Appendix: Audio Script

1 The Application process

Now that I have been dumped and also lost track of my object of desire in its phonolicious scientific appearance I understand that I have to approach my amorous advances differently. In an attempt to announce my endeavours publicly and officially I decided to submit an “Application for Recognition of a Condition of Permanent Desire”. Maybe my beloved fancies red tape proposals?

First I checked with the department the available relationship categorisations. And I was lucky: I hit the mark. In the eligibility guide for the recognition of relationships it says:

Relationships where the couple has a mutual commitment to a shared life to the exclusion of all others are eligible for recognition. In assessing the condition of your relationship the department usually looks at evidence of such things as the authenticity, the genuineness and the continuity of your desire for each other. In addition, you and your partner must live together or not live separately and apart on a permanent basis. You can apply for the recognition of your relationship under the following schemes:

a) Application for recognition of a de facto or spouse relationship
b) Application for recognition of an interdependent relationship
c) Application for recognition of a condition of permanent desire

How to find out under which category to apply?

First check your partner’s sex and compare it with yours.

If a) your partner’s sex is opposite to yours apply for recognition of a spouse relationship.

If b) your partner’s sex is the same as yours apply for recognition of an interdependent relationship.

If c1) your sex and your partner’s sex are different but not opposite to each other and/or c2) your and/or your partner’s sex is not determinable and/or c3) your and/or your partner’s sex is not accessible (e.g. on grounds of you and your partner’s inseparability and/or discomfort with or refusal of the examination and/or fundamental distrust of the category of sex), apply for recognition of a condition of permanent desire.

In each case you will have to give evidence of each other’s always/already permanent interdependence and mutual desiredness.

Evidence checklist

In all circumstances you must provide the following evidence with your application:
1) Documents to prove your identity;

2) A completed online-interview including a statement detailing the history of your relationship;

3) At least two statutory declarations from individuals who have personal knowledge of your relationship and support your claim that the relationship is of the sort you claim it is.

1) Proof of identity

In assessing your identity the department usually looks for evidence of you and your partner “being the same in substance, composition, nature, properties, or in particular qualities under consideration”. It is your and your partner’s responsibility to prove your “sameness at all times or in all circumstances”. In other words you have to give evidence of the fact that each of you have always/already been yourself and not something else. The identity requirement can only be waived if you can give evidence that you and your partner are inseparable and neither your nor your partner’s identity or origin is determinable or accessible.

2 Online-interview

Start now the online-interview c) Application for Recognition of Condition of Permanent Desire.

Please answer the questions as concisely as possible and with a precise articulation. Please state loud and clearly:

A) if you consider yourself as a couple as separable;

B) if you consider yourself as a couple as inseparable.

- B

Start now the online interview cB) Application for Recognition of Condition of Permanent Desire, inseparable couple.

Family name?
- Azul

Given names?
- DJ

Other names you are, or have been, known by?
- DJ Parasite, The Perverting Megaphone, My Voice, He and She, Blau and Blue, Blå and Bleu and others
Sex?
- Not determinable, not accessible, fundamental distrust of the category

Current residence?
- Atopia\(^v\)

Information not recognized. Please speak loudly and clearly.

Current residence?
- Unclassifiable

Current relationship status?
- Condition of permanent desire

Have you ever been in a condition of permanent desire before?
- Yes, always/already

Your usual occupation?
- Performing ourselves and being performed

Your main language?
- Gramophony

Languages you read, understand, speak and write fluently?
- None

Your family details?
- Not determinable, not accessible, fundamental distrust of the category

I repeat: Family details not determinable, not accessible, fundamental distrust of the category. Note that the proof of identity requirement can only be waived if you can give sufficient evidence for your claim. A merely strategic commitment to postmodern fads isn’t normally considered sufficient grounds for waiving the proof of identity requirement.

Relationship details

When and where did you and your partner first meet?
- In the ears of those people who claim the status of our biological parents.

