

Today's cultural landscape, dominated as it is by celebrities whose achievements are usually lost under a cascade of tabloidism and Botox, is an apt setting for the story of Rupert Brooke. The way in which his legacy was exploited and manipulated over the years certainly reflects the single-minded preoccupation of modern times with the superficial trappings of creative types. I can only share the horror of Brooke's ghost at this kind of metaphysical abuse, though I can't imagine the details of my life eclipsing my artistic endeavours in quite the same extravagant way as Brooke's did his...

Misplaced empathy aside, I thoroughly enjoyed the writing of this work. Sam's play has woven into it many 'indigenous' musical rhythms, in human, insect and mechanical form. Pulling these musical threads out from their original context and spinning them into a very different sort of sonic fabric was a great delight for me. Furthermore, the sociopolitical, historical, technological and psychological textures inherent to the narrative are given, in my opinion, a new and more immediate dimension by the music. I hope this comes across.

My heartfelt gratitude goes out to Sam for providing the blueprint for this work, to Douglas and Brett for their skilled and imaginative guidance, and of course to the wonderful performers, designers and technical staff, without whom this work would remain a large and somewhat unwieldy paperweight.