

good afternoon

this thesis takes the form of a cloud — captured, boxed, bundled and downloaded, to spring open and gather you in . it comprises a collection of sounds on iPod and a collection of words on paper.

the iPod contains three 70 minute tracks, each of which is a remix of the same group of samples . i will explain in the body of the work why there are three 70 minute tracks, how and where the samples were gathered, and what i hope they will do . you don't need to listen to them all . don't be alarmed by distortion, gaps, squeaks or repetitions . don't be dismayed if you get lost in the material, or concerned that you might miss something . each mix is a saturation, none is definitive.

the words are printed on unbound pages . this decision will be explained . pages are numbered "in order", but section numbers are derived from the collingwood football club player list, 2007 . accordingly, these "jump around" and this, as you will read and hear, is a dynamic we encourage . the "methodology" and "endnotes" sections are printed on different coloured papers . these two sections provide context for the other materials, and are distinguished in order to assist in your reading and listening . the endnotes are extensive — 21,000 words — and provide more than just references; some operate as small essays providing context and provocation . you may interpose your perusal of the other materials with these or read

them as stand-alone sections . who knows? how you proceed through the sounds and words, and the extent to which you do is, of course . in . your . hands.

i have chosen to use a font called "Handwriting - Dakota" . i hope thereby to encourage a flowing, interconnected and paradoxically difficult reading .

however, i will put quotations in a different font (Candara), largely to rest your eyes . i also adopt the use of "double" quotation marks, in the american style . i hope this will not distract . i do this because in this font the 'single' quotation marks look confusingly like apostrophes .

please note: for the most part i do not use MAJASCULE a.k.a. uppercase or capital letters . i believe they impede the flow and possibilities of language as it is read, over-emphasising individual identities at the expense of inter-connectedness . this, you will come to understand, is an important concern for this project . occasionally i use them in EMPHASIS . indeed, you will also note that, in deference to those who have produced them, book titles, artworks, quotations, the names of authors and artists are capitalised in the ways that i have found them in the world . furthermore the names of football codes, nations, cities, universities and the Australian Football League will be capitalised, in view of their devotion to formality, rules and law, but, in recognition of their tendency towards inclusivity and participation, and their collective operation by and through members (and in culture more generally), the names of football clubs and football grounds

will not be . neither will the names of football players, since in play their "identities" become complicated . this will be discussed in the thesis .

you will also note that i take some liberties with punctuation, especially full-stops . for instance i prefer to leave a gap between the final word of a sentence and its full-stop . mostly, this is to aid your eye in reading; sometimes, it is to accent or to encourage a more rhythmic reading — when i leave the commas out of lists, it is because the things in the list did not wish to have commas included in their party.

throughout the writing you will notice phrases in bold type, like this, " **he looked to be in great nick** " . despite their being in quotation marks these are not referenced . they are "utterances", and are lifted willy-nilly from where they circulate in conversation, barracking, footy-media . they are idiom . they pop up here and there . they are, in addition to being the bearer of messages, a crackling auditory contagion . it is in this spirit they are scattered through the writing: passages in football's play . a texture . a sound . you will hear that many of them are uttered in the recordings as well.

it may seem that i adopt "the royal we" . it is not royal . it is that "we" players use to describe the fortunes of their teams, as in: "gee, we played well on saturday!" this is not mere identification, it indicates how "we" play too . this use of "we" underscores the style of my

engagement in the material, my refusal to stand outside it, and study it .
but instead to play . in this i do also attempt to bundle you up and draw
you into my team . recognition . invitation . you can, of course, resist . i
hope that you will! just ' cause " we " are " we " doesn't mean all are in
agreement, often screamingly not so! you will have to contest . take your
opportunities . make your own luck! perhaps we will make some together.

finally, do not be disturbed if i address you (or refer to others) as my
fellow . i do not intend this as a gendered term . with this address i offer
my collegial affection . and similarly, if i use the term " she " in a moment
when we might reasonably expect men to be present as well, understand
that i include men also . indeed . if i may borrow from the Laws of
Australian Football: " words importing any gender shall be deemed to include the
other gender " (AFL 2008, 14).

very well . good hunting, and with bells.

margaret trail

footscray, march 2009

"there's the siren!"

aurality and representation

of the sounds

of (Australian) football



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submission for the degree: Doctor of Philosophy
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abstract

The aim of this research project in performance studies is to consider the aurality of (Australian) football: the sounds that are heard and produced by those who play (considering *all* participants to be players). In so doing it addresses problems that arise when sound is approached as the object of understanding, and experiments with ways to *re/present* sound without distorting or reducing it within conventional textual, visual or musical modes of representation.

The thesis adopts Brian Massumi's view of football as an unformalised proto-sport that is retrospectively framed by codes and rules, and develops a perspective on this sport's essential form, proposing it to be a *hard cloud*, that moves through the articulation of tension/s; manifesting, for instance, in collision, trickery and wit. The operation of a set of dynamic forces is proposed, that animates this hard cloud and enables its movement through various *constellations* (such as bodies, groups of friends, teams, clubs and families). This set of forces is given a name: the *Body in Football*. An attempt is made to stage the Body in Football in the thesis, such that it may be felt in the body of the listener/reader, thus to produce a style of research where the topic under consideration is sensed (as thoroughly) as it is understood.

The project comprises both a sonic and a written component. The sonic, drawing on techniques developed in radiophonic art, turntablism and noise musics, comprises three 70 minutes tracks, that are re-mixes of the same group of (gathered, layered, swarming) samples. This is presented on iPod. The written component is a collection of *passages* presented on unbound pages, that proceed, following Nietzsche, Canetti, Deleuze and Guattari, by logics of assemblage — as well as extensive notes that contextualise those approaches to knowledge that are pursued in the project.

student declaration

I, Margaret Trail, declare that the PhD thesis entitled "*there's the siren!*": *aurality and representation of the sounds of (Australian) football*, is no more than 100,000 words in length including quotes and exclusive of bibliography, references and endnotes. This thesis contains no material that has been submitted previously, in whole or in part, for the award of any other academic degree or diploma. Except where otherwise indicated, this thesis is my own work.

Margaret Trail

20th December, 2009

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mt

march, 2009

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passages

If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry ... Is there any other way?

(Emily Dickinson 1959 [1871], 19)

9. football¹ is [a] life: nothing else matters

so says the t-shirt (Daffey 2001, 183) . a rather grand claim . can it be serious? folks who play understand, but for those who don't this kind of grandiosity can seem a bit bizarre . still it feels so, and not just for a few, but for a staggering number of people . more than 7 million people attended the Australian Football League's (AFL) 2007 home and away season, and finals matches (Hess et al. 2008, 380) . and this number does not include attendances at state competitions or children's competitions . impressive when you think the country's total population is only about 21 million . people do love football . Paul Gallico writing about the American game muses: "the amazing grip ... football has, to bring 125,000 people out of their warm homes in suicidal weather to sit unsheltered and unwarmed for three hours! You explain it ... It is an ever astonishing social phenomenon" (Gallico in Oriard 2001, 166) . it . is . astounding.

it is from within this grip of football that we compose and offer this thesis — if football sound is to be heard, we have to . if we take a position outside of it, things start to get quieter and quieter, 'til we finish up listening to something else altogether — the von trapp family singing the sounds of football! and so, at the very beginning, here is our thought, why football feels like it is the whole

and the best of life, a thought that has implications for all that follows:

in football, we elude the confines of this life to dissolve fleetingly in the sheer, shattering, sweetness of "a life".

this "a life" is an idea we take from (radical empiricist philosopher) Gilles Deleuze who rejects the world-view that life is comprised of objects on one hand and knowing-subjects on the other and proposes instead the world as comprised of a dynamic (becoming) field of impersonal consciousness and sensation . what he calls "a life" (Deleuze 2001, 25-33).

in his essay "Immanence: A Life", he gives this example from Dickens,

A disreputable man, a rogue, held in contempt by everyone, is found as he lies dying. Suddenly those taking care of him manifest an eagerness, respect, even love, for his slightest sign of life. Everybody bustles about to save him, to the point where, in his deepest coma, this wicked man himself senses something soft and sweet penetrating him. But to the degree that he comes back to life, his saviours turn colder, and he becomes once again mean and crude. Between his life and his death there is a moment that is only that of a life playing with death. The life of the individual gives way to an impersonal and yet singular life that releases a pure event freed from the accidents of internal and external life, that is, from the subjectivity and objectivity of what happens (Deleuze 2001, 28).

football, for all its partisan fervour, plays with this point, or stream of being/becoming as well . you can feel it in the lightning hush

football is (a) life...

that falls over the stadium as a critical passage of play unfolds — this takes a split second, but the quiet is profound . something is happening beyond, or at the same time as, the accidents of internal/external life . a kind of molten honey blazes through the ground, all judgement is suspended in pure-unfolding — on-ground and non-ground players all streaming (steaming?) in the same unhinged dimension: duration, speed, noise, hot blood coursing . “a rush of blood upsets the balance on which life is based” (Bataille 1987 [1962], 106) . when — eternity ends and — the ball thumps onto the chest of some stalwart defender the stadium erupts once more in roaring and curses, howling and cheers, the usual world of internals and externals, victors and vanquished — “Mate, Essendon were going to win the premiership after round two ... now we get to round seven and they’re calling for [sheedy’s] head!” (Chris Connolly in Rohan Connolly “Anchor’s Away” *Age*, 19 May 2008), that world — but it is in that immanence of play, liquification in “a life”, from which we have returned, that the muscular hand of football’s grip can be felt . it is the force of that returning that causes us to yelp and warble, that gives us shivers later, remembering, and keeps us going back, sitting in the knife sharp cold, enduring the disappointments of loss, after loss, after loss (“RICHMOND!” he cried, “every year i buy my membership, every week i come to the game, and what do i get?? NOTHING!” play resumed, continued, stopped again, and he cried out, again: “NOTHING!!!”).

there is more to it . why this falling in and out of immanence is so irresistible; the relation between it and “real life” . Deleuze writes on

about the relation of a life to this one (my life, the life) . some of this will be elaborated in discussions that follow . but for now i seek just to make the idea of " a life " plain, and in making-plain bring into play . indeed, make plain how it is not just an idea for this thesis but a gauntlet thrown down to (my) practice of representation of football . for . if we are to make sense of football, we have to engage with the sensing of (a) life in it . if we don't, we risk mere descriptions of social behaviour, perhaps marvelling at misguided folks who invest such effort in a ridiculous game . if we are to (make) sense (of) it we have to play.

this play we are pursuing (it has already begun), is greater than the condition of football's fever-pitch excitement, it also encompasses the sweetness of a life sensed in its inconspicuous hold on our lives, its grass-like ability to slip in between things and pop up in the midst, bringing a smile or a wince or a wink into play at any moment — "you should always take your boots along" (michael long, c.2005) — that feels at once like returning to somewhere good, and dissolving in something bigger . indeed, what grips is precisely elusive, cannot be illustrated by specifics, but must be sensed through playing in prolifics (shattering . sweetness . he was in a coma!).

this prolific, this inconspicuous, this twinkling, fading to quiet and rising to screaming, this dumbfounded silence; this play of a life in relation with my life, encountered in football, is the style of knowing, and of playing, that this thesis pursues . and it follows that, in

football is (a) life...

order to sense it, our writing, reading, sounding, muttering and thinking must proceed by passages, must rise in and out of conditions of comprehension, and conditions of unravelling in some other element/s, in relations that produce a grip . these passages will fall in and out of the easy to comprehend, the eloquent perspective, the lucid argument, into irritating disjunctions, giggly risks, abrupt endings, dog hair on the couch . otherwise all we have is explanations and not play . and play is where football sound lives.

so . we set out to make a relation with this dynamic (becoming) field of impersonal consciousness and sensation; to submit to its buffeting, to hook concepts out of the very edge of its immanence — where they suck back at us and tend toward dissolving us . quiver in the midst of their dynamism and affect, as much as consider their veracity, constancy or usefulness.

this is risky business no doubt . we will find ourselves knotted at times, in a cinch, or a clinch, or a clench with our ideas and their affects . wrapped up in a tangle where, grass-like, concepts bodies sounds words rules and the pressure of secrets all crowd together, tighter and tighter . and uncomfortable! but, with luck, from this position, may, nonetheless, fleetingly sense that sweetness of a life (where nothing else matters), and find ourselves in-a-thinking, and sharing a thought or two, that not just makes sense of football's sounds, but also makes football sense sound.

16. to begin with

something is missing . despite the manifest importance of sound to football, and to those who play football — that is heard in the lively sounding of games, on sports radio, tv and in jokes and chatter — there is little critical investigation of this aspect of play in those discourse areas which like to comment on what's important in culture: critical, cultural, and art theory, sports scholarship, journalism, even art itself . all for the most part overlook football's sounding . there are exceptions . we shall consider them . nonetheless, compared say with discussion of sound in the cinema, or reflection on the importance of the rules of the game to football, there is not a lot to be found on its sounding . for something so passionately (and noisily) practised, this is a rather mystifying silence.

oo . here is a missing-importance! something note-worthy!
something that should be included! an opening! a possibility to contribute an idea or two! a perspective! (one is so frequently at a loss in knowing how to speak, what to say).

however, rapidly, a number of obstacles to articulation present . possible reasons for the omission of football's sounding from critical discourse? first of all, sound creates difficulties for textual forms, which overwhelmingly own the business of critique .

to begin with...

Douglas Kahn has written convincingly about how sound has been sidelined in the academy by the difficulty its ephemeral nature poses for analysis and representation in western critical traditions, wherein "things" must be set within definite, graspable, parameters in order to be analysed (Kahn and Whitehead 1992, 1-5) . furthermore, Kahn notes how this is accompanied by: "long standing habits of imagining that sounds transcend or escape meaning, or that sounds elude sociality despite the fact that they are made, heard, imagined and thought by humans" (Kahn 1999, 4) . thus sound's importance is either overlooked altogether or else aligned with the immaterial, otherworldly, a-signifying . in each case aurality, that which is heard, its affects and effects, disappears from consideration.

the second difficulty for consideration of football/sounding is that it moves — not only moves but floods . not just on ground where 36 players chase a completely lunatic ball (and one another) for two hours in every conceivable direction — hard enough to keep track of! — but through institutions, spaces and communities as a cultural-contagion . and movement, for reasons that are similar to those impeding the discussion of sound — ephemerality, immediacy — is a difficult, and ill-attended topic in the academy . Brian Massumi notes how cultural theory has caught the body in a "cultural freeze-frame", making it "discursive" and "signifying" but eliding its matter, sensation, transformation — movement (Massumi 2002, 2-4) . an observation that also (bizarrely when you think about it) applies to the study of sport, which i will discuss further (below, 13) . as Christof Migone

to begin with...

has noted: “Seems any structuring project makes moves to set aside (outside) any amorphous material” (Migone 2001, 169, my emphasis) . thus, attempting to bring the amorphous — football’s sound, its flooding and contagious movement — “inside” the structured, the critique, the thesis, will surely present some difficulties .

finally, play is a problem for critical forms, eluding their rational perspectives in continuous modulation and lawlessness . as Victor Turner has it: “play is ... betwixt-and-between all standard taxonomic nodes, essentially ‘elusive’... [it] cannot be pinned down by formulations ... such as we all must use in keeping with the rhetorical conventions of academic discourse” (Turner 1986, 31) . that is to say, consideration of anything playful suffers dreadfully, impossibly, from play’s having been set up as “the Other of Western Metaphysics” (Spariosou in Wark 2007, 225), in a seemingly intractable binary . consider Brian Sutton-Smith’s description of play as characterised by “quirky shifts and latent potentials”, “redundancy”, “proliferation of form”, and “flexibility” (Sutton-Smith 1997, 222-224), and then think of how any representational practice that conforms with these characteristics — knock-knock jokes for instance — let loose in a “serious” representational theatre risks destroying that theatre’s seriousness in a mess of giggling rubbishness . knock-knock jokes do not make it onto the news (or into the thesis) for this reason . the impossibility of considering play without tainting its consideration with triviality is a very big problem for sharing a critical perspective on what’s playful, including the (very playful) practice of football sounding.

to begin with...

o dear . these difficulties could conspire to push us away from our topic altogether . a movement for which support can be gleaned, no doubt: " don't bring your words around here! they're not welcome" . it's a common enough view that thought and questioning-word have no place in the spaces of immediacy and play, where emotion, practice, passion and the body all rule . " hang up your thinking cap, egg, and just do it!"

or else becoming-palpable, these difficulties might compel us . the mysterious puzzle they seem to present . football's auralty is a cultural practice that is everywhere: joyfully produced, transformative, making relationships, galvanising communities, inviting one and all into play; but practice that seems very hard to share as a topic of critical interest . its articulations collapsing beneath the weight of their own superfluity . how odd! feeling at once the crackle and fizz of football's sounding, its day-to-day value to life, and simultaneously, its echoing absence from the worlds of word, thought and reflection.

the former position (just do it!) is underpinned by devotion to what Kodwo Eshun has called "the terminally stupid sublime" (Eshun 1999, -006*) . it is a retreat . a faint-hearted attitude to word and thought that is most unappealing . to place any topic outside the ambit of thought and speech is for sure a failure of wit, probably also of

* dear reader, this odd looking number is so because the pages of this section of Kodwo Eshun's book run backwards: -007, -006, -005 and so on down to zero . the quirk is his, not mine .

wisdom . certainly it doesn't answer our fundamental curiosity about what is missing, and why . and so, it is the other possibility we shall seize upon . magnetised both by our topic and difficulties of its presentation, we shall set out determined to find, precisely, a way to admit the practices of football's sounding — its aurality, movement, play — to perspective-shared, without gutting them of their character — noisiness, flooding/contagion, playfulness: shall set out determined to " have a crack!"

as we embark on our journey, let us share with you some choices we have made . terms, concepts, techniques and questions we have gathered to guide us.

40. aurality

we borrow the term "aurality" from Douglas Kahn who uses it precisely to invoke the importance of both sound and its sociality (Kahn 1999, 3-4) . in this he moves against discourse positions that overlook sound altogether, and those that include it, but reduce it to "its sonic or phonic content" (Kahn 1999, 4) . music or art movements for instance, that: "bank on emphasis, amplitude, and affect, but ... mute significance and deafen us in other ways with their rhetorical force" (Kahn 1999, 4) . against both, Kahn has been at pains to reinstate "the political, poetical and ecological" (Kahn 1999, 4) through his writing about sound.

adopting the notion of aurality for my own project seemed at the outset an obvious move . football is a marvellous site from which sound in all its signifying and rhetorical/affective glory issues in abundance . an ideal place from which to contribute the kind of perspective Kahn has called for, that could specify affects of the sonic as well as connect it to its social ground.

to a great extent i have remained true to this ideal, but with a significant, possibly disappointing, caveat . i have found that understanding football's sounding requires a degree of engagement in its play that makes the question of its sociality difficult to hold onto, and to specify . to wit, the more i leaned towards cataloguing and expounding its acoustic and audio-social specifics, the more i

fell out of the grip of its play (where its sounds are) . the more i
fell out of the grip of its play, the more its sonic specificity
became lost in the hypostasisation of terms that cataloguing and
exposition calls for(th) (see Massumi 2002, 165-169 for a discussion
of hypostasis as “an endemic danger to empirical thought”).

tricky . this is an unsolved tension that resonates throughout . we
shall ask the question more than once: how to build perspective on
the significance of a sonorous-playful form, without gutting it of
what is important — its sonorous play? Kahn sets a problem (to
articulate both the sonic and the social properties of aural
experience) that football resists . it cares not one whit for either
its aural significance or its rhetorical force, except incidentally while
furthering its aims to gather, to smash things together, to win .
indeed football displays something of an antipathy to discursive
practices that seek to interrogate it.² it is less interested than we
are in its sounding . its aurality, we may say, involves a certain
deafness to its own significance . and yet we insist on taking its
interests as our own, in order to best represent them . o dear . what
a tangle . how might we approach it?

5. representing football's play

looking to the academy for assistance from fellows who are writing about football, we are forcefully struck by the way that what Douglas Kahn is at pains to protect in discussion of sound (its sociality, how it is "made, heard, imagined and thought by humans" (Kahn 1999, 4)), is the WHOLE of the discussion of sport! written about exhaustively in universities, and also extensively in journalism, we note that sport's commentators have a just-about universal devotion to the styles and assumptions of the social sciences.³ indeed, one can almost say that the study and analysis of sport is the social science of sport: sociology, history, psychology, sport and/in communications, sports geography . overwhelmingly the tendency is to deduce the significance of sport by considering ways it circulates in and effects society . to be sure there is a great deal of contestation and variation in how this is approached, but none of it overturns (hardly even questions) the basic principle that society ought be considered the basis of human experience . sport is only seen as a behaviour that has significance, hence functionality within this society . sport is always "read" as a code that increases our understandings about the drives, behaviours, needs, relationships of various social populations: communities, demographics . thus, for instance: sport and its attendant practices express the relationship of communities with place (Bale 2003, 14-27; Bromberger 1993, 89-102), take the place of religion/ritual/rites of passage in secular society

(Alomes 1994, 46-63; Wenner 1998, 303-305; Giulianotti 2005, 3-7; Pizzato 2005, 47-74), provide a site for the negotiation (resistance, distortion, commodification, re-imagining) of gender identities (Fusco 1998, 87-116; Miller 2001; Pronger 2004, 145-158), and so on.

while of course there is all sorts of value in these investigations . there are also limitations . notably, taken as a preponderance, they promote the sense that a functional set of explanations invariably underpins the operations of sport in culture, and that explaining these is the greatest contribution that can be made to our understanding of it . this tends to eclipse, or at least diminish, the importance of sport's dynamic bodily/imaginative forms and confounded relations, its playfulness, its excesses, its intensities, considered from the perspective of their feeling-affects, not as symptoms of some underlying identity-principle or pattern of social organisation (and not as "aesthetic", either⁴) . again it is notable that what is missing is precisely what Kahn accuses (some) art of bringing to eclipse the social: emphasis, amplitude, affect (Kahn 1999, 4) . whilst, following Kahn, these assertions may be troublesome — if they conspire to mute the sociality of sound — the result of their absence ALTOGETHER is even more disturbing . it ensues that the social sciences (and journalism) always seem to be sucking sport's fascinating forms and extraordinary affect/effects back into historical narratives, confirmation of already existent theoretical propositions, cautionary tales . never letting them run the show for a bit — even a tiny bit — never looking to them as potential liberators

representing football's play...

of new perceptual styles, unfettered by the yawn-worthy methodological habit of inscribing everything with genealogical precedents and underlying social necessity.⁵

notably absent from commentary on sport is any consideration of how the techniques of the social sciences may limit our understanding of it . whilst there is great variation in the type of critical methodology, and degree of precision that is brought to the task, sport's interlocutors nonetheless hold in general to a trust in the powers of the word, and technologies of reading and writing, to represent human experience . then, since they trust more, they experiment less . thus at the very least, they offer little that interests the scholar of aurality . because all they can do is offer explanations of sound's role.⁶ nothing catches the ear in the way of modelling our own interests: to find a set of techniques for representing aurality . it follows, an absence of discursive experimentation offers no means by which to let in the ringing, the sonic specificity . there is no Dj of sports writing, bouncing in from the footy oval to assert tackle, roar and melee as new sonotronic⁷ forms for the academy to take up as understanding . no-one "pouring a bucket of kerosene on here!" with the zeal that, say, Kodwo Eshun has brought to the re/presentation of music (Eshun 1999) . at least, we have not found her . thus, in making our investigation of football sound, that involves the development of techniques for its representation — both sonorous and playful —

*we shall have to reach outside the theatre of the social sciences
and bring in some friends from other zones.*

17. a discourse in particular⁸

as Kahn acknowledges, thinking the specificity of sound needs a discourse in particular (Kahn and Whitehead 1992, 1-4) . since sound is not an object, it cannot be approached as if it were . since it cannot easily be gathered and counted, mapped and archived like say, patterns in eating and exercise can be, it eludes styles of categorisation and articulation that base themselves on evidence-gathering strategies . sound is ephemeral, registering invisibly, seemingly received by each singular body in privacy (we cannot see things otherwise) . the contextual pinpointing of its affects/effects seems difficult . Kahn, and indeed other writers interested in aurality, like Paul Hegarty, Brandon Labelle, Ros Bandt et al., manage this difficulty by tracing sonic currents through diverse styles of aural/social practice, which allows for the mapping of particular figures of significance in/across styles of sounding . for instance: Kahn and Whitehead trace figures of "vibration", "inscription", and "transmission" through the history of avant-garde art (Kahn and Whitehead 1992); Paul Hegarty follows noise across jazz, prog. rock, industrial and japanese noise musics (Hegarty 2007); Bandt, Duffy and MacKinnon gather encounters with the sonority of place/s (Bandt, Duffy and MacKinnon 2007); and Brandon Labelle follows diverse reconfigurations of space pursued in sound art (Labelle 2007) . in each, the authors capture a wealth of fleeting dynamics, distinct practices of sound-making, that start to add up to a picture (a

song? a chant?) of its shifting power to move and redefine things .
they engage, through ranging across different examples, both the
particularity of certain sonic forms and the generality of social
effects/affect.

others have managed articulation of the sonorous by entering play's
confounded and soundful spaces, engaging directly in the production
of sound in order to enliven understanding . from this base to build
(fleeting) platforms in perspective out of the din, in a staging that
invites/draws the listener/reader into (fleeting) absorption broken by
(fleeting) perspective-formation, forsaken once more in absorption in
play . in this approach a set of perspectives emerges that are value-
added by the witnessing body's engagement in the sounding — an
embodied understanding . no longer a witness! untie her from the
mast!¹⁹ — a production of the playing body in the body of the listener
. not so much in order (or not only) to illustrate sonic concepts,
but to open territory for future speculation/contribution and create
new ground and new knowledges, for engaging the sonorous-playful.

this can happen in art . particularly those arts addressed to the ear:
music, poetry, film, radiophonic, sound art.¹⁰ but in thinking a way to
bring the social and aural to the possibility of discursive expression,
the works of Kodwo Eshun (Eshun 1999), Christof Migone (Migone
2001) and Paul Miller a.k.a. Dj Spooky (Miller 2004) are of particular
interest . these three, two Djs and Migone, an artist who defies

categorisation (hooray!)* conduct experiments, in writing and sound, that seek to thrill the ears, body and wit, and draw the listener into play, seeking a connection between her and the materials in question, opening them as an encounter in which she is implicated, and to which she can respond . to see if the book works, says Eshun, “actually play the records” (Eshun 1999, 189) . and Paul Miller/Dj Spooky posits the reader-as-Dj, offering her: “a world where all meaning has been untethered from the ground ... and all signposts point to a road that you make up as you travel through the text. Rotate, reconfigure, edit, render the form” (Miller 2004, 005[†]) . Migone makes an essay on stuttering that works as “woofer to tweeter full sweep assault [that] is sent out to destabilize the reinforced concrete vaults of ...” (Migone 2001, 167, his intentional, inarticulate, non-conclusive ellipsis) . accordingly his writing proceeds in stabbing paragraphs, each one stammering with ideas and, it feels like, gobs of spit that fly off in strings across the page linking separate ideas, and onto the readers' body, into her mouth, inviting her own spluttering responses.

in the work of all of these artists, writing is called to support and unlock relationships between the materials of interest and the reader/remixer/stutterer in her world, rather than to ex-plain it for her . in a take on exposition that holds: “if you play, you get something

* see Labelle's description of him as “ Performing, voicing, muting, mutating, making noise”, and indeed, also for a good description of his practice (Labelle 2007, 134; 133-146).

[†] Miller does unusual numbers too! his pages don't run backwards, like Eshun's but rather run up to 100 in this style, 001-099. must be a Dj thing.

out of the experience. If you don't ... the medium becomes a reinforcement of what's already there" (Miller 2004, 085).

considering all of the approaches discussed above it seems we might, in seeking our discourse in particular that can represent the aural of football's sounding, choose to make a ranging, survey-style representation in text (following Kahn, Hegarty, Bandt et al. and Labelle), or a serious/playful staging of materials-confounded (following Eshun, Spooky, Migone) . which way shall we fall? how to make the most elegant contribution we can?

well .just before we shoot off to be elegant, and propose a method for representing our topic, we wish, first of all, to be cautious . especially in looking to artists like Eshun, Spooky, Migone who work with sound, we need to be mindful not to throw "football" out of consideration . we need to be mindful: our interest is not music . our interest is not sound art (lalala. sirens!) . our interest is football . and it is different . so . let us be both elegant and cautious . and insist upon what is football in this football sound.

43. hanging over the fence

dear reader . this has happened more than once: hanging over the fence at the football ground, munching our chips, with best sound art ears on, we kept forgetting to listen, sucked into the dynamics of play . and thus, at the end of the game, covered in beer, salt and bad humour from losing, had to concede, football is not meant to be listened to . of course there are practices of listening in it, but listening to it involves a very uncomfortable extraction of the listener from the play . " what are you doing?! will you just watch the game!" my footy-companion snapped as i scribbled notes under my poncho, and rain poured down and crucial developments unfolded on ground . what might be called concentrated conditions of listening, those keenly embraced by phenomenologists and (some) sound artists — an attentive, perceiving-relation with sound, with space, with silence, with language, with others — kept getting moved and messed up in the intermodal confusion of the game . in football " the listener " becomes continually and violently distracted, squashed, unbalanced, and/or also, just plain bored and fed up.

our approach to football's sounding must take account of this . the particular confounded condition of football's sound, and implicated position of the " listener " in it . she . is . in . it . not listening, attentively, to it."

46. the hard cloud¹²

how to bring to perspective-shared a (confounded) form that precisely compromises our attention? in order to find a way to do it we need to consider a bit more its structure, and the dynamics that move it . the better to protect it from our own analytic inclinations . what is this messed up condition? how does it sound?

i offer a chant:¹³

football takes the form of a hard cloud — a cloud is a swarm with potential for dematerialisation, a hard cloud is one full of masses, weights, speeds and gravity, and still potential for dematerialisation . play hails in a storm of gathering motion and tricky innovation, combines forms of free-wheeling mucking around, with/in organised games where it is subordinated to (wards) the win . what moves it is a combining of its fundamental tensions and pleasures, part-captured and part-mustered by part-knowing players, in tactics and strategy . players learn how to play in this hard cloud, to keep poised, back themselves, be self-less, and make " something out of nothing!" they hold perspectives only fleetingly and keep dissolving from positions of understanding into positions of crisis, playing the unknowable.

football gathers, via a play of tension and collision . specifically it achieves this gathering through the production of certain actions:

the hard cloud...

jumping catching kicking falling calling running feinting and stopping, all of which require bodies (broadly conceived) in adverse relation — kikitok — hit together, and all of which can and do occur as much and as significantly in thought, in dreams, in part, knit together, as when they are performed full blown specky-style on the ground of the mcg . in other words football's tense and colliding materials are not confined to the football field or to the realm of "the material."¹⁴

since the game is comprised of this gathering and deployment of actions, it moves and has a particular style of moving . it moves in bits and pieces, some of it always obscured, falling out of focus, or out of range of perception — bartell falls back, but he doesn't disappear, dear . this style of moving produces certain inevitable effects: juxtaposition, which makes relationships, relationships which themselves gather and which are further elaborated in play, in a contagious action that extends across the entire reach of the world and (to use a useful term coined by our friend, dear John Cage) its livingry.¹⁵

32. din and wit

one of the consequences of the cloud's being *hard* is of course that it is hellish *noisy*. what all players hear is the never-stopping, all stacked up, all cut up, streaming of all of this (above). they barely listen at all, the numerous sonic economies of the game notwithstanding. they use sound. they play it (we have already sketched-out some of the sonic-bodily constellations we adopt in play, see endnote 11, 205-209). football/sounding is an immensely innovative, magnetic and convivial mess, encountered in the collective becoming of play.

thus to consider football sound is to be confounded (cloud-founded?). everything rushes in at once. football is not for listening to and understanding. it wants us to play half-mystified and madly figuring-out, in a tumble of bodies ball and ground. there are movements in football (so many!) that are not perceivable, because they are too fast, too far away, too quiet, too small, too dense, too loud — "its too lowwwwwwd", you can hear me wail over and over on my recordings — as an ocean of distortion ravages the mic — too abundant, impossible to grasp. the ear is called every which way, to the sounding of the things being drawn in and out of relationship — by the ever-changing relation. the ear jumps to attention, hailed by a penetrating roar or cry, but another force quickly rises to attract it: a stoush, a child, a bird, a pie wrapper or plastic cup scrunched.

on-ground players call to each other, the umpires blow their whistles and shout, all bodies in play, animate and inanimate, make sounds: thumping and groaning, whooshing and banging . the crowd, variously and varyingly: roars, moans, giggles and chatters, drops things, shuffles around, honks the car horn, kicks the footy up the hill . there may be amplified announcements and music, and maybe game commentary prinking out of radios, being passed on to neighbours — " they`re saying it was out of bounds . if he falls over and it`s out of bounds, it`s out of bounds" . these days everyone is talking on the phone, hooking up with crowds of others who are outside the ground (or just in another section of the stadium: " can you see us? level 2, under the coke sign, next to a lady in a white coat . we`re waving! we`re waving!") . birds and dogs may squawk and bark . there may be a sausage sizzle . certainly on match-day, there will be a siren.

football`s sounding, even given its volume and accessibility, is too-many to listen to . and yet, neither does it work as collective, ecstatic fusion — its sounds are not noise music aiming to suck bodies into blasted-immanence of sounding.¹⁶ in football noise is still subordinate to the business of winning . it wants us to find a path through the noise/cloud and contribute to victory . and so sound works in it, and we play the sound . marking and calling the passage of all the part-objects into and out of play . you have to be loud to contribute: "Kevin Sheedy fought hard to get Ryder to break out of his natural shyness to the point where he would make him wear a fluorescent vest in training

drills until he learned to use his voice more" (Steve Butler "Bomber bruised but fired up after tackling big guns" *Age*, 10 August 2008) . all players call to the win throughout the game . and ROAR when they capture it . the chaotic fusion of play intensifies towards the win — gathering numbers, gathering force, speed and noise . and, as it does, players must dig deep, effect grace under pressure, muster every ounce of noise, charm, wit and tricky skill to further the play towards victory.

thus, broadly speaking, sound does two sorts of things in football . one is produce the breakdown of perspective in/through the immediacy of noise or din, and two is exploit the nimble operation of wit, word and technique within that hard cloud, in order to communicate, strategise, progress play, make history . and all of this at once! this cut up streaming, falling in and out of play . that's what football sounds like . in football, sound is wielded, force of affect, weapon of effect, to drag players backwards and forwards over borders of dis/integration in its cloud . that's what it does! and that's what we are going to attempt as well.

1. "there's the siren!"

it's an unnecessary phrase . do they think we did not hear? the dread-ful hoot that signals the end of the game . by the time the words have left the lips of the commentator, we have already leapt into the air with blazing eyes, smiles splitting our faces, or sunk to our seat, with head in hands and soul shattered . oh yes . we heard . nevertheless . this phrase strikes a great gong to end the game . overstates it . marks the edge of our returning from the zone of fun and fury . there is a hint of sadness in it . it is over . and a hint of love . " oh my! what a great game!"

in any case . it marks where it does not need to, but in marking, makes . brings into play practices of the end: departure, analysis, going home . inaugurates our coming back to life (or other style of life) . the commentator's perspective and the siren's call produce separation from change (Massumi 2002, 79), and enable new movement: the building of arguments and engagements from fresh perspective, replete with new knowledge and experience . at the same time this call comes at the defining moment of the game . oftentimes absolutely excruciating . when it comes we may be at the peak of our disarrangement . it frequently accompanies a result that devastates, or sets folks off like catherine wheels that spin, ecstatic, for days . the end is momentous and magnetic, we have dreaded or longed for it for hours . at its arrival we scream, moan, or

purse the lips, gather our things and stalk off in disgust . one of us, the commentator, pitches a cry into the storming body we become . play is not terminated in this description . it is an invocation . language restored to its spellbinding power (Artaud 1958 [1938], III) . and at its sign play gathers once more . immediately . "there's always next week" . nothing stops.

the phrase is emblematic of our interest . here in the theatre of the thesis, we know: football is not meant to be listened to, with best sound-art ears on, and marked by word, and explained . if you do, you are really engaged in something other than football's aurality . yet, bringing word over play makes things happen, draws potential . it opens, initiates, allows collective interest and understanding to flourish . can we have both? football and perspective . at the same time? we play . we are, in this project, calling to the Body in Football (BiF, an idea that will be elucidated shortly, 70) . are . heaving with sweat and effort . these words we bring are hurled into play . we measure a length on the ground, ear pressed to the earth, feel the thunder of footfall, roar of crowd, crinkling of the grass in our ears — tiny ant walking — and voice of the coach in our thoughts . from this place . squashed . at risk . our task, like the commentators', is to articulate the obvious, but keep it so close to play it is scarcely separate . so play is free to storm and regroup through use of word, rather than be terminated in tidy observations . can we have it both ways? we believe . as the commentator shows . that in football, we can.

12. listener as swarm¹⁷

the experience of being dragged in and out of the field of immanence (Massumi 2002, 76-77), that football entails, sounds as it does because all are in play: partly swamped dazzled and deafened . if we are not in play, then football sound is just noise, or else maybe "a rhetoric of audition" (Labelle 2007, 5), something we listen to for the sake of listening but nothing besides, thus: "sound [that] displaces not only content ... but also any purpose beyond self-sufficient existing" (Hegarty 2007, 175) . erk . we don't want these . we want more . we want the listener in play, because in order to hear football/sounding you have to be not only playing, but what playing creates: an unmade body, a swarming body, a part-object put in play by the Body in Football (more in a sec) . although for each player it is part of the game to continually scramble, and find your own space-again, it will be taken from under you . again . "you" un-picked . that's the play . and . all of this sounds . we want (you) to "hear" it.

this means that our staging must involve a particular positing of the listener/s — you dear — as also in play, and able to be undone in swarming . and although well aware that our listeners are, very likely, alone — the headphones invite it, reading too for that matter — and even, in special cases, examining¹⁸ nevertheless, there is a serious attempt being made here to avoid lashing them (you) to the mast and singing at them (you), Odysseus-and-the-sirens-style: passive

(welcoming) listeners/passive (welcoming) readers that we fill up with words and sounds . communing with the ghost of Bataille, this work will be “a deliberate provocation and not serve a one-to-one relation in which [the reader/listener] assimilates a message from the author” (Richardson in Bataille 1994, 16) . this staging will try — must — to suck the listeners into a swarm, at least part of the time, turn them, via passages of play, into teeming part-objects, however fleetingly . not through use of the magic, manic, ball, grass and the thundering crowd, as football does, but, more gently, pulling them (you) into relationship with a cloud of foaming papers, the tying and untying of knots, into jingling, fiddling with wires, and ' phones, pressing buttons, squinching the brow, muttering, rustling around . forcing a problem of materials, and, also insisting they (you) choose their own setting/sitting for participation, eschewing the auditorium (yay! free!), its dreadful tight-lipped smiling and civility, hoping for a mash-up between whatever environment the listeners are in: the rooms, the people, the projectiles, and the sounds/words/concepts we present . making tensions between these that our listeners must play . then, too, making sounds that address the body of the listeners precisely, and specifically, through that swarming tactility we feel at the football, that manages to unhinge and make-drift . there is sonic-magic at work here, dear, i am out and out trying to make you go a bit woozy and afternoon-sy.¹⁹ this is why, if listened to end-on-end, the sounds go for three and a half hours . unwinding 2-5.30pm . the duration of a match . the daylight hours when we are most snoozy, most distracted by our own soggy tendency to semi-consciousness .

calling to the swarm of your bodies with my own, hooking us up through enchantment of football/sounding, in a net that dissolves us in/to a place that is . more . fun . than usual . and also, to this end, what word we do bring to play, in writing, we bring in the form of a cloud, too . we write short . in passages that keep returning the player to her ground not writing long and conclusive . not arguing . we take word in to play and its sounding . we hope, with wit and rhetorical flourish to provoke a response or two in the bodies and temper of our readers . offering, rather than a story or argument with beginning, middle and end, a swarm that can be played (in) over and over . how Nietzsche, Deleuze and Guattari NEVER stop being interesting! how you can watch a game from the seventies and still be overwhelmed . it's not a question of whether or not you "know the ending" . who cares? there is no end to a swarm . it's a question of being unstitched and invited to play, which invitation is embedded in the form of the game, and never wears out, because it is shot with un-knowing and invites everyone/thing in . forever! how great it would be if we could! we do mean to dears, only our lack of skill will prevent it, not our lack of will.