When and where did you and your partner begin a relationship?
- When we began singing songs at six o’clock in the morning, standing on our bed in the house of those people who claim the status of our biological parents.

When and where did you begin a condition of permanent desire with your partner?
- Oh, that is a long story.

Information not recognized. Please speak loudly and clearly.
When and where did you begin a condition of permanent desire with your partner?
- Well, OK, here you go.

3 History of our relationship

The two characters of my story saw themselves initially as separable from each other. At first they introduced themselves as “He” and “She”, then as “Blå” and “Blue”. Later it turned out that “Blå” and “Blue” would be more appropriate names for them. Blå and Bleu were facing a very difficult situation in the beginning of their relationship. If you asked Blå, Blå would probably say it was a matter of life and death. As Blå was very fond of the huge pitch glides Bleu uses when talking Blå had asked Bleu repeatedly: “May I have the next dance?” thereby implying that Blå wanted to tango with Bleu, because of Blå’s passion for closeness, complexity, beauty and Bleu.

This was all very well and Blå felt very good about it, so good, in fact, that whenever Bleu answered Blå’s question Blå was so busy savouring the warmth and gentleness Blå heard that Blå had no mental capacity left for paying attention to the speech sounds: n – o: no! which Bleu monotonously interweaved with the other frequencies gliding about. Finally, because of Blå’s stiff-necked deafness, Bleu felt impelled to fire off a whole magazine of humiliations at Blå’s heart in an attempt to make Blå feel that Bleu was really, in actual fact and all the time turning Blå down.

I am talking here about the very same heart, by the way, Blå had pulled off Blå’s chest some weeks ago, ready to hand it over to Bleu, harvesting no more than a frown in Bleu’s face. What made you think that I would want your heart? It is all bloody! Nobody wants a bleeding heart! And Bleu, holding the pulsating oozing creature in Bleu’s hands, holding it away from Bleu’s body, awkwardly like possibly a student midwife would, afraid of stains Bleu might not be able to get rid of for the rest of Bleu’s life, disgusted, startled due to its liveliness, amazed, perhaps flattered a little? No, Bleu wants to dispose of it, immediately. Where to put it? Garbage would be too cruel, table too cool, Blå’s chest, right, this is where it belongs, where Blå should have left it in the first place. And Bleu approaches Blå, pressing the floundering something back into the gaping chaos of flesh, bone and fluids of all sorts and colours, back into the space from which it was once ejected.

But, stop, I have already been going too far, because prior to Bleu giving Blå the final blow, they had been asked to speak on a panel about “the abject voice” in front of a group of voice scientists.

So let us now have a look at the grey boring looking room and at the grey uncomfortable chairs that were first arranged in a circle. Then they were divided and rearranged: a half circle for the audience and a line for the presenters behind the grey plain table that held the presentation equipment.

Blå can hear some cheerful-doleful tango music approaching from one of the grey corners. The grey old dull carpet turns into a bright huge parquet floor they would have entirely to themselves. A quick checking glance at Bleu’s feet, yes, here they are Bleu’s tight-fitting high heels and yes! Blå’s skateboard-like shoes have metamorphosed from brown to black from dull to glossy from cool to conservative from grippy to slippery.

With Carlos Gardel in Blå’s ears Blå zealously takes up the role of putting up the technical equipment while Bleu might secretly have a look at Bleu’s complexion in Bleu’s pocket mirror. As Blå doesn’t want Bleu to sit on one of the grey chairs
dulled by the grey air, grey dust falling on Bleu’s shiny shininess, Blå invents some problem with the connection of the laptop with the projector showing Blå’s alleged weak side (Blå doesn’t even know how to pick up a call from Blå’s mobile) which might attract Bleu’s attention. It does and creates one of Bleu’s frowns, which immediately shuts up Carlos Gardel, revives Blå’s cheap shoes, flattens Bleu’s heels and regreys everything.

All this… not only prevented Blå from managing the simple task of concentrating on the contents of Bleu’s speech … instead … giving Bleu a glance from the right … those pitch glides Blå was so fond of put Blå back in a state of utter adoration.

