



NOISE

PLATTER

PHILIPPE  
VRANJES

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## Noise Platter

Philippe Vranjes is a frequential fanatic of the highest order. A dedicated devotee of the dissonant, a maniac for the musically mangled, and an admirable advocate of auricular abstraction. And he resides in the greatest city for sonics on Satan's bleak earth, so why wouldn't he be? But Vranjes seeks far beyond the rudimentary bounds of your standard weekend warrior Totegoer. You'll find him crammed into cramped, legally nebulous gig spaces copping protracted cilia damage, beaming with beatific bliss at the brutality of it all, then furiously embracing the event facilitator with his propitious words and amicable arms alike.

In a manner not dissimilar to the most militant of Beliebers, Vranjes is infatuated with the labyrinthinely multitudinous rhizomatic factors and facets of his cherished cacophonies and the creatures who create them. He voraciously pursues minutiae from the sartorial selections of sonifiers to the pre-liturgical inclinations of performers, an absolute anomaly in circles unaccustomed to being widely tolerated, much less fawned over. Spasmoslop is an entropic entity capable of reducing even the most robust of unprepared attendants to existential nausea with his glass-gargling vocal atrocities, and with the assistance of volatile electro-augmentations he is an unrivalled force of crowd-clearing so perhaps the lack of reverence could hypothetically make some sense there. But then there is Hammers Lake, aka national treasures Carolyn Connors and Judith Hamann, possessors of two of the most intricately nuanced extant textural palettes at present who splarklingly scintillate no matter what sonic circumstances they find themselves in – and actively expedite to place themselves in as many different ones as they possibly can – who are deserving of more approbation and avidity than seems possible. It doesn't cease with stage presences though, as Vranjes is cognisant of the fact that it takes a whole village to raise a racket like this, and the exhibition in question includes portraits of personae who haven't personally played a set ever – namely Annalee Koernig, a priceless proponent of the progressive who has curated and cultivated many a crucial occurrence and conglomeration that has profoundly enriched our provincial cultural panorama. And it is exactly this impetuous ardency that causes me to hierarchically position Vranjes among the most lauded virtuosi of our auricular abstrusities – the same folk who would sooner famish themselves than miss out on a one-off collaboration, who possess more sonic recordings than they pragmatically have space for, who are never satisfied with what has been and are constantly seeking that next neoteric sensory satiety.

As the fortuitous subject matter of one of these portraits I feel I must assure you, dear reader, that never before in my ongoing existence had I felt as euphorically epitomised external to my own corporeal manifestation as upon viewing the first materialisation of my artistic effigy. By posing recondite queries establishing my opinion on matters from cherries to Elvis this total visual shredder managed to embody my worldview, phraseology, temperament and myriad machinations of my mind as effectively as I could conceive without literally splattering my cerebella across the gallery walls.

Now I could crap on for much longer about the sublime ideological collisions and eloquent referential connotations of these creations, but much like the noise that precipitates Philippe's work it's best to just fuck all that off and subsume the viscerally pandemoniacal potentialities therein – in these circles you're only as good as the number of people who walked out of your last gig looking like you either elucidated a glimpse of heretofore abeyant sacrosanctity or shat directly into their tympanic cavities. If you come and veneratedly gorge at the noise platter in the most Vranjesian manner you can muster, you may understand.

Lloyd Honeybrook, 2016

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