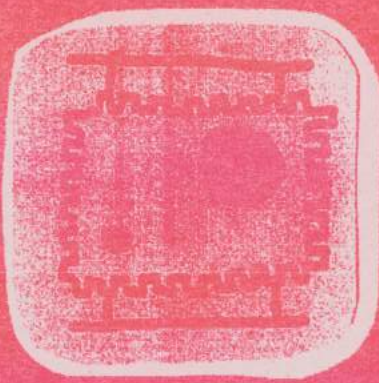




ele-gi-eli



## DESOLE

Welcome my friends  
around the world  
the last chapter of the trilogy  
about listening  
and attention  
one two three  
the sound triptych

I gave you the code first  
then I gave you the score  
and now we play  
and now we play

but before playing  
I express my gratitude  
For the creators  
of this SOUND SYSTEM  
ele-gi-eli

thank you my friend  
in paradise  
thank you my friend  
in the desert  
thank you my lover  
in my heart  
thank you my creators  
Everywhere I go  
thank you my friend  
in the high street  
thank you my friend  
in Saint-Pierre leeuw  
thank you my friend  
at the croissant street  
thank you my house  
in Rue melpomene  
thank you my friend  
for traveling with me  
thank you my friend  
at Chaussee de Waterloo  
thank you my friend  
at the commission  
thank you my friend  
in Athens  
thank you my friend  
in the mountains  
thank you my friend

by the sea  
thank you my friend  
who gives food  
thank you my friend  
from the northern country  
thank you my friend  
from the eastern country  
thank you my friend  
from the western country  
thank you my friend  
from the southern country  
thank you my friend  
you let me sleep  
thank you my friend  
who is here with me  
thank you my friend  
who I don't know  
thank you my friend  
who plays the drums  
thank you my friend  
who loves music  
thank you my friend  
who teaches me more  
thank you my friend  
when you listen to me  
thank you my friend  
thank you for everything

