

WORDS SURFACING . mid September 2006
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noisy-noise

noisy-noise is the sublime

pretty-noise is beauty masquerading as if it were noisy-noise. such is style.
the noise that appears in most noise music these days is pretty-noise. it neither disturbs nor angers those who want to watch it. it and it's adherents demonstrate the devotion, development, and nuance of any other classical form.

elegance

noisy-noise however disturbs even those who desire it.
noisy-noise is the sublime, the unknown, the unpredicted, the unexpected, the undesired (and not because you don't want it, but because you don't know you want it, you don't know how to want it, how to expect it, how to know it...).
it represents what you have not taken into account, what you might not be ready or willing to accept into your version of existence (and aesthetic practice).

revoltment as revolution, perhaps?

pretty-noise puts on the exterior of revolutionaryness, of anarchic desires manifested, but it is pretty and enjoyable and encourages nothing more than complacency and comfort within its bounds. it feels good and motivates none of its adherents to move beyond the thinkable into the unthinkable, the feelable into the unfeelable. it is a cradle that rocks us comfortably to sleep.

there is nothing wrong with that. life is too short to be always uncertain. comfort is desirable and good, and i desire it.

yet, while beauty and pretty-noise are backward-looking, the sublime is awe, the sublime is discovery. i desire this too. this is what lays in wait beyond our view and/or behind us. sometimes you can feel it simmering. just look up at night. just plug your ears.

mind you, there are different sublimes:

the asshole's sublime - revolt - forcing others to look at what they don't want to.

the other sublime - noticing the milky way for the first time, the awe and discovery of something unfathomable ... and perhaps then waving wide-eyed to your neighbor, "hey, come check this out..."

nobody likes an asshole...

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