49. life is such

thus we aspire to invoke the fleeting . the relation between perceivable quantities and imperceptible effects/affects that pulls us in and out of the grip of play — for the duration of (this) afternoon, acknowledging it is an afternoon that may extend across many days — because that is what is compelling about football/sound . the intent is not to point this out (or represent it) as itself interesting (although it may be) or to insist on inserting sonic experience into the field of the occularcentrist arts and academic discourse (although that would be good) but rather to address the listener in the mode where s/he is (already) conjoined with that field where the edges of forms are being continuously unravelled, where forms are dissolving in scrambling and jumbly, and to invoke the affect/effects of it, to address that being/becoming . to sink together into it . we are here already — it's just that attention draws us so frequently to form perspective/s . here we want to keep giving them away . that's the perspective we want to contribute . fleeting . want the listener to articulate, where articulate means "to joint", to teem — occasionally and in bits and pieces — into the field of affect: joined in a contagion that "is possible because our individualized being contains (is the containing of) a lost continuity with others, or even everything that is not 'I'" (Hegarty 2007, 110), no doubt still fluttering on the edge of I-comprehend as one must, since (to indulge a move across ben cousin's tummy — who can resist?) life . is . such.²⁰

29. bring . it

okay . we have been inching towards a statement of intent . we have sketched out the ground of our interests . made our caveats . insisted on that which we do not wish to elide . showed you a few moves . and at last (our patient reader will be glad to know) arrive at that point where we can share a set of basic propositions that will guide our endeavour hereafter:

in this thesis we stage a confound made from football .
sound . word.

it is a staging . not a treatise . because it is about sound .
and football . and needs to be felt . to be played.

we have spurned the social sciences, feel constrained by their textual bias and blithe confidence in their ability to represent . their reduction of what's playful, excessive, elusive, to argument . evidence-base . consistency.

suddenly we are asleep ... bing-bong! quick! wake up! we bring the sound . bring it in the form of a hard cloud . a jingling crowd, and plug it into your head.

we do not isolate sound from the bodies, ground, figures
that create it . we understand football as made from
bodies disarranged in collective becoming that involves its
"spectators" as players . and bring this as well . you!
hooray!

we invite your body into our noises and our noise.

(only) then bring football's sound to writing . to gather by
way of words, crowds of concept with/in immanence of
play . to let word and concept hail in passages of play:
ideas give way to force of tumble, shock, soothe,
repetition, invitation . bring the grunt to word, and the
giggle to thought.

we bring, as the key figure of our endeavour, football's
hard cloud: its play-as-hail, motion of gathering, tension
and collision, pierce and disarrangement of noise in din, and
nimble flight of word in wit.

now

clouds gather ...

31. *manyness*

I couldn't believe how different the game was on replay. Being out on the ground, you don't see a lot of things that happen. On the day I knew Cyril Rioli had made an important tackle on the wing, but had no idea just how good his second, third and fourth efforts were ... Or how important Stuart Dew's third-quarter cameo was to the win.

(Campbell Brown, 2008).

a fundamental characteristic of football is how the movement of the football game far exceeds the perceptual powers of any individual player . it is a fast-moving many-ness and no-one can perceive it in anything like entirety . keeping track of play "right across the board" and how it might be forming towards "the win" involves squads of people skilled to watch, listen, analyse and re-present as many of the different events that are happening as possible . even then they can't get it all.

conceived in this way, as proliferating manyness, football can also be described as a confound — an ultimately indissoluble togetherness . although these may sound like opposite conditions — proliferation and togetherness — they do conjoin in its play . as we encounter football in play, everything — players, the ball, the ground, the boundary, the posts — is tumbling, coming together, smashing apart, cast off and trampled over as new forms and combinations of forms appear . swirly . friable . noisy . no single player can comprehend what

all of her teammates are doing . no idea . even the tv cameras that provide the replay that surprises campbell brown (epigraph, above), cannot capture everything that occurs . just say they could, if there was a magical phalanx of agile cameras that could follow every player, all the coaching staff, the runners, the folks making injury assessments, cameras that could swoop silently into the midst of every ruck contest, mark, and tackle, and capture all the action . no-one could actually watch it . there would still be too much of it . either a spectator would have to watch multiple screens at the same time, scanning over them, perhaps zooming in on one or another that caught the eye à la digital tv, or she would have to watch each camera's perspective, end on end . the first option would return her to the original problem of not being able to comprehend everything at once, the second would take too long . days on end . she would miss the following week's game! tv stations, coaches and academics would have to appoint squads of people to watch the replays, which would re-introduce the problem of manyness-of-perspectives and/or also sap the play of the effect/affect of its event-saturated density (its excitement), thus turning engagement in the game into something else, a protracted exercise in the comprehension of its multiple events . this would no doubt contribute certain (exciting) understandings for coaches and academics, but it would also remove all sorts of affect that happens in the game's actual unfolding . thus aspects of play would still elude comprehension . playing football wraps us up in a condition where total comprehension is not possible, in fact, it is not important . what's important is

contribution . as campbell brown describes it above: " second, third, fourth efforts", " a critical third quarter cameo" . and this is where the confound can be felt . having pretty much surrendered our " perspective", our " point of view", we are fused in togetherness with the actual, with all that is rushing and falling and smashing us . the point where proliferation meets togetherness in football's play . because play is just too many to be perceived in anything like entirety, " you" (less you than usual) meet it, bang-on, confounded indissolubly where you find it (where it picks you up and bounces you), where it keeps tumbling and tearing away, and, fingers crossed, you " do something with it!"

Brian Massumi, in his essay " The Brightness Confound", explains, the infant perceives only transition, unspecified to sense ... the transition is without beginning and end points: relation without its terms. Termless, relation does not objectively appear. It can only appear as a whole and energetically: as an unspecified (if not undifferentiated) intensity of total experience (Massumi 2002, 168).

football — a proliferating manyness — is a game that dares us, individually and collectively, to enter this kind of state . it is a game that tumbles us in a condition of relation, so fast and furious, so many, that the relation between all of the things, all of the processes, cannot be comprehensively understood but rather must be played as it appears (or is experienced energetically) . "an unspecified ... intensity of total experience".

however . no doubt . at the same time, football calls for analysis .
as much as we are tumbled crunched and blinded with sun in the
eyes, play nevertheless involves us in working out what's happening, in
gathering: " he's just got to gather! he didn't gather!" trying to
effect play with all the wit we can muster . the game of football is
working out how to win in these mashed and tumbling energetic
conditions . it requires us to make sense, to specify terms and
techniques, establish and apply objectivities within and across a
playing field so madly mixed that actually, all objectivities are bound
to collapse under the assault of the mixed relation that bears them .
tadgh kennelly, describes his part in " the mark " of the 2005
grandfinal:

F---, I've got to go flat out here because [ashley sampi, fleet footed westcoast
forward] is a chance of marking this ... I've just ran full out basically with him. next
thing I know there was 10,000 on top of me or whatever and I didn't really know
who had marked because I was underneath it ... I just heard a roar and I kind of fell
(kennelly in Jake Niall "The men on the mark" Age, 15 July 2006).

so, although it may suck us into an infant-like perceiving of relation
without terms, it also dares us to unravel it . players do not watch
the replay only to marvel at the complexity of the manyness, they
watch in order to solve it next time.

33. kik.tok

this projects adopts Brian Massumi's view of football as an unformalised proto-sport that is retrospectively framed by codes and rules: "in the history of sport, as with virtually every collective formation, the codification of rules follows the emergence of an unformalised proto-sport exhibiting a wide range of variation. the formal rules of the game capture and contain the variation" (Massumi 2002, 71).²¹ we give this varying condition from which games form, the name kik.tok . in considering football/sound we are concerned with kik.tok, as much as with its elaboration in big fat rigidly codified football games, and with the entire terrain of their intermixing . for kik.tok is not a distant origin, from which hawks v bombers evolves, rather both are concurrent . for Massumi, what is common to all football games and their unofficial variations — wherever, however, whoever plays — is this "event dimension" ; "a collective becoming". he explains: "only apparently do the players relate to each other empirically as discrete terms, mediated by reflection and language. They relate to each other in their collective becoming as a distinct ontological level doubling their substantial being" (Massumi 2002, 76).

it is this event dimension, kik.tok, that is captured and made to repeat in rules, teams, clubs and football history . it is relatively neglected as the topic of enquiry in scholarship . we will emphasise it as every bit as important as the AFL premiership . moreso . there is no "to get a premiership medallion . it's the best feeling — ever" (steven armstrong, 2006) without it.

4. to muck around and jump around, and throw myself around

“everyone likes to run and jump ... it’s the fun side of footy” says brett burton of the adelaide crows (burton in Emma Quayle “Birdman flies amid Crowbots” *Age*, 15 July 2006) . the importance of fun in football is oddly overlooked in most of its commentary . if mentioned at all it is usually associated with childhood and the past (as in Quayle’s article, quoted here) . the birdman’s observation that “as a kid i liked to muck around and jump around, and throw myself around”, would rarely be taken as sufficient cause for his/our involvement, present motivation, the point of play, whether in kick-to-kick or saints/cats prelim. final.

yet a case has been made for play being nothing but fun . in his book *Laughing Screaming*, William Paul follows Johan Huizinga insisting that theorists who explain play in terms of its teleological functions are missing the point — fun . and furthermore, this fun (that we know), is not a childlike fun, or a good natured fun, but a present abiding fascination for children, adults, and many animals alike, unhinged in “intensity ... absorption ... maddening” (Huizinga in Paul 1994, 422).

similarities between this sort of fun and Bataille's concept of the sacred are easily made: "The sacred world is a world of communication or contagion, where nothing is separated and a special effort is required to remain outside the undetermined fusion" (Bataille 1994 [1976], 114) . an immanent condition of communication characterised by feelings of pleasure and fear, which we propose, at the very least haunts football's play, and which comparison further suggests that this fun which is the point is not an innocent, childish or frivolous fun, nor a useful fun, nor a fun of the past, but a dangerous, present, mad fun . for Bataille, the sacred draws us into "moments of consumption that are so intense they are frightening"; "... the most frightening that can be faced without fainting" (Bataille 1994 [1976], 118, 119) . and although we stop short of proposing football as a sacred form (its sublimation to "the win", its capture within science prevents this, containing it within a profane economy and keeping its dangerous irrationality at bay), we certainly see it as an example of how "the profane object is not essentially something different from the sacred. In both cases there is simply a change of perspective" (Bataille 1994 [1976], 115) . football is so deeply interconnected with profanity that its sacredness tends to disappear . but, nevertheless, we have, on numerous occasions, nearly fainted with the fright of it . at very least we are haunted by the sacred in k.i.k.t.o.k.¹²²

another notion we borrow from Brian Massumi is how, playing football we, the players, become part-objects: "the ball moves the players. The player is the object of the ball ... players in the heat of the game are

to muck around and jump around, and throw myself around...

drawn out of themselves. Any player who is conscious of himself, as he kicks, misses" (Massumi 2002, 73).*

this becoming part-object is not only something folks do in football, but in all games that involve close relation with inanimates (or with animals, or hoards, and especially those games that involve inanimates and animals and hoards!) . we willingly submit to this process of unstitching ourselves, and being re-embroidered in play as part-objects . think, some spectacular examples: road cycling, polo, ice hockey . thus it would seem that being a part-object is a fascination for animates, and, following brett burton, we propose that this interest is based in our attraction to fun.

it is mad fun, "to muck around and jump around and throw myself around", which means throw myself at something: the ground, the ball, you . and with this throwing and smashing and speeding i become less of myself and more of a thing, a collection of forces, a missile, an immovable, an unstoppable, a being dissolving in light and wind . furthermore each flinging and colliding creates a reaction that draws "me" further into the swarming that such play produces: you shove me back, the fence gives way and we all crash down the hill, jason breaks his wrist but we are all sick with laughing . there is no way to stay outside it . it closes over "us" . giggling we drown in it .

* "The great Peter Daicos, who played for Collingwood, he said to me once, that what you have to understand is that the reason certain footballers can do the things they do on the football field, is precisely because they don't think about it" (Martin Flanagan in conversation with Mick O'Regan, *The Sports Factor*, ABC Radio National, 19 September, 2008).

kik.tok is the foot/ball³ field of this becoming-part-object-fun . a fun of absorption, maddening, laughing/screaming, throwing things (the body becomes a thing) around, smashing things together . that`s what it is . that`s what folks do . and, they do it as hard and fast as they can, to the limit of consciousness — unto death if it wasn`t for the capturing and containment of mad fun in the safe-making rules and policing of games — which tips another nod to our haunting-philosopher Bataille, who notes how sacred pursuits are “frightening ... because death too soon seems to be [their] limit” (Bataille 1994 [1976], 118).

kik.tok conditions the rigidly codified game that we watch at the mcg: “what is the condition? Quite simply a field. No field, no play, the rules lose their power” (Massumi 2002, 72) . there is no Australian football without kik.tok . this is easily felt/seen in the way that people going “to watch” the game bring along footballs, and elaborate the game through kicking these around in the forecourt and in the carpark before and after it, with scant regard for the safety of others or for rules of the venue: NO BALL GAMES! — the sign on the wall at docklands stadium disappears behind a hail of sherrins . at country and suburban games even moreso, where folks are permitted onto the ground before, after and at half time to play . it is not Australian Rules they play, but kik.tok as/in its various mucking-around forms “kick-to-kick”; “up in the pack” or any other.

i am offering this — the ubiquitous blossoming of mucking-around-elaboration, at the edges of formal games — as further evidence that *kik.tok* never ceases to pervade these games . formal matches are just codified versions of kick-to-kick, and kick-to-kick is part of the mucking around zone that has special proximity to the event dimension . cats v eagles arises from that hail of footballs pinging and popping all around as you walk to the ground, and falls away back into the same storm, after the final siren: “A game is just an elaborate form of kick-to-kick”, observes james hird (Greg Baum “Seen but not Hird” Sunday Age, 19 November, 2006) . we would never disagree with the master, but nonetheless humbly submit the possibility that it may be the other way around.²⁴

so . in this research we have embraced all versions of football when it comes to pursuing their sounding — from the most inconspicuous trace of *kik.tok* divined in mucking-around, melting out of the university courtyard, flashing past at the beach, through the whole elaborate disaster of rigidly codified games with their victories and leagues and seasons and histories . we must add, we have for the most part, ignored codes other than the Australian one — although the knowing player will detect small contributions made from the Rugby, Soccer, American and Gaelic football-communities . i cannot, given my thesis (that all games unfold from a global persuasion towards mad fun in the part-object state), refuse the other codes absolutely, but neither can i gather them up and take them on to discuss and compare them, the question of differences between to muck around and jump around, and throw myself around...

codes is just not that important.²⁵ we concede (and explain in endnote 1, 194) the style of football that inflects this research is that of the Australian game . it is this game that has gathered and magnetised, unhinged and bounced us with the people animals and things all around, in Melbourne and Adelaide, Daylesford, Perth and Broome . that is the style we are gathered and coming apart in . but still, and this is the important point, it is not even, ever, simply Australian football — ouch! that pointy "A" — that game with rules, umpires, spectators and a boundary, but a relation between that game and kik.tok, a maddening play, an event-dimension that has no rules, no umpires, no spectators and no boundaries, that we are working with here (in the pack).

15. the delicate

with respect to the sounding of football, considered from the perspective of kik.tok . we note the importance of not-the-stadium, to play . the extraordinary thrill that stadium sound can be has attracted scholars in the past (Redhead 1997, 65-79; Back 2003, Bale 1994, 139-142),²⁶ but recognition of the necessity of kik.tok, means we must go much further afield in our pursuit of football/sound/aurality, fanning out from the mcg, listening to those currents of play from which its games gather: suburban, desert, schoolyard games, freezing-morning games on a local ground by a mist-hung river; and then further, away from any "ground" at all, melting into all instances of its shoving throwing tackling kicking joshing and banter, the endless chatter of football radio and tv (on and on and on it drones) . as we do this, football starts to sound more scattery, less urgent, more funny, quieter, has more birds tweeting, more dogs barking, more interruption, more scrappy unfinished blended, sometimes with tears, sometimes with crickets that stop chirping as you run down to the beach to have a kick before sunset, twigs snapping underfoot . we must bring this breadth and delicacy of consideration to football's auralty, must be careful not to over-emphasise its volume, mass and sheer sonic spectacle, even while recognising the tremendous importance of these effects to its play.

25. grass

Many people have a tree growing in their head, but the brain itself is much more a grass than a tree.

(Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 15).

the sounds of grass are rustle, scatter, crinkle and puff . the sounds of light crowds of movement: "Lice hopping on the beach" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 30) . run the fingers through the hair behind your ears, rub the back of the head on the chair . those loud/quiet sounds rich in timbre and percussive detail, even though very soft: incidentals, everywhere . football ovals, before everybody starts to run and shout, are quiet places . sound is muffled by the earth which is, for all its firmness, friable: soft and loose with seeds, wee hopping insects, and tiny bundles of grass.

sound of grass is inconspicuous murmur and hum . that rubbing and sooth that curls semi-perceptible through footy chatter, in its phatic speech and particular laconic intonation, the weed-like spread of which distributes football-as-paspalum-seeds, finding its sticky way into everywhere, you're always picking out of your hair and off your socks . you can walk into a front bar anywhere in Australia, and if you utter even the tiniest scrap (the tinier the better, since tiny things allow movement) of footy talk you are not only home, you are part of the furniture²⁷ : "yep . stick with 'em love, they'll come good."

consider the material and emblematic significance of grass to football . more than a convenient surface to play on, grass enables football's animation through inherent sympathy with its gathering style . it provides for space and rest, entices, is churned up, is many, flies everywhere, gets on everything, smudges and stains, settles back down, is tough, regenerates, scarcely draws attention to itself . along with the ball, grass is football's most rousing agent . like the ball, "it attracts and arrays the players" (Massumi 2002, 73); part-subject, it makes part-objects of every player . draws them into blade-like identity in play . grass is the ground for that "space", the finding of which is one of football's chief aims and pleasures . where grass is not available dust twigs sand and gravel assume its place . all drift and scatter, all gather and tumble . all move . transforming an apparently solid surface in depth, crumble, puff and skid-ness.

grass is playful, characterised by: "quirky shifts and latent potential", "redundancy", "proliferation of form", and "flexibility", (Sutton-Smith 1997, 222-224) . it is excessive . and as such, despised by the plain ol' haters, whose protestations about its "wasteful" consumption of water in time of drought, cover a more fundamental anxiety about its invitation to (violent, intoxicating) play . the site for a type of sensuous engagement we pursue with other bodies — animates, inanimates — striving to reorganise our own material limits through collision . this is a communal pleasure . grass is the invitation to a sensuality shared . a version of Bataille's erotic plethora: "the first obvious thing about eroticism is the way that an ordered parsimonious and

shattered reality is shaken by a plethoric disorder" (Bataille 1987, 104).²⁸ we run roll fall tackle tumble embrace on it, most usually in small groups, in two's or three's . let's call this lawn-embrace: the tumbling that draws us whether we enact it or not . even front yard lawn, ostensibly just for show, is experienced as potential space for this sensuous engagement . a titillation . perhaps we will fall into its embrace at night? run across it, destroy something on it, light a fire on it, roll on it in a damp frenzy? blowing up letterboxes points to this . as does the kidnapping or decapitation of garden gnomes . a powerful relation between all kinds of bodies is enacted in lawn embrace . anywhere grass is . it precisely draws a collision between "us", the ground and the other . a number of others . press and press against earth, to find its limits and our own, all of ours . to lose them.

tormented British playwright Sarah Kane loved the football — bless her . reflecting on (liverpool fc player) paul ince's claim that tackling is more enjoyable than sex, Kane puts it down to the visceral experience of performance, but we think, more likely, attraction to the magnetic, communal mash-up occasioned by grass (Kane in Singer, 2004, 141) . earth yields . the body of the other yields . our own body yields . in this crush the density of our matter is drawn towards the point of our own, other's and the earth's obliteration/transformation . scary-marvellous . "i don't think they should use all that water for a football oval! it's such a waste" . o please!²⁹

47. ash

One is ... like grass: one has made the world, everybody/everything into a becoming, because one has made a necessarily communicating world, because one has suppressed in oneself everything that prevents us from slipping between things and growing in the midst of things ... Saturate, eliminate, put everything in.

(Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 280).

it is possible as Les Back has suggested, writing about football in England, that the reason people ask to have their ashes scattered on the football pitch after they die is because “the playing surface provides a connection to past and future heroes who perform on it [and] serves literally and metaphorically as an altar of memory and commemoration” (Back 2003, 312) . but it is also possible that they ask this because becoming ash is the logical end to a life’s work in football . we are overjoyed to think of scattering at last over the grass, between the blades, to puff and swirl, fuse with particles of mud . there to be trimmed by lawnkeepers, soared over by stout lads, skirmished by mad children, strolled upon by gulls . the opposite of heroics and commemoration, becoming-ash we finally achieve our aspiration to football’s grass-like ubiquity, its dissolution of ponderous constraints . in ash . grass . dust . twigs . sand . gravel we rest (and drift . it is an animated rest, a convivial one) in a condition where singularity (blade/particle) is combined with infinite inconspicuousness of “everything” . these drifty materials affirm our attraction to the deep

*inconspicuousness we (each, singularly) seek and find in participation
in football (together) . finally! in death . a life! yay!*

6. worlding

becoming everybody/everything ... brings into play the cosmos with its molecular components. Becoming everybody/everything (tout le monde) is to world (faire monde), to make a world (faire un monde).

(Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 280).

it is not that football makes everyone the same but rather that it reorganises each of us as EVERY — a totality of different things . each one is called upon to take on every role, every texture, every move . individual inflection dissolves in the swarm, the crowd, the team . the colours we wear, the phrases we utter, the perspectives we share with each other; there are even certain vocal intonations and physical attitudes that not only identify us to one another but are themselves movements that fold "us" into the swarm (the gathering) that is football's element which we all desire to enter, and cannot resist entering . when i am walking to the train station wearing my football scarf, on the way to a game, and someone in a car honks and waves and yells "go 'pies!" it is not that I am being hailed so much as that i am being recognised emerging into the swarm which the one in the car is part of too . together, via these waves, honks and calls, we fold, another particle, another bird, into the flock . as i arrive at footscray station with its scattering of folks along the platform dressed in the colours of both sides, i am further folded, exchanging wry remarks with a couple of essendon supporters leaning against the station wall . on the train, where the clusters of colour and

their volubility increase, the effect is more, it draws me to where i sit: more wry remarks, smiles, raised eyebrows . it will be odd if, at this moment, i meet a friend on the train who is not going to the football because i am marked, my body, language and feelings dissolving into this other world and she is not, and this will have to be bridged . walking up to the mcg from richmond station, by now part of that crowd converging from 360 degrees on this central point, it is not that i am the same as everyone, it is not that i have lost my feeling of myself, but that each one of us by now stands in for every other . we are not indistinguishable, but we are each now representative of every single other one . by the time we are buying match-day raffle tickets (fending off the ticket sellers), and our footy Record, meeting our mates at the top of the stairs, we have become thoroughly "worlded" with the colour topography noise of the football swarm . in worlding we have been brought into play as molecular components of the cosmos (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 280) . who can deny?

this worlding prefigures the allegiance to sides which appears to define much of football's operation, but in fact is an add-on to this more fundamental dynamic . before we are eagles, lions, swans and kangaroos, we are grass . before we are later structured by attachment to the drama of the game, we have entered the condition of ubiquitous interchangeability . before becoming "one-eyed" we have been every-eye . allegiance is arbitrary, worlding is not.

37. the smashed up

1. All technology is destructive through its amplification of scale, its shift into virtuality, and its bodily replacement.
2. All action is sexual due to its predication on force through pressure and the establishment of the active event.
3. All sound is violence due to the manifestation of sound waves, their displacement of space, and their rupturing transformation of atmospheric density.

(Brophy 2001, 15).

we have said that part-object play is the fun of being smacked up in relationship with other forces and things, which is to say, the fun of collision . collision is of extreme and obvious importance to kik.tok and its various manifestations in/as football . it is everywhere . the knee of one ruckman collides with the gut of the other and disables him, the ball glances off the goal-sneak's boot to score, the full-back slams into the fence and saves the day, but injures herself in the process, barry hall (swans) thumps brett staker (eagles) and all hell breaks loose . a shade more subtle, but still working by force of collision: breath is forced in and around the umpire's whistle, colliding with its own airstream to make the sound that arrests play, and air is forced through the vocal cords of all players to produce commands, curses and invocations performed so violently that voices are routinely damaged in the execution . accompanying these shrieks and cries are claps, slaps, arm hurling the smashed up...

and bodily convulsions, all produced by the collision of physical and/or psychic forces and all intended to effect play . we have said the game proceeds by way of articulating tensions . most of these tensions resolve in collisions, that in turn set up or contribute to the next passage of play . well,

sound/noise is phenomenologically welded into the act of collision.³⁰ sound/noise is waves colliding with/in the body (resolved by the ear in sound, absorbed and transformed by the body directly in vibration) . the body is a resonator/converter for sound waves . thus, experiencing any collision is experiencing its sound/noise-ing . so, we would have to conclude that the mad fun of kik.tok, that is an attraction to flinging and colliding and swarming is also an attraction to the sound/noise-ing of all of this, since there is no flinging collision and swarming without sound/noise.³¹ our bodies are not only mashed, compromised and coming apart under pressure of gravity, weights, speeds and tactile forces, they are confounded in sonic forces: roaring, ringing, vibrating . tactile forces are sonic forces . there is no reason to imagine that the thrill of the mash-up is not the thrill of sound/noise in the mash-up, the separation of terms is unhelpful . we need a word for the feeling/sounding of a very great rending tearing or breaking, as experienced in the body . well exemplified by noise artist, merzbow.³² also in the pleasure of explosion and collision in action movies — very noisy.³³ this is not a feeling of ears (or only ears), it is a feeling of viscera, and it is not a feeling that can be held apart from our own muscular and vocal the smashed up...

responses.³⁴ it is all wrapped up in them . we recoil, fall to the ground, grow bigger, absorb, we shout, moan and scream . " i just seen a few of the boys jump around, and then i screamed . i screamed until i couldn't scream anymore and then we jumped around and we hugged and mate, i just . oh-oh . i seriously can't describe the feeling" (beau waters, 2006) . this is what magnetises/attracts us in football . the sonic in indissoluble relation with all sorts of (other) colliding — jumping, hugging, screaming — forces . sound/noise is not an accompaniment to, or a consequence of play . it is the main event .

the indissoluble togetherness of sound/noise in collision, in football, is given good voice in those forms of mucking-around where participants, constrained from engaging in the type of forceful disintegrating collisions that play desires (perhaps they are playing with a small child, or an elderly person, or they are in an office or living room, where they can't break things) make sound effects, using their voices, that refer to the sounds of the forceful tensions and collisions which they cannot enter . this is very common:

" aaaaargh!" " kkkkkkkcchhhh!" " booooooom!" " BANG!" this is to say, players give voice to that violence and splintering, its roars and reverberations, which is barred from their play by even greater forces of consideration for not damaging people/things around them . the forces-of-collision-excluded are re-inserted, or invoked, by using the voice, calling the sound, which is the most mobile and least directly damaging aspect of those collisions that the bodies yearn to the smashed up...

enter . sound is called to stand in for those forces which must be held out . since it can! it is the only element of collision nimble enough to do this . i.e. invoke the collision without actually provoking one . or rather, since all sound is collision, invoke the gentlest possible . the one that least turns the body to gore, but that can still thrill beings drawn to the clash (can still make those being into things) ... at least we hope . the absence of gore is not certain, since, in kik.tok "there will be tears!"

thus, in this work we give particular consideration to playing the sound/noise feeling of collision, and will be exploiting the potentials of sound to invoke collision/tactility/weights/speeds/gravity, without actually having to directly mangle the reader/listener too completely . furthermore our abovementioned interest in a kind of delicacy in the listening, and in conceiving of football's play as occurring far beyond the forms we find in the stadium, also affects our use of this characteristic of sound . we aim to manifest for the listener/player effects of collision and all sorts of (delicately) confounded play, via pop . ting . scritch . tick and tweet . as well as in roar . curse . crack and hideous groan.

26. flash

the girl and child do not become; it is
becoming itself that is a child or a girl.

(Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 277).

at the footy up in Broome, i keep forgetting to watch the game on the oval because i can't take my eyes off the kids playing in the dirt road beside it . one boy — about nine, thin as a pin, long black hair flopping over his eyes — receives the ball then, as his mate lunges for him, swerves his hips just out of reach and, in the same move, runs forward straight past the lunging friend who staggers heavily into the space he's dematerialised from . it's phil krakouer's disco hips alright (Gorman 2005, 148-149), and the same move we've all seen on peter burgoyne, alan didak, jason akermanis . but it's not the grown men's bodies i think of — this boy will grow into that man . instead the boy's image lightning-strikes my memories of those men, flashes, splits them open . three point twist-and-run on the body of a child, the navy gold and red of his guernsey biting in the sun . the body of the game revealed — puff and footfall in the red dust . skeleton of light and line, dapple and evaporation.

there is a real sense in which football belongs to children . the dandelion puff of his play is seeded in those men (buckley, voss, primus will grow into him if they're lucky, not the other way round) . let's take a moment to articulate this . because adults are so

flash...

much more powerful in the production of discourse than children and so the power that children have is seldom properly acknowledged . and children do exert a powerful, if inconspicuous, presence in/over this thesis . it is easy enough to mistake football for a game of adults but children are its most significant power brokers . not just for the obvious reason that if they were to stop playing, the game would cease to exist, but because they so effortlessly enter and produce all of its elemental conditions: swarming, conviviality, collision, lightness, heat, tears, choking and laughter . children have football in effervescent abundance, flowing away from them on all sides, so much of it there is really no way to quantify it, even remark on it, it's too unhinged, too free . they are only scarcely distinguished from it . only scarcely ever not playing it . children's bodies extend vastly, abundantly, lazily, effortlessly, in time, in material and psychic space/s . thus children have all the power in this game of gathering motion . football ADORES children, thrives in their company . never tires of them . professional footballers are leftovers . redundant husks that find a moment of curious power the second before they disintegrate . the fag end of football's arch . and as for all the props and institutional fol de rol that follows them! wheezing old fellows singing the essendon team song as though it belonged to them, insisting on the ridiculous proposition that the longer you have been involved in football the more authority you have in it (when it obviously belongs to the fleetest, the one you can hardly see) . all these wheezers are is testament to the effectiveness of discourse in silencing the powers of fleetness and flash...

children . when we get stuck in this work, finding its logic, we fall back on the vastly extended bodies of children . because they know football . it's their game.³⁵

51. tianna: pointing at stars

on an extremely cold night, i pack my bag to bulging, extra woollies, thermos of hot tea, chocolate biscuits (two packets, enough for all), paper, pens, regalia . this is a massive game, a resurgent geelong, a splendid collingwood . the swarming hulk of the mcg buzzes with boisterous folk in stripey jumpers . their huge murmur rolls over the football ground . white light streams down from the towers above, picks out seagulls sparkling on the green grass below.

my friends and i find seats right at the top of the southern stand, some wag always makes a joke about loss of oxygen at altitude .
"haha . yes . shut up . who's going back down for food?"
i am involved in the Record-shuffling-bag-shoving-banter of settling-in, when i feel a small hand fold the edge of my jacket onto my lap, and the empty seat beside me clicks down . it is tianna, arriving with her grandmother to see her first ever game of football . with her small dark head and serious eyes she has the look of a night-time marsupial pulled into the light . a curious stillness surrounds her . she wears a pink duffle coat over her tiny collingwood guernsey.

tianna leans forward and peers down at the ground: "can you see?" she asks me. "ah, yes" i say, "pretty much . can you?" "not really" she says . "is that collingwood?" pointing to the faraway men warming up, hopping and jumping together across the ground . "no" i

tianna: pointing at stars...

say, "that's geelong . geelong have stripes that go across, collingwood have stripes that go up and down" . "where's collingwood?" she asks "collingwood haven't come on yet" i say . "where will they come on from?" "i'm not sure" i say, "maybe over there."

once the game starts tianna becomes interested in who's winning, which leads to an interest in scoring . i point out the numbers hung on the fence way down on the ground opposite us . confusingly, these numbers are different from both those on the television screen hung above our heads, and those on the big video screen at the end of the ground . i do my best to explain how a goal is equal to six points and then how a point is equal to one point, and that when you add all of these up you get the score, but then, that there are different ways of writing the score down . i don't do all that well in the explanation . still i continue, elucidating how if the ball goes between the two big posts in the middle it's a goal but if it goes between the middle one and the smaller one at the end it's a point . she frowns . "what middle?" she asks . i cannot answer . "when everybody screams you get a point" she observes . "well, yes" i agree, "that's another way you might look at it" . "where's nathan buckley?" she asks . "um", i squint: "over there" . "where?" "he's walking, now he's running across the grass, way over there" . "where?" "it's a bit difficult because he's moving around . he's running back towards us now, but further in . near the middle" . "why do they let birds in?" she asks . "well, they just come in

tianna: pointing at stars...

through the sky" i say, distracted, trying to keep track of bucks .
like pointing at stars.

i show her the football Record and how i mark in it who kicks the goals . "you give them a tick when they get a goal?" she confirms, licking chocolate biscuit crumbs off her fingers . "yes" i say . "a tick?" she screws up her face as i mark in a snap by neon-leon davis . "well, it's a mark" i say, munching on a biscuit myself . "that says eleven" she says . "well no, um, hang on" i say, swallowing, "it's not eleven, it's two . it looks like || but every time they kick a goal i do a little mark like that, to show that they kicked one, and then i do another one, and then another one . it's called 'making a tally'" . i demonstrate in the margin: mark mark mark . she frowns .

"who got that point?" she cries, when everybody screams again .
"leon got another goal!" i brandish my pen above the Record . "let me find him on the list!" tianna runs her finger down the page . she is not a very good reader . she can pick out the capital letters of each name, and then slowly sound out the rest, but the time this takes is at odds with the speed at which scoring shots are being made . feeling the pressure, she starts guessing the names . all players with a prominent D mysteriously become Dylan and some excellent variations of team favourites are coined, including: Aladdin Didak, Blake Cinderella, Blondie Holland and Paul Lucy Licuria . my friends and i think this is hilarious . these names will stick.

tianna: pointing at stars...

tianna and i chat and giggle together right through the long game . but eventually the final siren sounds — an easy victory as it happens .
"you've got to come to every game" one of my mates smiles down at her, "blake cinderella never played so well!" we all stand up to sing the club song, but tianna's grandmother wants to avoid the crush, so they turn to leave, picking their way along the row of emptying seats . at the aisle they turn back . tianna and i look at each other but neither of us waves or smiles . it is . just . too . sad . then her grandmother tugs on her hand, and together they descend the stairs, melting into that mad dark crowd forever.

on this cold night at the mcg tianna unwound and tangled herself up inside football's cloud . strips and velcro straps of her attached to its articulate (jointed, expressive) play . she both embraced and tested its strength to carry her, and it gathered her in and unstitched her . it was easy for them both . little rabbit and football entwined in fusion of swarming night quiet space scale stripes points marks screens screams teams star bird coats hats ticks tallies speed lists names fairies stories jokes laughs loss luck song crowd (grand) mother stranger friend, and the dear distant certainty of the captain's body . how easy! on this cold night tianna both joined in and commenced her disassembly in play.

the Homeless World Cup was held in Melbourne in december 2008 and i dropped by one sunlit afternoon to have a quick look at the final between Sierra Leone and the Czech republic . i had been
tianna: pointing at stars...

standing at the back of the stand for under a minute when the ball flew off the pitch, over the heads of the assembly, and into my hands . startled, i froze . my eyes rolling in search of someone to pass to . then a ten year old boy materialised like a genie beside me, calling: " here! give it here!" at which command i unfroze and could move, and pass to him, and so play resumed.

13. daisy

dale thomas is also known as daisy . where a footballer takes the name of a tiny sing-song flower, or happy moo-cow, there will be trouble . thomas is slight, fast and seemingly made of kevlar; diving into tangles of opposing force and form precisely tuned not just to stop but to squash him into a platter of grass, blood and blond ("hey, look! bad footballer hair!" cries my rude friend visiting from England, upon seeing him at home, on tv) . sometimes he stops — squashed . sometimes he keeps going, fire dancing on the top of oil, all else disappearing into infinite murky darkness . always the feeling the lights have gotten brighter when he appears, always cartoon sparkles dancing in the space where he just was.

daisy is a playmaker . and it is he we should feel tearing past us, or spinning like a top in celebration in the goalsquare, when we are discomforted by the troublesome presence (or absence) of play as/in discourse . dale thomas: flashy dangerous and fun.

we have said it already . the discussion of football without play is pointless . to discuss it thus is to discuss something else . and, since we are concerned here with football it is necessary to continue to affirm a bit of daisy thomas style, let loose against western (west coast?) metaphysics and its rhetorical conventions .

especially here in the theatre of the thesis with its long history, and standards of critical excellence.

can we admit play without falling into silliness? it's a risk . no doubt silliness is extremely nearby . but what's the alternative? reiteration of the discourse that cannot contain it: too deadly for words, or rather, so deadly it can be rendered no other way but in words (or in death) . here's what we do: we eschew rhetorical conventions that disserve our play . in this we seek to admit, directly, intravenously, what is either excluded or endlessly problematised (but never overcome) in "academic discourse."³⁶ we accept it: silliness is extremely nearby! we have been driven to a frenzy by these conventions . **dammit!** . how in 2009 can one not read a decent account of THE FOOTBALL??

in A Room of One's Own, first published in 1929, Virginia Woolf recounts sitting in the British Museum, and musing on the ways that women's voices have been devalued in, or excluded from the voluminous literature of that place . she tells how: "anger snatched [her] pencil while [she] dreamt" (Woolf 1992 [1929], 40) . unconsciously, she doodles a sketch of an angry professor's face and then, becoming conscious, proceeds, "drawing cartwheels and circles over [it] till he looked like a burning bush or a flaming comet — anyhow, an apparition without human semblance or significance" (Woolf 1992 [1929], 41) . anger about the exclusion of perfectly evident streams of matter and event (woman, play, football, rabbit, sex, drugs) from serious literature, or daisy...

metaphysics, or academic discourse will out, snatch our pencil, our keyboard, our voice . have done . ben cousins has made forceful contributions in most of these areas! and our articulation of them cannot be in terms dictated by those disciplines that exclude them . we must find some other way.

this work might be considered a doodle (jingle-doodle?) . the semi-conscious degradation of a set of images, their replacement with something jaggedy and marginal . as such it is play that seeks not to admit or persuade but to inject itself, irreverently . and if i could canonise a saint to be my guide, s/he would be a composite of Virginia and daisy . playmakers: dangerous, flashing (V), flashy (d), and fun.

24. the Body in Football³⁷

if there is a palpable tension on a footy oval and enough of us feel it to start hand passing dean's backpack to each other as we walk home across the ground at night, then we can refer to that tension (felt) as a Body, the Body in Football: it moves, it feels . it is not "our" feeling but there is feeling: movement, sensation, elation, pain . as much as it is happening, and feels, in my body, it is evidently not mine since i am transformed, snap-locked with the ones around me . it is hard to resist it . this arises on the football oval at night, in the corridor at home, at the mcg . we give it the name the Body in Football (BiF): the tension/s of football's play felt . you cannot help but feel it when you play and there is no way of feeling it except by playing . thus, it is inseparable from the players/playing bodies and from the game, but it is not the same thing as them . the BiF is not a body that can be mapped point for point onto a body, rather it is an haecceity, a set of tensions and collisions that draws anything into itself that is not chained down . it gathers — people, space, objects, relationships — and because of this "we" perceive it in bits and pieces, always partly obscured.