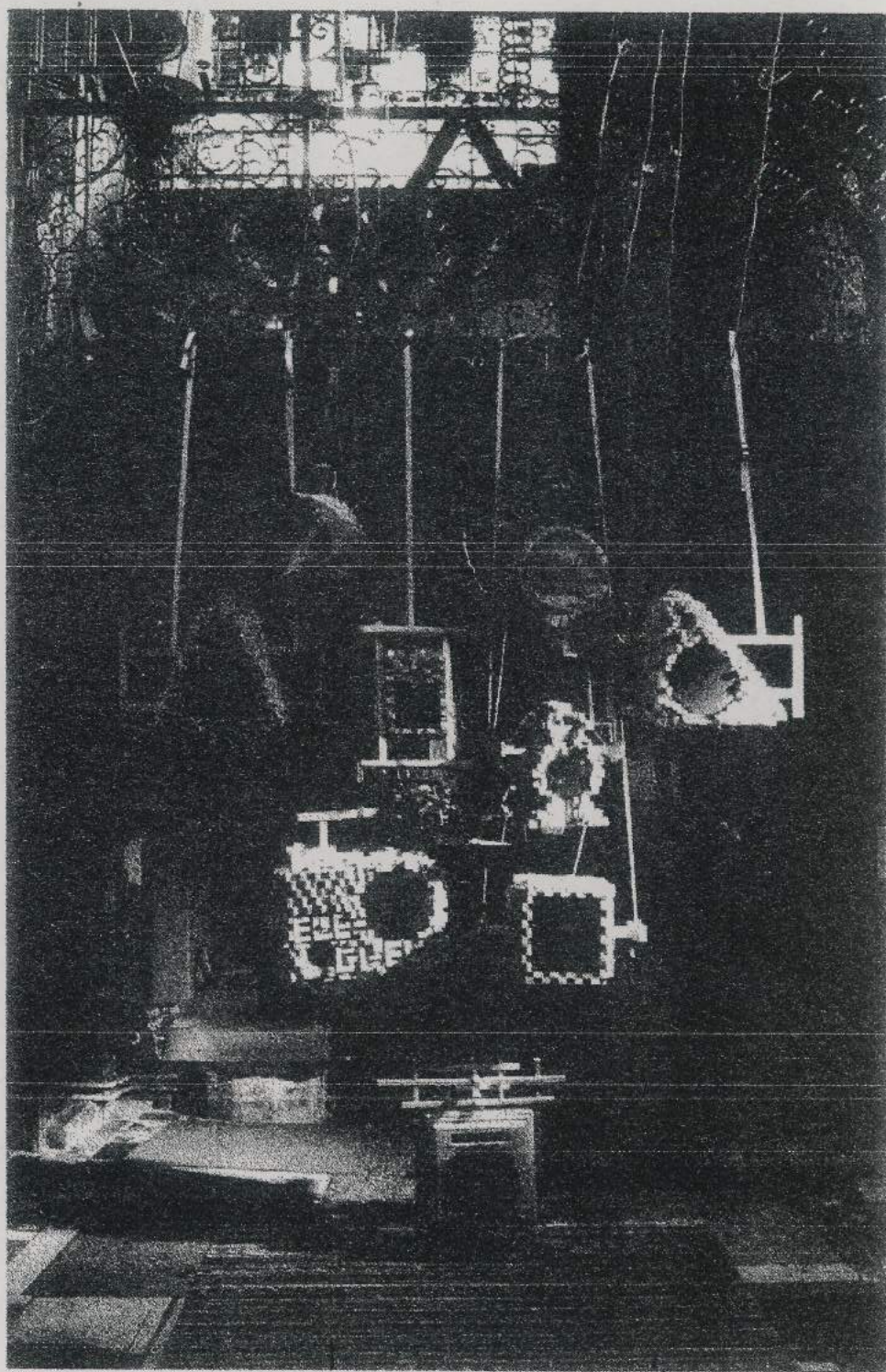
you did that

I'm sorry my friend  
if I said no  
I said it because of you  
I want to give all my heart  
and all my attention  
and my full time  
and my complete space  
otherwise I don't listen  
and you disappear

## COMME CHEZ SOI

Like home  
I'm hungry, I'm thirsty  
sparkling water soup  
a little rest at home  
if I still have a house





no income  
no salary  
if I can't pay  
should I leave?

life on the street  
my future hello! x3

why the triangle hides the circle  
at your door  
it's locked  
I turn around

why the triangle hides the circle  
we don't speak the same language  
at your door  
it doesn't open  
nor your heart  
it's behind the screen  
it eats electricity

why the triangle hides the circle  
at your door  
it's locked  
I turn around

on the horizon  
I see us united  
two bodies

but I'm hungry  
and I can't touch  
before I am well

and I run  
and I run  
and I run  
and I run  
not too far  
just enough to see  
the constellation  
which creates the hunger

why the triangle hides the circle  
I will find the answer  
I will sing until  
the answer comes to me

it's right here  
we can see it

## MAISON A DEFIANCE

here  
eternal attention  
always  
broken glass plaza  
When  
walk walk  
how  
head on the ground  
Why  
eyes on the treasure  
but why  
everything is given  
for who  
for the one who takes  
how to do it  
with reduction  
five fingers

house of distrust  
is a house without walls  
house of distrust  
is eternal  
house of distrust  
for those who see

is it by chance?

