Let there be light! And Eurovision! (there is no hepatitis C in this post)

May 22, 2015 By Grace Campbell

A warning. This post is pretty much hepatitis C free.

All those people who think I already ramble on too much about life, the universe and everything - turn around and go back now. This is the Wrong Way.

This weekend is a ridiculously decadent descent into the glitz, glamour and gaudiness that is Eurovision, as well as a trip to Sydney to see Vivid, and a gig. Or concgert. Or show. Or whatever you young folk call them nowadays.

Firstly Eurovision. What's not to love about Eurovision? For those people with still functioning livers, it produces one of the best opportunities to have a party outside of weddings and birthday parties. There are amazingly diverse music choices, outfits you never thought you'd see outside of Las Vegas and so many lights you'd be mistaken for thinking the Eurovision budget was exempt from European Austerity measures. For us, it's all the above with the exception of the drinking. We have to make up for it by yelling loudly.

Wind machine? Cheer!
Smoke machine? Cheer!
Bizarre musical prop? Cheer!
Key change? Cheer!
Failed key change? Cheer!
Pyrotechnics? Cheer!
Costume reveal? Cheer!
Lycra? Cheer!
Anytime your country is mentioned? Cheer!

This time for the first time Australia is one of the contestants. Australia? Competing in a European song competition? What gives? Well, we're not entirely sure, but we LOVE Eurovision so they let us complete this year.

We watched Semifinal 1 last night. I must say with the exception of a couple of acts, full-blown Eurovision Crazy was sadly not on display.

Where were the Russian twins on a see saw? Where were the Baboushkas? Where was Lordi? Where was the man playing the 360 degree piano? Regardless of these omissions, we watched, giggled, laughed, tweeted and dissected the acts all night.

Tonight sees Semifinal 2, followed by the Final in the wee small hours of the night (for us here in Australia).

I can't wait!

I'm also flying to Sydney today. I have an appointment to see the nurse managing my case on Monday and I also have to pick up some more meds.

This trip coincides with the annual Vivid Festival, a spectacular two weeks in the harbour city encompassing lights, installations, music, sound, ideas and fun. I've been going to Vivid since Brian Eno curated the music and I've enjoyed it every time. I generally get to go to one or two gigs I really enjoy.

This year's is a stand out for me though - I hope! Sufjan Stevens is heading out to play at Vivid Live at the Opera House and I've got tickets for Sunday night. I first saw him play with my eldest daughter in 2008 at the beautifully ornate State Theatre. I cried. She cried. The entire venue cried. Numerus standing ovations. Three encores. One of my top 10 live shows ever.

This year I'm seeing him along with my other daughter at the Opera House performing his latest album Carrie and Lowell. I'm very much looking forward to it!

So ... lights, art, music, sound, Sydney's bustling energy and Eurovision.

Oh, and the doctor.

What a weekend!

Douze points!

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