3. it moves it feels

Massumi: “When I think of my body and ask what it does to earn that name, two things stand out. It moves. It feels. In fact, it does both at the same time. It moves as it feels, and it feels itself moving” (*Massumi 2002, 1*) . dear Brian . when movement and sensation are taken as defining bodiliness, rather than some more usual prescription for being an organism (subject, object, form), having a body becomes a less lonely and ploddingly concrete business than usual . acknowledging that a body is transition draws attention to its changeability and to the relations between that body the other bodies, and the events that affect it and that it affects.

Deleuze and Guattari offer the useful notion of the haecceity to help put this body of motion, sensation and relationship into effect in the theatre of ideas . an haecceity is a collection of “relations of movement and rest between molecules or particles, capacities to affect and be affected” (*Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 261*) . in order to remain sensitive to the transitional nature of bodies, to resist collapsing them back into anatomical unities or organism-types, it is useful to keep sight of them as aspects of haecceity, actually **ONLY** as haecceities: “you will yield nothing to haecceities unless you realise that that is what you are, and that you are nothing but that” (*Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 262*) . this means that bodies are ceaselessly, mutably, interconnected in particular relations with all sorts of other phenomena: weather

it moves it feels...

*words hours of the day other bodies animals people insects,
everything,*

climate, wind, season, hour are not of another nature than the things, animals or people that populate them, follow them, sleep and awaken within them. This should be read without a pause: the-animal-stalks-at-five-o'clock. The becoming-evening, becoming-night of an animal, blood nuptials. Five o'clock is this animal! This animal is this place (*Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 263*)!

we might say (also without a pause): on a cold friday night the people stream towards the stadium, move through the dark park, under looming trees, past glowing streetlamps . lit in flashes and glints, they dance, shuffle, laugh and call to each other . clattering up the steps they meet at the centre, where great walls of concrete and steel, the brilliant beams of the light towers, and the rolling murmur of the ground, gather.

45. onourtoes!

the crowd gathers and always moves towards its own dissolution . it empties . the crowd is restless, it improvises, it keeps " us " on our toes" . fills and empties us with sound, and mass, and mass of sound . the crowd is incandescent, it generates a force that exceeds the limits of individual units . crowd incandescence happens below between and above the perceptual limits of its unitary constituents — hence, very difficult to stay seated when a mexican wave tears round the stadium, or stay quiet in a close game . one has to actively resist to avoid leaping to the feet, to keep the shout down — " i don't feel very well today", i say to paul, as we settle into our seats in the northern stand . " i think i'll just sit quietly" . he raises his eyebrows, but says nothing.

the Body in Football works by means of crowding (even if no-one else is around) and the disposition of materiality-in-duration towards crowding; makes use of crowd-incandescence in play: gathers the unitary forms, plays the tensions, smashes things, makes new things, travels in bits and pieces, way too many, always partly obscured . clement lockyer buckley rocca! YEAH! when we say, " adelaide just couldn't get their hands on the footy", as well we might, this is an indication of how the BiF is concerned with constellations of bodies and individual identities only in passing . when i am having trouble keeping going on the treadmill at gym, i think of onourtoes...

nathan buckley and it is amazing how strength visits me as a result .
of course it is not really nathan buckley i perceive but a shred of
the BiF which visits at my invitation, speaks directly to my muscles
and cardio-vascular system, shuts up my nerves, calls my body into
its networked play, dissolves " me " into something stronger.

27. strength fluidified

the Body in Football manifests as the movement and sensation of heat and strength: which amounts to strength fluidified-in-warmth rather than solidified in cool resistance (see Massumi 2002, 6-18 for discussion of (a philosophy of) fluidification; its necessity to developing thought/theory/critique that can account for movement) . also the movement and sensation of intent which entails wit, poise, speed, aggression, flexibility, cunning, wisdom, indeed, giggling . the BiF can think on the run, under pressure, amidst gigantic noise, does not require quiet, solitude, nice textures and fragrances to be poised, focussed and receptive . it is always warm, even when it's cold: ready for action, running into the action, in the action, recovering from the action . if broken it is also: brave, mending, giving-it-away . the Body in Football is gallant, selfless, hungry, violent, indestructible — drunkenness is a risk it gladly takes! drugs, crazy sex, anything to play! if we are sick we can still feel it, watching a game, or calling, palely, for the ball as we sit on the deck watching the others play . it makes-play everywhere, and although flimsy materials do impede it, they do not defeat it . if all it has at its disposal is fragility and tiredness, then play is difficult, but difficult is good for the BiF! Difficult is FUN! footballers visit sick children not just because children wish it, but because football loves it too . gathering . it is generous to a fault . tries without hesitation . " come on, easy does it! here! and, over the back! he flies!" every heart strength fluidified...

*gladdens, the heat/the heart that manifests when paul licuria appears
on the ward . when dale thomas spins and giggles in the goal square .
it is warm . strong . funny . it is a swarm . it heals.³⁸*

*michael voss, writing in the Age about an unnamed group of players
elucidates:*

The 'Fantastic Four' the super-hero characters of comic-book and movie fame are the closest thing I know to [this player] quartet. There's Mr Fantastic, who can stretch his body into un-human proportions and is the father-figure of the group; Human Torch, who controls fire; The Thing, who has rock-like skin and super strength; and Invisible Girl who can turn herself and others invisible. I'm not about to identify who these might represent ... but individually they have a superpower and together they represent a unique weapon (Michael Voss "For Collingwood: 'may the fourth be with you'" Age, 18 July 2008).

strength fluidified . super indeed.

7. teeming

sound has a special role to play in the crowd and (so) in the Body in Football . and this is so for both a huge and/or a tiny crowd . think about how the football crowd murmurs . and what this does . there is murmuring between opponents matched-up on the ground, between packs of players scrambling for the ball, between teammates making play, between neighbours clustered 'round the ground: watching, moving through and around each other to get food, go to the toilet, leave and enter the shared spaces of play . the interesting thing about murmuring is how it works to effect transformations in the crowd without use of command or instruction . we pick ourselves up from the bottom of a pack, squinch our way along a row of seated others, move between states of attention and awareness, with incessant chant of soft communicative noise . and despite the stories we may be telling ourselves about what we are doing or how we are feeling, the vibrations, tiny tics and pats, grunts and soothes that pass between us in the sonic-vibratory work of murmuring, are organising us both in the crowd and the Body in Football . lubricating our blocky-awkward identity positions and dearly-held, clunky narratives, so these can meld with the necessity and pleasures of being in a football crowd together.

we may say sound works as a solution in which the intricacies of crowd movement are brought to perception and then articulated .

teeming...

sound has a kind of freedom that "the body" does not, it travels fast . it connects bodies that cannot touch or see each other, it bears relationship far from proximity . we might say it has an increased conductivity when compared with tactility and visuality . for these reasons it has particular powers in the crowd (where the visual and the tactile are reduced with respect to the distance they can effect) . we have said it produces the collective buzz and hum of crowd's murmuring; it also entails bringing sensation-to-thought-to-word for individual units — moan: "i think i'm going to be sick" — and keeps each one connected with others in the immediate locale . as well sound is a herald, signalling changes in the crowd that flow towards or away (which reminds of Jacques Attali's description of "sound matter as the herald of society" (Attali 1985, 5)).³⁹ while the perceptual surges occasioned by the crowd wash across all the (confounded) senses, sound is the element that pours into and is drawn out of each unit and builds the presence (always moving, always emptying) of the crowd overall . sound pours across constellations of bodies, forms them, marks their movement and moves one step (at least) ahead of what happens to individual units.

this quality of articulation/conductivity makes it particularly important in the crowd's movement . from movement of thought to speech, nausea to moaning and retching, speech to shouts, roaring and cheering, tramping, rustling, falling, scrambling: waves of sound surge across the crowd and each locale, and each individual body of each locale, provoking and marking its motion . sound is the solution teeming...

through which the crowd articulates its most subtle,
inconspicuous and also most frightening, fatal effects . it is the
crowds most nimble element and, once again, this is so for both a
huge and a tiny crowd.

for these reasons we say: sound makes the swarm teem.

54. the double power of murmuring

murmuring has the power both to locate and pin in familiarity and also to penetrate, open (and no doubt conceal) in subtle charms and deterritorialisations . think about the bodies you can fall into a deep and easy sleep with . probably you murmur with them . lovers . parents . children . siblings . friends . all murmur together on the way in and out of sleep, in a language less to do with bearing concepts and ideas as marking and producing mutual becomings . we travel together into states of unusual perceptual arrangement and conjoinment on murmuring's wings . this is not just soft tones . rather, audible sense subsides and sonority plays . its caressing, territory-making, meaning-evading characteristics get to pursue their own interests . the body in its guise as a vibratory material rises to eclipse the usual intention, and feelings of perspective and domination . there is a kind of unhinging of the i from its feeling of control in/over the body and its surrounds, and a remaking of the body in (a) new form/s.

Deleuze and Guattari have observed how children may hum (murmur) a territorialising spell, but/and how this song may become a springboard (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 349) for spectacular deterritorialisations, becoming-music . "the starting point is a childlike

refrain, but the child has wings ... the becoming child of the musician is coupled with the becoming aerial of the child" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 350).

murmuring: becoming-music but also — why not? becoming-football. its movement-relationships are built from muttered familiarity, oaths, drills and discipline, but are able to radically re-imagine, and re-make . how else did the Krakouer brothers do it if not by bodily murmuring? by teaming? knowing where the other was, to produce their extraordinary moves, connect across impossible congestion, set alight a web of sparks no-one could see the fuse for (see Gorman 2005, 171) . it is always there . murmuring . full of air, space and feathers . our wings.

38. muttering

the secret society may act by influence, creeping, insinuation, oozing, pressure, or invisible rays; "passwords" and secret languages

(Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 288)

murmuring is a special style of sounding in the crowd that makes constellations between bodies that have the power of imperceptibility and therefore unfold all sorts of possibilities for secret action . this secret style of murmuring is also called muttering, a term redolent with sinister potentials . muttering can comprise a kind of shorthand affect/effect that moves between bodies that know each other . and can also draw strange bodies into relation, due to the disposition of all bodies to be drawn in/to murmuring . thus in public, in relation with large numbers of strangers, we ceaselessly experiment with relationships that are playful, pleasurable, de-territorialising and secretive . who has not felt the curious intimacy of a stranger's hand placed gently on the small of our back, as he or she (who knows?) moves past behind us, with shred of word-muttered, or just breath (it is the same thing) upon our neck? who has not felt a counter-intuitive sense of security entering a press of strange massed bodies, as we move towards an exit, or enter a lift? the warmth of bodies and becoming-soft of the acoustic, becoming-quiet, ushering in that shared, imperceptible belonging that is muttering's interest and its strength.

muttering...

44. herd

if as it happens after the game, patrons are permitted onto the football oval, they will roam across it in a wild, animated herd.* if you take the opportunity to join this marvellous herd you will note with awe the divots carved from the ground by the on-ground players, the surface mangled by speed and hardness of form: grinding, slicing, ricocheting . you will imagine that, feel it . you will stand on the fifty-meter line and try to kick a goal . you will do commentary . you will take a mark badly ... or perhaps brilliantly! DID YOU SEE THAT?! you will bend to comfort a hurt child, creating a tight little circle between you, sheltering from the fever that simmers all around . you will try to keep sight of another child gone mad . all around balls will ping, pop and thud as hundreds of people of all ages and sizes wheel about running, jumping and falling over . family groups will disintegrate to form impromptu sides of serendipitous order . you will apologise, avert your gaze from, laugh and hand pass with strangers — all vibrating together in the special shimmer that buzzes out of the grass . it is a thrill, a noisy-frenzy, the hard cloud teeming.

* if lance franklin kicks another hundred they will do it without permission . let's go! who cares if it's hawthorn! let's all go together on that night and run onto the ground!

II. tickle

sound is a favourite element of play . see for instance Claudia Haagen's book Bush Toys (Haagen 1994) in which playing with sound gets a chapter all to itself, alongside hunting and fishing games, water play, community play etc. . we are all the joy-ful product of bashing away on toy xylophones — rattles, bells, whistles, bull roarers, and plastic trumpets, drums, cymbals, hammers that honk when you hit something, fairy wands with built in glissandi, dolls that speak, bears that growl, and nowadays tamagotchis and the whole world of Nintendo et al., flooding the body-worlds of play with their electronic ping-a-ling and la-la-la language that sits somewhere between sugar coated command and tiny winks and kisses.⁴⁰

we have mentioned earlier the attraction that sounds of/in collision hold for the Body in Football, the everywhere-evident thrill of the sonic in indissoluble relation with all sorts of other colliding forces . and this holds for great roar of noise and crunch of tackle as well as gentler charms that caress the unitary form, tickling the ear throat chest top of the skull bottom of the feet with erotic flourish — think how the game, playing over the radio on a saturday afternoon, turns to waves of soothing murmur and all of a sudden you are nodding-off, a slumbering giant full of the faint cries of ABC Grandstand (the weekend sports commentary) . thus it is not only crunch and smash, but tickle, hum and buzz, that preoccupies the tickle...

BiF, an unmaking of "the body" in a kind of sonic froth, a fluffy combination of vibration, sound and densities that liberates us from our singularity and our mass, re-composing us as fraying part-animates, not quite here or there, not quite this or that, but in process of change and in (murmuring, shivering, nodding off) relation.

beyond its auto-erotic pleasures, this delicious sonic mousse we love, of course, forms relationships between (and transforms) different bodies around and together with me, and so the world — since all of us who are in play are fraying, feeling the buzz and ring, the teeny footsteps of scattering sound-fairies through our throats and heads . sound is a communal business that registers simultaneously as intimate and as intimately simultaneous, in the sense that it is charming/alarming the bodies around me too . while in the concert hall this commonality may be only speculation or sensed by quivering intuition, in the football crowd it is palpably shared . we roar, howl, scream at each other in response to what's going on, and no-one is baffled by the voluble outpourings of those around — " why is that man so angry?" you don't hear it, except from very small children who have not been to many games . likewise we laugh, sing, engage in improvised vocal trilling, imitate the siren . even in settings where we are remote from the game, at home in front of the tv, driving whilst listening to the radio, the moves of the BiF conjure all sorts of vocal ejaculations and body percussion in us . its sounds and moves traverse us, we know, flowing across a crowd that is spread more widely: yelps, curses, wailing, throwing the tickle...

remote and slapping the wheel . wry remarks and deep sighs embroider the nation . Melbourne sound artists Sonia Leber and David Chesworth made an installation piece exploring precisely this . The Persuaders (Leber and Chesworth 2003) featured close-ups of seven solo football barrackers, on seven separate tv monitors, delivering their at-home commentary straight into the camera . showing how, even when we are alone, watching the game on tv — jerking, muttering, shouting — we are gathered-up, frajing inanimates within a crowd-in-play . despite the rhetoric of loyalists, the Body in Football has not one whit of attachment to locale, but will play wherever and with whomever it gets the chance — all the nostalgia for particular grounds is precisely that: nostalgia and not football .

i note how broadcast sound enormously amplifies th BiF's reach . in recent times barracking's scattered crowd (wherein players remote from each other are nonetheless caught up together in play), has been wonderfully enhanced by the advent of text messaging, that allows tiny remarks or just punctuation (" !!", or " ... ") to fly between players in different households, states, countries, in an exchange of precisely the kind of abbreviated muttering that occurs when we are all standing together at the game — i am at the mcg with mark and jude, watching cats v pies, but i am messaging with paul who is in east st. kilda, and eddie in Florence, and charlz in Kuala Lumpur (all of whom are watching too) . this happens! the chime and rattle of message alerts has brought a new texture to the mix of crowd roar, commentary and one's own incessant chatter; has tickle...

brought a new style of interconnectedness . the jingling and part-worded content of the messages is so light, so unobtrusive, it gives voice/touch to the way in which we are, pretty much, conjoined like a cloud of fairies, in fleet and fun . it embodies in sound and tickle . makes " our " disappearing-jingling-palpable . this is the BiF we articulate, in charming extensions afforded by the sms.

the body in play and so the Body in Football is a soundful one . a whole range of the fundamental pleasures of the game are sonic . especially the feeling of sound as/in thrill of collision/caress, elaborated in all sorts of seductive and witty constellations, to innovate relationships in the world . just as brett burton loves to jump and throw himself around, players caught up in the BiF send all the sonic pleasures of the body, the voice and their marvellous technological prosthetics jumping around for pure joy . humming, ringing and lalala . pitch and tone sliding about in that jouissance Renata Salecl speaks of with respect to the opera diva's high notes,⁴¹ that is also audible in unperformed abundance in the football crowd . free from any attachment to musicality, the sounding body in the crowd plays elsewhere, liberated from the pressure to charm an audience, or to express a self, stretches languorously in the possibilities of articulating — jointing — with saliva, air and bile, burping, spitting and retching, voice of colonic wind in farting, various forms of kissy-growling, blowing hard, buzzing and rumbling against the skin of the other (often on the stomach, why? an attempt to call directly to that ooze and rumble that lies within?) . the sounding tickle...

body at play makes up new sound-bodies for its own amusement and/or the amusement of the ones around, just to further delight . attending training with the western bulldogs, in the run up to the 2006 finals, i was surprised by how much giggling was going on . finals football is Very Serious Business! and indeed, over on one side of the oval it seemed to be: "COMMUNICATE!" screamed the coaching staff, to hapless players running on the ground . but, back at the chain link fence where short-kick practice was underway, the boys were laughing so hard they were bent double . football, even at its most serious, is fun and friendly, full of playful sounding.

in a break in sex, i look down at my partner, who, flat on his back, pushes sweaty hair off his forehead and looks up at me ." so " he says, " how about those ' pies? "

30. affect with care

we are discussing the style of (sounding) play and movement that unfolds in the crowd, (that is) the Body in Football . these movements, that are tensions of play felt, are instances of what Eugene Thacker (in a discussion of how networks, swarms and multitudes work) calls network affect,

affect is networked, becomes distributed and is detached from its anthropomorphic locus in the individual. In a dynamic network, the individual does not possess an emotion, but is rather constituted through the circulation of affects ... network affect is the living immanent topology of the network (Thacker 2004a, 10).

note that Thacker is careful to distinguish network affect (which is also what we have called crowd incandescence, and linked insistently to the crowd's sounding) from emotion . he says: "this point cannot be overstated: in networks affect is not emotion" (Thacker 2004a, 10) . it is important in considering the Body in Football to be able to think about a crowd made up of individuals, semi-surrendered to the affect/s of being all caught up together, and about how that togetherness becomes a body itself, motivated by forces that have little to do with the individuals that comprise it — the tensions of play doing their thing amongst the bodies of the people.

however, it is also important to own up to the intensity of the feeling-condition of the network affect (and its effects), especially

since vivid and changeable feeling is such a noticeable characteristic of being in a football crowd . and not only to consider how affect circulates but also how it registers in the skin muscle bone and sweat of single bodies — i.e. how one may feel Very Emotional! and in the football crowd affect does not come with a sticker identifying it as NOT emotion.

at home after the game, standing in front of the heater, steve suddenly erupts in a blistering 5 minute rant, addressed to an absent but would-have-been-ashen-faced carlton side — featuring a tearful appeal to the memory of bruce doull . when he finishes, scowling in stormy silence, i enquire: " may we now discuss my team's progress?" " NO!" he snaps, " i`m sick of fucking collingwood!" BiF! ow! both sulk.

we wish to append to Thacker`s description of network affect (his insistence that it is not emotion) this other assertion: that single-seeming (personal) bodily feelings do nevertheless register within those bodies that are part of the crowd . this is a cautionary move we make to counter an effect that can occur alongside accounts of the body that conceive it as/in haecceity (network or crowd) . specifically, when Deleuze and Guattari`s style (for it is their`s that underpins Thacker`s writing, and our own) of considering the body as molecular haecceity swarming all over the joint/s is adopted, a kind of conceptual dematerialisation of the body altogether can occur — and this is not a useful thing, especially for a consideration of affect with care...

football . Elizabeth Grosz has spoken of this effect: how Deleuze and Guattari, insisting on motion and imperceptibility as defining *bodiliness*, deliver a “materialism that is far beyond or different from the body, or bodies” ; “their work is like an acidic dissolution of the body and the subject along with it” (Grosz 1994, 179) . of course there is way too much discussion of football as though it was comprised of individual identities, littering the world . but it would be a terrible mistake to dissolve the (material, feeling) body of the singleton altogether — fantasy construct though it may be — out of keenness to assert the *Body in Football* . here we are trying to have it both ways, to find a position where both these possibilities, styles of materiality, can hold without cancelling each other out, as indeed they manage to in the play of the BiF.

the problem with asserting the role of individual identities in the *haecceity* is that individual identities bring with them the feeling/idea that there is a subject/object separation happening in the heart of things . Deleuze insists this is not so (it is not real . it is made up) and that accepting such a perspective is a very retro and unhelpful move.⁴² still . we must risk forcing this clash of perspectives, since not only does it often feel in playing football that the excitement of being in play belongs to me (even while shared by others), but, also these experiences are framed by all the institutions and conventions of the football world which pretty much holds individuals to be at the heart of things — think: the endless reiteration of the hero's journey in it . think of north melbourne's jason mccartney who affect with care...

survived the Bali bombings in 2002, badly burned, but recovered, and came back to play for the Kangaroos . but just for one game! and kicked a defining goal! and **“hero”**, and **“fairytale”**, and **“back from oblivion”**, and **“swamped by his teammates”**, and **“what had not killed him made him strong”**, and **“telephoned his mother to tell her he didn’t want to go on”**, and **“pulled on a jumper”**, and **“patches of blood on [his] pressure stockings”**, and **“never saw him flinch”**, and **“his courage is enormous”**, and **“millions of people ... admire your guts”**, and **“i’ll never have that taken from me”**, and **“hang up my boots tonight”** (see Chloe Saltau “It was a hero’s performance, then he was gone” *Age*, 7 June 2003).

thus is the notion of the Important Subject conquering the objects avidly confirmed in day-to-day operations of football (not to mention world) culture (can you guess which of the phrases above was spoken by the Australian prime minister?) . this means that, at the very least, an aspect of the haecceity of the Body in Football is an idea/feeling that **“I am”**, and that **“I”** sustain **“My existence”** through engagement in the swarm . thus it is necessary to admit this Very Important sense of ourselves, as part of the haecceity . this troublesome construction of the world as composed of subject/object is important to our discussion because it is a force that is in play.

10. scrambling

a friend — musician — cannot handle being in a sports bar where three codes of football plus horses and dogs from across the nation blare from a multitude of tv screens all attended by knots of boisterous folks milling and shouting, or else quietly fixated . his training is to listen in particular and he cannot override it to play in the din . playing in the din is a skill.

in a crowd, confounded, we are not called upon to exercise discriminating perception in each of our senses but into that condition of Massumi's intensive readiness, remember: "only transition, unspecified to sense ... relation without its terms" (Massumi 2002, 168) .

"we" are called upon to catch a shred of detail passing through any of/all of the senses/compressed, and to feed it back to the crowd around us, to further comprehension without really grasping it, to move information and sensation on . and this can offend the unitary form accustomed to exercising and demonstrating his or her singular skill . crowd is a condition of relinquishing . ex-change and change . it is a scrambling.

scrambling (as Deleuze and Guattari have said of Nietzsche's writing),⁴³ is not fragmentary . it's all about speeds and slowness, about proximity and distance, spaces opening and compressing . it flows and sparks . this form allows contagion, remaking, surprises scrambling...

to occur (as well, no doubt as redundancy, dead ends and confusion)
. scrambling is responsive . sends feelers out into the energetic
conditions it encounters . always contributing.

scrambling — down a sand dune, with dogs and children — involves
switching perceiving-range and scale, screening and suppressing the
unwanted quickly, scanning, flickering between conditions . fleeting
perspective, fleeting absorption . it is not a separation of, a grounding
or settling, but a tumbling over and through, it is not stilling it is a
moving-with which includes moving towards emptying . we have said
(see above, section " 7. teeming", 77-79), sound in the (scrambling)
crowd brings perception to consciousness and shares it — ow!
hahaha! you idiot! hee hee . get off me! it gives the group a
voice of its own in din, clamour, incandescence-sounding; it fills and
empties each individual unit; forms crystals, constellations in the
group . sound-scrambling: heat and mass, speed and slowness, space
and the end of space . teeming.

35. shock and gore

the openness of the body to sound has been much remarked upon in sound art where various artists, say for example, Pauline Oliveros and "acoustic ecologists" Hildegard Westerkamp and R. Murray Schafer, have all noted an inherent sensitivity, an implication of the subject, and her corporeality (sometimes her spirit) in-the-world, made in the act of listening (Schafer 1977, 262; Oliveros 2009; Labelle 2007, 209-211). these artists have been at pains to develop the sensitising potentials of sound, for instance in practice of "deep listening" that "is a tool tool for growth and change and spirituality ... learning to extract the last possible drop of meaning from sound that is intelligence" (Oliveros in Mockus 2007, 166). in recent times these perspectives have provoked a wave of rather curt response from the likes of Philip Brophy and Paul Hegarty (see Brophy "all sound is violence" quoted above, 55. and Hegarty 2007, 173), who remind us of other sonic practices, joyfully embraced by subjects, bodies, culture, that offer and celebrate quite different relations of the body in and with sound. specifically relations of resistance and domination, especially in the event (and eroticism) of noise.

no doubt the body/the ear, as well as being open to the charms of the world, is expert at closing down its approaches as well, and involved in the orchestration of domination upon it, transgressing propriety and shaking things up. listening is not only welcoming, it is

shock and gore...

equally blocking and scheming . and the making of sound, as much as it calls the other into shared aural deliciousness in soothing and playful, or celebration of shared intelligence, is also commanding, infecting, manipulating and seeks directly to harm.

the Body in Football, while playful and capable of great delicacy, is no sensitive acoustician . it plays the pleasure of tension and collision felt, and as such exerts its own power against forces that resist it and/or come to play with it . it has no regard for building sensitive relations in the sense that the acoustic ecologists mean: "to engage listening so as to invite people to hear the whole being of the world" (Labelle 2007, 209) . it has other goals for those bodies — forms or subjects, singletons or haecceities — that it gathers and mangles in play . from listening to inner chants — "back yourself" . to quelling claims made to sonic domination by others — as collingwood's marty clarke, (astonished by the vitriolic clamour of a huge home crowd in adelaide) emphasised: "we had to take the crowd out of it" . the BiF is expert at "perceptual masking" (Brophy 1999, 16), and techniques of sonic combat and control.

chanting in the crowd conjures volume to shut down possibilities for resistance emerging elsewhere in its swarm . it achieves this without massive amplification by electrical technology (favoured by rock and noise musics which have the same will to obliteration), nor with benefit of conductor or score . groups at the football can sweep thousands of bodies up in chant, song, clapping, thumping on shock and gore...

the boundary fence, to carry a punch direct to the swarming bodies of the opposition, diminishing their own sounding power, locking them out of crowd embrace, isolating by swamping them in words they can never utter ("gee-long!" clap clap clap! "gee-long!" clap clap clap! — i will never speak those words . thus, can barely sound or move while they flood the stand — we may chant in resistance: "dream on!" clap clap clap! "dream on!" clap clap clap! but only if the lead is turning ...) . chanting in the crowd locks opposition players into tiny meat-capsules of impotence while the streaming dominant side commands the huge wash and roar of sound, the articulated body of the crowd . this is what marty clarke wants to "take out of it", deafened by boo's and/or hail of vitriol . the only way for players to shut this crowd up is to thump them on the field . and then — o we have all experienced it — listen to the mighty roar fade to bitter armfolded silence, or petulant whining about the umpiring, while a mighty sing-song glory bursts from the thousand throats of the arising underdog . BiF . ow! we sulk.

also, think of **sledging**: another technique used to dominate through weaponry of word . this time it is a poison dart of word-meaning shot across space to shut down a player's "confidence", or psychic poise, with luck also scrambling their physiology in the disturbance that arises when a body is confronted by a stronger force . Canetti writes about the "the flight-command", an action consisting of "momentum and sting" (Canetti 2000 [1962], 305) with which a stronger being threatens a weaker, compelling it to flee . very serious shock and gore...

technique when wielded skilfully . the flight command is designed not just to scare but to threaten death, "beneath all commands glints the harshness of the death sentence" (Canetti 1962, 303) . think the sweat, nausea and clenched muscles provoked by being shouted at . bellowed at, i mean . the horror provoked can be profound . the visceral weakening that is felt when an insult finds its mark . "names will never hurt me" is wishful thinking i fear . bodies are not so well-armoured they can shield against the skilful application of command and vile (magic) word . we are much too squooshy . think how, after the fight, when shelter is reached, tears flow . folks — men mostly — will not admit it, but it happens . the toughest weep in private . body's ooze, rising and washing — perhaps to cleanse, as tears are thought to (Grosz 1994, 195-196) but also maybe washing the foundations of courage away like a spring tide, which is why the strong fear it in themselves: "Death to all that flows", say the soldiers (Theweleit 1987, 230) . sledging is not (only) banter . it is weaponry of word . it seeks to harm.

note that sound is a useful agent for such harmful transgression due to its ephemerality . transgression works through fleeting (Hegarty 2007, 110) . only works through feint and fade . if it stays too long it loses its power . shout over and over that someone is an idiot and you become an idiot yourself (we have all heard it — perhaps done it?) . shout your command once, or even better, drop quietly in the other's ear with menacing force and you have a chance to threaten and to shock . it is not the mass chants that upset shock and gore...

players, it is sly remarks made by fellows on ground (daniel kerr — was it? — with the tattoo of his daughter on his arm, that attracted a sly remark that provoked a furore? ... perhaps des headland) . thus the Body in Football exploits that passage sound can take — fleeting — in and out of conscious awareness, in and out of ability to contact, to play its game of threat and make-tremble . the Body in Football, we have said (above, 36) works by "manyness", and being too many allows ambush — shout **BOO!** — sound's transgressive power allows us to mangle each other without acting on the threat that glints in the command; without crossing over that final barrier, opening the human body and turning it to gore. we leave it more or less whole . "what's wrong with you? it's only a game!" — glint.

in this sense it is less noise as "the erotic, ecstatic community of loss of self" that is pursued in football, than noise, specifically as power to wound (Hegarty 2007, 96).⁴⁴ this i think, distinguishes it, by degree if not in kind, from the noise-bodies of communal music, and places it closer in its sonic interests* to the menacing haecceity of the army or the war-machine.⁴⁵ that is to say football-sounding has, at least in part, an explicitly violent intent . it seeks to wound . to push the sonic blade in as far as it can without actually killing someone.

* tickle and murmur notwithstanding — note these other pleasures and the bodies and relations they produce do not disappear, but coexist.

famously, the will to injure via sound has been challenged in Australian football by black⁴⁶ players who have drawn a line in the sand at the edge of "racial vilification", and produced a rare instance of the Body in Football (or its agents) backing down from pursuit of its amoral fun.⁴⁷ in 1995 the AFL introduced a rule to ban the use of those (racist) sonic barbs that jim krakouer could not shake out of his body (Gorman 2005, 94); the effects of which led nicky winmar on 17 april 1993, to lift his jersey and point to his black heart/skin; providing Australian football with one of its iconic photographic (and heart/skin) images . this famous photo (as an "op" seized by numerous photographers, authorship is attributed variously, but see a handsome reproduction of Wayne Lubbey's shot in Slattery 2008, 76) is, to some extent an image of sound . at least we may call it a chant in that, as we have said elsewhere (see endnote 13, 211), a chant both stabilizes and marks a relation with sonic forces of creation . this picture of nicky winmar conjures the roar of the crowd, and the vicious language of all players seeking to wound, as well as the motive force of that language, which seeks to push the sonic blade in as far as it will go — and an extraordinary act of individual heart and (invisible) mob resistance being mustered-against . this picture says: these (invisible) darts can kill . have . (see Gardiner 1997 for an account of events surrounding the introduction of the racial vilification rule and Murnane 2008 for details of the rule itself).

we insist: sound in the BiF opens the body/bodies to extraordinary opportunities for pleasure, and equally to pain that is nearly fatal (that can be) . a body opened soon becomes a body armoured, and a body armed . and, despite what the acoustic ecologists might think, a body armoured is no less sensitive than a body quiveringly opened in "deep listening", or vice versa . the opposition is false . there is just the molecular force of sound being mustered by wit, overwhelming wit in din, playing through the material of animates and inanimates across livingry . the marvellous composer Iannis Xenakis hears through the sentiment that pits sensitivity and openness to sound against armouring and the near-fatal play of sonic power (indeed, he never heard it, never had to hear through it) . Xenakis knew how crickets and ocean occupy the same swarming world, speak to the same bodies, as do tracer bullets and screaming hoards of protestors,

I always adored the sound of nature, the sea, crickets. During the Occupation, the demonstrations against the enemy brought together hundreds of thousands of people in Athens who shouted slogans, who planted mines. Apart from these scenes which marked me politically, the sound phenomena are engraved in me. During the street fighting of December 1944 there were scattered explosions, tracer bullets, bombings: extraordinary sounds (Xenakis in Xenakis, Brown and Rahn 1987, 21).

long before the current stampede of sonic exploration of these forces (in which we are but one small buffalo), Xenakis showed how clouds of sound, in and of bodies, are simple/complex structures of (a) life available for elaboration in war, music, sport, all sorts of "play", across animate/inanimate relations in livingry . if i fail, dear shock and gore...

listener, it is all there to be heard in La Legend d'Éer (Xenakis 2005 [1977]). Xenakis just lets everything in ("saturate, eliminate, put everything in" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 280)) freely . as the BiF plays it . all.⁴⁸ all curl up close to death . close as we can without actually dying.

xx. secrets and lies

ask yourself carefully, 'Why do you not want to deceive?' especially if it should seem — and it does seem! — as if life aimed at semblance, meaning error, deception, simulation, delusion, self-delusion, and when the great sweep of life has actually always shown itself to be on the side of the most unscrupulous polytropoi.

(Nietzsche 1974 [1887], 282).

what good is a rabbit disappeared? well . if you don't spend time with rabbits-disappearing you will never understand how they flicker, scatter and flash; and if you don't get these, their basic modes, they will eat your whole farm and you will be ruined . as any city slicker who has been out with a rabbit-shooter quickly learns, you can't fix rabbits in place with focus and declarations. " Over there! I see one!! ... oh."

you have to feel them to shoot them.

we have mused about how dwelling on sound, which is indissolubly distributed throughout football, might seem superfluous, even an obstacle, to understanding its play; what it does, how it effects . and so it might be except that what is ubiquitous, indissolubly present to the point of disappearing in inconspicuousness, has a power that is very important to football's play . this, quite apart from any other of its sonic qualities, should draw the interest of

anyone who cares about football, to its sounding . for the effervescent ubiquity of sound in football is precisely the cover for its most dangerous powers: hiding, lying and enchantment. sound is a concealer, obviously . from sticking the fingers in the ears and shouting "la la la!"; waiting for the train to come past before smashing the pane of glass to break in, using the cover of the adults laughing, to open the door and sneak out . click quietly behind you while uncle jack is still shouting, and you are free to run down to the night-time beach . and this is not just the effect of noise where a loud sound covers a quieter one, but also of orchestrating ubiquity, as an illusionist can . using the sounds that are always there to conceal sounds or silences that are not . folks largely hear what they expect to hear and anomalous notes can glide by unnoticed if cunningly struck . and, since sound is always there, so is the possibility of its perversion in concealing arrangements.

furthermore, since sound is unanchored, and fast, it is the principal solution that carries the lie, the uttered-trick: " hey! look over there!" Elaine Scarry reminds us: "each verbal utterance has at all times the explosive duality of being at once very possibly true and very possibly false" (Scarry 1985, 136, my emphasis) . a simple observation but a profound one . realising the lying-potential of every utterance should prompt a new valuing of football's chattering clamour, sometimes derided as a kind of dumb-parody of real talk by those who claim to know better.⁴⁹ since, from this perspective, just because it's ubiquitous

and playful doesn't mean it isn't engaged in deliberate elusion of ordinary perception and comprehension.

finally it is not just in language and tricks of concealment that sound is called to the service of deception but in its penetrating/charming power as well . sound does not just address the ear, it gets in . Artaud's snake charmer,⁵⁰ the brain-worm of advertising jingles (Sacks 2007, 41-48),⁵¹ the drifting command of soothing music played down the telephone line or sparkling through the shopping-centre, direct address to the viscera: the roar of the (tame) ocean or rainstorm (outside your snug burrow), makes you floppy . it happens . asleep before you know it.

add to all this the essential conviviality of the sonic; how it attracts because it is, in the most concrete way, animating (Ihde 1976, 82), and its tricky power becomes even more evident and exciting/alarming . the attraction we have to sound's liveliness is not to something solid enduring and dependable, but to something ephemeral, impossible to verify, charming and sneaky! a charming liar seduces the hoards, or can do.

in football this quality of sound, its unscrupulous, inconspicuous, charming wiliness is, of course, taken up absolutely everywhere . in sledging, commentary, joking . and also in its vacant apologies, silences, cold shoulders, exclusions — for all the talk of respect for women, and their inclusion, there are still, really, no women at all

secrets and lies...

in football's sites of authority — its history, its management, coaching and umpiring structures . in other words the talk is deceptive . it conceals.

an undeniable aspect of football's play is the requirement to adopt its trickiness . there isn't a part-object who/that doesn't do this . it's elemental . smudged through every motion of the swarm, every collision: football's jingling polytropoi (this excellent word we take from Nietzsche, refers to "a virtuoso of deception", what Nietzsche thinks life is (Nietzsche 1974, 282), or see epigraph above) . and this trickiness is overwhelmingly carried within football's sounding, specifically in the opportunity sound affords to escape detection in din, inconspicuous ubiquity, charm and lies.

thus in this thesis, this play, we insist on the importance of hiddenness, inconspicuousness and lies — we must do, having said that it is in these that some of the most powerful forces of sound in football can be detected . football is defined here as composed of qualities that ceaselessly escape perception, as much as qualities that are significant, in the sense that they can be read and traced in effect.⁵² this we hope, makes the importance of football/sound undeniable to an understanding of it, even if somewhat, necessarily, imperceptible, since we will not try to pull football's secrets into the light of truth, to debunk and make real . rather, we aim to dissolve ourselves and you with us, and our ordinary perception of the game, in a burst of animated/animating spangles throughout the secrets and lies...

terrain of football-polytropoi — its secrecy — in order that we might get it by playing it . rabbits jingling over the lawn, felt more than seen and/or even heard . dear reader, can you feel our tricking?

on the afternoon that i visited the whitten oval, to record the western bulldog's training, i was full of manners and consideration, a little bit star-struck and not wanting to tread on anyone's toes . i was shortly introduced to the coach, rodney eade, who said to me, warmly, and with a grin: " margaret . we don't care what you do" . pretty nice . scarily accommodating ... i did not believe him.

21. wisecrack

Language does not civilize aggression between species; rather it radicalizes it beyond measure

(Paolo Virno 2008, 187).

“Fevola! Put your uterus back in!”⁵³

wise since a complex of horrifying insights is manifest — the remark is *knowing*, and *crack* — onomatopoeic collision — because it produces affect/effects through the collision of forces . this time forces including the rules of language and feelings of knowing . jamming these together against common sense (and common courtesy), the wisecrack exposes the fragility of all: rules, feelings, sense, revealed as dangerous playthings, up for grabs (if you can grab it, you can run with it) . wisecracks are everywhere in football: in barracking, in media, in chatter . gambit, interjection, needling, mockery, making-light . no position is allowed to settle, every assertion will be undone, if not by direct body blow then by the movement of wit and the destabilising motions of gasp and giggle.

