



Fig.025 Screenshot of a musical notation corresponding to a month of the songs I have heard, annotated and recomposed. These songs are generally the ones I hear from an environment like a shopping mall or by a carpenter singing on a scaffolding. They are also the ones I play myself with an instrument or singing or simply on the radio of my car for my children to listen to.

## SONGS 01

As another on-going work I annotate on my mobile phone the titles of all the songs I hear and recognize. I emphasize “recognize” since I would be barely able to write down the title of a song I have never heard before and either way it would be impossible for me to recompose it and put it in the musical score of all the songs I have heard in a month. I first need to get acquainted with a song and as soon as it becomes a hit in my head and I am able to replay it I then begin to keep track of all the times I listen to it. It could happen that I am visiting or even living as I did throughout the entire duration of the project in a foreign country where I actually don’t know the language sufficiently or not at all. I then often just come up with the title for whatever song that is redundantly played in the hosting environment and anyway translate it into music without ever bothering about the actual lyrics.

These songs could be the ones I listen to on the radio, or the ones played by a street musician or the ones my kids sing but

also the ones I sing to them or the ones I spontaneously sing or whistle when I am in the mood for it. If then some songs can depict particularly spontaneous moments of my life, generally speaking the resulting record of songs is like a radiography of the emotional background provided by the environments in which I live. It is a record of awareness of all the songs played in the background in supermarkets and shopping malls to subconsciously stimulate consumers like me to feel at ease and buy more products.

At least in the public realm then I find the songs I record a persuasive and nauseating trap which plays with my subconscious but thanks to this work I can be conscious of. Now the absurdity is that all these songs tricking consumers to consume more are even copyrighted. So not only am I forced to listen to them and they are imposed upon me and the rest of the population but I would need to pay more money or listen to more advertisements in order to listen to them again. Additionally as an artist tracking his reality I cannot in any way just include them in my project other than annotating them through a musical score that is pretty much just another form of writing, very short and compressed.

All I transcribe in fact of these songs I am most of the time forced to hear is the interlude, therefore only a dozen notes written on a musical sheet of 22,5 by 120 centimeters. Recognizing on average 240 songs a month, it is estimated that, at the end of my project in 2040, I will have transcribed over 100.000 songs. Currently, I have recomposed the interlude of over 2.398 songs. Based on the list of the songs I hear, I copy and paste them onto a musical sheet using a composer software. With this software I am also able to replay my compositions as .MIDI files so as to test if I have composed them correctly.

Now I am not proud of this work but I believe it is an important aspect of reality to also bring in the picture when thinking of a person's life. Music is however something I could certainly live without. In some moments it certainly boosts my mood and puts me in a festive state especially when I am alone with my children and outside it is raining and we have to wait for their mother to come back from work. Perhaps more than listening I enjoy singing mostly what I have learned in my youth and I find it important to transmit this heritage to my children. Being born up in the mountains in a once open and idyllic plateau now completely ruined by a brutal urbanization to accommodate masses of tourists, singing was a vital component of everyday life.

To the happy songs making plenty of vulgar jokes that are no longer allowed there were the songs of sad soldiers making it back from the front.

To listen to these traditional songs is redundant. One ought to memorize them and sing them out loud but it is by now considered most awkward to do so. My children have all listened to these songs and have all liked them but going to school and having friends from other countries they became most ashamed of them. Singing in general has become confined to a very limited environment specific for singing for the more refined and academic kind. Yes, some bands are still into melodies and into folk music but they are getting increasingly rare, the tunes are simplified and simplified is also the type of lyrics that are conveyed through music.

This work represents then two aspects. On one hand an ancient singing tradition coming to an end perhaps with myself being the last branch of my family to carry forward the heritage and on the other hand my experience of songs enforced by the culture industry that are becoming increasingly empty and only focused on effects. The whole work then is my implicit storytelling of this drama; rather than making a whole new composition expressing it, I just keep track of it. Rather than opposing it I follow Epictetus' advice and join the party, recomposing in my own way what it is no longer a composition but a mere copying and pasting and altering of tunes. Indeed certain songs do manage to evoke in me some powerful emotion but seeing them from the point of view of another stoic, Marcus Aurelius they are just an agglomeration of bits put together.

Maybe music critics are able to attach certain meanings to music and I am most amazed about skilled musicians myself and enjoy the live aspect of music that is so rare to experience in a daily reality especially when it becomes even illegal to do so spontaneously in public. My main concern then is with the culture industry, with its aggressive mode to impose certain trends and rhythms. I do follow up to Adorno's critique based on his dislike of commercial music but in general my concern is that music is most of the time one of the least polemical of the arts. The system is happy with music, it distracts people, it generates enormous profit and has very little ways to harm the system itself like a movie or a work of art or of literature. To these new music that can be hardly classified as melody I contrapose and become more and more of an amateur of the folk songs of the old anarchist tradition, the

songs of the oppressed and the poetry of freedom that these more profound and ancient singing discloses.