## LES HAUTS VENTS

dance is freedom  
but the dancer  
can lose it  
the high winds  
expose the hidden  
the high winds  
blow away the leaves

it's a glass square  
it will break  
if you fall



dance is freedom  
but the dancer  
can lose it

## PORTES EST OUVERTES

the door is open  
the entrance is paved  
red carpet  
friend  
let it rain  
here you can sleep

last hope  
is in community  
support from others  
the individual is incapable  
surviving alone

laugh a little  
laugh at yourself  
major projects  
and great future  
and now  
What do you have  
you have our help  
What do you have  
you have our dance  
last hope  
is in community  
support from others  
alone is difficult  
to party all the time

## PAPIERS POUR TOUTES

papers for all  
writing on the wall  
I am a citizen  
all good

but how about you  
who don't have  
you are not official  
your are without a paper

paper is wood  
let the tree grow

what is it  
it is paper  
why is it  
it is a ticket to ride

paper is a tree  
let the tree grow

we are back in the studio  
and we are the dreamers of the  
dreams  
we are DJ's  
we sniff around and search  
we find the music  
we are open  
our love is the music  
we love to dance  
we love when people love to dance  
we love to listen  
we love when people love to listen  
there's no rules for what is sound  
everything is music  
music is music

techno-feudal-master  
has hijacked the ears  
a streamer mafia  
golden blue tooth

but we will return  
and bring back the quality  
the loudspeaker union  
is for the equality

## SALE TRICOLOR

three colors  
yellow  
black  
red  
pee  
coal  
blood

three colors  
gold  
oil  
blood

brother in the south  
continues cleaning  
white and blue  
blood is everywhere

### COMMUNICATION CORPS

the body listens  
the body remembers  
even if the mind forgets  
the body retains a memory

### CONFESSION

I am Socrates  
white man from the past  
this is my confession  
my doors are open  
worlds pass through me  
first of November  
worlds are close to each other

I will become sensitive  
and I will transform  
I will go home  
and don't bother you anymore

my lover is waiting for me  
she can teach me  
I tried a lot  
until my death

oh sweet death  
dance with Me  
we know it from before  
a long time ago  
but so what  
who counts those  
when life goes on  
to humiliation  
and victory

and after all  
the dance continues

oh life, dance with me  
but you flirt with death  
anything goes  
I don't mind a threesome  
life behind  
and death ahead  
maximize pleasure  
when I come before you  
although your power  
is deadly  
my belief is immortal

I am Socrates  
White man  
From the past  
I'm sorry but because of that  
I can't leave you alone

### COMPOSITION 14

deux mains (dōma)  
deux pieds (dōpje)  
deux oreilles (dōsōrei)  
deux yeux (dōsjō)

une vie (unvi)  
une chance (unshans)  
danser  
fidèle à la piste de danse  
peu loyal envers le roi  
le roi veut la guerre  
nous voulons ressentir  
ne pas se battre

je ma pel ari  
ce te mon performance sonoir  
maintenant nous dansons



# ele-gi-eli

IMBY, July 2024

ele-gi-eli is a 9-channel sound sculpture that first took in breath and light while taking shapes during Ari-Pekka Leinonen's residency at Hectolitre, an artist-run space in Brussels. Ari and I became friends because he found me on the streets, like he finds so many things, also a lot of his artistic material. From left-behind vinyls and architectural details to the French language, the sun and the moon who have accompanied him on his ramblings. You can find back a lot of Brussels in these loudspeakers. In this way they are ambulant reiterations of Brussels – a city that many people know or image as a EU city: with loads of rules and money but no personality. The opposite it true: Brussels is an anarchist city full of claxons, sound art and cacophonic architecture, and a very well-developed independent scene.

There's a reason that Brussels' name is plural: the streets are full of wild varieties of people to be found. I like accessibility of connections. That includes people, because people are connections in themselves, but the value of urban dynamics is in the infrastructure for people to connect: public space, streets, bars, music venues, safe spaces, 3<sup>rd</sup> spaces... But books and zines and posters are infrastructures of connection as well – finding life, finding people – just like sound is a channel of connection....look and listen around to see and hear what ele-gi-eli can do.

I said 'life' and 'people' because we want fun and community and transgressive experiences, but also because we need knowledge and nurturing in order to defend our freedom, our birthright. Knowledge needs to circulate. Isn't the main task of artistic practice today to find new ways of transmitting knowledge that everyone is concerned by but hardly anyone take responsibility for? Isn't the main task of organisers today to find, create and defend infrastructures where we can meet, experience, exchange in freedom?