Paolo Virno has written a very interesting, although rather serious book about jokes (Virno 2008).

the first thing he notes that interests us is how jokes are a type of “doing something new with words”, that requires a minimum of **three** people . the joker (or author), the jokee (object or target), and

the audience, that laughs (Virno 2008, 80) .jokes are not a form that works for singletons, or dyads . as we have observed in football, handballing against the wall will only get you so far: “no-one can be content with having made a joke for himself alone” (Freud in Virno 2008, 80) . this means jokes are an ubiquitous element in groups and crowds . my friend carolyn — a street performer — handles drunken hecklers with élan, understanding that although they may be intent to disrupt her act, their motive is not to disturb, but rather to make . their . mates . laugh .

accordingly and following their disposition to flow in crowded relations, jokes do not attempt to control, but rather to contribute by . “[exhibiting] the transformability of all linguistic games” (Virno 2008, 73, his italics) . this surely explains their ever-presence at, and usefulness to football . they exhibit transformability, that may then be effected.

furthermore, and even more intriguing for our thesis (considering how in football, wit tends in the direction of cruelty), Virno goes on to discuss a relation between language-as-negation and community feeling, that seems especially germane.

in his persuasive view, individuals emerge from an original (indeed he argues, innate) “preliminary sociability”; a “we-centric space” (Virno 2008, 176 and 178); but language works to poison this we-ness, it ruins this original co-feeling, shatters it, divides it, turns upon it (hence

the linguistic animal is the species capable of not recognising its own kind, is capable of being especially vile to its own, even trying to eradicate it (Virno 2008, 176): “language destructively counteracts upon this ‘space,’ tearing apart its original compactness” (Virno 2008, 181).

however! also language can heal its own wound, resolve this contradiction . thus: “The species specific intersubjectivity of the human animal is specifically defined by this double possibility. The public sphere is the unstable result of a tearing apart and a patching-up of this intersubjectivity” (Virno 2008, 176).

language inaugurates an ongoing process in which we-ness/sociability/intersubjectivity — fundamental and innate qualities of being human — are torn apart and patched up, torn apart and patched up.

it follows, this negation made by language renders our tendency to sociability and we-ness “ambiguous and reversible” (Virno 2008, 184) . Virno follows Plato to describe how such negation asserts difference (heteron) (Virno 2008, 186) “the linguistic power to evoke a diversity” (Virno 2008, 187) . “ fevola put your uterus back in!” goodness me!

wit, it seems, is a particular linguistic form that plays the edge of the heteron and, of course the football world is full of it (“I always used to say two bob for the football and two bob for the wit” says “Keith, a

Millwall fan" in *Back* 2003, 319) . consider how, especially in its nastier forms, wit is a type of language and commentary that football will entertain, even nurture, where, as we noted earlier, ordinarily " it displays something of an antipathy to discursive practices that seek to interrogate it" (see above, 12) . perhaps this is because jokes/wit are precisely lawbreakers, feeling-breakers, propriety breakers, are not for cohesion, arms linked and singing Kumbayah, or sitting quietly, nodding and murmuring " interesting" . jokes are for destabilisation . wit turns the secure and delimited swarm into a dangerous playing-field, puts everything in question, throws everything up for grabs (of course, not all jokes do this, some affirm stability, some keep in check — Virno mentions all sorts of language forms that attempt to "limit the reach of the heteron", (Virno 2008, 188) but some jokes do a blazingly good job of this destabilisation, and it is for this potential that football cheers on a fine wit).

the heterogenous potentials of the fevola-slur might well be queried for no doubt fevola (or whoever it was), is being called a woman here and this is intended as a slur upon his masculinity . nothing very heterogenous about that stodgy ol' dualism! but it is also, and more radically, a play, it smashes at the presumption of coherent forms . he is not just a woman but an hysterical woman who can't gain control of her own mad flopping-about uterus! in this, the figures of man, woman, the body as container for its organs, individual identity, team spirit are all attacked . in this, the slur " evokes diversity", destabilises, makes-dangerous, goes too far, wise.crack...

indeed risks smashing the cohesion of relationships in the environment around itself (the crowd breathes in gingerly when such a spell is cast) . we may say such wit unsettles logic, habit and innate community feeling, unsettles what we know, or we believe, or feel . sows seeds of doubt and fans flames of danger.

then when, on 31 july 2008, notorious Footy Show host sam newman, says, of Tasmanian politician Paula Wriedt: " we couldn't get her on [the show] could we? [muttering, an aside] worthy of coming-on, her!" only weeks after he has been chastised for a demeaning depiction of football journalist Caroline Wilson, his joke makes-dangerous too, although here the diversity evoked works less by particular word-meaning and more by deployment of the phrase: across national television, once again (re)-opening that sparkling, scarcely buried seam of misogyny in football culture.⁵⁴ makes it glint . causes a furore! newman's humour is less "in poor taste", (although it is, and not even a good joke! and as for the back pedalling denials that followed it — weasel!!⁵⁵), than it releases that radical aggression that is ingrained in the relation between language and weakness, Virno speaks of (see epigraph above).

this, i might add, is not to elide, through rationalisation, the effects of deeply nasty misogynist humour in football culture, the damage that it does . it is everywhere! it does untold damage ! indeed mostly it is barely wit at all, not so much making-danger through evoking the heteron, as forming an adhesive glug that binds particular

communities of men together, and keeps women on the fringes of their power . however, be it wit or glug, the way to fight it, i am certain, is not to try and make gentlemen behave, and all speak respectfully to one another . but rather dare them, smash them, break them at their own game . use great wit where there are only lame jokes . the genius of football is that all MAY play . Virginia knew . the Room of One's Own is a wit-factory . it is to make in (Woolf 1992 [1929]).

recalling Nietzsche's "Why do you not wish to deceive?" (above, 103); pre-empting Andrew McLeod's disenchantment with the game that is meant to hold life together (below, 143); Virno insists on this brutal instability at the heart of things . he insists on "the dangerousness of human nature" produced in this fundamental relation between we-ness and negation (Virno 2008, 190) . all language he says, that soothes and holds (think: anthems, rousing choruses, speech-making and coach's rhetoric) "does nothing but deactivate ... the partial deactivation of co-feeling of propositional thought" that lies beneath (Virno 2008, 188) . chest-bursting rhetoric cannot heal that we-ness already poisoned by language.

we thoughtfully refer our reader to the proposition that what's really exciting about the bodies of footballers is not their heroics (that keeps us knit up in togetherness), but their proximity to danger (see endnote 71, 232).

at the Myer giftcard counter i purchase a birthday card featuring a collingwood team photo . the young man serving looks up at me and asks in amazed tones, " now . who would be happy to get that for their birthday?"

19. net.work

consider the possibility that the playful intermixing that goes on between football and its various media spaces is so rich and prolific because media has a particular affinity with football's play. football takes the form that the media aspires to as well: a swarming — progressing via tension and collision, mashing bodies and spaces together to extract new forms of possibility, communication, action; a cycling play, week in, week out, season after season, that unwinds an infinity of stories, bodies, conflicts, words; a voracious contagion that flows through communities, networks, the entire social world. thus, of course the media loves football, falls on its neck for its amenability to its own structures and interests: networks, immediacy, risk taking, opportunistic engagement in conflict, the incessant production and circulation of stories, chatter, gossip. from this perspective it would seem less the content of football (games) that is/are represented in media than its essential — contagious/gathering — style that is intensified there. a glittering-scattering style, common to both worlds. this is what makes them such happy bedfellows: their kooky networked theatrics melding forms across figures of swarming, quickness, holding back and executing, contributing rather than controlling, mixing the razzle-dazzle with the business at hand, an odd mix of loyalty, with capricious disinterest, ruthlessness and walking away.

football media, that is: print, radio, tv, internet commentary on football, is important to our thesis, not only because it contributes to its sounding but because it is the occasion for many of its most animating (convivial, attractive, beguiling) sonic affects/effects . in this view football media is not reportage on the game, it is a contributing version of play . football-media can be seen as a throng of linked event-spaces with which the game on-ground is confounded, and throughout which new versions of play progress, that flow back over and into the game on-ground . as Massumi observes: "media transmission is the becoming of the event ... when the event dimension migrates to a new space, its elements modulate" (Massumi 2002, 81, his italics) . in this refreshing perspective football travels into the media, affecting and effecting it . is not just appropriated, manipulated and read by a merciless press . in fact, from this perspective we might praise media for its willing accommodation of football's moves and styles in its own unfolding (more obliging than the academy, theatre or gallery) . think how the structures of on-ground games are reconfigured and enacted in football (radio and tv) broadcasting: the teams of announcers are players, their continuous argument, forceful pronouncements, declarations and predictions are passages of play . acting on information received about "real" games, they play their commentary . and, just like on-ground players, are called to account for bad (or brilliant) calls, by their colleagues and readers/listeners (with whom a lively flow of communication is encouraged — all are invited into play — all own the call, in the same way that all own the game) . no doubt also, play flows in the other

direction: conventions of media commentary finding their way back into on-ground event-space, as moves that enhance and contribute — especially in the mucking-around style where almost everybody once in a while will contribute a passionate commentary to accompany their own contribution, thus: “trail ... flies! oh! that is beautiful!” — and in the football crowd we frequently hear content, or passages of play, lifted from media commentary, hurled at on-ground players as inciteful barbs . for instance, in one recording made at aami stadium, in round six, 2004, a disgruntled port adelaide supporter can be heard shouting: “you’re lucky james hird ain’t here umpires! it’s a freaking joke” — a reference to hird’s criticism of umpire scott mcclaren on Channel Nine’s Footy Show, some weeks earlier — an event that caused a major commotion within football institutions and the football media (resulting in hird, prince of football propriety being fined twenty thousand dollars (!!) by the AFL) . styles of play flow both ways with ease, across all spaces and dimensions . any shred that can be worked to the advantage of football’s play is in.

thus, we take football media to be a site for the becoming of the football game-event, and the sounds comprising this work are liberally lifted from and inspired by it, as much as from football stadiums and football ovals . we recognise football media as a rich source of play and experimentation in football and its sounding, as much as reportage . we do not separate media spaces from other spaces of football’s play, but acknowledge their reciprocal engagement in the

same event dimension, in a dynamic flow across different event spaces and configurations of play elements.

this is against cultural theory's more usual view of sport being appropriated by media, its styles and interests . for instance, Michael Oriard's argument that in (American) football, television, advertising, camera shots of crowd, replays, babble of commentary "all transform the natural rhythms of the game to meet television's need for continuous distraction" (Oriard 1993, 9) . against this we would contend that in football (at least in the Australian game, who would really know about American football?) it is impossible, stupid even, for players to attempt anything other than to dance in continuous distraction — in the sense that play ceaselessly throws up feints, commotion and disturbance . and from this perspective, television's cuts chops and changes of perspective only enhance the presentation of football's play . media presentation *becomes* play . you're not meant to be focussed one-pointedly when playing football . that's reading . football is not curling up with a book, its not even sitting in a movie-theatre, with 80 other folks rustling and shooshing . football is a rabble! it goes for hours! there are 60,000 other folks in attendance! many of them are drunk! football adores the distracted nature and weird, networked, social setting/s of tv and radio . games do not resist the media . they love it.

over and over cultural theory, in a remarkable act of sustained neglect and misrecognition, has translated football to fit with its own terms

and arguments — as mass entertainment, as cultural text, as instance of how advertising works in global culture — but has rarely considered it as . a . game . as . play . this is really lamentable, for it seems to us quite plausible to argue that, actually, other forms of cultural divertimento: advertising, art, digital media — abiding preoccupations for cultural theory — have only recently caught up with what has been happening in football for a long time . many of the techniques and conventions of the "new" global networks and flows have long been the modus operandi in football, both in the techniques and styles of its game and in its relation with the "old" media of newspapers and radio . as McKenzie Wark has recently observed, given the way things have developed, it seems cultural theorists may have been "looking for the keys to contemporary life in all the wrong places" ignoring combative games which seem to have risen up, taken theory unawares and taken over (Wark 2007, 112-116) . it is not too late.

so . we identify "football media", as a version of football's play, its becoming: the game and its style reconfigured in a parallel/infected throng of spaces that is an important source and site for football's sounding . but we want also to mark the presence in this throng, of conventions and figures emerging from other styles of play that make particular contributions to football/sounding . specifically, styles of play which also work by spark of part-object-swarmling: animation and advertising . the BiF pounces on its own.

50. jangle

animation is a field of representation precisely concerned with upsetting its own conventions, usually for comic effect . as Philip Brophy has it, Warner Bros. cartoons replicate “the prime modernist impulse of the 20th century: to destroy representation in the act of representation” (Brophy 1991, 104) . Bugs Bunny, like his 20C contemporaries Marcel Duchamp and William Burroughs, attacks familiar meaning conventions through radical investigation of their material limits . pushing forms, stories, morals, way past the point of familiar/real representation into anarchic realms of absurdity that, according to Brophy, exceed the fantastic to attain a metaphysical questioning of reality itself (Brophy 1991, 103) . animations, especially done the Warner Bros. way (compare Bugs: magical rabbit with Disney’s Mickey: domesticated rodent), seek a direct engagement of the viewer in the materials of the spectacle; what Brophy terms an animatic rather than animistic style (not as “bringing something to life” but as “film itself coming to life” (Brophy 1991, 105)) . one of the effects of this animatic style is the production (in the viewer) of a feeling more like being-with-things, or being-a-thing (perhaps assaulted by things, but in a fun way, a laughing/screaming way) than interpreting a state of affairs, finding self-sameness, reflecting on meaning — responses we might associate more with narrative cinema.⁵⁶ borrowing from Bataille we might say the viewer of the Warner Bros. animation is “brought down in the world”, towards formlessness, thingness

(squashed, mashed, incinerated).⁵⁷ the transformation that so disturbed Marge Simpson watching Bart, Lisa and Maggie turn into animals watching *Itchy and Scratchy* (Groening 1990).⁵⁸ "brought down in the world" means turned to material myself, surrendered to the effects/affects of the exploding of representational forms (and the various framings of "reality" they take with them) that kaboom, kraak and skree all around, through and in me.⁵⁹

with animation and its low sensationalism comes the triumphant emergence of the sound-effect, those amplified sounds that are not music. Brophy discusses Warner Bros. tremendous deployment of these (amongst other effects) in constructing an "anti-symphonic/anti-operatic sensibility" in their cartoons, which amounts to a field of conflict-in-image, that wrecks the usual synergy posed between objects and their representation, where score is in conflict with performance, body in conflict with being, character in conflict with other character and so on (Brophy 1991, 101). overall, presenting a world pitched against the fusion of images-with-meaning and towards cacophony, where the deployment of sound effects and the unhinging of music from consonance with images, results in music/meaning being "broken down and overcome by a sonic assault, a cacophonous destruction of the narrative" (Brophy 1991, 104). in other words, in these cartoons, sound-in-effect, comes to the fore as a force that disrupts bodies, language, depictions. a lawless, mad force, capable of the most fabulous destructive acts.⁶⁰

thus cartoon sound effects can be seen to muster and deploy an effective force that works to represent, but also manages to wiggle free of the shackles of representation . holds itself out of the muck of meaning and can drill straight into the bodies of on-screen and non-screen beings alike, remaking them in/through cacophonous derangement.

from this perspective it is no surprise that football is full of cartoon-style sound effects . we have already said it: sound is the element of collision most-nimble that can bring the thrill of the clash without laying me out in a puddle of gore . in football, a game that gathers, that proceeds by collision, and especially in its media spaces (where it becomes, spinning free of plodding gravity and ground), sound is certain to bring to work (to play) its driving shivering spangling magic in sfx . of course it will . they are everywhere . in football radio and tv, the sounds of commonplace physical events — claps, chimes, bells, explosions, hiss and sizzle of steam, thunder-cracking and so forth — are frequently sampled/synthesised, amplified and made-awesome, to signal/invoke the eruption of otherworldly, or just plain terrifying power in the depiction of play; thrilling reverberant, penetrative noise, generated in the collision, explosion, impact of physical materials . these animatic sound-effects and their magical associations are gathered and deployed in football media as/in its links, titles, jingles and animated graphics, applied as magico-sonic operators to the representation of “real” games . it is actually remarkable that no-one ever comments on

the ding-a-lings and kabooms, seemingly straight out of saturday morning cartoons, that lace the territory of this serious, "masculine" pastime . but these effects don't cause a whisper of interest because they make seamless sense in relation to play . and not just sense of meaning, but sense of sensation . they are the sense of football (gathering, colliding, concealing, gravelly, rumbling, ticklish) . in football, animation finds a friend, a home, in liveliness and muckin' around, in joyful disregard for meaning, and proper attitudes to materiality . football (media) recognises the sound effect and, having recognised it, adopts it as its play . thing.

8. jingle

the jingle in advertising is not just a catchy tune, and not just an insistent means of imparting information, it is a kinetic caress . ads are knowingly deployed intermodal affectors . synaesthetic probes that arrow/gather in/to the body, its spaces and knowledges, with the precise intention of inviting that body to play, in and beyond its usual spaces and knowledges, a game of self-recomposition, making new relationships between itself and the other bodies . even more, in recent times, with the move from selling goods to selling brands, ads gather the body-in-participation, living the dream, in a lifestyle in which the necessity to gather more and more goods is present as a contagion.⁶¹ from this perspective, the jingles of advertising are not only pleasant to the ears, they are compelling to the psyche and the body . they attempt to remake it all.

we note that a sonic technique frequently used in ads is the deployment of a particular swarming tactility — a kinetic caress; a kind of tiny acupressure that stimulates the ear/skin of the listener, that charms, not by tone, tune and lyric but, we propose, by touch . tactile affect . think: a swarm of bells, voices and popping sounds tinkles out of the speakers, sprinkles the ear like tiny footsteps, or a sunshower . of course not always, but you listen . OFTEN these feature . for instance in the 2008 Carlton Draught ad with Carmina Burana being chanted by a mass of voices, and thousands of burly

men in robes swarming through a Lord of the Rings style New Zealand paddock, or the 2008 NAB auskick ad, also with soaring choir, sounds of children giggling and finale of hundreds of footballs pinging up into the air above the roofs of the suburbs . these prinking swarms, their difuse sonic caresses do something: they charm, lift our "spirits", lift something, make us smile.

say this swarming tactility is a movement (a gesture?), that invites the body in/to play; somehow draws out and into-effect, the innate delirium, and tendency to compulsive absorption that is its easy currency . consider this:

A body without organs is not an empty body stripped of organs, but a body upon which that which serves as organs ... is distributed according to crowd phenomena ... in the form of molecular multiplicities ... the body without organs is not a dead body but a living body all the more alive and teeming once it has blow apart the organism and its organization. Lice hopping on the beach. Skin colonies. The full body without organs is a body populated by multiplicities (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 30).⁶²

following Deleuze and Guattari's notion of this body that "has blown apart the organism and its organization", this body populated by multiplicities that is summoned into effect by multiplicities — this body that we all are . we propose that advertisements, which long to play with the body-disarranged, ceaselessly trade in the production of multiplicities — sonic, tactile, visual; it doesn't matter so long as it's swarming/teeming . specifically, advertising jingles can be seen to summon this blown apart multiplicitous body

through swarming tactility . bells chimes sizzles buzzes choirs
stampedes showers . tinkling jingling thundering storming dingaling .
tickling the ear/skin, charming it/us with their tiny, multiplicitous,
lice-hopping footsteps . these sounds of the swarm, the tiny
prinking footsteps of bells and popcorn on the ear/skin, we propose,
call/blow apart the body into play .

okay . you will have seen this coming, dear reader . the other form
that uses the affect of the swarm to call the bodies into play in
remarkable ways is the teeming Body in Football . and our observation
that a characteristic of football's sounding is to play with the
powerful effects/affects of swarming tactility, will come as no
surprise.

once again we note that, for all its claims to machismo, football
incorporates a very large number of massed and proliferating giggles,
bells, poppy tunes, choruses of cries and sighs in its sounding . and
this is never commented upon or considered peculiar.⁶³ from this
acceptance we conclude that, as with cartoon sound effects, this
jingling, swarming tactility, sonic technique of advertising, melds
seamlessly in football media, because it is in sympathy with
football's play . both magnetise and gather, make surprising relations
between (all sorts of) things, address the body as site of
extraordinary potential transformative power . stand by for Duchamp:
the toy rattle as generator of space (see next section, 128, or
Duchamp in Adcock 1992, 117).

football-media makes frequent use of the synaesthetic conventions of animation and advertising in its various becomings . and this makes sense due to the game/kik.tok's forceful sympathy with these other cultural forms . animation is animating, it goes ping/smack . brings stuff to life, then knocks it back into lifeless matter with careless zeal . advertisement is adverse . it goes bing-bong and makes an enchanting transformation with respect to a subject, an object, a world . the appeal to football's becoming is surely obvious. these styles contribute avidly to football's play in the thronging spaces of its media-becoming . remixing in a joyful versioning that is almost pure event-dimension, untrammelled by event-space — at least the kind of space that is weighed down by gravity and the crush of mass — together they **muck around** unfolding a lighter, faster, more mobile, infinitely playful version of football (indeed bring this mobile version back into the stadium in the form of broadcasts, ads, video screens, virtual mascots, video games and so on, along with the t-shirt gun) . so much more fun than usual . and this, dear listener, is why there is such a preponderance of bing-bong and jingle in football media, and such a preponderance of media sonics in the sounds that comprise this project . they belong here . they moved in and became part of the gang . the team . they just could not be extracted . altogether too much fun

23. rattle

Marcel Duchamp draws a relation between the teeth of a comb and the mechanism of a rattle: "the rattle is a toy for children that makes noise when you turn it, and the comb becomes a generator of space, space generated by the teeth" (Duchamp in Adcock 1992, 117).

this observation is about intervals and repetition making space (between) that enables things to happen, but it is also about the inconspicuous/ubiquitous use of these techniques in "a life" that keeps it all moving: "the teeth of the comb are not really a very important item in life. Nobody ever cared to consider the comb from such an angle ... I was struck by this unimportance" says Duchamp (Duchamp in Adcock 1992, 117). the same goes for the baby's rattle . no-one really cares about it, but nevertheless, there it is, tiny, inconsequential, digging into bodies and their spaces, making relationships, opening dimensions.

we note it is the same with jingling bells . they belong to tv ads, children, rabbits, elves, peter bell.* their appearance at christmastime in merchandise, decorations and on toys is completely nonessential,

* peter bell, captain of the fremantle dockers from 2002-2006, and all 'round well-celebrated fellow, used to be accompanied in play by dockers supporters in the stands, ringing bells when he took possession of the ball . how great . even more so because, at only 175 cms and 81 kilos, bell was one of the smallest bodies of the game . certainly a space-making elf . this quality in him, together with the presence on the same team of the gigantic aaron sandilands (211 cms and 125 kilos) and prince-charmingly handsome star-forward matthew pallich, combined for a while to give the dockers a distinctly fantastical atmosphere.

cheap, jingling waste . but there they go, making space all over the joint(s) . converting kinetic energy into wit, din and atmosphere, expanding territories, causing conflicts, headaches, setting imaginations free . an almost undetectable current of movement and sound that precisely generates space and relationships — and makes things more . fun . than . usual.

we may say this rattling, jingling is a technique of crowd: inconspicuous space-making through jammed together repetition that one hardly perceives — teeth of a comb, a rattle, jingle bells, calls on ground, shuffle, shuffle across the forecourt of the mcg, wry remarks, thundering footsteps, clapping, repeated cries that build the roar, grass all over the clothes and shoes, and in the hair . rattling-jingling is also, accordingly, an absolutely fundamental sonic/spatial practice in football, whether on ground or in its infinite, expanded spaces . james hird takes pleasure in bashing the ball against the wall of his house: “It’s a comfortable feeling. It takes you back to your childhood. I still do it. That was one of the requisites of my (new) house, that it had a good bare wall” (james hird in Greg Baum “Seen but not Hird” Sunday Age 19 November 2006) . if it feels good, it’s because it furthers play . thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thumpity-thump, thump-thump.

the Body in Football knows, and plays its teeming, by way of what Duchamp also perceived: jammed-close repetition, tiny movements, and even tinier spaces, the elemental rattle of existence that makes and

can also break the contingencies upon which we base our feeling and knowing of what the world is . if you break things down to jingle and rattle it's amazing what starts to become possible . who would have thought that so much turned on so little? james hird, buddy franklin ("He's always going to have that sparkle in his eye, I think" Gerald McNeil in Emma Quayle "Just Buddy Minded" Sunday Age, 19 May 2007, my emphasis), zinedine zidane (the name gives it away) elves, Duchamp.⁶⁴

20. zidane's ear

in Douglas Gordon and Philippe Parreno's best football movie of all time: Zidane: A 21st Century Portrait, realmadrid star zinedine zidane says that within the noise produced by the crowd in a full stadium, he can decide upon what he hears: "i can hear someone shifting around in their chair. i can hear someone coughing. i can hear someone whisper in the ear of someone next to them. i can imagine that i can hear the ticking of a watch" (zidane in Gordon and Parreno 2006) . this description of extremely delicate, actual movements of listening — "real" or not is another less interesting question — that extend beyond the usual thresholds of audibility, points to styles of perception (spatial awareness, movement, sound) at work within football's swarm that are not easy to observe or to articulate; points to movements in football's swarm, of the body and the ball as/in sound, thought, imagination, language, molecularity . points to the sounds of the movement of perception itself . zidane's ear hears past the thresholds of usual perception, finding space and movement where there is, usually, perceivably, none . he can hear the ticking of a watch!

Gaston Bachelard has written about imagination's pleasure in movement, really about imagination-as-movement, a perspective that undoes it from the more usual notion that it is a dreamy kind of in-activity . specifically, he observes that in imagination: "Large issues from small, not through the logical law of a dialectics of contraries, but thanks to liberation from all obligations of dimensions, a liberation that is a special

characteristic of the activity of the imagination" (Bachelard 1994 [1964], 154-155).

football, despite its insistence on being real, is very much made of/in the invisible spaces of the world (the jingling spaces between the ball the wall the hand) including the spaces of imagination . even better the spaces of imagination-as-movement! football lifts a fair deal of its nimbleness from these places.⁶⁵ extending play through gathering, scrambling, teeming amongst and throughout them . liberation from the obligations of usual dimensions is a constant preoccupation . shifts in scale are a favourite play . for instance in the play between its murmuring traces in everyday life and the clamour of its most spectacular and stormy moments on ground . recall the (apocryphal?) tale of the church in Hawthorn outside which a sign addressing the parishioners read: "What would you do if God came to Hawthorn?" and to which some wag graffitist replied: "Move Peter Hudson to centre half-forward." everyday street . everyday church . zoom . god . zoom . footy . zoom . me as god . zoom . god as hawthorn supporter . thus do we play with scale shifts . remember: "you should always take your boots along" . Bachelard reminds us "how restful such exercise on a dominated world can be", how it "allows us to be world conscious at slight risk" (Bachelard 1994 [1964], 161) . engaging in this restful domination of the world is one of the great pleasures belonging to non-ground football players . from level four of the mcg you can see nearly everything, and may loudly cast judgment upon everyone: "you players! ah! you've totally lost control! the

zidane's ear...

lot of you!" zoom . being crushed into the earth at the bottom of a pack things are less straightforward . nevertheless . on-ground players do engage in scale shifts as well . being able to "keep your head above water" is a scale shift . zoom . block out the clamour of the crowd, knees in your back, and nasty sledging . create space and "let the scoreboard look after itself" (darren gaspar in *Leaping Larry L* . "Rising Star Cliché Award" *Sunday Age*, 18 May 2003).

in football the dream is a scale shift that keeps us getting up and going to training, buying our membership and graciously enduring the sly digs or out and out assaults of the opposition: dream, space, movement in the density of hammering assault . the "rest" that Bachelard mentions isn't lying in a hammock with head nestled on a velvet cushion and smoking opium . but a kind of rest spent in busy concentration on a world where things GO . OUR . WAY! even if they are clearly not . when chris tarrant lines up to kick the match-winning goal after the siren, he is intently focussed on particles of being so tiny that new spaces can appear between them . he is blocking out the clamour, returning to the minute murmuring of details that comprise the world, in order to re-make it: body . breath . ball . spin the ball in the hands, fill the body with lightness and movement, even whilst standing-still . goal . posts . when the captain whispers "back yourself", he makes a magical injunction: quiet . listen . space in between the grass blades . this is all there is . back . yourself.

early one monday morning, following the surprise defeat of a 4th placed geelong by a 14th placed collingwood, a colleague sticks his head round my office door to say: "lousy dog fuck", before moving on down the corridor . many ways to pursue a (restful) practice of world-domination.

39. *pant.heat*

if one conceives of the body as porous, it becomes impossible to think of an individual without a collective, impossible to keep your distance, impossible to delimit the outside from the inside ...

(Migone 2001, 169)

consider this: heat is the dynamism — movement and energy — that lubricates the diminished and expanded "i", taking its positions in the swarm of the Body in Football . or, more accurately, all that produces and arrives with heat: panting, sweating, frothing at the mouth, ooze . all of these arise, are aroused, by the Body in Football, and then (dis)solve, unfasten, the relation between the forming/falling/foaming apart perspective of the i and the immanent play it gathers us up in (grassy, gravelly).

things get hot and sweaty when you are gathered up by the Body in Football . Massumi: "players in the heat of the game are drawn out of themselves" (Massumi 2002, 73); " she was a pretty hot game all day [we had a few nervous moments when tarrant had a couple shots at goal . but thankfully they shaved the post]" (corey jones, 2005); " somebody's poured a bucket of kerosene on here! she's alive and flying!" (ABC Grandstand, 2005) . you don't have to be running around in order to get " hot under the collar " . in football feeling/affect rises (and cools) in

pant.heat...

heat sweat spittle pant moan dizzy as we fall in and out of the grip
of the game . remember Thacker, "the individual is ... constituted through
the circulation of affects" (Thacker 2004a, 10) . well no doubt, and affect
varies temperature and balance, manifests a kind of hot slick and/or
cool draughtiness in the crowd, as we melt into air and sound,
evaporate in sweat and tears, dry out and flake off tiny particles of
blood . the Body in Football conjures this hot, liquid, pant-moan-
sighing terrain, and builds affect from/with/in it, tears (rhymes with
stairs) through us courtesy of its sensational qualities, leaving
traces in temperature-change, scent, stagger, the emptiness of noise-
subsiding, ringing-in-the-ears, scratches, blood, aches and pains
ghosting us the day after, butterflies the day before.

22. "piss and vinegar"

note also how people ALWAYS eat and drink at the football . food and drink, especially as soft textures (ash grass mush) and zingy flavour — ping! sugar, salt, oil, and the all-round fabulous magic that is beer: bubbles, bite, cool — comprise an aspect of this heat and pant style of play — aaah! Toohey's wasn't it?? . a stratum that, like heat, unfastens a relation between the i and the networked affect of the Body in Football — bite of half-time oranges and cool of water . a depth of surface of the body (and the crowd-bodies) opens . no longer defined as contained by or stopping at the skin . tongue, sinuses (bubbles sting), oesophagus, tummy, bladder and bowel are all prinked into play by this shimmering . sting of salt and dizzy of sweet . "want a chip? i put vinegar on" . "ooo yum!" everything light, loose, granular, bubbly, or mush . everything coming apart.⁶⁶ this is Migone's bodily porosity, that: "zone of transition, a permeable zone which impedes the successful implementation of a hermetic seal. Leakage ..." (Migone 2001, 169).

this porous, leaking stratum of bodily experience, its warm, oozing, masticating, labial tides is important for the Body in Football, which moves by force in and of animated crowd: steam . slick . froth . murmur . temperature . The BiF calls to the body/bodies in their guise as flood-tides, conjures all that's unanchored in them into leaping-life, animating, chewing, spewing . getting-with the things

around such that new things can gather and appear . calls to that porous zone wherein confounds appear (although appear is of course the wrong word for a confound. rather we dissolve in one . even better perhaps, are chewed upon, masticated, in them).

as we (55,000 of us) shuffle over the bridge outside docklands stadium towards spencer street, after the game; the air/sound in its palpable aspect carries the proximity of the others and their style of moving: fast, slow, close, many, dispersing or pressing together . its currents, blowing softly on the skin, carrying the scent of beer coke sausages sweat liniment perfume kids animals . and the sounds press: buzz, muffle, or else fly away over the top, free: ring, whistle, cry, warble . it is as much air heat and sound that carries us as feet . as much the soft surfaces, dark colours and bright stripes of footy guernseys enfolding, shining hair, bodies larger and smaller than our own, moving in a slow, congealing and dispersing viscosity, fluid particles of the hard cloud . the crowd, and through it the BiF, articulates via substances that run away or leak from "the body" and amplify "its" reach via smudge drip smell, rustle, buzz, clatter and cry . turn "it" from hard defined form, into other, unanchored possibilities: slippy, drippy, humming, evaporating, smelly . the deep/rising moving, surface of the body aroused, hot 'n sweaty, panting, hungry . it is as though the crowd, and especially the crowd animated in play (by the BiF), draws out the singleton-body's own swarming, conjures its deep, buzzing, liquid, surface from its thin, dry, containing, one . The BiF spews the body out of "itself" into its piss and vinegar...

other liquid forms, extending, amplifying its reach, so much that eventually the "I" falls out of it altogether in Bataille's rush of blood that "upsets the balance on which life is based" (Bataille 1987 [1962], 106).

52. descending and descending

"i" don't altogether disappear — it's not like being on ketamine (that was daniel kerr, i know). or in a coma . just that the tiny sense of margaret is swamped by forces completely unconcerned with its sense of internal coherence, although keen on its potential to contribute mass and movement in play . this body is swept up, irrespective of its wishes or its fragility: " hey! put me down!" it doesn't do any good . just keep on shuffling . one night after an essendon/western bulldogs game at docklands, thousands and thousands of people all descending the escalator to platform 12 at spencer street and no train coming and people descending and descending the escalator and the platform filling up and no train coming, and people descending and descending the escalator and clinging to each other in knots on the platform, holding onto their children and sheltering in doorways to stop from being knocked onto the tracks, and people descending and descending the escalator . " **HEY! PUT ME DOWN!**" i imagine dying may feel the same . in the recordings you can hear the crowd surge and roar, hear its voice . at the same time listen to individuals expounding their great expertise, and children turning into birds (see above, section " 54. the double power of murmuring", 80-81) all over the stadium.

36. force of persons

we say that playing football engages us in a body of movement and sensation that is felt, but undermines our capacity to hold onto perspective, turning us to mush and swarm, unfastening our personal significance . this is its sport . nevertheless, whilst insisting that football is a game of forces, not persons, we need nevertheless to account for the force of football's persons.

"don't take it personally!" is an entreaty that reiterates those troublesome (two) orders of experience . the subjective and objective . one exceeding the scope of the other . one able to distinguish itself from the other . both "real" . the idea and feeling of being a person, a subject, in an objective world is familiar . in fact it is ubiquitous, thoroughly underpinning everyday experience . the subject understands/feels herself to be a more or less constant . individual . this constant individual is thoughtful and applies her thought to the world in which she finds herself . she finds this world populated by phenomena upon which she confers this same presumption of constancy . we look into the world, bringing to it those concepts we develop . we practice recognition, we note resemblances (or as Massumi has it, far more precisely: "a skew-induced dynamic distortion generally consistent with sameness" (Massumi 2002, 49)). on this basis we identify and place ourselves in relation to the phenomena of the world.

this practice works through a mechanism Massumi calls “the specular structure of doubled identity” (Massumi 2002, 48) . the two obvious forces in this process of identity-making are the measurement of the world according to its resemblance to myself, and narrativity, the story of my progress through it . these forces are not just fleeting structures we encounter from time to time . they are the glue of culture, thought and law, and they are the character of everyday living.

Massumi:

You grow up, grow old, even reverse certain roles, perhaps becoming a parent, in any case turning into an adult after spending your entire life as a child. But you never outgrow yourself, however distorted your aging body and increasingly unfocused mind become. Privileged moments stand out clearly, perfect as pictures in a family album: birthday, graduation, marriage, anniversary, celebrating the raise, retirement ... Your life passes before you in succeeding tableaux, wherever you go there you are again. Unavoidably you. Then you die (Massumi 2004, 49).

football as we encounter it in culture thrives on this set of propositions . it is riddled with identity-making roles and stories . absolutely lined with snap-shots of players games teams clubs families . generations of children, adults and old timers move through these structures through seasons, years, decades — “ at least you’ll be alive to see them have another shot!” an elderly demons supporter consoles one of my students, distraught after losing the 2000 grand final . driving kids to training, working at the clubhouse, going to games, doing the sausage sizzle, names engraved on trophies and

force of persons...

honour boards . stories accrue . identities are negotiated, made, held fast . "you're talking to a woman whose team last won a premiership in 1954", becky says with a wry smile . in this sense football truly is an art of narrativity and resemblance, and shows little interest in playing things any other way . there is no official version of the game that aims at a radical decentring of subjectivity, no-one has stormed the Melbourne Football Club to burn the archive in protest against the deadening stranglehold of the narrative on history . no-one has yet slaughtered a pig at the mcg anzac day match, protesting football's lazy conflation of itself with heroics.

rather, consider,

what happened to Andrew McLeod, the footballer is that he woke up one morning and didn't know why he was playing the game any more. Something had gone. He still finds it difficult to describe exactly what happened but in the end, he says: "You can get away from why you actually do things" ... The incident that put him back on track was going to watch his son play footy with his father Jock. "I saw why my son plays footy. He loves it. And I was standing there with my old man. That's what it's all about (Martin Flanagan "McLeod's Silver Lining" *Age*, 10 May 2008).

watching your kid play with your dad . watching andrew mcLeod watch this kid play with his dad . these encounters restore the game to the place where it is deeply meaningful . to everyday life . to family, identity . love.⁶⁷

we are saying football partakes of that style of being/becoming in which identity is formed through negotiating self-resemblance and force of persons...

making stories . further we propose that football's fundamental gathering structure and its noisy violences both flourish within and are contained by these ubiquitous methods of world-taming . these are means by which the familial swarm, the societal swarm and the individual's relation to these are controlled . the specular structure of double identity, narrativity and resemblance, are well tested methods for taming the teeming . and in the structure of football they find a marvellous, responsive material to work with.

all players slot into roles that football affords them, and as we have discussed it above, football is so keen to play it arrays an infinite number of roles for anyone swept into its swarming . you can never have enough bodies, skill, wit, strength, so just furnish them with something to do! nevertheless, certain structures of the wider social world do work to capture, contain and mark football in the currents that predominate in other cultural domains . for instance although women can and do play football — kik.tok adores women . anyone watching half time kick-to-kick in Broome can see it — nevertheless getting this fact to register in the structured economy of double identity, where roles are played out and folks identified in familial snapshots and social stories, seems amazingly difficult.⁶⁸

the force of persons in football details its infinite-inconspicuousness: grass, dust, gravel, twigs . knits these seamlessly, via the thread of identity and chainstitch of genealogy, into the burgeoning (and contained/controlled) swarms of family,

force of persons...

club and society . football's stories embroider these details into extremely strong, collectively owned machines for making sense . two sets of forces entwining . a dancing steel cable of marvellous binding power — ferocious fun twisted through meaningful acceptance and loving confirmation — all that's " real" . thus do we, grass, find ourselves — even as we scatter and murmur and rattle around — planted in significant roles (rows?), able to contribute to some of the most meaningful narratives of our culture . family . identity . love . wow . how's that for a hail of metaphors?

34. trick

every team snapshot and honour board in the local clubhouse is lined with liquidity and lightness . identity positions nonetheless twinkle — child, judd — with flickers of what Michael Taussig calls “contrived misperception” (Taussig 2006, 123) . feelings of certainty and their evidential talismans are tricks . we know how contrived it all is . once for his Footy Show segment “Street Talk” sam newman was in essendon interviewing passers-by about their struggling local club and about whether (coach) kevin sheedy should be sacked after 25 years at the helm, and one local protested that he hadn’t followed football since players had started leaving the districts in which they were born, to play for clubs further afield . “kevin sheedy” he growled, “should have stayed at richmond!” “But”, sam protested, “he’s been at essendon 25 years! how long do you have to be in a place to become a local?” “FOREVER!” shouted the man, stalking away, and, back over his shoulder: “forever at richmond! NOT HERE!” yet, on the occasion of his selection for the 2006 all-Australian team, chris judd is able to observe how:

all year players in opposition teams are ‘the enemy’ ... But with the click of a finger, in the selection of the international rules team, those same players become teammates. Instead of trying to expose one another’s weaknesses, you try to assist them, and others do the same for you (Chris Judd “How international rules could inspire a human revolution” Sunday Age 17 September 2006).

the click of a finger — a magically fast percussive move — is all it takes to reveal long-held loyalties as the tricks they are . such trickery — liquid lightning strike of "loyalty" — is a style of movement in football's swarm . "[T]he figure of the trick", writes Taussig "is one of continuous movement and metamorphosis, in, through, and between bodies, carrying power one jump ahead of its interpretation" (Taussig 2006, 145) . just as surely as andrew mcLeod is restored to play, watching his boy play a weekend game, chris judd's circle of power is expanded in a tricky divestment of his own player-identity . i don't think either really cares about what's true . it's all about what works . gathering . contribution, not control . this is how football is played . tricky . this is how our swarm moves . for every good bloke sticking to the game plan, football produces a flash lad, making magic . for every role model visiting the sick, there's a bloke in a pink nightie waving a vibrator on mad monday.⁶⁹ it's in the game . if not these, not football (both judd and mcLeod are black-belt-tricksters . are their powers confined to the football field? ooo . i doubt it).