“Next, we will have this young person next to me who will reconsider the abject voice for us.”

How I hate this wry quality in the Chair’s voice when she says “young person” as if even now in front of all our colleagues she can hardly suppress the urge to exclaim: isn’t this exciting Blå is an abject Blåself. You wouldn’t have suspected that, would you, if I hadn’t told you? And then, waiting for cheers to effervesce and for her to gorge as if she hadn’t had dinner for centuries.

Anger burns my face while Bleu might think it were only about Bleu and my never-ending arousal when next to Bleu which is not completely wrong but not up-to-date either because desire for Bleu was exclusively burning in my guts prior to the chair uttering this sentence with her off-key voice on “young person”; not only then, however, but also on “reconsider” which is covered by an additional degree of my flare-up that I should better call “rage” now that I think about it. Yes, my face is red, very red, and hot. But not due to stage fright. Don’t you think, audience, that I feared you, I, the young, very young indeed, “colleague”. I am not afraid of you perhaps thinking that what I will be saying is crap because I know in advance that you won’t understand what I will be talking about as you are trapped in this chorus that has been incorporated into your Speech Pathologizer cradle:

I am a voice improver.
I am a voice improver.
I am a standardizer. I’m an equalizer. I’m a normalizer.
I’m a pitch increaser: voice, voice, voice, voice, voice.
I’m a hygienist.
I’m a positivist.
I’m a Speech Pathologist.
Yeah.

And also if you don’t know German you won’t get what I mean when I say now that you will never get rid of your normative gaze because with you it is “in Fleisch und Blut übergegangen”.

It is my turn to have my say and I will do that now. (The Chair will be amused to see Bleu smiling broadly while I am performing. I won’t have the time to ask what Bleu is smiling about. Bleu wouldn’t have told me anyhow that Bleu isn’t able to relate to my train of thought
but instead hides the fact that Bleu is frowning upon me for playing back a recording rather than presenting freely. Bleu will keep the fact that Bleu is about to fail me as my public speaking examiner for a better moment at which to give me my final blow. I am unaware of all this and am therefore fearlessly boiling in my rage sheathed in the vibration of vocal folds whose mass has increased considerably during the last years so that the vibratory cycle might now take place 89 times per second giving me a strong blue voice):

#v#vi#vii#viii#ix

Hands clapping politely for an appropriate amount of time. Questions are asked about clinical practice with “this population”, everybody pretending to know of each other and of themselves what they are talking about. After five minutes the session is closed because of parking meters running out of time.

Someone stays behind, asking me for a summary of the findings of my research, which this person labels “fascinating”. I say something like this: “My research isn’t so much about finding findings but rather about performing performances”. I am not surprised when she answers: “Thanks so much it has been so nice to talk to you”, before she hastens out of the grey room into the black night.

Walking in the dark blue night towards some public transport station to hop on a vehicle that will bring me to a place I am supposed to call “home”, I answer her question by writing something like a milonga triste.

4 Milonga triste

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This is the place where Bleu smashed my fears, I mean my face, some months ago and left me without a word. I am rehabilitating the table in the sun on the footpath, trying to enjoy my breakfast while crude oil rises in my trachea making me tight with heavy sadness. I can feel a shapeless mass under my larynx that is stuck on my spine as if this were possible. Maybe I should have some wine and remote control the mass out of my butt, for it is too heavy to walk with something like that in the centre of my life.

Bleu is beautiful in the mirage that just builds up across the street in the first heat of early late winter.

I will meet my mother soon, telling her, no, sorry, Bleu didn’t want your son or your daughter. But don’t worry; I can fill in for the lover myself. Somehow I learned that over the years, I cannot say for sure whether from you or through my analyses of blauself and blueself and blåself.

Sometimes I even appreciate the mass, thinking: it is better than nothing. What else would there be if not it or Bleu?