As the goal of our struggle should be to survive together rather than to survive alone, we depend on each other. Valuable exchanges are ways of sharing, not of transaction. Valuable exchanges are those of community, friendship, family, ecologies and ecosystems, complementarity, equality, where knowledge is seen as abundant. When shared, it is exponentially accumulating and empowering. To embrace and harness knowledge as abundance, rather than enclosing it and capitalizing on an artificial scarcity...in a construct where 'dependance' means hierarchy, debt, obligation, abuse of power and oblivious obedience. Where competition isn't regulated and where addiction, brands and money are vehicles of individualist, destructive survival. Where knowledge is used for domination, repression and slavery.

What do we want to resonate? What do we want to cultivate? What do we want to substantiate? What do we do?

Knowledge is power. So share it but share it wisely. That is my golden rule. Do not impose on others what you yourself do not desire. That is Confucius' silver rule....not coincidentally resonated by thinkers and religions around the world.

The resonance of the ele-gi-eli sound system contrasts it to conventional sound setups: they are designed to approximate one solid homogeneous piece. It is said that with a good sound system, everything in the room resonates except the sound system itself. The golden coloured wood of ele-gi-eli are massive amounts of small, hand-cut pieces that are glued and sculpted to form different shapes of various sizes. They embody many references and inspirations, organised in a way that gives space to polyphony. ele-gi-eli makes everything in the room resonate, and they themselves resonate along.

Like Ari-Pekka said: the sound of the performance is in the loudspeakers. That metaphor leads me to an image with which I'll conclude this appeal: on a Brussels squat, there's a huge banner showing many small fish that constitute one bigger fish. There are big sharks around us but when we organize and communicate well, we have more agency together than anything else.