14. FoB — the footballer's body

the footballer's body (FoB) is encountered in familiarity . we know the players . more than any other celebrity, footballers are close at hand . there are (have been) so many of them, and they are all local to those identity-making networks that football thrives in and that we each inhabit . thus, everyone has met an AFL player, or seen one, dated one, knows someone related to one — i saw scott camporeale at the airport, meeting an elderly couple off the plane on the eve of a big essendon/collingwood clash, everyone hugging and smiling . they all looked so happy i briefly wished that essendon might win . the FoB are very nearby.

41. Snuffle

the structure of double identity is composed of more than just the specular . harder to discuss because harder to pinpoint, but we also snuffle and sniff out each other's place in life . we cry out and listen to each other, cowering before the shouted command, curling up against the buzzing chest of the beloved, ridiculing the breaking-voice of the pubescent boy, the deep voiced rabbit . do you have those moments, between sleeping and waking, when a sound restages you in your childhood room? the bang of the screen door, parents coming home? the tweeting of morning birds, scratch of a branch against the window, summons the soft dark of the heavy body into fleeting, sonic formations of what the world is.

the register of the familiar is a gathering, a gathering by snuffling; a recognition by smell, the sounds of chewing, keys in locks, footfall and tidiness, objects cast off or ordered, the manner of each other; our way . my 12 year old niece is talking on the phone to me: " can you just hang on one sec., my little sister is hitting me with a stick" . a scuffle . the shared-domestic . a sense you can only get through proximity . kids pets mates family, ubiquitous and formative forces — tactility snuffling caress scent, being bashed with a stick, that shapes a relationship to world . throw . kick . steady . shake hands . hug . kiss better.

proximity, temperature, fragrance, timbre of voice, ignites, makes relationship more compelling . birthing mongrel sense-perception, strengthens narrativity, magnetises identity-binding . Massumi talks about how recognition makes things typical, and typical is boring, but unique little details that entail loss of the typical perspective give rise to (re-)experiencing things as interesting: “an attractor, an inducting sensation” (Massumi 2002, 84) . you can see footballers on tv, hear them interviewed (more typical, less interesting, all those jokes about how they all say exactly the same things), but at a game you can smell the liniment and sweat mixing, as they prowl past — hot — along the boundary (the catwalk effect, paul calls it) . you can hear them murmuring to trainers, calling to each other, voices glinting with agility and detail that is never given in tv or radio — goodness me, james hird might hug you if you're lucky!⁷⁰ “ he's given a young essendon supporter a memory he will never forget!” cries the commentator . so true! less typical, more attractive! the many fingers of the BiF may knit us into play via familiarity and proximity, but they magnetise us through mixing in heat, fragrance and murmur, our own bodies, fleetingly confounded, falling into relation with those of the FoB.

thus we are saying, because they are proximate: at the game, the airport — shane o'bree popped up behind the coffee machine in the university cafeteria for a few weeks for god's sake! — and not just visible but sonorous, fragrant, chattering and warm, we embroider ourselves/are embroidered along the narrative line of resemblance and

self-sameness in relations of unusual intimacy with the bodies of footballers (unusual that is, for relations with celebrity bodies . more in a sec.).

in a fremantle delicatessen, the woman serving noticed the colours of my gaily coloured scarf and asked if i was a docker's supporter . when i said yes (i was undercover at the time, dears) she told me that her nephews josh and matthew carr, both played for freeo . dazzled, as the FoB manifested in a flash before me in the body of this woman, i stuttered that the carr brothers were not just players but stars, at which remark she frowned: "i suppose so" she said, "but to me they're just nephews".

21. dazzle

McKenzie Wark observes that all celebrities belong to both extraordinary and ordinary registers of daily life, and this is how they work, “affirming both individual ambition and collective belonging” — think, our kylie, our elle, our cate (Wark 1999, 48) . but footballers more than any other celebrity swirl out of and are pinned into that vast set of interconnected networks: families, schools, auskick, local clubs and competitions that we inhabit as well . they are more ordinary because of their proximity and their serial nature — no matter how glorious one might be there is always another who was better . thus football celebrities are less able to reach the truly singular and extraordinary status that others can because of this, but also, they are especially beloved because we hold them in intimacy . know them . warm . everybody weeping — even dermot brereton — as ted whitten took his lap of honour 'round the mcg, two months before his death in 1995.

the celebrity register proper — where diana elvis marilyn and paris all live — is where bodies are encountered as almost nothing but image . it is a register that proceeds by the proliferation of images: super-watchable pictures, super attention-grabbing stories, rumour, scandal, emphasising novelty, ephemerality, appearance and disappearance, arrivals and departures — openings, encores and waving, dazzling bursts of light, red carpets, rushing in and out of buildings,

airports, police stations, discovery! the next big thing! the dirty sex tape! death! the great plunge into black . celebrity works like fairies skipping over the surface of a pond leaving only rippling footprints, glitter and hairs standing up on the back of our necks . bings bells glissandi drum rolls fireworks.

and although footballers can and do migrate to that register — carey, cousins — they are, at least while they are still listed with a club, concurrently playing another . that of the BiF which is concerned less with proliferation of imagery than with smashing it together and trying to "do something with it!" football proceeds by articulating tensions, emphasising the movements of mass, heat and collision . thump dash crunch and rumble . footballers are gathered/gathering through the production of certain actions: jumping catching kicking falling calling running feinting and stopping, bodies (broadly conceived) in adverse relation — kik.tok . the identity of the celebrity footballer is continually compromised by membership of the team, the teeming: a cloud of arrows shot through that propels: "ben" "wayne", smaller and smaller, more deranged by the minute, into an infinite set of relationships with other bodies in play . articulated by the odd, many jointed skeleton of the BiF.

and we have said . "we" play there too . in this sense, playing the BiF, which they must, footballers are not only proximate to us . they are the same . and this is very different from other celebrities . we . play . too! the BiF exceeds all individual pretensions to possess it .

is absolutely brutal . chews up and spits bodies out with machinic disregard . we have just seen what it did to andrew mcLeod (above, 143) . in 2008 Rugby player sonny bill williams answered his critics convincingly . when he broke his local contract to take the (much) bigger money in France, and was accused of disloyalty by his club, he replied: "They don't care about me. They treat us like cattle. That's the honest truth" (Brock 2008) . i believed him . footballers are only things in play . no more than you or me . not personally significant at all . their personal significance is something that comes retrospectively (as in, when you're about to lose one of your star players to France!), or is projected in advance, effective only to the extent that it opens possibilities for our play.

the thing to understand then about the FoB is that it is a phenomenon unfolding in a few different, intertwined, registers at once, first: as a body gathered in play with us too in the Body in Football, and as such, just another force, its individual identity (as with my own) continually evacuated by its involvement in play, but also continually opening the possibilities for my own involvement . then also as a point in that structure of double identity in relation to which " I " understand my own place . my stories . this is the much discussed and enormously overrated position of the " role model " . finally, as a celebrity identity . elaborated as a body that is only image, only ever separate from me, "a glint from another world", (Wark 1999, 49), an infinitely malleable image-material, adapted endlessly in various narrative constellations (gossip), and in the theatre/s of

individual and collective desire . the FoB is not a consistent occupant of any one of these registers . but (i suppose) finds itself constantly flipped/flipping in and out of all of them depending on who/what happens to be framing it at any given moment . poor dears! no wonder they need counselling, and also drink a lot!

all together the Footballer's Body is an extraordinary figure . feeding across registers of play in a mix most potent . this is why they send them to visit sick children . it's not really about being a role model . the effect is much less about modelling than about what they directly contribute to the bodies of others, including the bodies of sick children, as a result of being constructed so singularly — a whole range of unsettled, liberating spark, flare and structure, that usual bodies do not possess.⁷¹

"margaret", says anna d., one of my students, "i think you might like my crazy-coincidence story . when i was little i used to go to the footy a lot with my dad, but then my brother came along and he sort of took over that role . anyway, when i used to go, i had a jumper with number 36 on it for sav. rocca — now 36 is dane swan who's nobody", [i make a protest which she calmly ignores, continuing] "anyway . i went to the game last week for the first time in ages and so i squeezed into my little number 36 jumper, and went along with dad, and we won and it was great . but then, after the game i had to go straight to work, so i went in to work wearing my footy jumper, and straightaway when i arrived, before i could go back and get

changed, this huge guy came up to me and said: 'hey! you're wearing my number!' and i said, 'oh okay! so who are you?' and he said 'i'm rene kink!' and i didn't know who that was, and after when i told my dad, he was like: 'oh no! the incredible hulk! how could you say 'so who are you?' to rene kink???!'"

18. rabbit

what is the opposite of a mocking bird?

(Jimmie Durham 1991, 287)

If you want to be good at something, especially boxing or football or wrestling, you have to have that bit of madness in you ... Look at The Undertaker in the wrestling. He's about seven foot and 500 pounds, and his eyes roll. He's a loony, like me and Gordon Tallis and Les Boyd, but we all came from nothing. We were like the black fighters. We had to be a little mad (*Blocker Roach in Masters 2006, 19*).

mongrel play needs mongrel player? well, perhaps . we agree at least that football's body is a remarkable, jointed being, hell-bent on taking risks that exceed (any) "one's" better judgment . and we note its tireless pursuit of materials to use in its play, and indifference to what it destroys in the process . even broken bones only stop play for a couple o' minutes . the BiF drums its fingers as they call for the stretcher . and no doubt, this is not everyone's cup . of . tea!

we have mentioned above how the BiF deploys effects of swarming tactility: ding-a-lings and lalala's, to remake relations with bodies around it, but it has many more moves up its sleeve . one of the most curious materials it plays with, and pulls apart, is that of "being - (a) -man" . we shall call this an identity condition, rather than an identity position . and understand that it conditions the position of each singular gentleman that lives, and that each one must feel its affects . it is a dimension of belief feeling affect

rabbit...

materiality . who knows how it works? not i! the point is that in spite of its much-vaunted masculinity, football nonetheless takes this identity condition and shakes it, if not precisely attacking, still shakes it 'till it rattles, hammers it as part of the assault of the hard cloud . football subjects anything that it gathers to itself to enormous critical physical affective pressure, including the condition "being-a-man" . and, when being-a-man is shaken, "real" risk, which football demands, "real" invention, is produced . dis-integration . the quickening and transformation effected by becomings . bing! what was that? a rabbit flashes over the grass . the appearance of the universal rabbit! a quickening and swerving that pervades football, and helps explain a variety of its observable effects.

when risky play goes wrong and players drop the ball, tangle and fall over, or kick poorly, they are called "girls", when it goes right and unlikely marks are taken one-handed, bodies and balls escape congestion to "find space" and impossible kicks hit their targets, spectators cry "magic!" these two judgments, made after the fact, do not acknowledge the common daring, dis-integration, that gives rise to the fact . these terms — girl, magic — are interchangeable from the perspective of the risk — the attempt at something amazing and unlikely . consider the following amendment: "buckley!" we may cry — "Oh! You absolute RABBIT!"

28. magic

this immediately leads to another thought about "magic" as a term that is controversially applied to the play of black footballers (McCoy 2002, 30). jim and phil krakouer invariably attract the appellation (Gorman 2005, 171); fremantle's jeff farmer is known as "the Wizard", or just "Wiz";² and collingwood's "neon-leon" davis also gets "Magic" or affectionately, "Maj" (Flanagan 2003, 148). we do not wish to fall in uncritically with this name-calling, but neither do we wish to elide a set of interesting differences. may we put forth an idea? first let's recall, without even trying, peter daicos and james hird as white players who make magical play: "something from nothing", deft surprising lightning fast impossible-seeming. and then insist that the "magic" incorrectly assigned to black footballers' bodies belongs rather to the nonopposable body, than to any body fixed opposite the white man (for a discussion of "the body they steal from us in order to fabricate opposable organisms" see Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 276-277). this nonopposable body is pursued for its powerful effects in football, even though it is immediately incorporated within the white-man paradigm (lodged safely opposite him in the body of the black man or the body of the boy, occasionally in the body of the child, we have just seen it popped over in the body of the loony (above, 157) sometimes it finds a home in the body of the "animal", although in football that animal must be fierce and strong — sydney swans notwithstanding). we believe this body could be more usefully

represented by a figure less easy to oppose and wish to suggest the figure of the (magical) rabbit as a contender . what if we claim all risky play (for good or ill, thus including drops, trips, twitches and fumbles) by both black and white players (also by both loony and sensible) as rabbitish? then . how about we call this rabbitish figure Tinkerbelle (J.M Barrie's fairy was a tinker . she made pots! smashed things around! this jingling onomatopoeia is important)? Tinkerbelle the magical rabbit, who infuses (the white) man with a range of movement, a deftness, agility, intuition and allround sparkle that would otherwise be inaccessible to him ! to return to our thought, above . it may be that black footballers have more skill in accessing the "intermezzo" condition that produces these radical powers ("the intermezzo ... never ceasing to become" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 277)). this would not surprise, and is certainly worthy of further consideration, but that it is theirs alone, no . james hird: long ears, fine fluffy fur, wiffly nose . all know.

48. rabbitish

the unpretended aim of a test ... is to meet its hidden blind spot, to fail. This is when it produces an act of discovery, which occurs as accident, chance, confusion or luck.

(Ronell 2005, 188)

football is an art of risk, and risk can have both good and bad outcomes . not only triumphant, successful risks count . Adorno and Horkheimer note that “promiscuity and asceticism, excess and hunger are directly identical, despite the antagonism, as powers of disintegration” (Adorno and Horkheimer 1997, 31, my emphasis) . we may say that powers of dis-integration underpin risk, producing all that's innovative and all that's catastrophic (underpin that “common daring” we mention above, 158) . the wonderful/scary forces of dis-integration are what we gamble: on the horses, the internet dating site, and when we kick down to seven men bunched-up in the goal square . dis-integration can deliver us either good fortune “beyond our wildest dreams” (pretty un-integrated territory there), or utter devastation . thus we believe that in football risk is, far from being the currency of the hero, better acknowledged as currency of the magical rabbit . heroes insist on triumph in the end . gamblers, rabbits, midfielders, all know we may as soon end up in a trap, twitching with poison, as make a daring escape . this ain't the movies, Odysseus.

footballers perceivably pass through thresholds of rabbit-likeness for which they are at times derided . photographs capture them in poses of elfin agility, rabbitish delight,⁷³ and trembling with tears.⁷⁴ perceivable rabbit-likeness is not desirable in a theatre of masculine power . the bodily attitudes mentioned here are not encouraged in football, for the most part they happen so rapidly they evade detection, above and below the threshold of perception, properly belonging to the realm of unconscious optics (Krauss 1998) (and of course unconscious sonority and fragrance as well, mongrel sense beings that the FOB are . see above, section " 41. snuffle", 149-151) . they are not intended effects and do not form part of any training drill, rigidly proscribed by football's theory-and-practice-conjoined-in-example-towards-victory (designed — or funded, more importantly — by folks who believe in heroics). but they are captured by cameras and circulated through the football world to varying effect.

these images provide evidence (if we really needed any) of the ways that the bodies of footballers pass through attitudes that are apparently not, as they say, masculine . further, we can deduce from this that at imperceptible levels, in the form of becomings, footballers, like the rest of us, are far more rabbitish than we let on, or even than we know.

there is more to it . it is not just a question of sometimes appearing rabbitish: there is a marvellous transverse movement in football, a creative deterritorialization . anyone watching chris judd in the 2005

grand final can see it . how does he do that?? this is another Deleuze and Guattari idea, the idea there are “lines of becoming” that do not fix points, and pin down and, set things in relation to one another but which have “neither beginning nor end, departure nor arrival ... only a middle ... not an average [but] fast motion ... the absolute speed of movement” (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 293) . PASSAGES! the lines that set us free . “Free the line, free the diagonal: every musician and painter has this intention” (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 295) . garry ablett jnr. also . free from hierarchies and fixtures, set-moves and grids . this is not to say football has not an abundance of the other styles of line . the point-plotting lines . lines that are subordinate to VERY precise beginnings and endings . people will spit on you if you miss! but the lines of the mid-field, the lines that make space, the lines in and out of contestation, the lines of the high mark (and the high mark that misses) . those are your transversals, your diagonals, your lines of flight . your chris judd line, your ablett line . your bartell line.

then, even more exciting, these lines are not mere pathways, they are abstract lines . as much as they may propel bodies out of the pack, they are also conceptual lines, they are “between”, they “come up through the middle” (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 293) . these lines help the Body in Football to capture, deterritorialise, and reassemble, not only the flight of the ball but the bodily terrain — sonic kinaesthetic perceptual — of any part-animate it can gather! child insect woman cotton-tail bird doped drunk.

thus part of football's play is the freeing) appropriation and re-codification of the tearing falling fluttering and vibrating of bodies (bodily becomings) to which "man" is frequently opposed . in addition to the body of the seven foot loony, football takes up the flutter and cheeping of little rabbits and tiny light-bodied birds, the lazy circles and high, keening whistles of kites, the mad accelerating knee bent stationery marching and screaming of toddlers, the languid bends, gasping, cries, moaning, falling and melting of lovers, seizes hold of it all in order to make it into something else . in this sense football-in-play is as far from Leonardo's Vitruvian Man as can be imagined . that ain't the Body in Football . imagine taking that stuck insect out to visit a child in hospital!? you would never get through the door! onto the ground for a quick kick? i don't think so ! try and make that fellow teem!

football reappropriates, breaks, glides on the updraught of, and composes mad synaesthetic experiments with the resistances that these qualities of the nonopposable-body are to The Body, His Body, the Subject's . they make possible a remarkable series of departures from that body . the Body in Football submits these other bodies, undetectable bodies of gossip, secret, undocumented, fleeting, rumouring and rumoured bodies to this very special treatment of the diagonal or transversal, uproots them from their territory, makes something tricky and fun in the stadium of heroic masculinity.

*if this all seems a bit far fetched, mad even, go to the west
kimberley football finals where the interwoven relationship of the
Body in Football with black folks birds women children rabbits is so
undeniably evident that you wonder if the AFL haven't been reading
Deleuze and Guattari all along.*

53. man-in-abundance

thus we arrive at this (not very startling) observation: football, despite its ubiquity and elemental nature is, oddly enough, gendered . despite the never far away presence of women and children in it football features and celebrates men . no doubt . we have already mentioned how hard it is to get women recognised in its reassuring structure of doubled specularity (see above, section "36. force of persons", 141-145) . football is an example of a variable field (this is a conceptual field) in which men appear twice, thus dominating . which is another thing we take from Deleuze and Guattari (they must have been leading the footy-tipping whilst writing Mille Plateaux, don't you think?) . and is a mechanism by which order is produced in the world (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 105) . football is a place where order is being extracted from play by the inscription of a figure we call man-in-abundance . an ordering that is also a discriminating amplification . there aren't as many men in the world as there appear to be in football . football is just wall to wall men! they go on and on and on! but . simultaneously football is an ordering as close to infinite variability as it is possible to get without dying, without consenting to death (this is how it's like war — not because players are brave — but in its will to remaking reality through proximity to wounding and death) . blokey football (as opposed to kik.tok and/or with birds) mines messy variability, captures vertigo, illinx, wonder, jams it together with figures of maleness and rigidifies it in a structure that

cements it as "male" . from time to time some man will fall out of the magic-cement circle and footy-fairyland will claim a scalp . it is ben cousins who has most recently fallen into the register of football's weird nonopposables, and been pilloried for it . throughout the time of writing [this thesis] he has disappeared and re-emerged, disappeared and re-emerged, very rabbity, in a flock of tv news clips, smiling downcast eyes and evasive motion, attended by a haze of drugs, lawlessness, death, fear, overdose, addiction: representative elements of the uncontrol that football discipline demarks — Martin Flanagan quite rightly dubbing him "the Lady Diana Spencer of Australian Sport" (Martin Flanagan "Beckham show places privacy act offside" *Age*, 1 December 2007) . and we are so relieved the fairies didn't immolate him the way they did poor Diana! i was happy when richmond finally scooped him back into the circle and gave him another run! no-one deserves banishment to fairy-land forever . and i love the re-solution of his donning the (dramatic, transverse) sash of the black and gold tigers! i have a footy tazo of andrew mcLeod on my desk, he is running, gripping the golden ball . he sizzles inside a luminous aura . mysterious discs of silver light buzz out of the dark behind him . he is not a man, he is a visitation! why is he depicted thus? like something out of a vision described by Teresa of Avila: "[an] infused radiance which causes the eyes great delight and never tires them ... a light that ... being always light, can never be clouded" (Avila 1957 [1562], 197-198).

WHY is he depicted thus? the sub-heading on the tazo reads: "creative genius" . quite . and neither male, nor role model . the tazo knows.

as the standard measure used to evaluate inclusion, men appear twice . in the constant and in the variable form . they are the measure from which the constant is extracted (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 105) . even though women, birds, dogs, black people are all twittering around in the variable form they are not extracted from it into the constant as "men" are . they will always be (will they be always??) outside . sidelined . their irreducible significance obscured, plastered with glitter, feathers, ochre and made light of (of light, see above . mcleod . crow).

but the (glorious) thing about football is that it is by nature mixed, it gathers, it disappears . it unfolds in variety . variety is not just what it wants, variety is what it is . kiktok . thus the half-time ball play i watched in Broome — where kids, rabbits, mums and dads, dogs, all got up to kick the footy — cannot not happen . that's the game, that's where the game is — teeming . men (husks!) are extracted from it to play in the AFL, the seeming-constant and dominant model for its play . so although it looks as though the variable mimics the constant, in fact, the constant magnetises men from the variable to produce itself as a male game, and, although it can get difficult to see it, blokey football is still just kids dogs rabbits dust, twigs, an occasional visit from ben cousins; an extraction around which a dissimulation holds — "this is a game of men!" — it's not . it's a game of twigs fluff and dust-with-men-extracted, in a move that makes it look as though they are natural to it . go for a walk and you will see that, if it belongs to man-in-abundance...

anyone, football belongs to children first, dogs second, seagulls third
. listen to the roar . it is not the sound of men, there is a sigh in it,
a curious child-lightness . dis-integration . light as dandelion puff .
and almost always a squawk or peep attends it . listen to the
interview with glenn archer . he is all but shouted down by birds.

there is an article Hilary McPhee wrote, around the time wayne carey
was sprung in the bathroom, allegedly canoodling with his vice
captain's wife . it bemoaned the overflowing of confessional, public-
statement coming out of arden street . in it McPhee quotes " a
friend" who says,

[this is] about the feminisation of the footie [sic] field ... It's gone too far. You
women started it. In the olden days ... this stuff would've been settled by a fight
behind the clubroom, by sublimation and suffering in silence and a great deal of
beer. The guilty party would get the message. You wouldn't have kicked to him for
a month. He'd find a dead rabbit in his locker. But in the end it was the game that
mattered. That was what they were there for. You got on with it and left the
women and kids to cope (friend of Hilary McPhee "Feelings, Nothing More
Than Feelings" *Age*, 23 March 2002).

we protest! this trend towards the confessional in football
comments less on football's feminisation than the ongoing
concealment of rabbits within it . what do rabbits do? they
proliferate, they're effortlessly at hand, they're "harmless" they're
invisible, they burrow under, they wreck everything, they disappear in a
moonlit flicker over the grass . a dead rabbit is the end of scamper,
wuffle, scratch, and hop . killing a rabbit is a demonstration of a
power that doesn't just still a body but a chirping magical swarming

man-in-abundance...

body — the BiF/BoF, Body in Football/Body o Frabbit . the dead rabbit stands in not just for the body of the faithless team member but murder of " his" wonderful, disintegratorial, risky, flash body . the BiF/BoF in " Him" . this Body o Frabbit is also what is attacked in all that confessional talk they make players do these days, all that making-plain . truly it is just an updated way of making the same threat . a technique that has snuck in under the sign of psychoanalysis and especially the American televisual style of some (McPhee's " friend" blames women for something that blokes — grandpapa Freud et al. — invented! we despair) . these days we may shame our chirpy fellows by making them talk, and humiliation of making-talk, but rabbits are still what's at stake in these sad performances . glimpsed, scampering for their burrows as the footballer — didak, cousins, shaw — makes his unconvincing apology . still there . also being ritually slaughtered when the Australian army band strikes up, and captain stands posing with arms in a victory salute . crowd believing wrongly (forgetting), in that moment, that the BiF/BoF belongs to Him . no wonder it feels good! dissolving in confetti, fit to bust! Man = rabbit, without having to declare his long soft ears and wiffly nose . we deny and deny this magical rabbit.

but, you know, this is not all bad news because, curiously, our denial is what rabbits need to thrive.

2. sparkle

at haynes oval in Broome, watching the 2005 west kimberley football league semi-final, it is 31 degrees under a cloudless, banging blue sky . trees are in demand, or their shade at least, so i am sitting on the grass at the boundary-line on the polite edge of a big splotch of dappled light . during a lull i look away from the game to find a little rabbit, about five years old, tall, dark, standing close beside me . " i like your ring", she says pointing to my right hand . " well" she qualifies, " i like that ring" . then, pointing to my left hand elaborates, " i like that other ring too, but i like this ring better" . i laugh, " that's because this ring is a diamond" . i sparkle it around in the sun for her, throwing spots of prism colour onto her tummy . " the other one is greenstone, from New Zealand" . " i'm wearing my pink skirt", she says, twirling around for me . " yes" i say, " you look beautiful" . " but i had to wear my mauve top, because i couldn't find my pink top" . " i like that your top has Tinkerbell on it" i say . she nods, " i had to wear undies" . " yes", i nod, " i s'pose you'd have to . nice undies though" . she nods, looks away, back to the game, gestures towards it. " we're going for the red and black ones" she says. " me too" i say . " but sometimes we go for the other ones" she says. i laugh . " me too" i say.⁷⁵

methodology

a range of approaches to gathering, thinking about and re/presenting sonic and conceptual materials have been used in this project . these are described below.

gathering sounds/aleatory affect

between 2002-2007 we indiscriminately gathered sounds from every kind of place we could think of where football is played: football grounds, back yards, bars, lounge rooms, telephones, trains and so on, as well as plundering the tv and radio . we made these recordings using a small mini-disc recorder . we recorded unobtrusively, and for the most part others in these environments did not know we were doing so . this was important because we wanted to hear and use the sounds of play, not the sounds of research-being-gathered (especially NOT the sound of interviews, which to us are like being made to watch a bear dance, the " subject " whipped into obedient submission by intent of the researcher . subject-as-research we might say . erk) . with respect to recording from tv and radio, we selected games at whim . whichever caught our interest . afterwards we listened back to all the recordings and noted interesting textures, fun or frightening effects, sonic surprises, good jokes, intriguing language, and occasionally edited together little collages of similar sounds: car horns, training drills, booing, clapping, the national anthem, the minute's silence on anzac day, passages with birds and

whatnot, towards building a collection of sounds that brought the dynamics of play into affect/effect.

this gathering-listening-editing is a method i have long used in my work as a performance-maker, frequently carrying a mini-disc recorder with me, in the way that some artists carry cameras, or notebooks . i record anything i come across that attracts my ear, and then later, edit, mix and use these recordings in performance (see Trail and Lewis 2003; Trail 2004, 2005) . details captured thus are frequently more interesting/surprising than what one may imagine in the privacy of one's studio, and accordingly open the work to greater communicative possibility . as found-sound improviser Aki Onda says,

the construction of collages and reordering of material for which I willfully walked and collected [sic], creates a space open to others, and the autonomy of the recording is renounced. I want to create something that, while being a personal expression, passes through individualness forming something that can be shared with others (Onda and Hatanaka 2002, 4).

thus, the indiscriminate style of gathering fulfils two aims, one to collect pertinent sonic materials, sounds of football's play; but also, importantly, to generate a degree of aleatory affect in the research/creative process that allows it to exceed the limitations of authorial/methodological control and imagination . in the case of recording, the unfocussed, global reception of the microphone can produce effects that are sonically surprising, including those resulting from the "failure" of the mic, thus: distortion, banging on surfaces, mixing of sounds that create strange textures, nasty and

beguiling affects, things the ear did not hear at the time, or which were "not there" at all. these are not merely unintended curiosities, they are movements in the materials; they are perceptual shift in duration; they are change, dynamism, knowledge, and materiality-in-process; they produce affect and effects that extend the limited perspectives of the researcher. aleatory affects as meaning-shifts and fresh perspectives are extremely important in the practice of many artists (this understanding needs at times to be asserted within the academy where methodological consistency, precision and its, ahem, habitual reiteration . is . in . my . view . over-valued).

in the sound/art world a tradition of these practices extends (at least) from John Cage and William Burroughs through to present day practices by experimental composers, performers and Djs . especially for me, the works of Djs Scanner, Spooky and Kentarro, noise musicians Ground Zero, and Aki Onda are influential . all of these folk combine "found sound" with combinations of random and precisely orchestrated arrangements (see Kahn 1999, 322-358 for a description of a line of sonic practice in this style he traces from Artaud, through Cage and Burroughs; Hegarty 2007, 186-187 for more on Ground Zero and indeed, consider placing in your dear ears: Cage 1991; Scanner 2000, Dj Kentarro 2004; Dj Spooky 2004; Ground Zero 2005; Onda 2003, Onda and Licht 2007).

other artists, sonic styles

as is suggested above, i have engaged in a parallel listening to the sound/music work of other artists . it has been less of a preoccupation than listening to football, yet the contributions of this material can no doubt be felt, and must be acknowledged . especially noteworthy that art work, small in quantity though it is, that does engage with football sound, discussed below:

soundart

Sonia Leber and David Chesworth have made several installation pieces that investigate sonic affects/effects found in and around sport . This reflects both their interest in “the many types of acoustic phenomena which arise from large crowds”, as well as in “‘charged’ human vocalisations uncovered from everyday life: the sighs, gasps and groans of work, pleasure, sport, song and struggle” (Leber and Chesworth 2008a) . of particular interest to me: 5,000 Calls (2000) and The Persuaders (2003) . 5,000 Calls was commissioned for the Sydney Olympic games and installed in the “Urban Forest,” the eucalypt-planted forecourt of Stadium Australia (the main stadium for the games) . it comprises 5,000 vocal sounds of exertion, played through 80 loudspeakers . these sounds swarm in changing relation to the listeners as they move through the stadium forecourt . The Persuaders is a collection of seven video monitors — televisions — on each of which a football barracker delivers his or her game-comments straight to the camera . the effect is of a crowd of

isolates, concentrated on an event remote from their locale but nonetheless connected in play via broadcast technology .

quite apart from their engagement with the sounds of sport, which is of obvious pertinence to this project, the great interest of Leber and Chesworth's work lies in their engagement with the figure of the crowd-in-sound, the soundful-crowd, which they not only consider but produce in their installations, especially through their use of site, and positioning of the listener as a crowd particle herself (Leber and Chesworth 2008, a and b).

this work connects with a larger body of sound art work that investigates crowds and sound, especially the affect/effects of audience movement, perception and response in constructing the content and affect of the artwork . we cannot go into the detail of these here, but must handball the interested reader on to Brandon Labelle, who has written about the significance of this family of practices . the final section of his book Background Noises, details the work of several artists experimenting with crowding: network based, interactive/responsive and participatory sound art forms (Labelle 2007, 245-291) . this current in the sound art world has no doubt caught my ear and influenced my own experiments with positing football as a hard cloud, and the listener-as-swarm.

sonic collage

another influential crew who engage with crowded (and indeed football) sound, is the family of sonic collagists . these folks

scour the soundworld for noises to sample, cut, and jam together, to produce new sonic life forms that break up and do away with oldskool meaning-conventions . this is Dj Spooky's rhythm science:
“...a mirror held up to a culture ... that has released itself from the constraints of the ground to drift through dataspace, continuously morphing its form in response to diverse streams of information” (Miller 2004, 005) . well .
while rhythm science may find its contemporary apotheosis in Dj culture, it is a practice that goes back a long way and has furnished many influential fellows who affect our own work, most especially William Burroughs whose cut-up experiments on magnetic tape are a significant influence . says Robyn Lyndenberg, of Burroughs's work:
“cut ups produced with tape recordings ... extend the process of making the word concrete by transforming sound frequencies into actual patterns of magnetic dust on plastic tape” (Lyndenberg 1992, 414) . making the word concrete stops it being (only) expressive and meaningful and allows it to connect with its other potentials, to affect and infect — potentials that every football barracker understands . it is the strength of this line of exploration in sonic-collage that it does not abandon the word (as many do in the sound world), but plays across language as/in wit-and-force, to destabilise and unleash its sonic power.

an interesting, and germane instance of this practice-line, begins with German writer and radiophonic art pioneer Ror Wolf . His collage piece Der Bal ist rund (Wolf 1987 [1979]) makes connections between the vocal intonation of football commentary by mixing it in tiny

shards and jabs with sonic effects of mass force and friction, to produce a poetry of commentary . this work is followed, much later, by a pyrotechnical expansion of the same premise in the double cd collection Gunther Koch Revisited — Voll in den Mann (Various Artists 2000) . in this work 22 German musicians and poets (can you imagine!) take football commentator Gunther Koch as an inspiration for responses that intensify and celebrate the affective/effective sonic force of the impassioned commentator in full flight . his language, utterance, poetry, rendered, re-mixed as language-music-noise.

it makes sense that the collage folks would embrace football . not just for its sonic diversity but for its combination of competing ideas as/in physical forces, that complements their own interests . it is the willingness to mix, experiment and break all the rules, that we love about the cut-up people, as well as the magical football players . their wit, spark and flight . their refusal to be held down by convention and tradition, how instead they flood the world with magic spells, tiny jokes, unexpected combinations, inconspicuous-ear, and joyful-body musics, amazingly fleet, always fresh . always "yes!" sonic collage is a style amenable to football's interests . this sympathy, i believe, is why it turns up so forcefully in my own experiments.⁷⁶

noise

additionally important in my listening, have been a range of musicians we might loosely group under the banner of noise, who have soothed me back to a position of confidence from my frequent encounters with panic throughout . especially John Cage, Xenakis, Throbbing Gristle, Ground Zero, Sachiko M, Merzbow, Aki Onda.⁷⁷ these folks do not explicitly address football as a content (indeed all are pretty much dismissive of contents), but certainly share some common interests with it in the sense that they animate and affect communities (swarms) directly through the application of force of sound on and in bodies . the noise folks are objective magicians of the art of shifting beings-becoming across immanent and communicating conditions.

“noise affects and alters the body’s relation to its surrounding, and also how our thinking relates to the environment we are in”, *observes Paul Hegarty, noise’s most eloquent advocate: “as a noise subject is created, it is also undone (subjectivity as a coming undone of subjectivity), and is replaced by something closer to ‘bare life’ where existing is the sole purpose of existing” (Hegarty 2007, 144 and 146).*

my listening to these musicians/experimentalists has directly influenced my development of a perspective on football as itself a game of noise (although, no doubt, noise in process of being tamed) . a set of structures that willfully scrambles itself and its players to achieve flight from conventions, constraint, meaning . including and especially the constraint of the individual subject . in noise such methodology...

radical remakings of the world are possible . whole new constellations of beings (becomings) are produced . noise . football . haul us in and out of that sweet shattering immanence that we note at the very outset of our thesis, is the enabling condition of football's grip, and glue of our enterprise.

ambience

another family from whom we draw style and assumptions is the mob of tiny-squeak and huge-soft-drone musicians who appear under "ambience" in the record store (on the iTunes website?) . we make a more particular and focussed technique-selection from these fellows, than the sweeping style-appropriations discussed above, but it is a selection that undoubtedly effects the organisation of the sounds, and deserves due acknowledgment.

specifically we have drawn from ambient music the possibility of unhinging the hard surface and defined bounds of "the subject" through the application of excessive, sonic softness . hard cloud notwithstanding, we soften in response to demands made by the thesis . we aim to create a swarm out of our listener, but without whisking her away to an actual congested place . wish to allow her the comfort of her own spot, and ability to engage with the practice of reading . therefore, we must swarm her where she sits.

ambient music is known for its cloudy, oceanic dreamscapes, its production of a way of listening that is actually feeling, being

overcome and unpinned in what David Toop has described as: "a web of distributed consciousness rather than a pyramid" (Toop 2004, 16).

in the unwinding tinkling, crinkling and rainy diffusion of our sounds and in their extended-snoozy-afternoon duration, this work hopes (at times) to affect/effect an ambient-style collapse of hierarchical sonic structures, foreground/background distinctions, and to release the listener into such a distributed consciousness . one that swarms without requiring walking, running, falling over (or if so, only a short fall, and upon soft surfaces).

micromusic

this is a subcategory of ambience (musicians are as keen on categories as game theorists . more so) . in it sound is broken down into its tiniest molecular parts and manipulated . Scott Gibbons of Lilith and (Italian theatre company) Societas Raffaello Sanzio calls the compositional technique he used to make sound for their work Genesis: From the Museum of Sleep (2002), "granular synthesis" .

