



Neopoetry



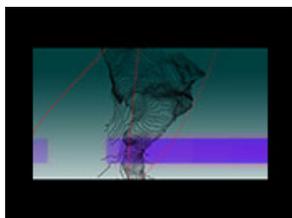
one ace serve



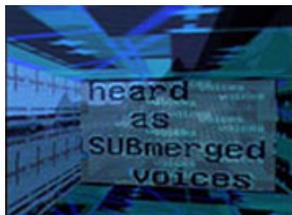
love\_u



the great maps of the world as trodden by foot



oracle



## TEXT|MUSIC|SCREEN :: Neopoetry

By **Lisa Greenaway**  
All States | 11.06.2004

Fresh Australian compilation DVD **Neopoetry** - which brings together writers, video artists and musicians in collaboration - raises some interesting ideas about communications and offers some great moments. But as a body of work, viewed from the bridge, **Neopoetry** seems to swallow language, not expand it...

**Neopoetry**: some highlights; some lowlights:

**love\_u** : This piece is so lovely. A flowing string of lovelorn yearnings from the written to the typewritten plea, the newspaper personals to the internet chatrooms...books streaming down arteries of time towards...communications, screens...and by 2000 we fall in love online. Diagram = heart-heart. Scott Villarosa and Shaun Yeu have captured me. I watch it a few times.

**SUBmerged meshscapes** : I'm immersed in a fly-through of a digital landscape - lingering over phrases like "i/rise" and "shadows skim the horizons" (which loom like billboards) Distorted voices shadow the eye journey. The text is playful/mysterious: "wired" and "marionettes"; "[un]plugged - resurrection"; and "a somnambulist sense of erasure". Me, small, the landscape, huge. This is really beautiful, in that roughly eerie way early virtual reality immersions were....

**the great maps of the world as trodden by foot** : A good poem, not a great poem, (and Ernest Hemingway punched me in the face.) Read by a voice that loses interest in itself on occasion, which is not a great thing. A gorgeous visual poem - stencil and layers - of time, of paint, of ideas - a poem for the writing on the walls.

**t.here** : Saturated colour appeals to my mind's eye. But the voices, the language, are distorted and lost. "t period here" is all I can make out, then occasional words, muffled like dream-mumbling. Language becomes pink noise, the meaning is take away by the digital processing. What are these people afraid to say? Or is obscurity the point? Why does experimenting with text so often have to be about obliterating it? I lose interest - mainly because the voices themselves sound bored..

**DNaviary** : A cut-up monkeying around in DNA samples. Well, literally. Dinosaurs have wings = they are birds. You see? Electronic music just DEMANDS electronic imagery. The visuals have to be high-bpm too. Otherwise it would just be....poetic, or something...one or two really nice moments in this video. (Circling and plucking out the bird from the city scape.) I feel like, maybe, I'm going to completely miss the POINT, and when the makers read this they'll be pissed that I'm so stupid that I missed the textual theses....or.....

**oracle** : Very pretty. That's all - and, actually, that's enough, sometimes. I know there's a subtext but..well it's just pretty.

**layers** : A black and white Dear John letter of the moment - breaking up means deleting each other from the inbox. A caressing couple of voices and cameras caressing strangers in Melbourne's streets. Perhaps i'm just a traditionalist and this is more a traditional fusion of text and video. But it is a nice vision. What is that guy in the white tshirt waiting for? dot, dot, dot, dot, dot....

**sky noise polaroids** : Does it ever freak you out when you're on a long distance call that your voice can fly across the world like that? in seconds? This piece has scratchy, slapped-together-resonance. Angry confusion in voices. interference. Communication breaks down, again. An escape artist in a straight jacket, chained up, can't answer his mobile. Hmm.

**one ace serve** : how do you get from "one" to "alone" - on a journey through word association - it hinges, i think, on the fact that after "money" comes "happy" (paging Doctor Freud...) This little piece says more about our language and our associated personal meanings than all the colour visual trickstery of much the above - but maybe it's just in juxtaposition. in the end, it's the words themselves that say the most to me.

**Neopoetry** has some great moments, but the overall effect of watching this DVD is that I think: how confusing our communication is getting: we've got technology to distort reality, ways to tinker with language: and when we're done the language has become secondary: to all the ways you can trick it up

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## SUBmerged meshscapes

and dismantle it and mask it. Each piece has been developed out of a particular form of language - programming language - sms text - you get the [picture]... It's clever and mainly pretty, but if you watch it "from the bridge" - that is, without knowledge of the subtext - it doesn't say much that's new...and the text is distorted by the visuals in most cases to the point of meaninglessness - **Neopoetry** as a whole, is a visual feast - but it chokes on the words.

Find **Neopoetry** at [www.neopoetry.org](http://www.neopoetry.org)



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