Stop apartheid

Stop dictatorship

Stop state terrorism

Stop capitalism

Stop brainwashing

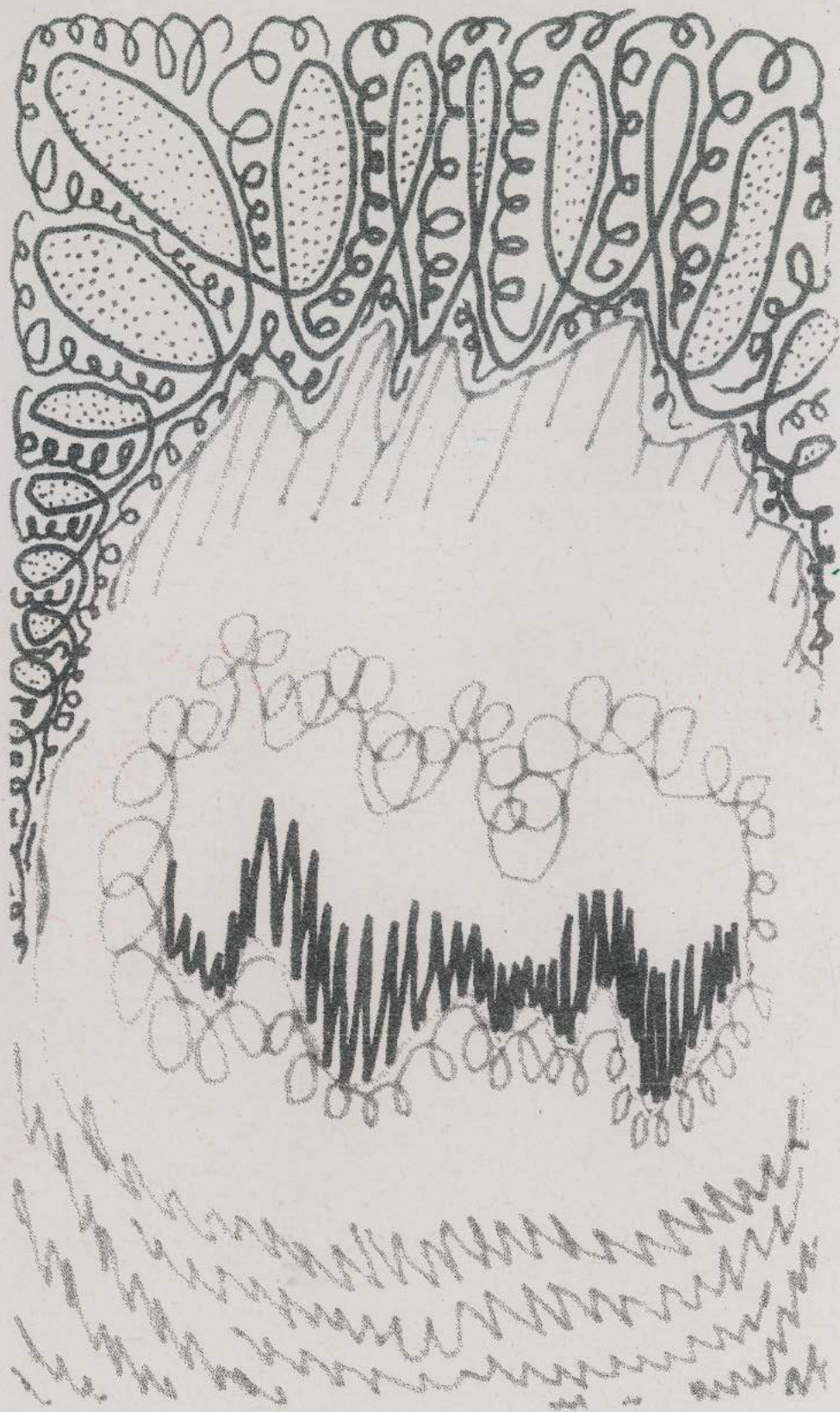
Stop supremacy

Stop big brands

Stop genocide



Weird Dust, at Hectolitre 25th February 2024 photo by Konradas Žakauskas







Quanta Qualia at Hectolitre 25th February 2024 photo by Konradas Žakauskas

ele-gi-eli

## 9-channel sound sculpture — conceptually fluid

...or a sound system that playfully speculates the possibility of a loudspeaker to function simultaneously as an acoustic diffuser panel. A positive Brusselization has formed its shape through the influence of city's skyline, unconstrained architecture and flexible moving bodies. The loudspeakers as sculptures express the potential of dance and bodily listening as a collective leisure activity.

...or one hour long sonic performance that narrates a story of an imaginary electronic music composer amigoismyfriend, whose newest album is previewed by imaginary radio DJ. The songs are inspired by the city of Brussels and mediated in broken French allowing the original meaning of the lyrics to distort into vocal expressions that might convey misunderstandings. The English translations are found in italics in this zine.

...or a platform for sonic art practitioners, performers and bodily listeners. Mobile in its nature. Ready and willing to serve:

...or a wordplay combining the Finnish word for body language 'elekieli' and the form of poetry 'elegy'.

So far it has served ugne&maria, Tomutonttu, Caroline Profanter, Quanta Qualia, Julia E. Dyck, Liew Niyomkarn, DIAN, Weird Dust, Plato V., Jacobs-Leinonen, mii Marloes Van Soñ, Späre, Mimi Veter, Agamwe, Splius, Concorde Pilot, Venusian HC x Sub Rosa, Zoi Michailova, Kamil Piotrowicz, Pola Trabinska, Luke Cohlen (Casco's sound archive), IMBY, and multiple DJ's which all have left unique sonic imprint on sound sculpture's wooden surface.

Texts and images by Ari-Pekka Leinonen and Jesse van Winden

Additional images by Jo Caimo

Printed by Jo Caimo at Samenschool, Antwerp July 2024