Company director Romeo Castellucci explains how this sound is not used as background to the theatrical action but "has a body that is born out of its own dynamic, under the impulse of the alternation between din and silence ... It is like a stream that carries forms. Scott Gibbons' 'granular' music transforms the sounds in such a way that they seem as they would, if they were perceived by the ear of an embryo" (Marshall 2002, 4, his italics).

my interest in micromusic is in how it aims at molecular conversation with the bodies of its listeners, in their guise as

collections of molecules as well . Gibbons makes theatre-sound that refers 'not only to ... the scene, but also to its relationship and continuity vis a vis the invisible' (Carloni et al. 2007, 74) . so here . in our wish to swarm our listener via tinkling and clattering assault, we aspire to speak to her molecules (listen to Gibbons 2007, Lilith 1992).

o dear, no doubt, we are trying to have it all-ways in our sounds . plundering techniques of wit and playful deployment of the word from hip-hop; the radical force of noise and now, big fat clouds of hypnotic murmur and tinsy micro-tones to keep our listener on the edge of consciousness and open her to its othernesses . can we ? well we do . mix and plunder . nothing if not mongrel . how shall you find it ? we are fascinated to know.

reading and writing

the problem with reading/writing for football is that you can't look around while you're doing these . they require an attenuated stillness . and such stillness is really hopeless in the hard cloud . also, paper is fragile . it tears and comes apart in the wet . computers are a joke, you can't drop or knock them, you can't see the screen if the sun's shining, the battery goes flat . text doesn't even travel well on the tiny screen of the mp3 player or the trannie (the one way it does triumph, of course, as fast and tiny, is in the sms message, precisely text-disappearing-in-speed-and-sound) . the newspaper with its rattling pages and short articles, its: look here, look there, cont'd . page 22, is a bit more amenable to football's style (an observation

made long ago by John Cage in his piece made with Merce Cunningham
How to pass, kick, fall and run: "Have you ever noticed how you read a
newspaper? Jumping around, leaving articles unread or only partially read, turning
here and there. Not at all the way one reads Bach in public" (Cage 1969, 136-137)).
you don't need to give a newspaper sustained attention . it's cheap .
chuck it aside . mangle it . you can always get another one . or not .
doesn't really matter . it keeps things light . the ball spinning in your
hands as you line up for a set shot . likewise the footy Record is
handy . its lists, stats, short articles, player quizzes . it contributes
and settles back, doesn't storm in and take over like an oldskool
teacher, insisting one should sit down and read quietly.

furthermore, and significantly, you can't read (or write) easily
together with others . and while there is some virtue in hitting the
ball against the wall alone, you can't make an artform of it . you do
eventually need the others in order to play, and a good bit of ground
to run around in . dear reader, we concede, this inadequacy of reading
and writing to further football's play is the place we most stick .
like a bug in glue . in words . and tedious rows of sentence . well .
short of submitting our thesis in the form of 1500 sms messages
sent to the examiners over a 5 hour period (oh, yes . we considered
it) we have had to find a way to bring word to the play without killing
them both.

staging/philosophy

the detail of our survey of various literatures and styles of writing (hence our various adventures in reading) is included in the body of the text (above, 13-20) . here we offer only the method that we eventually embraced in trying to mitigate our inadequacy . to summarise: we have made a staging in writing following Nietzsche/Artaud, Kodwo Eshun, Christof Migone and Paul Miller a.k.a. Dj Spooky, that seeks to deploy the word to support and unlock relationships with the materials of football's sounding, rather than to explain them . the key figure of our staging is football's hard cloud, and we send word in to play with/in it . to let word and concept hail via a motion of gathering, tension and collision, pierce and disarrangement of noise in din, and nimble flight of word in wit.

in addition, this technique, staging-out-writing, is underpinned by the example, and no doubt the writing styles, of those radical philosophers: Nietzsche, Deleuze and Guattari, Brian Massumi, who themselves make writing to unlock and remake rather than to explain:

***Nietzsche:** "our first questions about the value of a book, of a human being, of a musical composition are: Can they walk? Even more, can they dance?" (Nietzsche 1974 [1887], 322).*

***Deleuze and Guattari:** "what a vapid idea, the book as the image of the world ... [against this] the multiple must be made, not by always adding a higher dimension, but rather in the simplest of ways, with the number of dimensions one already has available" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 6).*

Massumi: "Philosophy is amodal energetic thought ... fractally self-standing, on no ground other than [its] own self-repeating complexity. No beginning, no event, just ... streaming" (*Massumi 2002, 169*).

dancing . making . streaming . this is the shore upon which the currents of our writing and reading adventures have eventually washed us up.

a note on being derivative

*you know, it is hard not to write like Deleuze and Guattari when you read them all the time . Dj Spooky, fearless rhythm scientist, loves this contagion in reading/writing: "the way you pick up language from other writers and remake it as your own" (*Miller 2004, 057*) . let's hope it is a cool remix, dear . it makes us a bit anxious . it is awful to find oneself preening and cawing like Nietzsche, but without benefit of genius . indeed, one often feels like an awkward child contemplating those luminous texts, beside which one's own efforts seem so paltry . we hold hard (or lightly?) to our own contention that the unskilled bodies of children (better: the child's body of becoming) will bring special liberating force to bear on the world of authority (see above, section "26. flash," 59-61) . must do . hope we have not been completely destroyed by excessive education, and that tiny shreds of the nth power can still make their way in us (*Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 377*) . or else . dear reader, bow in gratitude to you for giving our experiment a run . burn . at . will.*

utterances

we must make a brief note about these little phrases we have scattered throughout . especially those we have appropriated from sports journalism, which discipline we have dismissed above for its excessive devotion to the social sciences (above, 13-16) . we wish to acknowledge that nevertheless we use it . we use it as a player does, and use it in playful way . reading and speaking sports journalism is for sure, an important aspect of playing football . all players are informed commentators: " do you know what they didn't tell you in that article you read? the last time these two teams met ..." in this way sports journalism enters play, and the play-of-sound as footy utterance . in this thesis it is used, together with snatches of barracking, chatter, coaching, and media cliché, to cross over between modes of commentary and sonic play . journalism (and its chattering fellows) taken as a crackling auditory contagion, rather than/in addition to being a bearer of messages.

composition and mixing

as the image and active principle of the hard cloud emerged as a key to the perception (hence understanding) of football's sounding, we commenced experimenting with making clouds of sounds, emphasising a feeling of swarming-tactility (where sounds take on a haptic aspect, liquidity, lightness and hardness) . these clouds attempt a direct address of the mass-ive body of the listener, and attempt to make it swarm.

in this we have pursued the possibility that a swarming body is produced in proximity with swarming materials, trying to draw this out in the listener's body. this view arises from our own experience of both ambient and other forms of cloudy music (Xenakis' especially) as mentioned above, and also of listening to football commentary on the radio (think: snoozy Saturday, after lunch, on the couch, 'pies v kangas on 774, and...) . in addition Deleuze and Guattari's conviction that the body and unconscious are themselves swarm-structures,

A multiplicity of pores, or blackheads, of little scars or stitches. Breasts, babies, and rods. A multiplicity of bees, soccer players, Tuareg. A multiplicity of wolves or jackals ... All of these [dreams, hallucinations] bring us to a certain status of the formations of the unconscious ... The full body without organs is a body populated by multiplicities (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 30).

these compositions attempt to conjure this body. both the type of sounds and their arrangement over time/s are focussed towards it. thus tiny sounds are made (pins bells beeps rattles) in which a hard point of attack is combined with soft clouds of decay and release, these tiny sounds are then layered and crowded together with large numbers of like-sounds to make larger clouds; then these clouds are clustered in sometimes-contrast, sometimes-drowsy-making similarity with other clouds and shreds of sound. the effect sought is din shot through with shreds and shards of wit. a tension between passages (always moving, always in transition) of comprehension and quiescence, transcendence and immanence. these unfold, not just as phenomena that can be observed (listened to) in

the soundworld, but actually affecting the structure and experience of the listener's body as well . we hope.

furthermore the cloud of sounds is designed to be infinitely re-arrangeable . i configured my own computer so that i never listened to the same arrangement of sounds twice . not only the linear arrangement of the sounds, but also relations of simultaneity were altered with each listening . clouds/crowds don't repeat . they entail a certain consistency, they are limited by the press of materials they comprise, but they don't repeat . i tried to create this effect in my mixes for the iPod . in what is heard, there are samples that will be heard more than once, but their volume, positioning, and placement relative to other sounds in the din is never the same twice . this does things to the attention-state of the listener, and enables the progress of play.

a note on the iPod

i considered various ways to present sounds for the listener, including internet broadcast, installation/performance, presentation on vinyl, aforementioned plague of sms messages, before settling on the iPod . ultimately it won out on the basis of its extreme portability and simplicity of operation, and its capacity to liberate me (and you dear) from the constraints of auditorium and gallery (different from the pleasures of the stadium or football ground — more in a sec) . the iPod refers nicely to the hand-held transistor often taken to football games by non-ground players, and shares with that handy

implement the possibility of great freedom of movement for the listener, and reflexive exchange between the sounds (and other sensory pressures) of/on the iPod and the environment in which the listener finds herself. this supports a listening experience that is somewhat distracted, or multivalent, as it must be, to give room for a sense of football's play and sounding (the difference between stadium/football ground v auditorium and gallery is entirely to do with degree of freedom players have to move and sound. for this reason theatrical performances that attempt to simulate the conditions of football's play inside the theatre auditorium are doomed to fail. football's style of gathering requires absolutely that its players be free to move and make noise. and there is no difference in this between the needs of on-and-non-ground players. this freedom cannot be granted within (most) theatre's horrible, confining, dark, disciplining, spaces. audience lashed to the mast and in polite silence. it cannot work. do not try it. do not!!).

i concede the iPod has some limitations. it is not yet possible to program one to play separate sound files simultaneously (i have suggested it to Apple, you may be sure). so, while the order of tracks can be programmed to "shuffle", the arrangement of layers of simultaneous sound has to be "set". this is unfortunate, and forces the presentation of sequences of sounds that are destined, alas, to become fixed and repeating. this undermines the importance of the cloud structure, and starts edging the sonic form towards more conventional modes of repeatable song and music. there is no

way around this presently, although in future it will no doubt be possible to configure the iPod as i wish it .

to mitigate this misfortune i submit three 70 minute mixes, or tracks, in the hope this will, in total, be a bit too much to listen to, at least in one sitting . 3.5 hours is an intrusion on the easy rhythms of life and must, surely, be interrupted by other forces . in this we hope to stretch our listener's engagement over the length of " an afternoon," that unit of time that has a non-specific length, that stretches, oozes, goes on a bit too long . furthermore the iPod Shuffle, which has no screen, provides no easy way for the listener to orient herself within the precise duration of the pieces . this encourages the possibility that she will get lost in them, and have to begin again, or fast forward to the next, or just plunge in with fingers crossed and hope for the best . all of this undermines the tendency/habit to listen exhaustively . we encourage a semi-attentive, interrupted listening that borrows directly from football's hard cloud, John Cage and Dj culture: we want the listener to exceed the materials presented by the composer, produce her body as an effect, and a limit, and a contributor . want her to listen with the tv on but the sound down, listen half sozzled on Carlton, throwing chips to the gulls at a picnic table, while kids play kick-to-kick behind, listen with one ear whilst sitting watching the melbourne cup, standing in line to vote, or in the backyard with the game on and with dean and judith interjecting . then to put it all aside to marvel at lance franklin's power or demand: " shoosh! what are they saying?

what did he say?" or laugh at some goose stumbling on the wing.
"ah dear, you could laugh all day!" knock tea all over it . see if
it still works . we want the listener as a force that chooses,
resists, schemes, gets bored, tears the headphones from the head,
falls asleep; that makes the listening a negotiation, a play, and not a
lecture.

a note on match-day afternoon and sports radio

we mentioned in an earlier note the importance of "the match-day
afternoon" to our enterprise (see endnote 19, 215), and how, following
this figure, we posit a listener who is relaxed, and distracted, a little
bit snoozy, free of immediate, defined responsibilities, but still with a
shred of wit, a capacity to get jokes, able to enter play should
intensity whirl up beside her.

in aspiring to this we must briefly mention our indebtedness to
football radio that is expert in orchestrating and exploiting qualities
of the match-day afternoon . it is one of few styles of broadcast
media that doesn't relentlessly pursue all-new! jam-packed! shorter,
faster, more exciting! formatting . ABC Grandstand, like Robert
Wilson (the American theatre director whose works routinely extend
over hours and hours), just goes on and on and on . it begins at noon
and finishes at 6pm: preamble, review of the weeks events, the
entirety of a single game, intercut with updates from other games
being played simultaneously, later crossing to a game in a different
time zone, then — once the main event is done — conducting a post

mortem on all that's occurred and how it may effect the rest of the season, including taking calls from listeners.

sports radio has developed techniques for organising the listener in/as match-day afternoon, positing her in an already complicated environment (home for instance) that will inevitably distract her; understanding her to be inattentive, but nevertheless casting her as knowing. it skilfully manages long stretches of time by composing in fleetingly-beguiling, dense, sonic textures with multiple voices, but also embracing consistency and repetition over long stretches. it is friendly and inviting, encourages participation and is unafraid of interruption, even delights in and hammers it at times (think of announcers speaking over each other, cutting away to commentators at other parts of the ground, or at other grounds, player interviews disrupted by jubilant (other) players, the chaos of talk back and so on). these techniques, themselves adapted from how things go and how we are, at the football ground on match-day, certainly influence our compositional experiments here.

another note on the iPod

the second serious limitation of the iPod is that it produces a solitary listener, and football's play is not so keen on solitude. here is another instance of that unsolved tension, repeated throughout the thesis: how to form a perspective on a playful form that wants us to keep giving perspective up (i.e. not to sit and read but run around and tackle other moving objects)? our answer to this is to

keep things fleet (even though they are long) . we hope the listener's sense of being solitary will be challenged/unpicked by her environment (hope it intrudes, as suggested above) and that the swarming-tactility in the sounds themselves will pull her under/apart . and that, eventually, in the future (perhaps verysoonindeed!), new moves in football's play will draw this solitary-feeling of knowing out/back into the hard cloud, where it can connect and make its best sense . time will render solitary knowing fleeting (some child will pass her the ball, some gull will alight at her foot) . "the ox is slow but the earth is patient" guoth mick malthouse, eloquent coach of the west coast eagles and collingwood magpies (birds, see?) . so too the Body in Football . very patient . all strong forces are.

boxes laces paper bells

clouds drift, are in continual motion, and move in all directions at once . so the writing is presented unbound . we provide some basic provisions for **holding** that do not confine through excessive order . box . laces . bundles . page and endnote numbers that run sequentially (beware, though, sections are numbered in rough accord with the collingwood football club 2007 player list, i.e. not sequentially, so do not try to line them up . they will not sing, but only mouth the words) . we delight in the potentials of mixed variation . we teem.

finally . life is always better with bells . you can just sit and swish them around in the box if you like . that's what i do.⁷⁸

endnotes

¹ football

the term "football" as we will use it in this thesis, refers to particular and varied ball games: all codes, all derivations of codes, all muckin' around in the back yard and on the beach, as well as to an "event dimension" that doubles the empirical space/s of play in which these games unfold (that we shall call kik.tok) . furthermore, although this dimension is common to all football games, its representation in this thesis is overwhelmingly inflected/infected with the style of Australian football . this infection is so virulent that a basic description of Australian football style is set out below, to assist with articulating its affect/effect in our endeavours.

event dimension

the idea of the event dimension is particularly important . we adopt it from Brian Massumi who, in the most useful description of football ever written, says,

The play is the event-dimension doubling the empirical event-space in which the substantial terms in play physically intermix. The dimension of the event is above the ground, between the goals, between the players, and around the ball on all sides. It is that through which the substantial elements interrelate ... it is nothing without them. They are inert and disconnected without it, a collection of mere things (Massumi 2002, 75-76).

the event-dimension is the invisible, insubstantial dimension of movement, duration and intermixing of abstract, material, potential quantities, that conditions football's play . we may say that this event-dimension doubles all of life; is immanent to life's ceaseless modulation . however, we may also say that football, particularly, makes sport of this relation, bringing it to forceful expression in the bodies of those who play (considering all participants as players, both: "on ground" and "non ground"); experimenting with it as elemental excitement, and instrument of powerful affect/effect . thus, a particular engagement of life's event dimension is brought about in football's "excitement machine." kik.tok.

the notion of an event-dimension doubling the empirical event-space of all football games allows us to think about football in ways that open understandings of the game . especially, the event-dimension is considered immanent: "It is the immanence of the substantial elements of the mix to their own continual modulation. The field of immanence is not the elements in mixture. It is their becoming" (Massumi 2002, 76) . this brings to attention the importance of immanence (and becoming) in play and its affect/effect upon players . this is an aspect of play that is sorely lacking from most discussions of football, overwhelmingly focussed on the significance of the substantial terms in play (rules, codes, particular player-identities, objects and surfaces, histories) . these do not consider the mixing/becoming of these terms in immanence.

furthermore, by focussing on an event-dimension conditioning an empirical event-space, as the defining relation in football, we side-step the extremely troublesome tangle of category distinctions that, in my view, plagues the theorisation of sport. Massumi's model is straightforward and liberating compared say, with Roger Caillois' influential classification of games (Caillois 1961, 11-35) which pops up frequently in discussions of sport, both as a means by which to think through the operation of games (Wark 2007, 115), but also, often, in discussions about the problem of applying category distinctions to play (see Rogers 1982 and Guttmann 1978, 9-11 for critiques of Caillois' approach specifically, and Rogers 1982; Turner 1986; Sutton-Smith 1997, 214-231, for more general observations about how play exceeds the bounds of categorical models that try to pin it down).

in this we are not just avoiding a complex route in order to take an easier one, but insist that focussing on the categorisation of games according to generalised principles (whether Caillois' *paidia-to-ludus*, or comparisons between football codes, and their contested histories), distracts massively from important qualities-of/questions-in play that Massumi's model gives access to. we have mentioned its affirmation of immanence, but the other quality it asserts, lost in models of category distinction, is that of singularity. which is to say, bringing attention to the specificity of football games. *this one. this day. this crowd. this seagull. this tackle. this alcohol. that which Massumi would call its actual unfolding* (Massumi 2002, 43). there is little doubt in my mind that it is the immanent and the singular/actual as much as the historical drama or application of particular rules, that grips; that makes football so compelling and important for so many folks. these qualities are too often overlooked.

football style

now. we need to make this point: in adopting Massumi's model of football as an elemental event-dimension doubling an event-space, we do not wish to mute the fact and force of its signifying powers, and especially the significance of its different forms (codes) in culture. it is. they are (people die of football's signifying forces). these are means by which football makes its toothgrindingly exciting sport: mixing bodies, duration, immanence. indeed it is impossible to play, or represent, football/kik.tok by any means that is not inflected with these forms. however, their character is to be understood as contingent, mutating, style, rather than fixed in definition as tradition, history or rules.

style, says Massumi, speaking about what star-football players bring to play, is the channelling of field-potential, and its modification in unexpected ways (Massumi 2002, 77). potential is a characteristic of the event dimension. potential is what effects the mixture of the substantial elements in play, opening them to each other and to new configurations of becoming. style channels potential, puts a cute or dangerous spin on it. "daicos!" we cry. "magic!"

considering the style of a football code, we are speaking of the ways in which its complex of substantial-terms-in-relation, channels the potentials of the event dimension/kik.tok . we are speaking of how those terms — bodies, positions, passages of play, movement of the ball, dimensions of the ground, time on the clock, boundary, posts, crowd — experiment together, with “stylistic, free variation” (Massumi 2002, 78), to play the immanent potential of the event dimension . thus, even though these variations are captured and contained by codes, when we speak of football style, we are not speaking about the rules of the game, we are speaking about the spin of its play.

thus . although when we speak about football in this thesis we speak of all games, all manifestations of games and of an elemental event-dimension (kik.tok), we concede, our experiments with representation of football's sounding are thoroughly inflected/infected with the style of a football code . our experiments with representation of football's sounding are thoroughly inflected/infected with the spin of Australian football's play.

Australian football style

we have not attempted anything else . we insist on the pursuit of what grips . and Australian football completely mangles us . we play it . are thoroughly played by it . our pursuit of the excitement of the event dimension is altogether implicated in its contingent, mutating style . this MAY detract at times, especially for readers more disposed to play with/in the other codes . o well . we cannot help . it is much more important for our project to be falling over in a dizzy tangle than to be even-handed . you good fellows peering in from off-side will just have to make your own experiments.

it is something of a cliché to describe Australian football as a mongrel game, usually in reference to its mixed (and uncertain) beginnings . its precise history is impossible to know, and is contested . originary myths link it variously to games of played at the Rugby school, Gaelic football and the (Australian) Indigenous game of Marngrook (see Hess et al. 2008, 1-69; Blainey 2003, 187-212 for accounts of these, including assessment of their veracity, also Goodes 2008, 185 on Marngrook) . it is common to hear a parallel drawn between its mixed origins and the mixed peoples that have inhabited Australia, as though the game and the people have produced one another: “If you want my opinion” writes football journalist Martin Flanagan, “it’s a bastard of a game — swift, bold and beautiful — for a bastard of a people” (Flanagan, 1998, 180). whilst knitting together a story of nation with a story of football is, in my view, a knit that may soon unravel, nevertheless, the mongrel quality in the game does capture the attention . not so much in the sense that it appears to combine diverse origins, but in that it ceaselessly experiments with the production of new forces from what's at hand.

it is notable, i think, that early rules of the Australian game were few, and mutable . a sketch rather than prescription, making no attempt to pin down the details of

play in advance, but loosely containing variations that arose in process, and allowing a high degree of interpretive possibility by players and coaches, *by the event itself* (Hess et al. 2008, 26) . especially fabulous: "... there was no written rule on the question of when the game should end ... even the 1866 rules did not specify how long a game should continue ... a match could therefore be spread over several Saturdays" (Blainey 2003, 55-56)! how's that for letting the force of the event-dimension determine progress in the event space? an honouring of infinity! latterly, in the contemporary game, we note that although players do notionally play positions (back pocket, full-back, half-back flank, centre half-back, rovers, centre half-forward, etc.), these are not "set" . in fact players are permitted to run anywhere on the ground they choose (or that the coaching staff instruct . the point is moot), at any time . they are not confined by the operation of an off-side rule, or similar constraint . this effective freedom of all positions creates any number of instabilities . related to this, the tumultuous effect of "match-ups" (or opponents) on play's unfolding: "... when the Eagles decided ... Darren Glass [192 cms, 92 kilos] needed a breather late in the third term ... Collingwood kicked three goals in six minutes, including two to Glass' opponent Anthony Rocca [195 cms, 108 kilos]" (Craig O'Donohue "Bums on seats prove to be a Magpie winner" *Sunday Age*, 16 September 2007 . i included the stats, see: "Footy 2007" *Age*, 25 March 2007) . frequent changes in match-ups are enabled by players being "rotated" off the bench and there is no limit to the number of changes that can be made . add to this the large number of players on the ground . each side may field 18 players and have another four on hand as "interchange" . think how teams contain a mix of body sizes that produce different effects and combinations of effects (see Jarvis for a charming account, "good rovers slip through the centre square traffic like smoke through fence palings. Or, if their name is Leigh Matthews, they go straight through the fence posts like a drunken teenager's car" (Jarvis 2006, 186)) . add to all this running, rotating and body size variation, the ball, a symmetrical oval that ricochets off surfaces at surprising angles, providing the chance element of "the bounce" (a keen ear will hear players call to it in the sound recordings: "bounce! bounce!" the people cry . meaning, "favour us, you mongrel ball") . it was noted in 1860, that the oval ball: "rendered kicking with precision a matter of exceeding difficulty" (Hess et al. 2008, 36), and much more recently, beloved Sydney Swan, Tadgh Kennelly, on the eve of his retirement (and return to Ireland to play Gaelic football) confided "i can't wait to get my hands on the round ball again, and get rid of that awful thing" (Kennelly, *Sports Tonight*, Channel 10, 29 February 2009) . most curious of all, Australian football is played on an oval ground of varying dimensions . the Laws of Australian Football state "the playing surface shall be ... between 135 and 185 meters in length; and ... between 110 and 155 in width" (Australian Football League 2008, 18) . a large variation! this gives rise to the Melbourne cricket ground's modest 159 x 138, compared with Sydney's Telstra stadium, a sweeping 178 x 142, and the long, skinny, Subiaco oval in Perth, measuring 171 x only 127! no wonder Jeff Farmer kept running into the fence! how does one stop? arguably the oval shape takes away the encumbrance (and shelter) of corner-spaces, that feature in other codes . the not-standard size of the grounds means players cannot rely altogether on sense-memory to guide their movements, but frequently adjust to feeling out new dimensions . also consider the number and variable positions of the umpires . three field umpires, two boundary

umpires and two goal umpires . how the size of the ground and the movement of play requires such a number and/in constant motion . their ability to interpret and apply the rules is complicated by the multiplicity of perspectives this produces . it is a notoriously difficult task, and all players are most ungracious about the inevitable errors that occur (see Blainey 2003, 176-186, for reflections on the development and difficulties of this role) . finally . Australian football is known for the very large size and mixed consistency of its crowds: diverse in gender, age and ethnicity, friend and foe sitting all-in together (not separated as we see in Soccer crowds) . this has been a feature of the game from its beginnings (Blainey 2003, 108; Warren 2003, 84; Hess et al. 2008, 60, 65-68) . the crowd, taking after the game, indeed, as substantial terms in its play, seems amenable to mixing . following this it is possible to assert that the Australian football boundary is more porous than in other sports . we note that in the 1870's the game was moved from the parks surrounding Melbourne's cricket grounds to the defined spaces of those grounds, in part to organise the crowds of spectators who kept surging onto the arena during play (Blainey 2003, 51) . furthermore, even after this, rules had to be penned to minimise spectator interference: "if a spectator stopped a ball passing through goals the umpire would award the goal" (Hess et al. 2008, 89) . in this game the crowd plays too . more recently and despite earnest attempts, the AFL had no hope in hell of keeping "spectators" on the correct side of the fence when, in 2008, Hawthorn forward Lance Franklin kicked his hundredth goal of the season, and thousands of non-ground players flooded over the boundary in a glorious 8 minute celebration of the spin of the play over the rule of the law . **"and people-power has spoken!"** cried the commentator, **"out they come by their thousands!"** . if you would like to experience this porous boundary but are not inclined to wait for buddy to kick another hundred, it is easy to do so at suburban or country games, where all may pour onto the ground during breaks in play, to join the player's huddle, hear the coach's address, or get into a bit of kick-to-kick ourselves.

swirly, friable and noisy

no doubt all branches of the football family are concerned to channel potentials of the kikitok event-dimension through compulsion towards inventive mixture and collision, but the Australian football style does seem rather a stand-out from the perspective of the sheer number of tense constellations it is willing to entertain and experiment with.

where Massumi claims that the football event dimension is "minimally organised as a polarisation" between the goals (Massumi 2002, 72), we divine he has been watching too much Soccer . for, Australian football shows how the polarisations are more gothically than minimally organised, in the sense that they exist between any number of arbitrary attractors . anything can be gathered-up, smashed into, kicked as hard as possible, run down, bellowed at, to see what this might produce in the way of potential . the goals are just a privileged tension . football's gothic organisation is a gathering, forcing-collision-between, intensifying and deintensifying infinitely

variable constellations of bodies and surfaces . rules (scarcely) limit these possibilities . they do not define them.

(on the gothic line,

again and again the line is broken ... again and again it is forcefully prevented from peacefully ending its course, again and again diverted into fresh complications of expression ... until at last, bereft of all possibilities of natural pacification, it ends in confused, spasmodic movements, breaks off unappeased into the void or flows senselessly back upon itself (Worringer in Bogue 2003, 148).
too right.)

this produces an immensely swirly, friable and also noisy game . **swirly** means substantial terms travel in trajectories that are . never . straight, but indirect; bodies in play are never fixed in position but are always in motion . passages of play are seldom set but must be composed in response to local tensions . **friable** means all sorts of surfaces give way, and discrete units crumble, under application of pressure to give rise to new formations "suddenly there was 10,000 on top of me" (Kennelly in Jake Niall "The men on the mark" *Age*, 15 July 2006) . *ouch!* ten thousand! there are at least 21 regulations in the laws of the game that address prohibited player contact, exhorting players not to "unreasonably": charge, push, block, hold, bump, trip, kick, strike, throw or otherwise engage in rough conduct (Australian Football League 2008, 55-56) . the sheer number of such rules indicates how the inclination is towards all of these . "**interference everywhere!**" thus, the conditions of local engagement are not only moving but are changing form and consistency: density, multiplicity . **noisy** indicates how all lines of signifying power are ceaselessly assaulted by scramblings of communicative-intent produced by surrounding terms in play; terms that wont stop moving and intensifying, that inexorably "**roll over the top**" of, producing the amazing, articulated creature of noise that whirls through play . thus, not only moving and changing form, but also ruthlessly contested, scrambled, at every point . *phew*.

we contend it is the style of Australian football to maintain a very close relation with its immanent event-dimension; experimenting with this relation as an instrument of elemental excitement — an excitement machine! — and powerful affect/effect . we believe that the Australian football style has gripped us, and our curious, easy-to-dazzle ears, because of this.

thus, let us gather, return to our opening injunction and remind our friend and reader that when we use the term "football" it refers to particular and varied ball games: all codes, all derivations of codes, all muckin` around in the back yard and on the beach, as well as to an "event dimension" *kik.tok*, that doubles the empirical space/s of play in which these games unfold . in this way our thesis remains open to widely varying versions of play and their intermixing; emphasising importance of immanence and singularity as much as specifying substantial terms . nevertheless, the football style that inflects/inflects the research is that of Australian football, that brings its cheerful, mongrel, spin to play, even here . that grips, and flows throughout.

² *fuss*

i first noted this reluctance as a quiet theme running through Paul Daffey's book *Local Rites*, which i reviewed some years ago (Trail 2003). Daffey, gathering stories from local footy clubs was frequently confronted by a reluctance in his subjects, to speak: "Dunno", Shane Loveless responds to a crucial question, "... gotta go" (Daffey 2001, 256-257); Nicky Winmar seems uncomfortable being interviewed (Daffey 2001, 193); Steven Oliver's Dad has "an aversion to fuss" and cannot be found for comment; his famous son insists: "My story's not so special. There's probably a lot of guys out there just like me" (Daffey 2001, 33-35). Enquiry is blocked, attempts at mythologising scotched by the men at the centre of the myths. Writing and words are in some sense "fuss" that footy views with a wary eye. Precisely what football is seeking to protect via these evasions and whether, noting them, writing can strike up a more productive relationship with it, is a question for the future. Although, to be sure, we do hope to at least gesture towards a newly imagined relation of word and football's play in our efforts here.

³ *journalism and scholarship*

i understand that lumping journalism and sports scholarship together is outrageous. These disciplines do not see themselves together. They operate in different contexts, address different audiences, have ostensibly different motivations. Indeed Anthony King, in what i think of as the great melee of the Soccer sociologists, roundly disparages (what he sees as) bad sports scholarship, describing it as "uncritical journalism" (King 1998, 6), to which egregious slur Steve Redhead responds — far less aggressively than i had hoped — in Redhead 2004. However, even this brawling suggests: sports sociology minus critique equals journalism, which equation points to their common interest, that so troubles me. Namely, that sport is purposeful, and the role of sports commentary is to read and interpret it as such. This is where both sports scholarship and journalism are conjoined. Whatever the degree of critical precision they bring to the task. Both do this. All. the. time.

⁴ *aesthetics*

The sports scholars do at times steer their discussions towards a consideration of "aesthetics" (Guttmann 1978, 11-12; Moller & Nauright 2003; Gumbrecht 2006). But my tiny heart sinks when i hear this word, since it is so frequently associated by these good fellows with the notion of beauty (Moller 2003, 25-26, Gumbrecht 2006, 37-57). A binary distinction between useless beauty on one hand and social function on the other is one that has been thoroughly interrogated by artists and art theorists over some decades and been found to be deeply unhelpful. Drawing on these discussions would assist in understanding sport. Numerous alternative considerations of the social and/in relation to the bodily/phenomenal/psychic/affective, have been explored (see for instance Foster 1983; Bourriaud 2002; Kwon 1997). The extent to which sport scholarship reinscribes the oldskool beauty/use distinction is the extent to which it will fail in its attempt to broaden the possibilities of its own discourse. What is really needed is someone to bring the

discussion of sport, with care (which means in the name of Marcel Duchamp), into the discussion of 20th (and 21st) century art (actually . see Hemphill 1995, for one discussion that opens perspectives on sport through consideration of avant garde and performance art practices).

⁵ *football writing*

we should note that there is alternative discourse that takes sport as its subject and experiments with the affective force and poetic qualities of football . for instance the field of "football writing", which does not seek to be either academic or journalistic, and would include junior and adult fiction, comic literature, football memoir, fanzines and blogs (see for instance Jarvis 2006; Fremantle Football Club 2005; Wilson 2005; McFarlane 1999; Gwynne 1998; King 1996; Hornby 1992; Fitzgerald and Spillman 1988) this we might call football's minor literature (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 105) . it suffers a dreadful neglect at the hands of the sports scholars due, i suppose, to its playfulness and possible indifference to the social good . this is wasteful and shortsighted of our fellows in the academy but explicable given the entrenched biases i have mentioned above . Steve Redhead gets a guernsey for his interesting and interested engagement with these forms (Redhead 2000, 2004, 2007), but see how roundly he has been condemned for this, by the very earnest Anthony King whose own engagement is far less interesting (King 1998, 4-5 and 176-192)! we might also give a strip to David Rowe for his critique of sports journalism that looks to fanzine culture for means to revivify (Rowe 1991) . i have myself chosen not to address these writings since, as literary forms, they are low on my list of considerations in football's sounding . but they are crying out for someone to attend them, and do something with them besides critique them in hoity-toity academic style . they are no doubt the repository of sports scholarship's repressed impulses and, as such, i am sure that one day, unleashed inventively, they will yield startling insights.

⁶ *writing about football sound*

for instance: John Bale has written about how the sounds of sport work to "contribute to the enjoyment of a visit to a sports event" and create a "sense of place" (Bale 1994, 139); Les Back about how the chants and singing of English football crowds "provide a means to ritualize community and represent locality and ... connect with questions of identity and race"; Steve Redhead listens with an ear for examples of "'aestheticisation' — and 'eroticisation' — of post-culture through the prism of soccer/sport fandom" (Redhead 1997, 67) . Oi! interesting perspectives these may be, but they are only incidentally about sound . they are concerned first and foremost with social identities and, as studies, owe far more to the techniques of sociology, with its devotion to reading and writing, than they do to listening/hearing and producing sound/noise.

⁷ *sonotron*

sonotron is a term coined by Iannis Xenakis to describe a performance he made in which the audience and performers were scattered through the room, all mixed – together, thereby creating: “a Sonotron: an accelerator of sonorous particles, a disintegrator of sonorous masses, a synthesiser” that “tears down the psychological and auditive curtain that separates [audience] from the players” (Xenakis in Labelle 2007, 186). hooray! i can't tell you how glad i am about Xenakis. it is a term that Kodwo Eshun is also fond of and uses because “Sonotron just sounds like a super hero comic ... a convergence of sound into ballistics” (Eshun 1999, 186). in any case the term refers to an orchestrated capacity of sound that confounds relations between itself, masses, (in)coherence. high time someone made a sonotronic analysis of the football. here.

⁸ *discourse in particular*

this possibility that we seize, of contributing a discourse in particular, is the result of a history of counter-modernist agitation in philosophy, art and critical theory which has battled (through the 20thC) to find ways to admit perspectives to discourse that have previously been excluded by the machinations of the dominant styles of representation. this has been achieved by folks rejecting traditions in order to make-up new styles (which in turn inaugurate new traditions).

especially, two figures (perhaps two lineages?) should be mentioned, from whom we borrow tools in making our own contribution. the first is Friedrich Nietzsche who brought to philosophy a corporeally engaged, playful and at once serious practice of writing and reading. one that identifies and takes account of an embodied context for thinking. in Nietzsche, thought occurs and connects with daily, physical, existence and with dynamic energies like: “liveliness”, “health”, “zeal”, “fury”, “vampirism” (Nietzsche 1974, 322-348). readers and writers are engaged, via ways of thinking, moving and feeling, in the work of producing ideas, styles of knowing and living. viz,

Non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere!” [Not to laugh, not to lament, nor to detest but to understand] says Spinoza as simply and sublimely as is his wont. Yet in the last analysis, what else is this intelligere than the form in which we come to feel the other three at once? (Nietzsche 1974, 261).

Nietzsche insists: understanding occasionally feels calm, the result of a long conflictual process that rises to consciousness, “a kind of justice and a contract”, but ... he warns that, as a result: “we suppose that intelligere must be something conciliatory, just and good — something that stands opposed to the instincts, while it is actually nothing but a certain behaviour of the instincts towards one another” (Nietzsche 1974, 261). in other words we mistake occasional moments of conciliation between conflictual forces, with the goal and value of understanding, and that goal and value would be better off unpinned from our association with calm, with deliberation, and freed-up, recognised as a dynamism filled with instinctual power, unconscious as well as conscious process, incommensurate and conflictual force, experienced “all at once”. this is an enormously liberating perspective, especially for someone trying to close the gap between football's play and techniques of academic exposition. Nietzsche

is the philosopher who brings these very close together indeed, through insisting that understanding is wild and mad and fun and angry: a fight, a dance, a walk shared amongst friends . he manages this by writing his crackling contradictory aphorisms in which “understanding” works like a pyrotechnical device, not like a school teacher; is set off by the skilful juxtaposition of ideas that suddenly, and certainly without benefit/impediment of protracted argument, ignite one another in spectacular tussles of concept-wrangling, that directly affect the body and humour of the reader . we aspire to this too.

the second important figure for our endeavour is Antonin Artaud: expelled from the surrealists for being too metaphysical, incarcerated for nine years in an asylum — he is responsible for inaugurating a radical investigation in performance that has provoked one hundred years of response; including a line of influence running through sound art, via William Burroughs, John Cage and Michael McClure (Kahn 1999, 290-358), and also deeply influencing the performance work of the speechlessly compelling Societas Raffaello Sanzio (Castellucci et al. 2007).

central to Artaud's thought is the idea that the theatre is “the double” of life, and as such has particular powers to conjure the effects/affects of an elemental relation between unformed power and its configuration in “life” (Artaud 1958 [1938], *passim*) . exploiting this particular power requires a rejection of the (western) theatre's traditional devotion to language, to focus instead on orchestrating the *mise en scene*: “everything that occupies the stage, everything that can be manifested and expressed materially on a stage, and that is addressed first of all to the senses instead of being addressed primarily to the mind as is the language of words” (Artaud 1958 [1938], 38) . this results in a theatre (the Theatre of Cruelty) which addresses the body, psyche and passions of the spectator directly, bypassing the conventions of reason; and attains the highest potential of the theatre: “the passage and transmutation of ideas into things, much more than the transformation and stumbling of feelings into words” (Artaud 1958 [1938], 109).

this amounts to finding unconscious and physical forces more important in human experience than conscious forces (or finding them inextricably entangled) . therefore, drawing upon these as materials in making our contributions to culture, rather than sitting back and talking (and talking and talking) . i often think of Artaud when i'm at the football . i have said, following Massumi, how i see the game as a relation between an immanent event dimension and an empirical event space, and not just something that falls passively into this relation, but actively explores it, pursuing its elemental excitement through staging an event: ever-faster, harder, more flowing, more excruciating, more painful . football pushes all players closer to their destruction, actually; leaves us in pieces (but possible to glue back together again in time for the following week's game) . and whilst football does not have the stated revolutionary/metaphysical interests that Artaud had, i think it is possible to argue that it is so tightly regulated (by schools, families, clubs, media, the laws of the game, the umpires, the AFL tribunal etc.) precisely because of its

effective production of a dangerous theatre . a performance form that genuinely threatens reality; it has to be zealously controlled and inscribed as a theatre of reality . more on this another time perhaps.

in any case, touched by Artaud, and sensing a sympathy between his theatre and our own, i am keen in the present project to invite unconscious and physical forces into play, in a tangle with conscious and language-based ones . thus in the thesis, the topic is staged, in sound, word and boxed objects, in addition to being explicated . we hope.

let us return to the staging . i just wanted to acknowledge that in making up styles for the representation of sound (and indeed of football sound) we follow a lineage. we stand on the shoulders of (mad, dancing) giants.

⁹ tied to the mast

this is a reference to Adorno's reading of the story of Odysseus and the sirens as representative of the relation between people and art in the post-enlightenment period (Adorno 1944, 32-36) — perhaps more accurate to say, my reading of Adorno's reading . to wit:

the sirens are the forces of art (as-yet untamed in culture): the disappearance of meaning, annihilation of the forces of reason . bam!

since the enlightenment (the ascent of reason as the organising principal of the human community), we have — broadly speaking — only two options in relation to art/sirens . one is to fall away from them into practicality (plug your ears with wax, keep rowing “know only the song's danger, but nothing of its beauty” (Adorno 1944, 34): “my three year old could do that”, “get a real job” etc.) . the other is to listen but become impotent; stop working as a productive/reasonable member of society; reject the necessity to labour . either take the vow of poverty of the artist (and labour outside the economy that most directly supports the life of the people), or else be so filthily rich that you can organise others to labour for you, which will allow you to flop around appreciating the beauty and terror of existence, without any compulsion to provide for yourself, and pose no risk to useful and important social structures, inspired-lunatic though you may become.

specifically, in the body of the text, above, i am noting how some artists, in their sound-writing-experiments, strive to cut the (disinterested, contemplative, flopping around) audience free from the damn mast and suck them into the icy seas and make them act (or perish?) . this wish guides their experiments.

i must be careful . Adorno is like an island one should not walk across without a map and a survival pack, and we do not have time to get all kitted out and visit his terrain presently . still this Odysseus and the sirens image provokes: someone

should think through how/if things have progressed . of course some fellows have! see Lash and Lury especially from this perspective (Lash and Lury 2007).

¹⁰ *football in sound arts*

there is a small but intriguing and important collection of artworks that take the sounds of football as their interest, or feature them . these have influenced my approach to the sonic content of this work more than the written component i am struggling with here . they are described more fully in the section on methodology.

