## ONBINE

SWARMUP edia studio to m their song forthcoming Wastelands. and-culture



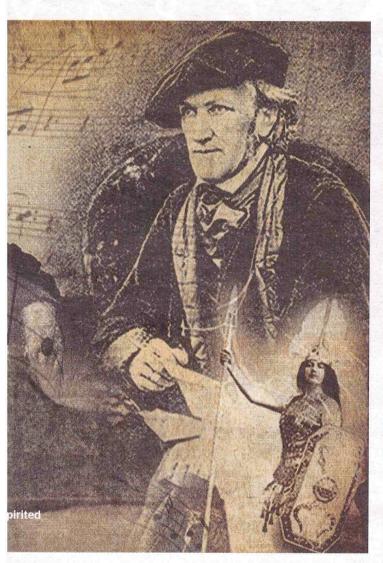
### TOMORROW

**BANG TO RITES** 

"I nearly lost my mind at one point", says Michael Keegan-Dolan of choreographing the Stravinsky works he's bringing to Melbourne.



## nore than 100 years on



ne Symphony Orchestra, in h he will trace the composer's lopment from the early opera thauser to the last, Parsifal. )eath in music has always prod the most beautiful, sentital and pensive music anni, when he kills the Commenre [Mozart's Don Giovanni] or

Tosca with Scarpia [Puccini's Tosca]. But when Fafner kills Fasolt [in Wagner's Das Rheingold] it is basically ugly music, but the situation is aggressive. Wagner reflects not on sorrow but the act of murder.

"The music in the shower scene from Hitchcock's film Psycho-it took film 60 years to catch up."

Review More at theage.com.au

# Fascinating opera for flight seekers

THEATRE
TURBULENCE \*\*\* By Juliana Hodgkinson, libretto by Cynthia Troup, Chamber Made Opera, A Living Room In Northcote, Until October 12. Reviewed by Cameron Woodhead

Chamber Made Opera has been around for 25 years, but seems to have undergone a renaissance lately. It has ratcheted up its output of avant-garde lounge room operas, broadened its pool of collaborators, and boosted its profile by performing on main stages and at last year's Melbourne Festival.

To generalise about its chamber operas is impossible, because the work is so experimental. I've seen pieces that made me feel like I'd been abducted by aliens, and others that charmed the senses. Then there was The Minotaur Trilogy, which provoked one of the most open-minded critics I know to declare, "What a wank!" (I walked out.)

Fortunately Turbulence, although clearly intended for adventurous souls, takes us on an intriguing flight. Ushered into a loft-style Northcote apartment, a small audience is seated in serried ranks, facing a detached white wall. A "flight attendant" appears, offering warm hand towels before take-off.

The piece starts with discombobulating minimalism. The lights go out. A collection of desk fans is switched on, mimicking the sound of an aircraft's engine. Two performers, Deborah Kayser and Anneli Bjorasen, have taken their seats among the audience.

Kayser is sitting next to me and, disconcertingly, clicks her tongue and makes soft whirring noises as the fans thrum.

A recording of a baby's cry shatters the quiet. The lights go up and the singing starts.

Juliana Hodgkinson's composition is unusual, full of tremulous glissando and nonstandard vocal technique against a synthesised score and a libretto (Cynthia Troup) using the metaphor of aeroplane flight to explore the subliminal eddies that underlie the mother/daughter relationship.

Kayser applies a delicate soprano and projects a nervy, birdlike presence, while Bjorasen's speaking role embodies the brashness of a younger woman stepping in the world.

There's panicked announcements and a final billowing of smoke into the cabin and, despite the odd misstep that has you eyeing the emergency exit, most of Turbulence distils private poetry and sonic fascination from that insight.



ONE OF THE BEST MOVIES OF THIS, OR ANY, YEAR" VARIA LARA