At my barber’s—he put a television in his shop recently—I watch Dr. Phil while a razor is gliding over a scalp. His topic for the show: morbid obesity. He said: Jane, let me tell you, your mass is called food and you let it take up so much space that it will eventually eat up everything that you are and kill you and your family. Jane nods, glue staggering down her body mountain, voicing trembling: I love you, Dr. Phil.
I thought: on the one hand I am quite lucky with my body because it is not that big. Large scares me; this is how tiny I am. I would even go so far as to say it puts me off, while my housemate is disgusted by body hair. I love mine and praise every millimetre of skin it seizes in its tiny curliness. Maybe in some decades it could be a coat for my scars and a ring for my stuck-on silicone cock so that I could go out to the sauna and be beautiful wellnessing together with everybody else.

Until then I take comfort in concentrating on feeling the flatness of my chest and the something between my legs creating the sensual equivalent of the image of Michelangelo’s David and holding on to that 24-7 dream for two seconds.

In the face of accusations of, say—I am making this up now—“distortions of self-image and body scheme” and “psychotic urges for self-mutilation”, it is very hard to keep hold of something pleasant about yourself for longer than a flash. This is why I say it is so good that there are clothes to wear. They are, for example, helpful for the endeavour of making people—unaware of nearly everything—address even me as “mate”, “love”, and “darl”.

I remind myself: who am I to know anything about the mate-saying chap or the love-making kids in the back of the train? Yes, right, we are all involved and not involved in the styling of our (non-) shows of ourselves.

Standing in the middle of the train I ask myself: what is that rash on this face behind the window? Is it a skin disease or a tattoo? I think I can recognize the shapes of letters in a messy handwriting. I turn right and realize that a T-shirt is inscribing its mysterious message on that cheek. I don’t understand a word of who is where.

The morning sun is shining through the window, touching my face, landing on the page of a book that someone next to me holds in her hand, illuminating the passage that says: … the sunlight entered through the bottom-to-ceiling window giving her face a yellow smile…

I shiver slightly in the face of these accounts of everyday magic, then, thinking of a scene in the Wim Wenders’ movie Wings of Desire, when the angels visit people in a library listening to their whispering thoughts when passing by, occasionally alleviating their worries by laying their hands soothingly on a shoulder or tucking eyelids in for soft closure.

I am trying to snatch the day-dreams of the person to my left reading in a chapter titled “The Dominant Blonde”. I don’t come up with anything specific.

I am tired and leave the train one stop too early.

5 Statutory declarations

3) Record now the statutory declarations from individuals who have personal knowledge of your relationship and support your claim that the relationship is of the sort you claim it is.

The statutory declarations have to provide evidence of the belief that the relationship of the applying couple is in a condition of permanent desire, and that their sex,
residence, identity and origin is neither determinable nor accessible. In all circumstances the statutory declarations have to be signed by voiceprints that have to be witnessed by instances prescribed by the Statutory Declarations Act (full-time Ears of Authority).

Details of the persons or cultural artefacts making the statutory declarations?
- The applicants’ mother
- “I and my voice”: A radio interview with DJ Azul
- DJ Noisette

Statutory Declaration 1: The applicants’ mother (translation from the German language with a Swedish accent)

As a mother, I can assure you that my child, the applicant, is not your usual child. Some years ago Blau rang and I didn’t recognise Blau! I, as the mother, didn’t recognise who I regarded as my child! The sound was so different, I thought it was a stranger who wanted to sell me one of those modern technical things I don’t understand anything about. As you still base your inquiry into people’s private lives on those outmoded categories, yes, I would say that I couldn’t determine the “sex” of what I heard, even though I fundamentally distrust this category and I have always tried to raise Blau in the same manner.

And you ask me to give evidence of their inseparability? Nothing is easier! You should have been at our house in those mornings at six o’clock and should have heard what my husband and I heard. Not perfectly pitched but truly sirenic, a performance of permanent desire, of infinite inseparability!