¹¹ *sport's "audience"*

the state of absorbed attention/altered perception that is described here is a pretty universally agreed upon characteristic of play: Huizinga's freedom "absorbing the player intensely and utterly" (Huizinga 1950, 13); Guttmann's "exuberance that need not be communicated" (Guttmann 1978, 12); Caillois' "mimicry" and "ilinx" (Caillois 1961, 19-26); Bakhtin's "carnival... [that] does not acknowledge any distinction between actors and spectators" (Bakhtin 1984 [1965], 7); Schechner's "maya-lila" (Schechner 1993, 29-36); Geertz's "deep play" (Geertz 1973), and so on . all seem to agree that something compelling occurs . but the agreed-upon stops about there and our fellows shatter off into a very large number of interpretations and comparisons of the why and wherefore of this condition — including quite a few that ponder the value of producing all these interpretations (Schechner 1993, 24-25; Turner 1986, 31; Rogers 1982) . as with the categorisation of games and of football codes (see above, endnote 1), we must stand aside from all of this distracting palaver, and find concepts that further our own interests in a useful style.

thus let us venture a contingent, not an absolute, position on what we think is going on as we hang over the boundary fence . a position that allows us to move forward, anxious scholar of the aural dimension, falling apart in immanence of play.

the way that this works is via football's infectious, contagious, gathering style of play, that makes part-object of all it touches . this is the important point to make . absorption occurs because of how football goes: and especially because it makes me play too . i know the rules . i know the moves . i am not waiting for a world, or immanent problem of form to establish, to invite, to arise, and transport . it is already happening, it never stops . i have been playing for a long time before the game started, and will keep playing after the siren . the match itself is a mere detail . i am fluent; enter without hesitation, without thought, without preamble or politeness . i am part of family, friendship-group, club, workplace, street, all of which are moved by football . the movement of these groups implicates me deeply in football's stories and unfolding . football plays me . indeed . this description over-emphasises "me" . hanging over the fence what happens, in fact, is that i disappear, or diminish . because, if you do not run and hide, cower with hands over the ears; if you let it, football will unstitch you in a twinkling by bouncing you — immediately, actually — into relation with others: the ground the ball the bird the

sky the big loud family behind you . we are all unstitched/restitched in its gathering tension collision.

importantly for our consideration here, this bouncing makes listening difficult . not to say one is not full of sound — indeed one will not shut up! — but a kind of listening that allows for a parallel critique or thoughtfulness to occur, no . most unlikely . the hard cloud is too fast and too many to allow it.

and this brings up the question of listening.

my dear reader . can you handle another exposition? alas . the question of listening inaugurates another torrent of earnest attempts at definition . oh GOD! oh! nathan buckley! could we not just all go for yum cha?? must we persist with this?

patience . relax . let me try and feed you lightly, as tho` with steamed dumplings, as delicate a morsel of thought on this topic as i can concoct.

listening and hearing

nearly every discussion of sound and how we perceive it, includes a discussion of conscious (or perhaps educated) **listening** contrasted — either explicitly or implicitly — with unconscious, naïve or distracted **hearing** (Schafer 1994 [1977], 208; Brophy 2001, 15; Oliveros 2009; Schwartz 2003).

Paul Hegarty summarises: “Hearing is the simple perception of sound, listening the reflective conscious hearing ... there is division into attentive perception and inattentive or unwilling perception, with the latter the lesser” (Hegarty 2007, 197).

immediately, again, all good fellows shatter off into discussion of inadequacy of the terms and/or task of finding more useful ones (Toop 2004, 46-51; Hegarty 2007, 5 and 197-200; Oliveros in Mockus 2007, 166; Schwartz 2003) . it truly makes us wish to have been born on another planet, unafflicted by the obsession to establish simple binaries that don't work and then spend the rest of the day talking about them . ah dear . bring on the specific haecceity i say . bring on the body of the magical rabbit! anyhow . as with other pairs of terms we shall struggle with throughout our work (play/games, audience/performers, sound/noise, dane swan/cameron ling — “**the unstoppable force meets the immovable object**” as one commentator put it during the 2007 finals series) we shall have to pick our way between these varying positions, and try to assemble an understanding of styles-of-perceiving-sound in football's hard cloud that, at very least, works for the present project.

we can begin by emphatically dismissing any position that valorises willed perception or attentive listening over involuntary hearing . any type of “reduced listening” as Michel Chion calls it (“listening for the purpose of focusing on the qualities of the sound itself ... independent of its source or meaning” (Chion in Labelle 2007,

206)) . absolutely beside the point for football players, glimmering away in confounded, intensive readiness, expecting to be run down, over or through at any moment, expecting to be bounced . thus. goodbye to reduced (Chion, above), displaced (Labelle 2007, 211) and deep (Oliveros 2009)! goodbye Don Ihde and all those delicate listening-exercises conducted by a lone fellow blindfolded or creeping around in the dark (Ihde 1976, 51 and 69)! goodbye, all those sad photographs in the sound art books, of singular, etiolated souls drifting round sepulchral galleries like ghosts in purgatory (Labelle 2007, 175, 227 and 239, Schulz 2002 126-127)! hooray! here on the football ground we are free to pursue a different set of listening practices . kik.tok!

now. this does not mean we will be falling into the embrace of involuntary hearing, either, as if that were our alternative . that can go as well, for football players are voluntarily aguiver with receptivity, are completely wired and willing to receive: sound ball earth . no. what's needed is articulation of a range of attention-states and bodily conditions that we pass through/that pass through us, as we make our play, and in which sounds flow and are experienced and exploited differently . towards this may we propose a number of soundful constellations (of body, motion, intent, relation to others) we find that players elaborate? these will appear in various guises throughout our deliberations in this writing, and i hope in our sounds as well . so here we shall just summarise briefly, in order to give a sense of styles of listening/hearing that we do in football's play, and how these vary . for instance, consider: the body in collision; the body of the afternoon; the body of wit.

constellation of the body in collision

this is the body of crash roar smash scream . of noise . of "the incredible excitement" of force and friction found in action movies Djing and football (Eshun 1999, 180 . see below, endnote 33) . a body forcing questions and techniques of domination and submission to the fore by reducing the shelters and techniques that any singular body has at its disposal to help it weasel out of confrontation with its world . here in the body of collision we hear and speak the sinister threat and weapon of command; we exercise sound upon the body to in order to wound, frighten, reduce it to a materiality that traps and extinguishes its freedom . panic . "choking" . but also, here we find liberation; transcending singularity to join in ecstatic communion, leaving the self by the door (hammered out of its status as a cosy unit) and entering another world of elemental force and form where anything seems possible . world-making through entering the world's materiality; acting, not considering action . the temporality of the body in collision is neither fast nor slow but rather, **intense** . time becomes dark-matter, completely different from story-time, day-time, measured-time. much heavier than usual, massive with noise, and instantaneous, dropping in great crashing, fleeting seconds . the extraordinary moments at the end of a close game . you will hear rex hunt screaming: "9 seconds to go!" as though things still can change in this short time . the body in collision, roaring its endless instants.

constellation of the body of afternoon

this is the body of tickle, murmur and pant, the articulated and extended body of joyful trilling giggling laughter and dreamy delight; of entering interzones between states we might call conscious . its temporality is long, infinite even, hence its potentials seem endless . in it we un hinge in delicacy of sounding, tinyness of scratch and squeak, in it we giggle, overjoyed to find ourselves connected in touch and humour, in yielding and pleasure, or completely overcome, bent double, tears of laughter streaming down our faces . space opens (rattle jingle giggle), time gets longer . a story holds us together but it is just a pretext for sharing, a communal laughter/singing that holds us in the magic circle of the refrain: secure, valued, known, loved and at the same set free in wonderful flight together: magic-companions, unstoppable, flying over everything, slipping in between everything, tiny, invisible . grass seeds twigs insects birds.

constellation of the body of wit

there is a cruelty in this one . we shall explain (section " 21 wisecrack", 108-114) is not only wise but cracks . ow! in the body of wit we stalk across the top of mess and drag of bodies and their gravity-bound mass, on stilts of language and knowing . here is where we listen and make " comebacks", and barbed asides, tell jokes, banter and insult . here in the body of wit we wield time, it does not altogether dictate . we capture it as blade and glint: waiting for the right moment, like a leopard lying along a tree branch watching who passes below, or lightning fast: " so quick!" and contest! this is not good humour, having a laugh, as in the body of the afternoon, but, as Virno says (see 108) language releasing its radical aggression through negating the cosiness of community . at the same time innovating: wit's " cutting edge."

note how, in each case " the body" is multiplied . in each, that quality in sounding Douglas Kahn talks about (with reference to Walter Benjamin's " Noises") presence of the other and my own presence located "fully outside" myself (Kahn 1999, 30) is absolutely to the fore (and this is not just a single other either, or a singular sense of myself; not a dyad but a team/teem — "loosely clustered as butterflies on a hot flower bed" (Kahn 1999, 29). "Benjamin's noise speaks of the implicit dangers of becoming implicated within the world, there is a give and take of power" (Kahn 1999, 30) . in football we are always (sounding) multiple, " we" are always (all of us) moving, hot butterflies, the listening materials, the noises: who is listening, what they are made of, what they are, is all, always, changing.

can we have all of these teeming, soundful bodies (and also others, yet-to-be-named, or perhaps secret ...)? and know that they are styles, not categories of perception? if we can, then that listening we found difficult, hanging over the fence at the football ground (with best sound art ears on, we said), is itself likely (only) a style, and not a prescription for listening, for understanding aurality — just something we have done too much of, a habit! in which case . off with our best ears ! take them off ! and the quiet, concentrated and deep listening beloved of

(some . many) composers, sound-artists and phenomenologists, that requires us to be singular and quiet . put it aside! do without it! now we are part-objects needing to bounce, shout and think "on the fly!" and our work in this thesis must be to produce a writing and listening experience that evokes this condition, and does not translate our interest — football's sounding — into best sound art for best sound art ears. how shall we accomplish it?? readon!

¹² *the hard cloud*

in this description of football as a *hard cloud*, that is hereafter deployed as a *passage of play* in this work, we are especially indebted to two fine fellows: Klaus Theweleit and Elias Canetti, both of whom have brought images of the crowd and/or the flood — they are similar — into discourse in wonderful ways.

Klaus Theweleit

in *Male Fantasies*, Theweleit (following Deleuze and Guattari!), investigates *metaphors* as force-form combinations of "desiring production" (Theweleit 1987, 254-256) for instance: all that threatens a particular stronghold of masculine power gathers the name and image of a *flood*: a streaming which must be warded off, dammed, contained, made still (Theweleit 1987, 229-435).

Theweleit asks the question, is the image of the flood a mere metaphor: "do these words truly 'lie'?" or are they not "real", real in the sense that things *do* flow: "floods of paper; political, literary, intellectual currents, influences"; "streams of desire [that] flow in real streams ... sperm, tears ... streams that flood through our musculature during orgasm" (Theweleit 1987, 230 and 261) . and *are* resisted on the basis that "soldiers ... want to avoid swimming at all costs ... want to stand with both feet and every root firmly anchored in the soil ... want whatever floods may come to rebound against them ... want to stop, and dam up, those floods" (Theweleit 1987, 230).

thus . the flood is a sign for flows that are a sign for an unbalancing that is a sign for a weakening that is a sign for an eclipse of power . or whatever: "all signs are signs of signs" say our very good friends (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 112).

the metaphors do not so much *represent a reality* as capture, and advance, a relation ("a metaphor that nevertheless retains its literal force" says Robyn Lyndenberg, speaking of William Burroughs, another of our dear friends and ancestors, (Lyndenberg 1992, 414)) . they are produced by forces of desire, encountering a world and acting upon that world . thus, Theweleit's work is in part — the part that interests us — an investigation of the "real" force of metaphors, that undoes their status as "metaphors" (or images that represent some real, or fail to) and casts them as signs produced by and productive of "reality" (which of course undoes the status of "reality" as a stable creature itself, and recasts it as something composed of the signs that produce it ... curly) . this is what is meant by a force-form combination of desiring production . the engagement of metaphor (the *hard cloud*, the *hail of play*) is not to be mistaken for a description of "political events ... as natural processes" (Theweleit 1987, 230), but is rather a play-with-

descriptions as aspects of the production of "reality" combining with the forces they attempt to name.

we wholeheartedly embrace this play and this possibility; football can be described as a hard cloud because it participates in an economy (of desire, bodies, power) in which this sign makes sense, and furtheres play. football may be possible to describe as a hard cloud because it is one. this is not only a sign but a passage in play.

Elias Canetti

Elias Canetti's book Crowds and Power (Canetti 1962), tumbles a bucket-load of sparkling images and jarring resonances into our play. it is an extravagant poesis, producer of ideas and/as crowded forces. Canetti drills into (maybe just drills, with pipe and drum?) the notion of the crowd from every possible perspective, speculating on the minutiae of its operation and thus producing a crowd in a book and drawing a crowd out of the bodies of the reader. he (together with Nietzsche, already mentioned above, endnote 8) has contributed the style of this writing — **passages** that link up obliquely — and give a sense (we hope!) of movement and swarming in their arrangement. this is the greatest gift of Canetti.

however, with respect to the use of metaphor he explores a group of what he calls crowd symbols: "collective units that do not consist of men" (Canetti 1962, 75-90): Fire, sea, rain, rivers, forest, corn, wind, sand, the heap, stone heaps, treasure. Canetti notes how these appear in myth dream speech song as symbols of crowd and how they shed light on aspects of crowd style. he allows a reading between them and people-crowds. however, it should be noted, he is keen to keep them "sharply and clearly" distinguished from crowds of men (his term. Canetti doesn't really concede crowds of women. his loss we fear). they are, he says "never made up of men, and ... only felt to be a crowd" (Canetti 1962, 75, his emphasis).

for us however, following Theweleit and co. this feeling of fire's being a crowd, especially as it takes place in the breast/s of the human crowd messes up the clarity of the distinction. surely the feeling signals an affinity that should be considered, at least, effective, even if it is only a fleeting and contingent affinity? a fire is contagious, insatiable and violent (Canetti 1962, 76) only in the relation it makes with bodies, language and feeling. seizing this possibility, our own use of the "symbol" of the cloud will be its deployment as a sign that emphasises and furtheres a relation and a play. we do not think that a football crowd is really a cloud, or even that a cloud is a very good symbol for a football crowd (demons, hawks, lions, crows, clouds?). however, we do think that football "really does" capture and advance a relation with "clouds" ("all signs are signs of signs"), as it does also with "fairy-floss" "foam" and "rabbits", and that this relation furtheres our own play very usefully.

dear me . to summarise, in reverse order: from Canetti we borrow his liberated, liberating willingness to wrangle concepts of the crowd, to make up new and outrageous propositions, and technique of presenting our writing as a cloud, or a crowd, to better perform crowd-affect for our reader. whilst from Theweleit we take the particular strategy for wrangling the crowd that is precisely an affective/effective relation with "metaphor" as a technique for making sense, and furthering play.

are you with us dear? can we accept, as we stumble along in this crowd, that metaphors, skilfully handled, produce realities rather than obscure or represent them? and on these terms, let me have the image (and play) of the hard cloud? can you dig it, like treasure? let's move on.

¹³ chant

we call it a chant because a chant is not an image . or is a special kind . we are cautious in case the term "image" implies a transaction that is light on implication of the listener (ah i see! resemblance . narrativity . security) . we are not interested in that kind of image . we want you to play, and remind you: sound (whether sound off/in reading or sound of crinkling, clatter and shout in the ears) bears meaning at the same time as it sizzles into the body with molecular buzz and rearrange; sound manages both at once, folding wit inside din and vice versa . it is this kind of relationship we are trying to produce in our coining and deployment of the chant of the hard cloud.

a chant is a refrain . a refrain is a multivalent sonorous act that calms and stabilises but also marks a relation with forces of creation — when folks are chanting the forces of chaos are just outside the door . and also the refrain forms "a sonorous thread" from which we call, make an invitation, and launch an adventure with others (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 311-312).

the chant of the hard cloud will repeat through our writing and will bing-bong through your headphones . it is a naming, description and play, that soothes, invokes and invites . we hope . we shall use it to describe, to elucidate and share perspective; we shall use it, in repetition, to calm; we shall adopt it as a principle of creation that guides the form and sound of our work; use it as a refrain, to lie as close to the elemental gathering tension collision of our topic as we can, without getting a knee in the back and vision blinded with sweat and grass . and also to draw you in along our sonorous thread . sometimes witty, sometimes noisy.

For sublime deeds like the foundation of a city or the fabrication of a golem, one draws a circle, or better yet walks in a circle as in a children's dance, combining rhythmic vowels and consonants that correspond to the interior forces of creation as to the differentiated parts of an organism. A mistake in speed rhythm or harmony would be catastrophic because it would bring back the forces of chaos, destroying both creator and creation (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 311).

the sublimity of the deed is somewhat in question but the necessity to sing to the interior forces of creation, and the sense of the risk, are certain. this is why we are chanting the hard cloud.

¹⁴ an inherently multiplicitous event

it is important to keep in mind how different degrees of intensity and styles of perception condition and effect football at all times and all at the same time. since football far exceeds the limited event space of its games and spreads throughout social space and time (see below, endnote 15, for more on this), we can say that it never stops, though it does become less rule-bound and more frequently insubstantial the further it moves from umpires and game-time, and its duration, unregulated, becomes infinitely long. this, its fraying ubiquity, gives rise to all sorts of curious, subtle, play-effects that leak into non-football-game spaces (including into immaterial spaces like thoughts and dreams). these moves may be so ambiguous they are imperceptible! one may not be aware that play is going on, or may make a playful move that no-one perceives, a joke that no-one gets (it's nice when just one other gets it). but play can re-intensify at any moment, indeed whirl up as full-blown, rule-bound fury! (though still even then not everyone will get it. some folks you could hip and shoulder out the laundry door and STILL they will not get it!) furthermore, even in game-time, as all know, the event is happening at more than one degree of intensity. for instance, over the course of a game play can become dull, de-intensify, for individuals, constellations of players, and sometimes seemingly for the entire team: [muttered] "gee whiz. these blokes haven't come to play today!" a game is not all excitement and engagement; it can be boring, toothgrindingly tense and/or pleasantly relaxing. furthermore all of these can be happening throughout the assembly at once. all of which is just to emphasise that when we speak of football's hard cloud we conceive it as inherently multiplicitous in both its movements and its moods and not reducible to a single, delimited perspective.

¹⁵ livingry

John Cage: composer of music as-in existence, radical discursive technician, and celebrated mushroom expert was interested in the difference between what people say they are going to do and then what happens, the disconnect between these (see Cage 1969, 35 and 163-167). Cage did not rail against this, insisting that "people should do what they say" (the pompous accusation of hypocrisy) but rather wished to change the world "so it works for livingry"; sought a world in which we are not held by proclamation, but where it is understood that "circumstance" is what life is, not oath: "we don't have to make plans to be together ... Circumstances do it for us" (Cage 1969, 164).

this idea of livingry — streaming of circumstance — is useful for understanding how football works and sounds. because it is easy to imagine that football is only what goes on the oval during game-time, whereas we understand that in fact football is an event dimension that is co-extensive with livingry; a streaming, not

determined by plans, rules, fixed duration of game time, but rather emerging in (all sorts of) circumstances . "you should always take your boots along" . this indicates how football exceeds the time and space boundaries within which it intensifies on game day . note 1. always & 2. take them along . football's play is ever-present in times and spaces, just not always to the fore . this is why participation in it is so easy, and so fun . to further support this thesis may i offer an account of what i think of as "the robson effect"? to wit: in the second half of the 2005 football season i had the pleasure of living in Fremantle, W.A. with julie robson, artist-extraordinaire but complete football-naïve . when i moved in at the beginning of july, julie knew so little about football she would check if i was in for dinner or out to a game on a tuesday night . however, by the end of the season she had an opinion on barry hall's tribunal hearing, the coaching styles of roos and worfold, jason akermanis' latest comments (hot air) and pavlich's — round six? — screamer (mark of the year, obviously) . this was fair dinkum, she was not fluffing . where i cannot bear to watch a close game on tv and must leave the room, or hang half way 'round the door and peer through my fingers, julie sat through the nail-biting 2005 grandfinal like a rottweiler watching a gate, rapping out critical developments to me hidden in the kitchen: "westcoast in possession ... now sydney ... sydney minor score" . all of this just happened with no effort but that she tuned her intelligence in to football's streaming — asking with narrowed eyes, "and who is Brown Lowe?" one evening in september . judging by her example, if someone opens their perception to receive football, then in very little time, it rises in them like a tide . this is because it is in culture as an operation across livingry . it is not a game, the rules of which you have to learn . it is a streaming you only need step into to find yourself becoming . in this sense it is found in circumstance, livingry, not in rule-bound discipline, game and fix-ture.

¹⁶ grotesque, or not

[noise music] fills every crevasse of space with volume, stifles the air with sonic agitation. It is a bloated music. It disrupts the signifying chain ... the self-generating economy of electrical feedback sucks itself to a point of intensity, a TOTAL TAUTOLOGY — or a maximising output of the grotesque (Labelle 2001, 68).

although football's din does, i think, aim for and sometimes attain noise music's excess, the whole trick in football is to find a way to win the game from inside the din, to resist its affect, to shrug it off, rather than go further and further into it . we shall note shortly (below, 42), how football cannot attain Bataille's sacred condition (that noise music seems to aspire to) because of this obsession with winning that keeps it on the side of profanity . football cannot be "bloated", or "tautological", because the others will kick 18 points on you if you become so! it cannot do "a maximising output of the grotesque", at least not on ground in game time . its grotesquery is limited (precisely how is an excellent question for another day...).

¹⁷ *swarms. crowds . clouds.*

Eugene Thacker has written two useful articles examining the theoretical underpinnings of "networks and other group phenomena" (Thacker 2004b, 1). the entreaty implicit in these works is for us to take care in using terms like "network", "swarm", and "multitude". especially in this historical moment, in which talk of the "network society" is proliferating across all spheres of public life. Thacker shows how these terms come with all sorts of historical baggage, and may have completely contradictory meanings (Thacker 2004a & 2004b).

to respond, we admit to a relatively naive use of these terms, one based more in attraction to their metaphoric power than a sense of scholarly responsibility. ah dear, we have been a bit preoccupied, what with prowling around the boundary at claremont footy oval and dropping pins on a microphone from exactly the right height. however, having declared this limitation, the least we can do is offer a brief rationale for our (possibly flawed) choices:

most of all we use the term **crowd**. this because it is general, embraces most collective groupings: whether in motion or still; very large or very small; made of humans, animals or twigs (or mixed). it is a good umbrella-term, as they say, that keeps things open, and possibilities for variation to the fore.

in contrast, we use the term **network** rarely (mostly when quoting Thacker, a bit when talking about media, identity, celebrity). this is because of its association with computers and cyberculture, and although we are increasingly dealing with a marvellous, mixed condition vis a vis football's warm embrace of the technosphere, it is very important to keep the sense of running, oozing and smashed-together bodies alive in our discussion (of course these have never really been absent from the cyber-world but truly, judging from the tone of discussion of anything digital, you would think that they had. it is as though the writers of these may actually be collections of pixels living in a very thin sheet of plastic).

our preferred particular term is **swarm**, followed by (hard) **cloud**. to our mind a swarm certainly has bodies in it, and not only bodies but swirling and buzzing (networks on the other hand glow silently and occasionally ping. as for multitudes? these do, of course, shout, but their limitation is immobility, they just stand or maybe mill, at best they surge). in this we must bow to our friends the bees for furnishing the notion of the swarm. however as Thacker explains, "swarm" in fact comes to us from ethology — study of animal behaviour — rather than directly from bees, and he also shows how the idea of "swarm" has changed along with changing discoveries and styles of expression in that field (Thacker 2004b, 1-2). following this, we concede our sense that the bees are our friends is likely a fantasy, but are encouraged to note that our feelings about swarms are not entirely at odds with Thacker's discussion. thus, deluded we may be, but at least our fantasies seem to be keeping pace with developments in ethology.

we further augment our notion of swarm with the figure of teeming, that we use to suggest a degree of wit and articulation that less nimble swarms do not possess. a less-nimble swarm is just a bunch of bodies flowing together in certain goal-directed motion. we may think of our friends (so-called!), the bees, as being a not very nimble machine intent only on maintaining their community in thriving stasis. that is, a purposive rather than creative machine. football on the other hand (and also, as we shall explain: the Body without Organs, the Body in Football, the body of the listener-as-swarm) is an extremely nimble creative machine, a machine for having fun: an excitement machine! really a machine devoted to playfulness in swarming. and the means by which this works, the application of wit to/through swarm, is what we call teeming. teeming is the process in which those swarming bodies are mixing with the dimension of potential-for-change-and-variation. by this definition, bees don't teem, they just swarm, whereas our swarms. teem.

with respect to "the hard cloud" we have said (above, 22) that: a cloud is a swarm with potential for dematerialisation and a **hard** cloud is one full of masses, weights, speeds and gravity, but nonetheless potential for dematerialisation. and this is a metaphor we deploy throughout our work. having already discussed this choice, may we refer our reader to section "46 the hard cloud", 22-23, and endnote 12 above, should she wish to recall how we (think we) are working with this term, and this image?

and finally, for those who have become obsessed with this question of the terminology of group phenomena, we refer you to the section entitled "methodology", in which we discuss the pertinence of the swarm for our sounding, at which point, the consideration really should move from a terminological to a sonorous one — not what "swarm" means so much as how it sounds, how we think about how swarms sound. especially see our discussion of "swarming-tactility", that particular aural effect we explain, and aspire to present through the organisation of aural material in "clouds of sound" (see section "methodology", 186-188).

¹⁸ examining

which separates one out from the swarm rather. in football sustained examination is scarcely possible. think how play has to be dismantled in exercises, like the "beep test" at draft camp, to enable it. in game-time even coaches are repeatedly drowned in the storming effects of play's swarming. think headphones being torn from the head and hurled on the desk. phones being bashed repeatedly. if only one's own examiners could be provoked thus, by the intensity of play!

¹⁹ match-day afternoon

the figure of match-day afternoon is important. the feeling of this style of afternoon (we know it is only a style) partakes of football's extended event-dimension, its de-intensification in livingry (above, endnote 15), the snoozy, the

distracted, the relaxed . but at the same time, as the *traditional* container for the game, match-day afternoon has a relationship to the rules of time and excitement that de-limited games establish . this amounts to a double-twinkling kind of duration that is pinned into the particular drama/s of games and at the same time unpinned from those particulars, towards drifting, in which the rhythms of wider life may intrude on the game, and can be attended . this is a lovely way to be, and is at least as important to football as standing with arms rigid screaming at the umpire when he awards a free kick against, with 2 minutes to go and a 3 point lead.

i have sat outside at the mcg in the freezing rain, through a solid 3.5 hour winter session . everyone dressed in those cheap, colourful, three-dollar rainproofs they sell at the ground . everyone — blokes down from the country, nanas, laughing teenage girls, red-cheeked little kids — perched in their ponchos like easter-egg rabbits . you couldn't look around the ground and not smile . the team was being belted, but everyone was merry chatter and beer aloft in plastic cups . even in the full force of Melbourne winter, match-day afternoon can produce this relaxed, friendly, not so intense, but still teeming, becoming. it's a gift .

it works at home as well . surely you know it . saturday: go to the market, get the food, put away, tidy up a bit . the feeling of nothing to do all afternoon but the football . that feeling of the game unwinding and myself also, entering the swarm . turn on the radio at 12 and listen to the warm-up talk, while doing this and that ... maybe make some lunch . ring someone . message someone . wish one's adversaries luck . flip through the paper . curl up on the couch . maybe open a beer . 2pm yay!

when we realised we could not, in this theatre of the thesis, stage the football match in its toothgrinding intensity, and had to find other ways to weasel into relation with its swarming bodies of play . we decided to pursue the body of this gentler-swarmling using techniques of the match-day afternoon, and the potentials of its double twinkling duration (see methodology section, 190-192 for more on this) . *may they never move the grand final to night time!*

²⁰ *such is life*

can anyone seriously not know what i am referring to here? the bold tattoo that arches across (notorious football star) ben cousins' handsome torso and reads (in gigantic lettering) **SUCH IS LIFE** — allegedly the final words of Ned Kelly . we all became intimately acquainted with it when cousins was arrested, shirtless, in Perth in October 2007, charged with possessing a prohibited drug (a charge later withdrawn) . the shirtless torso, being bundled into a police car, was on television for days, and pictures of it still tend to accompany updates of the boy's fascinating saga (see my favourite in Sunday Age, 28 October 2007 where a picture of the tattoo appears next to another of the commemorative t-shirt of the tattoo, available for purchase over the internet! or, more recently — and for a good account of the whole story — see “Ben Cousin's becomes a tiger” Age, 17 December 2008 . and stop the presses! just as i place my quill back in its inkwell for good,

it comes to my notice that a huge portrait of cousins, painted by one Megan Roodenrys, showing him sprawled, shirtless, in full dreamy-bedroom glory, has been entered in the 2009 Archibald prize for portraiture! oh la la! will the chant of the tattoo of ben cousins never end?). this fellow has generously provided the football world with an absolutely spectacular passage of play extending over years now, as one of its most charismatic and celebrated stars, and as one of its most spectacular train wrecks . the drama has just gone on and on . we should all be grateful to him.

²¹ fun and games

we do understand that this view is contested . there is another perspective in analysis of sport that makes a much firmer distinction between "play" and "games." in this perspective the rules of a game tend to distance it from its playful origins, leading it towards other purposes and effects . the more rules, the more diminished the sense of play . in this view, "rules are normally patent adaptations of those of existing games", rather than the containment of mad, buzzing (playful) variation, as Massumi suggests (Rogers 1982, 229) . i have never been convinced that loopy playful fun diminishes just because ferocious seriousness and rule may appear . artists cannot hold this view . Massumi makes better sense of our experiences in both football and art . the event dimension (groundless, termless variation, what we have called kikitok) is never distanced by its codification in event space (the unfolding of an actual game with rules and whatnot), despite being effected by these . here we can have both, playandgame, simultaneously (and a fair bit besides, effects of ground, weather, crowd), conditioning and effecting one another, entwined . how great.

²² on haunting

every theatre has its ghost, every West Australian Derby, every thesis . indeed . Carloni and Franceschetti assert that ghosts are incarnations of the tensions of the theatre (Carloni et al. 2007, 75) . we have one . the ghost of this theatre is a composite (all good ghosts are) of Bataille (who understood the impossibility of studying the sacred), Virginia Woolf (who understood how the only way to overcome injustice of exclusion is by shimmering the world 'til it catches fire) and darren "pants" millane (who understood the necessity to celebrate) . this triumvirate are really a ghost of impossibility that manifests as a twinkling violence of concept word body play . since they are a ghost, they will not appear in the theatre (only at night when all have gone home . put the thesis down, taken the headphones out . in this secret footnote . no-one else can see it, only you!) . but the theatre is, nonetheless, haunted, we believe.

²³ foot/ball

we have explained our feeling about making category distinctions (see above, endnote 1, 195) . we are horrified at the thought of spending our brief life specifying these sorts of things . still . we cannot help but note that there seems to be a general set of smashing-things-together games, that has a foot/ball variety, as well as a

stick/ball variety, and a hand/ball variety . there do seem to be strains of these games, like strains of the common cold, with the foot/ball ones being the most universally contagious.

²⁴ *kik.tok*

take care not to confuse *kik.tok* with *kick-to-kick* . *kik.tok* refers to the event dimension that doubles all football games . all league matches, all *auskick* skirmishes and all shoving throwing tackling kicking jousting joshing and banter ball-play (including *kick-to-kick*) that scatters the AFL's (infinite) peripheries . what we are arguing here is that the close proximity of codified games with mucking-around elaborations at docklands (or any other) stadium demonstrates the close, constant relation of football games with their variable, mutable and ceaselessly transiting event dimension ... much more the spin of play than rules of the game that are on show in and around the stadium on game day.

²⁵ *relatively unproductive*

i do recognise that people have a keen interest in comparing football codes with one another . i'm not sure why . we especially eschew pinpointing differences between the sounds of football codes, because this tends to reduce consideration of sound to consideration of sound's function (e.g. in Rugby, proximity of play to the line produces the roar of the crowd), rather than allow consideration of its affects, which are not so much determined by codes, but by more fundamental relationships, like the application of rules in play at all, the presence of birds, children, grass, and so on . not to say that different codes do not produce different affects, clearly they do (i discuss the significance of style in endnote 1 above) — the flowing, high scoring game of Australian football results in an inability for the crowd to orchestrate itself as it can in the Soccer crowd (resulting in singing and chanting), and so forth . i just reject as relatively unproductive the feeling-necessity to compare these differences, pinning our observations about the world onto variations between football codes, as though they were terribly important . they are not so much . there is more to it.

²⁶ *stadiums and singing*

more accurate to say this group of scholars addresses both stadium sound and music more broadly in football/sport . but this does not make them any more useful to us . we carefully avoid discussion of "the musicalisation" of football (Redhead 1997, 70-79; Bale 2008) because there is as yet, far too little discussion of sound and sport, and this should come first, with music to follow as a detail . in this we acknowledge Douglas Kahn who has observed that discussions of sound are too easily, frequently and unhelpfully subsumed in discussions of music (Kahn and Whitehead 1992, 3) . it is a tendency that should be resisted . i do concede however, that there is a particularly strong connection between stadium sound and music/singing in soccer (which is the football style that Redhead, Back and Bale predominantly discuss) and the collapse of these conditions in-together can be

understood from that standpoint . but still, music and singing is a detail and there is a more general discussion to be had about sound in football/kik.tok first.

²⁷ *d'ameublement*

this makes us think of Erik Satie, his passion to make " *musique d'ameublement*" — "furniture music" that would disappear into the fabric of daily life . the grassy murmur of footy chatter is speech *d'ameublement* . Satie might easily have called his project " *musique grass*" . Satie, football-chatter, for the most part unfold without content or rhetorical flourish, a positive assertion of the incidental that makes everyone at home and everywhere a home (see Hegarty 2007, 15-16).

²⁸ *eroticism.*

alas, this thesis shall offer only an occasional glimpse — fleeting, oblique — of football's eroticism . after all we have only accepted Bataille as a ghost in our effort and not a PILLAR . we do not have time to pursue his famous topic on this occasion . eroticism (Bataille's version at least) is another topic that appears more rarely than one might wish for in discussions of sport . it is a tricky one . big representational challenges face those scholars who take it on . [muses] in a way it is interesting that we have no more than a sense of being haunted by it here, since arguably, eroticism may only ever haunt football, and not declare itself in it ... (nevertheless, see Tobin 2000 and Pronger 2004 for intriguing forays into this territory).

²⁹ *swallowed by the earth*

see, for more on this will to mash, Klaus Theweleit's description of "the tension between the soldier's body and the surface of the earth he presses against"; "This is [not] a matter of war. The war simply creates a means for expressing the desire for — and fear of — being swallowed by the earth, in a form that is not socially acceptable, and that indeed may even be welcomed" (Theweleit 1987, 239) . we note how Theweleit reads war and indeed relations between humans, as less to do with narratives of national triumph and disaster but as currents of desire, negotiations of sex and death . further we note, again, the amazing absence-in-the-world, of a serious and detailed discussion of football in these terms . the closest we have found is Mark Pizzato's curious book *Theatres of Human Sacrifice* that reads football (amongst other forms of "screen violence") as a contemporary form of sacrifice, but is much more interested in sacrifice than in football (Pizzato 2005, 47-74) . the strength of Theweleit's work is that he never effects a translation of his topic, war and soldiering, into terms of psychoanalysis . instead using tools of that discipline to keep digging back into artefacts and idiom of war, and their streaming, allowing them speak in their own vernacular . at least, in . my . view.

³⁰ *a word about noise*

noise is sound that transgresses . it is excess, too much, annoying (Hegarty 2007, 4) . by this definition the sounding of collision discussed here is not exactly noise, since it does not transgress for those who are in play, but is desired and pursued .

however, to call it sound robs it of the sense of its affect, which is "too . much!!" we are not sure what the best word is . we lack one . the sounding of collision cannot be separated from the experience of collision without hypostatisation, and risk of enshrining inadequate terms: sound, noise, excess . all of which lack, precisely, guts . the sonic/bodily pleasures we pursue in collision are neither sound nor noise . they are some other confounded thing . something we don't have a word for . hence my use here of the awkward term sound/noise . note that Hegarty, investigating noise music — that is also noise desired, pursued — has a bit of the same trouble:

Noise and the music that comes from an engagement with it, tests commonplace notions of hearing and listening, and tries to destabilize not just our expectations of content of artistic form, but how we relate to those, to the point where the most interesting point of encounter might be a loss of controlled listening, a failure of adequate hearing (Hegarty 2007, 5).

³¹ *things that hear*

"noise brings us into the realm of the animal, of the material—" observes Paul Hegarty "we are things that hear" (Hegarty 2007, 119).

³² *merzbow . a noise body*

listen to any of his recordings at correct volume, i.e. VERY LOUD to feel it . we make a couple of suggestions in our bibliography . the striking affect is how in merzbow the body becomes a being-for-hearing, a becoming-in-hearing, a becoming mashed in noise . Hegarty struggles to describe "a noise body" that is "between the participants, or how they relate; it is also the body in receipt of noise; also the subject struggling to be subject; but there is also ecstasy" (Hegarty 2007, 147) . this thrill we are talking about in sound/noise of collision may also be the becoming of this "noise body."

³³ *skratsh and smash*

To me it makes complete sense to see action movies in the same stratum as skratshadelia ... You're abducted by the same sounds in each. It's this fantastic sound of velocity as 2 surfaces in friction literally converge and then shoot apart at fantastic speeds. It's an incredible excitement (Eshun 1999, 180).

³⁴ *viscerality*

see Massumi for a discussion of proprioception "defined as the sensibility proper to the muscles and ligaments as opposed to tactile sensibility", and viscerality, that "subtracts quality ... from excitation ... [and] registers intensity" (Massumi 2002, 58 and 61) . i would have loved to do a more careful analysis of sound/noise in these terms, but had to keep rattling and scrambling in the hard cloud . another time perhaps ... or could you?

³⁵ *like zelig, only small and swarming*

note how frequently, in television documentaries about any subject but football, children appear playing football in the background . like Woody Allen's Zelig (a movie-character repeatedly spotted in the background of significant historical events, but never instrumental in any of them (Allen 1983)), they are always there; inhabiting an atmosphere rather than doing something that pertains to the topic.

³⁶ *problematised but never overcome*

we are indebted here to Abigail Bray and Clare Colebrook's discussion of "corporeal feminism" as falling prey to this bind of endlessly complicating but never overcoming the dualisms that ensnare it . to massively simplify their detailed and delicate discussion: they draw upon Deleuze and Guattari to propose a re-articulation of bodies that have been inscribed with psychoanalytic assumptions (about negation and lack) as, instead, intensities "occurring within a positive field of production ... an event connected to other events" (Bray and Colebrook 1998, 63) . this requires a new set of techniques for representing the body — thinking about it, addressing it, healing it . we see that "the playful" is caught in binds very similar to those that ensnare the body of the woman, or more pointedly (since Bray and Colebrook are discussing anorexia), the body of the girl . it is all a question of how we think about things and then of how we represent them, and talk about, to, and from them.

³⁷ *BwO*

this way of describing a body as unhinged from the co-ordinates of anatomical unities is taken from Deleuze and Guattari . specifically the *Body in Football* (BiF) is a reworking of their *Body without Organs* (BwO) (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 149-166) . i discuss the *Body without Organs*, and its relationship to the *Body in Football* further in section "8. jingle", 124-129.

