof Positive

Pneumatic Stress
The Trembling Hand
A Bad Time for Noses
Rough Throat
Squeal Squeal Squeal

The Intrinsic Boredom of Immortality
Signs and Wonders
The Outsider

Fingers Tapdance with Love Ghosts in the Darkness
(that is a very poetic one)

Death Letters Live on Air but Smell Like Sewage
and finally, Whispered Nonsense.

al hours later in a typically incongruous late twentieth-century change of scene, I sat watching the surfers he waves at Waikiki with a Qantas complimentary ail, I think it was a banana daiquiri, though I was so d I have no idea what it was, but I was downing them ickly as they could bring them.

ght about other waves, air waves, the risks of mechan-vibration. I thought about all the radio art missions that dump their fuel and make premature ngs, about the countless audio aircraft that never : at their true destination. Or that shake, rattle and roll ntly, without ever coming to the climax.

after three or four more complimentary cocktails, the s in my head piled up like drowned rats...

41:55

Liturgy for Radio Utopia

Communication is community
the technology of transmission
is the promise of one world
made whole, brought together
all languages, all races, all cultures

I dream of a time
when everybody on the planet lives,
breathes and touches each other on air

a glorious communion
a celebration to end all celebrations
in a language to end all languages

Communication is community
the technology of transmission
is the promise of one world
made whole, brought together
all languages, all races, all cultures

I dream of a time
when everybody on the planet
lives, breathes and touches each other on air
a glorious communion communion communion

a celebration to end all celebrations
in a language to end all languages

Finnegan's Wake!
Here Comes Everybody

Finnegan's Wake!
Here Comes Everybody

13:57

How Fast My Body Flies

Slower, slower slower...

The local daily newspaper alluded only to, and I quote,
"A sinister dance of satanic voices, group necrophilia and
degenerate gobbledygook"...

and this is what I mean by shake, rattle and roll.

Radio Thanatos

15:03

Shake, rattle, roll (...)

You're on the air.

Sometimes when you try to talk about radio art in public you get *needed*, you get needed by the living and haunted by the hanging vibrations of the dead. With the passage of time, I find that my most pressing problem is how to tell the difference.

From stone cold hard fact larynx exposed at every stage of physical decomposition; from talk show golden throats cut

**"The problem with
bodies is the reason
for antibodies,
and the problem
with antibodies is
no body at all."**

with a scalpel, transected, then taped back together and beamed across the airwaves; from voices that have been severed from the body for so long they don't remember which body they belong to or whether they belong to any body at all; from pop-monster giggle bodies guaranteed to shake your boodie; from artificial tissue folds, sneak stitched and distilled into computer synthesis and digital processing; from mechanical chatterboxes dead to begin with; from cyberphonic antibodies taking flight and crashing to pieces on air.

From down and dirty drive-time jingles to spotless digital recording of Handel's *Messiah*. Sit-com patter becomes fused in the memory with the speeches of candidates and the numbing rhythms of traffic reports and weather forecasts. Needles are an inescapable fact of life in the schizophrenic and still amply animate the radio body, even if the world's fastest fake fingers, laser-beams, have made it possible to get off without them.

As the possibility of public discourse collapses, at least in the United States, into communal lip-sync extravaganzas, perhaps the most direct form of radio art, and certainly the cheapest, is to simply get wired, stick a needle in the brain and spin those tunes 'cause you're a tightly twisted rollerderby brand of wild thing.

(...) This is what I mean by shake, rattle and roll.

17:43

A World Without Lips

Now let's try to repeat the proposition without opening our mouths:

"The problem with bodies is the reason for antibodies,
and the problem with antibodies is no body at all."

Very, very good.

Some of course just *heard* other voices, one called in and said they have been telling me I'm a schizophrenic but after listening to you I think I may only be a schizophrenic.

But others describe various forms of uncontrollable voice that would erupt from their throats at the most embarrassing times. Several were acutely aware that their language had become infected by the electronic media that their language was in fact no longer their own, and often found themselves talking like cartoon characters.

Shake, rattle, roll (...)

The Dangers of This Night

19:07

Ok, is the glass of water still being.....?

Actually it's a glass of wine since we are going to do : liturgy. Think wafer.

Yes, they do get a bit sticky on the throat, we probably better have a glass of water or wine or two, ok and....

You can always tear off a piece of cardboard at a pinch.

Yes.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, oh Lord,
and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils at
the dangers of this night.

We, I think, are beginning to move towards the liturgical mode.

Dangers of this night!

Yes... Book of Common Prayer.

Yes. Are we ready?

I believe so.

Song for a Punch-Drunk Disembody

19:5

My body flies over the ocean
My body flies over the sea
Won't you please bring back my body,
Oh bring back my body to me.

Shake, rattle, roll (...)

Nothing More Than That

20:30

I am the prosthesis
I am the prosthesis

How would you like to go through life hearing nothing more than that?

Song of a Spirit, Off

21:16

Won't you please bring back my body to me,
it has gone a long way over land and 'cross sea,
if I promise to shake and to rattle and roll,
won't you please bring my body to me.

If I promise to shake
and to rattle and roll
won't you bring
my body

to me.

(end)