And you little Nosy Parkers ask me: Who is Blau? What is Blau’s origin? Where is Blau? Where is Blau going? How am I supposed to know? The modern mother is not any more her child’s keeper. I have to admit that my husband and I have even asked ourselves plenty of times whether Blau carries any of our genes. And we’re not sure.

State any other matters you wish to add

That’s all I have to say. That was already more than I felt comfortable saying.

Your voiceprint

Now raise your glasses and let it flow,
Though it is small we will have a go,
Ice cold and clear it will make us quite tough,
If we’re in luck we’ll have more of that stuff!
Skål!

Statutory Declaration 2: “I and my voice” (A radio interview with DJ Azul)

Interviewer:
DJ Azul, you’ve never been apart. You share a medical history like everything else. You feel like there would be something missing if you were apart?

DJ Azul:
Yes. It is hard to describe the feeling. Yes.

Interviewer:
Would it be difficult for you to operate normally if you were apart?

DJ Azul:
Yeah, because I could not think properly, and I would not be myself. Mh. I would just
feel a bit down. Yeah, down. I would not be as bubbly.
I don’t think we could ever one of us live in Melbourne and one in Sydney. We
couldn’t do that at all. We’ve got to be close. Close. We couldn’t ever be apart. No.
We love one another too much.

State any other matters you wish to add

Interviewer:
You said, that, as children, you resisted efforts to prise you apart?

DJ Azul:
Apparently, when we were little, Mum tried to separate us, when we were little
toddlers. One was supposed to stay at Nan’s place and one at our Auntie’s. Our
tongue was silenced. We wouldn’t say anything any more. We wouldn’t sing any
more. And then they started missing it, the talking and the singing. And when they put
us back together we were happy and got up again at six o’clock and sang and sang
until there was no air left in the room.

Your voiceprint

Interviewer:
You obviously don’t feel like you are individuals yourselves.

DJ Azul:
No.

Statutory Declaration 3: DJ Noisette, “No access” (Noisewriting)
[A lamento of appearances that want to come together but that cannot come together]

I studied sciences and acoustics,
I recorded, I measured, I calculated,
but I couldn’t reach what I was looking for,
it was barred.
I saw an analyst, I took some pills,
I meditated, I exercised, I changed my name and had surgery,
but I couldn't reach what I was longing for,
it was barred.

I read Derrida, Butler, Kirby and Nancy,
I wrote, I spoke, I sang in various languages and understood that
I could never reach what I was longing for,
because it had always-already been a fantasy.

6 The decision

Five minutes later, a message regarding the status of our application arrived.

Dear Sir/Madam,

Regarding your Application for Recognition of a Condition of Permanent Desire,
we have consulted our scientific advisors and arrived at the following decision.
While your application shows convincingly the authenticity, the genuineness and the
continuity of your desire for each other, you have applied under the wrong scheme.

Our advisors have provided us with the highest available level of evidence that shows
that your claims contradict currently available scientific knowledge in several aspects.
Both your and your partner’s sex; both your and your partner’s identity; both your and
your partner’s origin; both your and your partner’s current residence are determinable
with modern scientific methods and apparatuses.
Thus, the nature of your and your partner’s relationship doesn’t fulfil the requirements
for recognition of a condition of permanent desire. We advise you to re-submit your
application under one of the other available categories:

a) Application for recognition of a de facto or spouse relationship; or
b) Application for recognition of an interdependent relationship.

We refer to our booklet, Application for Recognition of Relationships for further
information regarding the application process.

Yours truly,

Department of Desire

This is an automatically generated message to inform you of the status of your
application. Please do not reply.
i Inspired by publications of the Australian Department of Immigration and Citizenship regarding “partner migration” to Australia (see: http://www.immi.gov.au/).

ii *OED Online*, 2009.

iii *OED Online*, 2009.


xv J. Davis, R. Ramirez, & Sherman, J. (1942). *Lover Man (Oh, Where can you be)*, song.


xviii **Noisebeat 100.012bpm.wav.**

xix **Lover Man.**


xxii **Noisebeat 100.012bpm.wav.**