³⁸ *Mikhail Bakhtin*

in making our descriptions of the *Body in Football* one fellow who comes frequently to mind is Mikhail Bakhtin, who offers the notion of "grotesque realism", a perspective on the body in which "the bodily element is deeply positive" and where "the material bodily principle is contained not in the biological individual... but in the people, a people who are continually growing and renewed" (Bakhtin 1984 [1965], 19). furthermore, as Bakhtin expands, this grotesque body expresses itself in the communal rites of carnival — which we have already mentioned in connection with the collapse of spectator/player distinction we find in football (endnote 11 above, and Bakhtin 1984 [1965], 7-15) , and is characterised by a deep interconnection with laughter which we also find essential to football in the form of wit (Bakhtin 1984 [1965], 19-20, and section 21. wisecrack, 108).

there is no doubt in my mind that football, its sounding, and problems of its representation could be well-served by a detailed consideration of Bakhtin . however we do not pursue this in the present project, because it would necessitate engaging in debates that we prefer, on the whole, to vault over ("like someone very light in the body") to (wishfully) paraphrase Calvino (Calvino 1988, 12, or see endnote 65): for instance Bakhtin is specifically concerned with historically varying

constructions of the grotesque, and also articulates his ideas using a series of distinctions like lower and upper bodily strata, collective and individual bodily

identity, folk and high cultural forms . historical contingencies and dualistic distinctions are frameworks for articulating ideas that we deliberately eschew . we have drawn our theoretical ground from Deleuze and Guattari, Massumi and the Dj writers precisely because these fellows don't use them . they vault these discussions replacing them with notions of immanence, haecceity, remixing, and multiple forces of affect. we prefer this and think it is the best fit for our staging of football/sounding . but of course our preference is no absolute standard . we would be first in line to experience the artefact that invites the Body in Football into play with Mikhail Bakhtin.

³⁹ *the other noise book*

Attali's book has perhaps too slight a presence in this work, for it has been a very influential work in our field of sound and/in performance . the appearance of Paul Hegarty's, much needed, more recent work on noise has sidelined it i fear . just for now . but i hope that some day soon a (more) patient scholar will read these two books together and comment on their relationship, and consider their combined trajectory.

⁴⁰ *iDog*

how about last year's christmas craze the iDog, a tiny robot style dog who, plugged into your iPod, lights up, amplifies and grooves along to your music?? don't you wish you'd gotten one of those with the thesis! the black one, my eldest niece informs me, has the funkier moves . however, the youngest insists, the white one covered in blue dragons is especially cute . i wonder if DBR who declares in a pompous rant that the iPod is the world's most important musical instrument, would likewise assign a place of cultural significance to the iDog? (Roumain 2008, 358).

⁴¹ *humming ringing and lalala*

It is in the tonality of the voice ... where we encounter jouissance, that is to say, this is the place where the surplus enjoyment comes into being, which is something that cannot be inscribed in the series of signifiers. This excessive jouissance that pertains to voice is what makes the voice both fascinating and deadly. If we take as an example the diva's singing in the opera, it is clear that the very enjoyment of opera resides in her reaching the peak of the voice (Salecl 1998, 181).

⁴² *immanence: a life*

see again his essay on "Immanence: a Life", from which point we began our journey long ago . in this essay Deleuze puts the alternate position, not subject/object but immanence/transcendence . a different pairing with very different implications for thinking and articulating a relation with the " world" (Deleuze 2001, 25-33).

⁴³ *scrambling*

fragmentary writing is not so much the issue in Nietzsche. It is instead speeds and slownesses: not writing slowly or rapidly, but rather writing and everything else besides, as a production of speeds and slownesses between particles ... For a given aphorism, it is always possible, even necessary, to introduce new relations of speed and slowness between its elements that truly make it change assemblages, jump from one assemblage to the next (the issue is therefore not the fragment) (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 269).

⁴⁴ *tinged or saturated with sadism*

this quote from Hegarty connects to a tentative reflection he makes about differences in the aggression of punk rock audiences and football crowds . he notes that in football-crowds an explicitly identified enemy is present (the players/supporters of the other side) . the implication is that violence in that crowd is more likely to be targeted and tinged (or saturated) with sadism, than in punk rock's "narcissistic masochism" (Hegarty 2007, 102) . we should note he is only marginally convinced by this thesis himself, but i think there's something in it, although the spectacle of football's sadism should not blind us to co-presence of its narcissistic masochism . both hold.

⁴⁵ *army or war machine?*

this is a reference to Deleuze and Guattari's discussion of the State's army, contrasted with the nomadic war machine, and the different styles of war that these produce . first of all however, let us state that in this section of our thesis, we draw comparison between war and football's play thoughtfully, following Elaine Scarry who notes the obscenity of comparing games and war: "the analogy either trivialising one or, conversely, contributing to the other a weight of motive and consequence it cannot bear"; Scarry also insists however, that "benign reluctance to use the language entails the possibility that the most important facts about the activity will be unseen" (Scarry 1985, 83) . thus, still, we make the comparison . and hope that insights into the nature of both games and war and their (maybe obscene!) relation might be gleaned (folks worry over this in football all the time, see Brereton 2001, Flanagan 2003, but also Wark for persuasive recent discussion of how war is not only like a game but has become one (Wark 2007, 010)).

secondly however: is football more army or war-machine? it is a good question, but not one we can answer today, alas . following Deleuze and Guattari, we might ask: is football's game more akin to Chess or Go (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 352-353)? meaning is it institutionalised, regulated, coded (like Chess/army) or is it "a question of arraying oneself in an open space, of holding space, of maintaining the possibility of springing up at any point" in movement that is "perpetual, without aim or destination" (like Go/warmachine) (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 353) . AFL rules, or muckin' around? or the coterminous unfolding of both during game time? another time...

⁴⁶ *black*

i use the word "black" deliberately, in preference to "Indigenous" or "Aboriginal" when talking about black football players . i think "black" is an important term in football's play, and details the identities of some of its players in a productive way. it is a word that has an edge . it's a bit discomfoting . it conjures that perspective which judges a person on the basis of the colour of her skin (a.k.a racism), judgements that have been disastrous for black-skinned people . however, another side of its edge can be felt in the way it has been appropriated as a positive term by many black people and their champions . after all nicky winmar, 1993: "I'm black and I'm proud of it!" (Gardiner 1999, 154) . in this edgy way "black"

operates as a metaphor of the kind we like that advances a (moving, contested) relation between words and things (see endnote 12, 209), one that carries meanings-contested in fact. "black" carries both the traces of the savagery of the colonists who wield/ed it as weapon ("lest we forget" as (Indigenous) artist Gordon Bennett reminds — appropriating a motto of remembrance for great Australian heroics to caution against forgetting great Australian brutality (Bennett 1996, 53)), and also the transformation of that same term, made by the oppressed busting their shackles. black conjures the way that evil words can be joyfully transformed, hence gathering a power-in-play that more restrained, less ambiguous terms, like Indigenous, cannot hold (surely the term "abodigital" is one of the best words ever invented. coined by Indigenous hip-hop artist MC Wire (Mitchell 2006, 23), it exemplifies the way words can capture and remake relations so impossible for the old order it makes you lightheaded — we also note that MC Wire talks about hip-hop as his "lyrical healing" indicating, from another perspective, the pharmakon power of words-in-play that also concerned michael long: words not only wound but heal (MC Wire in Mitchell 2006, 28)).

we hope by this time in our sounding-thesis it is clear that we thoroughly appreciate and fear what words (and sounds) can do! hope our efforts to wield words (and sounds) with care — in the thesis as on the football oval — are evident. so. here. black. we invoke, to detail the identities of particular football players, an edgy word that discomforts, that both heals and wounds, that is *in play*. (p.s. the exception to this is where the term Indigenous is used to describe the game of Marngrook, above 196. this is because Marngrook is not a football player, but a play-form belonging to Indigenous culture).

⁴⁷ names will never hurt me?

Dr Greg Gardiner has written in detail about the racial and religious vilification rule, and those events which gave rise to and followed on from it (Gardiner 1999; 1997). his work calls attention to our own endeavour; especially his insistence that: "Racial abuse on the football field cannot be equated with other forms of on field chat, or sledging, designed to put an opponent off their game" (Gardiner 1997, 9). it must be owned that here we *do* consider racist abuse to be a form of sledging/sonic weaponry. following tony shaw: "ex-Collingwood player Tony Shaw was on record to the effect that he would make racist comments every week if it gave him an advantage" (Gardiner 1999, 152); and following Bataille, who, you will recall, observed that the only limit to "sacred" play — which we have said football is close to — is death (see above, 44). shaw and Bataille point to how it is that consideration of the brutal history of oppression that marks the body of the (black) opponent is pretty far down on the list of those forces that will limit play. *death*, not consideration of identity is what *actually* contains its will to smash things together and progress. however. in making this claim we are not "equating" all forms of sledging, nor suggesting that racial abuse is "a legitimate tactic" (Gardiner 1997, 9), which is the conclusion some folks (tony shaw say, but he has never been alone in this) draw from its widespread existence inside football's play. *oh come on! don't be a sook!*

everyone cops it! it's part of the game! not all forms of (playful) torment unto death are okay . obviously . it is necessary to limit dangerous play that flourishes within football . and certainly part of this limiting involves distinguishing styles of vile language that blossom within it from one another, and considering their varying effects/affects . this is what black footballers insisted upon throughout the 1990's, taking their stand against the full force of the Body in Football and its appropriation of Australia's racist history to further play . they specified football's noisy field . here, in our thesis, it might seem that we are returning racist abuse to an undifferentiated place within the various language/s of the game, but we are rather insisting on its presence there . football will use the vilest language it can to gain an advantage . play is the form that does not care for propriety — radical aggression lives here! by all means let us specify forces that flow in it, and limit them — and not make light of the effort this may involve either! we need the power of rare men like michael long to do this! — but also let's not deny play's ferocious intent, the fatal power of its sonic forces or their intimate entanglement with the game.

⁴⁸ *against tradition*

not to obscure Xenakis' care to form and frame his clouds by application of rule . we do not mean put everything in indiscriminately (certainly he did not . his crowds thoroughly prescribed by mathematical formulae) but rather, against tradition, against perspectives that say things should be thus and so, and sensitive, and separate . xenakis . krakouer . duchamp . winmar . find a new rule . make it .

⁴⁹ *those who claim to know better*

specifically we are thinking here of Umberto Eco, although you don't have to venture far to hear this view espoused by some ol' hater . we should state that we vehemently disagree with Eco that sports chatter is a kind of phatic discourse in which "the notion of practicing sport becomes confused with that of talking sport; the chatterer thinks himself an athlete and is no longer aware that he doesn't engage in sport" and/or, later, "is ... a continuous phatic discourse that deceitfully passes itself off as talk of the City and its Ends" (Eco 1986, 163 and 165) . it is not of course the accusation of deceitfulness we take issue with — we like a bit of tricky — but the suggestion that sports chatter is some kind of pretend participation, instead of actual (reducing football, a gathering play across livingry, to mere athleticism) . then, even more galling, the idea that it is some kind of diminished substitute for real, important, serious conversation ... sigh . it is our firm conviction that football chatter is indeed a movement of the Body in Football, and partakes of its wit, fluidified effort and duplicity, all in pursuit of the (important) pleasure of play; but Umberto Eco has on his best serious-cultural-critics ears and cannot hear it.

⁵⁰ *snake charming*

If music affects snakes it is not on account of the spiritual notions it offers them, but because snakes are long and coil their length upon the earth, because their bodies touch the earth at almost every point; and because the musical vibrations which are communicated to the earth affect them like a very subtle, very long massage; and I propose to treat spectators like the snakecharmer's subjects and

conduct them by means of their organisms to an apprehension of the subtlest notions (Artaud 1958 [1938], 81).

⁵¹ *brain-worms*

Oliver Sacks uses the term "brain-worm", to describe those catchy tunes, or shreds of tunes, that burrow into your head and play over and over whether you wish it or not. he specifically mentions the tune "Love and Marriage", and the theme from "Mission Impossible" (Sacks 2007, 43 and 44) — you can hear them can't you?! for our money the brisbane lion's club song (which also happens to be the tune of "The Marseilles") is also exemplary.

⁵² * *secret as secretion*" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 287)

we all know football is full of secrets. all swarms are! secrets love a good swarm ("the secret is a ... social notion ... not at all an immobilized or static notion" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 287)). and our swarm — a swarm devoted to perception-deranging play? well, how not? football, perhaps better to say Football, or the AFL and its minions, is/are torn between a passion to disclose these secrets, root them out, stand shoulder-to-shoulder reciting affirmations of the importance of family, and to continue to conceal them and play with their profound force.

Deleuze and Guattari shake the secret free of its condition as

[a content that is] opposed to its discovery as in a binary machine having only two terms, the secret and disclosure, the secret and desecration" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 286).

explaining it rather as a thing that "[acquires] its own form. the secret ... elevated from a finite content to the infinite form of secrecy ... the point at which the secret attains absolute imperceptibility, instead of being linked to a whole interplay of relative perceptions and reactions" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 288).

in other words secrecy exists separately from all those recitations of its tawdry details in anecdotes and confessions, as a powerful force that creates relationships (whole societies!) but is curiously imperceptible. so much so that its forces completely dissipate when it is pulled into the light and is revealed to have been "a lot of fuss about nothing" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 286-290). the power of secrets lies in their imperceptible operation and has no connection at all to the actions of those pompous fellows who go about seeking to smash the containers that hold them, as though that will achieve something. it achieves nothing at all with respect to the secret, only fleetingly satisfies a curiosity and strange overworld thirst to "see things as they really are" (which as we intimate elsewhere — below, endnote 71, 232-233 — is really only the wish to assert one's own anxious worldview over life's relentless tendency to disintegration).

"you know the problem with local footy?" says "a friend" contemplating pulling on his boots again, " ... all the drugs".

⁵³ *fevola's uterus/chinese whispers*

this outrageous slur, or something like it (i admit that i put brendan fevola's name in for effect, but it is no great stretch), was related to me by author, Sean Gorman, who heard it from another football writer, John Harms who *i believe*, heard it himself at the final, dreadful "farewell game" played by Carlton FC at their old home ground, Princes Park, 21 May 2005 . one may reasonably ask the question: should the author manufacture a quote for the sake of a joke? well ... given the present context and concerns: of course she should!

⁵⁴ *sam lane on sam newman*

see for an account of newman's behaviour with respect to women Samantha Lane's discussion of the Caroline Wilson incident (Lane 2008).

⁵⁵ *now i'm serious*

"shut up. Now I'm serious here. I did not mean that that way. I said: she is worthy of coming on. Her. She is. Now don't you take that any other way. Now I'm serious about that; and don't you sit there with those cow-eyes and say "that's disgraceful." I did not mean it that way and if anyone thinks that ... I wouldn't be that silly ..." (Sam Newman, *Footy Show*, 31 July 2008 . see it on YouTube, www.youtube.com/watch?v=keZEVz-qmE)

⁵⁶ *a bit dated*

although indeed, not with action cinema which approaches the condition of animation whilst maintaining a cinematic veneer . and at this point we might acknowledge that since Warner Bros. there have of course been dramatic developments in both film and animation that make Brophy's distinction between the "cinematic" and the "animatic apparatus" seem a bit dated . most significant of these is the migration of both cinema and animation from the big screen to the computer environment in the emerging form of games, unimaginable in the 40's and 50's when Bugs was mucking-up, and a stretch even in the early 90's when Brophy was writing . in this new terrain the work of animation as un-doer of representational certainties is for sure displaced by a whole new world of techniques, styles of engagement, and questions about what is happening to the viewer/player . nevertheless, quaint though it may seem, we hold to the view that football media carries the legacy of the Warner Bros. style of animation, as an active (and lively) aspect in its sonic play, and this history is important to our listening, for its ability to illuminate some of football sounds most delightful (full of illumination, light as a feather) effects in the playful realm of its media versioning . we are sure to see much more discussion about relationships between sport and computer games throughout the next decade . it is already well-begun of course: See Hemphill 2005 for a look at the relationship of cyber worlds and sport . also Wark for an especially provocative read about war and games (Wark 2007, 010).

⁵⁷ *formless*

formless is not only an adjective having a given meaning, but a term that serves to bring things down in the world, generally requiring that each thing have its form. What it designates has no rights in any sense and gets itself squashed everywhere, like a spider or an earthworm. In fact, for academic men to be happy, the universe would have to take shape. All of philosophy has no other goal: it is a matter of giving a frock coat to what is, a mathematical frock coat. On the other hand, affirming that the universe resembles nothing and is only formless amounts to saying that the universe is something like a spider or spit (*Bataille in Bois and Krauss 1999, 5*).

⁵⁸ *Marge Simpson*

charmingly sincere as only Marge can be, and in an expression of deep concern, an animated character expresses her anxiety about the dangerous lawlessness of animation.

⁵⁹ *squashable*

this is perhaps a simplistic reduction of what happens to the viewer of an animation, and it is acknowledged that varied and contradictory responses occur . allatonce . for instance we also laugh at the clumsy materiality of the on-screen beings, affirming our wholeness and control in the face of their hapless ineptitude . nevertheless, the possibility that animation brings the viewer/listener, in some way to a kind of part-object state is important for our consideration of football sound, and is a view that can be supported — see Lash and Lury's discussion of animation as part of a trend in global culture towards "the thingification of media", in which they discuss Henri Bergson's ideas about the comic . especially relevant is the observation that: "it is through the comic that the individual is most likely to betray him-or-herself, to come closest to matter and the mechanical" (Lash and Lury 2007, 107) . in this sense laughing at fart jokes, beheadings, squashings, is a recognition that we-are-that-too, squashable (Lash and Lury 2007, 86).

⁶⁰ *brimstone*

oo, i hear Artaud: "if our life lacks brimstone, i.e. a constant magic, it is because we choose to observe our acts and lose ourselves in considerations of their imagined form instead of being impelled by their force" (Artaud 1958 [1938], 8) . cartoons and their hellish sound effects take it upon themselves to bring the brimstone back to life that musical fusion would harmonise away . think of the harmoniously composed music 'n' image combinations that accompany major events like the Olympic or Commonwealth games — Delta Goodrem crooning over slo-mo vision of athletes falling to the ground exhausted — all about consonance of meaning, and chest-bursting feelings like pride and love . then recall the rapidly cut montages of the weekly football shows, thrown together during live broadcasts, that invariably depict bodies flying, running, colliding and fighting, smooched together with rock music, to inspire a more animatic response, and display (and celebrate) sport's destructive potentials.

⁶¹ *brands*

through the redundancy of goods; through the interdependence of products in a relation that means if you have one you have to get all: home phone mobile broadband video/web cam mp3 player/s, subscription to gaming environments, purchase of virtual goods, real merchandise, on and on . see Lash and Lury for discussion of this shift within "the culture industry" from sale of commodities to brands (Lash and Lury 2007, 5-7) . an aside: they note in passing the way football has taken up the brand in a way that golf hasn't: "football seems to relate more easily to Nike brand identity than does golf" (Lash and Lury 2007, 6) *i wonder why that is???* it is, of course because golf does not swarm . golf is too slow, relentlessly pinned into the bodies, and solipsistic concerns of individual athletes . golf does not teem, or insufficiently . it is not fizzy enough.

⁶² *BwO*

this is a very famous idea of Deleuze and Guattari's (we have mentioned it already above, endnote 37), that there is a "Body without Organs" (BwO), preceding and also attending "the self" and "my body" (which are notions embroidered over it) . this is the body as it lives, not as we think about it and approach it and believe we own it and understand it . as they say of the BwO,

you have one (or several). It's not so much that it pre-exists or comes ready-made, although in certain respects it is pre-existent. At any rate, you make one, you can't desire without making one ... you're already on it, scurrying like a vermin, groping like a blind person, or running like a lunatic ... on it we sleep, live our waking lives, fight, fight and are fought, seek our place, experience untold happiness and fabulous defeats, on it we penetrate and are penetrated; on it we love (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 50).

the Body without Organs is the body that makes it possible for the Body in Football to pick us up and cast us off with such abandon . there (and there, and there) where "we" are already running like a lunatic, the BiF reaches in, scoops us up, smashes us to bits (perhaps invents by exploiting our already-smashed-ness). the Body without Organs is the bodily condition of possibility-unconstrained: "the full egg before the extension of the organism and the organization of the organs" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 153).

⁶³ *unheimlich*

if it was peculiar it would not be there, for football only rarely does *unheimlich* — sometimes on anzac day, a ghostly montage; occasionally in Tasmania, a gothic note: the pride they take in the brutal carnality of "the gravel" in Queenstown (this gravel-covered football oval was inducted into the Tasmanian Football Hall of Fame in 2007 . true! for good moody pics see Kenins and Daffey 2003, 46-49) . also, a curious set of ads for the Toyota Aurion V6 that graced the pages of the footy Record in 2006 showing jonathan brown, nick riewoldt and james hird as weird spectres, part zombie, part world-war one diorama figures, ploughing triumphantly through mud and muck, lit by eerie blue light: "Take control. Carve your own path", read the caption, "Drive it home. Stop at nothing" (see the back cover of the *AFL Record* 2006, rounds 1, 8, 10) . these spectral presences notwithstanding, "the uncanny"

proposes an absence and of course the figure of death, figures that football — game of gathering-motion and conviviality — properly ignores. far from being peculiar its abundance of fairy-jingles are native to its play.

⁶⁴ *my hiccups?*

consider also Migone on stuttering and related terms he values for their metaphoric force “ensconced in the somatic”, viz.: “squints, hiccups, blinks, lisps, twitches, squeaks, spasms, shakes, hems & haws, moans & groans, grunts, yelps, screams, murmurs, mumbles, laughs, cracks, garbles ... any and all disrupters and disturbers” (Migone 2001, 168). from this perspective rattling and jingling could be seen as prosthetic enhancements to Migone’s somatic force-form combinations, but our own part-object condition prompts the counter-thought: could “my hiccups” just be the world’s jingling of being-as-becoming-object?

⁶⁵ *nimble*

we are somewhat indebted to Italo Calvino for our use of the term “nimble”. see his essay “Lightness” in Six Memos for the Next Millennium (Calvino 1988, 3-29). especially the story of Guido the nimble poet-philosopher. note also Calvino’s mention of hares in the woods, dancing in the moon beams ... (Calvino 1988, 25).

⁶⁶ *alcohol*

alcohol appears at crowd gatherings so frequently one cannot help but ponder their connection. from Kim Scott’s novel True Country — a scene incidentally set in the Roebuck Bay Hotel in Broome, in which environ some of our own most significant research was undertaken: viz witnessing ashley sampi, local hero, west coast forward (’s) stellar performance in finals series 2.0.0.5. “ah! we’re all brothers tonight!!” murmured some sanguine white guy, as another mighty cheer went up, surveying the mixed assembly and ordering himself another beer.

Outside in the yard where the band is playing, it is bright sun and people must squint ... Sometimes, with beer in the belly, and a little craziness in the head, you might not know if it’s noise hitting you or someone thumping bumping your back and chest. Out in the sun, the music noise is not like a great blanket, not even a bit soft. It is hard. The bass notes are maybe like bricks wrapped in hessian slamming into you ... The white froth of the beer goes up into the hot and patient blue sky. The yellow liquid settles in scrawny guts and big hairy belly (Scott 1993, 202).

alcohol seems to conjure the haptic, causing ordinarily remote sensation to become palpable (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 292-293). this quality is to the fore in a famous description from Albert Camus’ The Outsider. the protagonist Mersault is drunk when,

A shaft of light shot upward from the steel, and I felt as if a long, thin blade transfixed my forehead. At the same moment all the sweat that had accumulated in my eyebrows splashed down on my eyelids, covering them with a warm film of moisture. Beneath a veil of brine and tears my eyes were blinded; I was conscious only of the cymbals of the sun clashing on my skull, and, less distinctly, of the keen blade of light flashing up from the knife, scarring my eyelashes, and gouging into my eyeballs (Camus 1963 [1942], 64).

we note football's preoccupation with palpation (making everything a part-object, smashing everything), and alcohol's ubiquitous presence at the football . who knows, dear reader, whether all swarms are not better negotiated with some degree of intoxication? it seems to ease the progress of bodies feeling their way around (being felt by?) the palpitating mass/es . Carlton anyone? go on!

⁶⁷ *andrew mcleod*

i wonder why the game had lost its meaning for andrew mcleod? he got so disconnected from the BiF that it had to be pinned back onto the structures of familial identity for him to remember what it felt like . he lost access to the excitement of its tensions . hmm . rather than being a tear-jerking statement of the necessity of family to football, i submit this anecdote as evidence of the way play doesn't give a rat's tossbag* for even its most brilliant individual identities ... if mcleod doesn't come to play: tough . we don't need him.

*malcolm blight used this phrase on Channel Ten's Saturday Night Football, 19 July 2008 . it stuck in the footy world for quite a few weeks . for me, i think, permanently.

⁶⁸ *obscure/d histories*

see the ongoing work undertaken by Rob Hess on the "Discontinuous and Marginalized" histories of Australian football (Hess 2004), especially on the involvement of chinese footballers and female players in the game (Hess 2005, 2004) . furthermore stand by for intriguing work currently being undertaken by Hess and Nikki Wedgwood that continues to develop this theme (Wedgwood and Hess 2005, 4).

⁶⁹ *mad monday*

a reference to a widely reported and memorable appearance made by carlton forward brendan fevola on "mad-monday" (the day following the final game of the season, upon which occasion players enjoy a celebration) in Melbourne, September 2008.

⁷⁰ *james hird might hug you*

a reference to a game (round three, 2004) in which essendon captain james hird kicked a thrilling, late, match-winning goal and then to the surprise and delight of the crowd ran on to hug an anonymous supporter hanging over the fence behind the goal (see a very cute photo of a large number of happy people witnessing this embrace in Slattery 2008, 97).

⁷¹ *healing*

with respect to the special properties of the Footballer's Body, i would like to make a brief note about how it is that football manages to be both mad fun and deadly serious at once . football players are for the most part (as those plain ol' haters will never tire of telling you) just fellows who excel at playing a (rather brutal) children's game, and yet they are brought into hospital wards to visit terminally ill children, sent to comfort folks who've lost their homes in the bushfires, trotted out at all manner of official occasions . they are called upon to participate in ceremonies that require great cultural sensitivity; are called upon to heal, to celebrate, to be strong for others . now, although this may simply be because footballers symbolise strength and heroism (and are therefore models for the rest of us), it may also be that this odd combination of roles we accord them hints at a deeper relation between their position as exemplary citizens and their (and our, and the Body in Football's) adept skills in play and delight in violence (NB: do not get distracted by this word! the way everyone jumped on Artaud for using the term cruelty (Artaud 1958 [1938], 101-104)! we are not talking about torturing kittens . we are talking about the mad plethoric violence of play . these two would only rarely overlap).

Elaine Scarry has noted that where truth is disputed, the body is made to substantiate (Scarry 1985, 126-128) . especially this substantiation is achieved through displays of the body in extremis: wounded, "opened", in pain (thus war has the ultimate power to determine what (whose) order of reality shall be lived) . given what we have noted (through our playing and listening) about football's lack of care for truth, how its play is an art of secrets and lies, a mess of jingling deception . then, following Scarry, we may start to see official/institutionalised football as a staging of the body in extremis (that, to be sure football pursues for its own pleasure) made by a nervous socius desperate to substantiate its own take on what's real, when faced with a beguiling, playful form that is indifferent to its need for social cohesion . culture appropriates football's bent towards amoral pleasure in violence, its absolute lack of care for truth, and, in a clever move, whips it into service of its real: "great courage!" "that's guts for you!" "there's that many heroes out there today" rendering (the dangerous lunacy of) football instead a prop of culture (the backbone of community, the disciplining ground for young men, the glue of nation) rather than a threat to it.

with this in mind we may speculate that the power footballers are accorded to heal, to comfort and "bring a smile to the face of ..." may be granted because they bring the stamp of their strong, heroic (once were in pain) bodies to officialdom's real, to hold the wounded in reassuring and familiar arms and substantiate: "this is what it's all about" . BUT we may also wonder if the "real" healing, the "real" joy generated between the bodies of footballers and the bodies of the wounded, lies less in that heroism, than in their potential danger, and possible connection to forces that are forbidden, lawless, miraculous and that may

have the power to pull this whole shoddy, dreadful "real" down and let in a shimmering new world.

⁷² *jeff farmer: the wiz!*

watching training at fremantle oval in 2005 i was charmed to hear farmer's teammates calling out to him, as he ran with the ball, 'whizz! whizz!' which, while not intended as such, came across as a kind of onomatopoeic chant, produced in response to his lightning run.

⁷³ *rabbity pics*

see for instance photographs by Joe Armano, "Yellow and back: Brown returns from his horror break" *Sunday Age*, 5 March 2006 and Paul Harris "Flirts: The Bulldogs have a finals date, but can they dance to a top four tune?" *Sunday Age*, 17 August 2007.

⁷⁴ *"the weeping footballer"*

it requires an essay all its own . an event that can result in public debate extending over weeks, as with st Kilda captain nick riwoldt's breakdown in the stands in round one, 2005 . this seismic event shifted the popular memory from dwelling on the tearful exit of st. Kilda's max hughton, who walked from the ground splashing water over his face to hide his tears, after a particularly savage defeat some years before (2000 in fact, no-one forgets these things) . and who can forget the sight of coach mick malthouse propped up in sobbing embrace with midfielder paul licuria following the brisbane lion's 10 pt victory over collingwood in the 2002 grand final? this image immediately tore over the internet in a joke email carrying a photo of the tearful scene captioned: "Proud Sponsors of the Collingwood Magpies — Kleenex Tissues" . it was funny (but, for a kinder account of this event see Flanagan 2003, 162-163).

⁷⁵ *does this sound like an ending?*

our siren sounding? we have said the siren is a mere detail, and that play gathers immediately and continues . nothing stops . at the same time we do understand the pleasure of the summary, going home on the train picking over what's happened . sometimes flipping on the radio when we get in to hear them pick it all apart as well . review does something, although i think, far less than droning Monday's experts would have us believe . ahem . still . acknowledging this custom and its pleasures let us see what it may do.

"there's the siren!"

football makes sport of the relation of "our life" with its immanent condition in "a life" . it is an "excitement machine", making (seriously) playful experiments in fear and pleasure, (im)materiality and its possibilities . in football, substantial elements in play mix with potentials of its immanent event-dimension, opening these to each other and to new configurations in becoming.

football makes players of us/it all . it swarms, it gathers . through force of the magic, manic ball, and magnetism of lawn embrace it makes part-object of all it touches, rearranging anatomical unities in exorbitant constellations . football unstitches us by bouncing us — immediately, actually — into relation with others: the ground the ball the bird the sky the big loud family behind . we are all unstitched/restitched in this gathering, tension, collision.

here now . a gauntlet is thrown down to (any) practice of representation of football . for . if we are to make sense of football, we have to engage with the particular style of sensation it entails . if we are to (make) sense (of) it we have to play.

this gauntlet has not been picked up very much, or with any enthusiasm . experiments with the representation of football are few and far between . especially in the academy where the social sciences dominate and determine its study, articulation of important aspects of its play — its sounding, moving and playful-ness — are obstructed, if not altogether excluded from consideration . we believe experiments in bringing these characteristics to perspective-shared are overdue.

this thesis is a contribution to this possibility . it strives to produce a perspective that is value-added by direct engagement in play; to produce a playing body in the body of our reader/listener . in this it hopes to create new ground and new knowledges, for engaging football's sonorous-moving-playful.

to this end, we bring you **football**, staged in the form of a **hard cloud**, a jingling crowd, and we **plug** this cloud **into your head** . we invite your body into our **noises** and our **noise** . (only) then bring football's sound to writing to let word and concept **hail** via motion of **gathering, tension and collision**, pierce and disarrangement of noise in **din**, and nimble flight of word in **wit**.

solution

in football sound works as a solution in which intricacies of the hard cloud's gathering motion are brought to perception and articulated . motion of thought, imagination, dreaming, sounds of perception itself are brought to speech; speech is articulated in shouts, jokes, vile threats, laughter, song, roaring and chanting; movement is articulated in tramping, rustling, falling, scrambling, thump of the ball; bodies cracking together, against the fence, into the post, back down to our seat with head in hands . waves of sound surge through the crowd and each locale, and each individual body of each locale, provoking and marking its motion, and accelerating the transformation of each one into part-object, part-constellation, part-cloud . sound is the solution through which the crowd articulates these, its movements: its most subtle, inconspicuous and also most over-powering, (could be) fatal effects . sound is the hard cloud's most nimble element.

for these reasons we say: **sound makes the swarm teem.**

teeming

teeming refers to a degree of wit and articulation that less nimble swarms do not possess . a teeming swarm is an excitement machine! the Body without Organs, the Body in Football, the Footballer's Body, the body of the listener-as-swarm . in football we are always (sounding) multiple, "we" are always (all of us) moving — hot butterflies . the listening materials, the noises: who is listening, what they are made of, what they are, is all, always, changing . and the means by which this occurs, the way this marvellous machine works, is by what we call **teeming**: application of wit in the swarm . teeming is the process by which those swarming bodies mix with the event dimension of potential-for-change-and-variation, and articulate the affects/effects listed above . teeming is not always sonic but it is never silent (sometimes it is imperceptible, but that is not silence, that is secrecy!) . in it sound works a fleetfooted, wily magic: playing the tensions (football's fundamental pleasure), calling to the (disintegrating, rearranging) bodies of the swarm, **rattling** them, intensifying them towards collision, confounded relation, driving them into crisis, undecidability: "10,000 on top of me" . teeming, sound pushes all of the bodies in play through barriers of **noise** . we submit to this teeming swarm and excitement in violence, erotic plethora, "rush of blood" inherent to football's play . as **close as we can** — through disintegration — to dying without actually killing our fellow or ourself . and then also, we extract from this dizzying tumble, via wit: acts of linguistic negation, commands, injunctions, spells, interpreting, gathering-perspective to progress play, to make history, to win .

thus do we say that in football's hard cloud sound, broadly speaking, does two things . one is produce the breakdown of perspective in noise and din, and two is exploit the nimble operation of wit towards victory . a.k.a. **sound makes the swarm teem**.

livingry

furthermore, since football is coterminous with livingry, an ungrounded event-dimension — **kik.tok** . we find it elaborated enormously in all sorts of non-game spaces and times, for instance in muckin' around variations of the official game, and in versions of play that stream throughout media spaces . these elaborations involve different relations of swarming and teeming, different bodies produced and play of sonic styles, than those we would find in the stadium, or clustered 'round the oval watching our nephew run out for the first match of a new season.

these "bodies" are, or may be: de-intensified, more frequently insubstantial, more scattery, less urgent, quieter, have more birds tweeting, more dogs barking, more scrappy unfinished blended . they may be inconspicuous rustle, scatter, crinkle and puff; the gentle friction and sooth that curls, semi-perceptible, through footy chatter, phatic speech and its particular laconic intonation; may be. pop . ting . scratch . tick and tweet, as well as roar . curse . crack and hideous groan . may be murmuring, that is becoming-music but also — why not? becoming-football . full

of air, space and feathers . our wings . and the secret and (could be) sinister thread of muttering . also, may be bodies built of sound made in thronging media spaces, through which new versions of play progress . sounding the jangling, animatic mangling of laws of representation (and all laws) that football-media delights in . appropriating football's will to wrench: gathering, colliding, concealing, gravelly, rumbling, ticklish, expressed in hellish sound effects, as thrilling, penetrative noise; and also sounding the jingling of swarming tactility, with its whooshes bings, sizzles, punchlines and la-la-la's, that swarming sonic idiom speaking directly to the Body without Organs, by-passing or maybe just waving to the self, as it zooms past on the way to a much more exciting party ("full of gaiety, ecstasy and dance" (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 150)).

taming the teeming

at the same time as all of these sonic forces, these bodies, these haecceities, articulate their powerful affects in football's play — on ground, in the stadium, across livingry — we know they are still shaped in relation to football's "force of persons" . football partakes of that style of being/becoming in which identity is formed through negotiating self-resemblance and making stories . these are means by which various swarms: the familial, the societal, and the football, are all controlled, and also by which the "individual's" relation to all of these is controlled . football's noisy violences and marvellous wit flourish within and are contained by techniques of story-telling and role-modelling, by belief in person-ness and family . well tested methods for taming the teeming.

yet still, at each moment, tamed we may be but our swarms are still sounding as-above, and in falling asleep, dreams, birdcall, "get off me!" insect-walk, snuffling together, my lips on your dear chest, and in secrets, cold shoulders, threats, chirp and wiffle of rabbityness-denied but still leaking out in singing and dancing, flirting, weeping, with long lashes and huge eyes filled with tears . we are all spiralled up in a dancing steel cable of marvellous binding power — where ferocious amoral fun twists through meaningful acceptance and loving confirmation of all that's "real" . thus tamed we may be, but still sound scrambles: heat and mass, speed and slowness, space and the end of space . teeming . tamed but still all of "us" sounding, in football's hard cloud, somewhere-aspiring to discover, to enter a body . that is . impossible . to . oppose . yay! bing!

⁷⁶ **the fall of houlihan**

one gem we love, from the Australian branch of the collage-family is Melbourne group Curse or Dialect's "the fall of houlihan", a tiny cd track that mixes football commentary, ground-gouging rhythms, temporal agony of the missed opportunity and physical force of the falling body in a perfect hip-hop haiku, lamenting the disastrous (we suppose . must have been!) falling-over of carlton player ryan houlihan (Curse or Dialect, 2002).

⁷⁷ *quite a bunch*

it is acknowledged that this group of musicians is extremely diverse and not all would be considered noise musicians. nonetheless from the perspective of their radical experimentation with what might be considered worthy of listening to, that is to say their experimentation with noise, there is a familial resemblance. the noises they make, and contexts for listening each inhabits are different but the practice of pushing the sonic envelope is common to them. that radical transvaluation Hegarty claims for all noise, that also guarantees that what is considered noise will/must keep changing (Hegarty 2007, 200).

⁷⁸ *entreaties*

our attentive reader will have noticed that in course of all this rattling and scrambling we have posed a number of questions that remain unanswered. these are summarised below in the form of a set of entreaties that are addressed to intelligences less exhausted than our own:

1. will someone (or, even better a large group of people) please consider how the qualities of play's immanence and singularity grip in football, and hence contribute to its compelling affect/effects (see above, endnote 1, 195)? further, will each person make a *staging* of his or her findings that seeks a direct engagement of the "reader" in play?
2. will someone please reflect on why it is that writing and words are "fuss" that football views with a wary eye? and elucidate what football is seeking to protect in these evasions? further, will this person please consider whether writing can strike up a more productive relationship with it, and provide examples of how (see above, endnote 2, 200)?
3. will someone please make an analysis of the aesthetics of football, in the name of Marcel Duchamp (see above, endnote 4, 200-201)?
4. will someone please attend, inventively, to football's minor-literature? further, understanding it to be the repository of sports-scholarship's repressed impulses, do something with it besides critique it in hoity-toity academic style (see above, endnote 5, 201)?
5. will someone please make a sonotronic analysis of the football rather than a sociological analysis of its sounds (or improve upon our own, see above, endnote 7, 202)?
6. will someone please make a careful reading of football with reference to Bataille's version of eroticism (see above, endnote 28, 219)?
7. will someone please follow Klaus Theweleit to make an historical reading of football that traces its swirling currents of desire, and negotiations of sex and

death, instead of stapling it onto narratives of national identity (see above, endnote 29, 219)?

8. will somebody **please** follow Brian Massumi to discuss proprioception and viscerality emphasising the perception of sound and/or confounded senses, but **not** visuality (see above, endnote 34, 220)?

9. will somebody please discuss how "the playful" body, together with the body of the woman, and/or the body of the girl, is captured within hideous representational binds that must be overcome rather than just problematised (see above, endnote 36, 221)? will the same person please expand this discussion to consider the body of the female football player?

10. will somebody please make a detailed consideration of the football and its sounding using Mikhail Bakhtin (see above, endnote 38, 221-222) . particularly considering how notions of carnival, grotesque realism and laughter may be at work in football?

|| et cetera. if someone is, after all this, still short of something to do (!) then please will they write, or better, compose and install a work on: whether football is more "Chess" or "Go" (see above, endnote 45, 223); football's (rare) *unheimlich* (see above, endnote 63, 229-230); alcohol and its affect in crowd experience (see above, endnote 66, 230-231); sam newman's radical linguistic aggression (see above, section "wisecrack", 108); the healing properties of the Footballer's Body (see above, endnote 71, 232-233); and/or "the weeping footballer" (see above, endnote 74, 233).

dear reader . enough.

fare . well.

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