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an invitation to the
anthology for listening

Dearest fellow listener
This invitation is intended to be a small gesture of support and nurturing for the multiple, slow, quiet as well as the loud, complex and struggling voices that you might listen with through these pages.

Take
your
time
to arrive.

All of you are welcome here.

When engaging with this anthology, please consider its agency; its temperament and what it calls for. It may ask you to be gentle. It may ask you to be rough. Find comfort in being with this book.

We ask for your help to welcome and host the listening taking place within these pages. The anthology is a collective being, existing in a complex time-space. It has traveled across distances, heritages, and through experiences no single individual could embody alone, and we invite you to engage with it caringly.

We ask you to take a moment. To not rush when turning its pages. Sense the possible shifts in attention and input now that you have been with the anthology for a while.

Rest with it.
Listen with it.

As we invite you in, we also thank you for listening; for holding and engaging in a space for different voices, unknown and known histories, for the said as well as unsaid, and unsayable, for the changes being present and still to come, for the not-yetness, the risks and vulnerabilities, and endless (re)generative imaginations and associations. We thank you for engaging listening as not only a critical and artistic practice, but also as a way of life, a way of meeting others, of engaging deep pulses and intimate moments of becoming-with. We thank you for holding as well as sharing fragility as well as strength.

Just as listening can be beautiful, a force for good, gentle and offer love, it may also come to one as hurtful and weaponized; through specific noises or words to which one is unprotected, as unbearable and invasive of one's most fundamental core through the unlistenable cries of others, or by the consequences of not listening, not being listened to.

Listening is complex, and perhaps we can only be ignorant of its complexity, while still feeling drawn and pulled by its gravity. We thank you for your courage to continue listening; and to continue listening differently.

We invite you to embrace how, as you listen, read and take in, you are also listened to. No engagement with this book is the same.

Yours sincerely,
Bureau *for* Listening

Not ^s for Anthology ^{for} Listening

This is an anthology *for*, and not *of* or *on* listening. We seek not to exercise any authority, and we seek not to promote any conclusive knowledges on the subject of listening. Rather, we seek to explore and facilitate a pluralistic, transdisciplinary and experimental sharing of critical and artistic listening practices, intentions, knowledge, questions and expressions. And more. And other. This anthology attempts to be curious and exciting - to invite in; to suggest and propose possible paths and detours *for* listening.

This anthology is an attempt to cultivate fun listening, as well as to sense and reflect on the power and responsibility listening holds and facilitates.

Fun fact. Since we apply the framework of an ‘anthology’ we might note how it is, according to among others the Merriam Webster Dictionary; ‘*borrowed from Greek antho-logía “gathering of flowers,” from antho-lógos “flower-gathering”*’. ‘Flowers’ being metaphoric for verse or small poems by different writers. We hope that the ‘flowers’ gathered here will be received well, appreciated and cared for. We hope that these flowers may offer seeds for others to plant, followed by another cycle of blooming, gathering and sharing. ✱

While this is the printed dimension of the anthology, the different contributions will furthermore be unfolded and supported through an online and live dimension - exploring how specific listening practices traverse media and formats. We may understand listening as a practice, a movement and process; as an expansive, transformative and holding practice. While informed and orientated by its situations, it may also reorientate and alter those situations. This anthology is an attempt to be guided across dimensions by listening - an attempt to follow listening, also when it escapes our understanding. Rather than capture and display listening, we attempt to lean into, fall and lose sight of it. This anthology is operating across a printed, online and live version as a small gesture in the direction of the many contact zones listening engage and nurture.

This is an artists' book. Meaning, please treat this printed matter as a work of art in its own right. It holds complexities, resistances and imaginations enough to possibly change the life of you and others. Its price does not reflect its value.

Finding its form and materiality was a long process. It was guided by questions such as; if we listen to the contributions, what materiality do they then call for? In what ways can the format of the book itself support and inspire listening? How may the physical book facilitate an embodied reading experience, an engagement, able to nurture the ability to listen?

Formulating an open call for this anthology proved to be difficult. Why we ended up making it as open as we were able to. Here follows the call:

'We welcome contributions of any form, any medium, any duration, any language that relates to your concept and embodiment of listening. We invite you to consider this open call as an invitation to share work in process, already existing and/or new work.

We consider the Anthology *for* Listening series to be an experimental container across disciplines, aesthetics and media. We attempt to (re)negotiate what it means to explore the anthology as a genre.

We encourage you to interpret this open call in whatever listening manner that feels true to you.'

We give thanks to all the contributors who responded to this open premise; who generously and with courage shared their work, doubts and visions.

For a while within the Bureau *for* Listening, and as a guiding understanding of listening through the editing of this anthology, we have practiced listening as a transdisciplinary phenomena, that is to be experienced and implemented across the humanities, arts, and societies - a critical, artistic and activist act. And more.

Listening is for us understood as more than the hearing of audible signals; rather, we experience and explore how it supports a range of relevant processes and projects, including, but not limited to: emotional and social recognition, fostering community relations, establishing attunement and discovery across human and more-than-human worlds, co-learning, and decolonial, eco- feminist initiatives. We consider listening as a creative inquiry and sensitivity; one that stimulates a caring and artistic being-with.

Thank you for offering your time, attention and care; your touch, gaze, and contemplation. It's very much appreciated. While we can only speculate and dream about the who, how and why of your presence - we still find comfort, encouragement and inspiration in imagining and sensing the possible encounters of this anthology, and the anthology may plant seeds through these encounters.

It is with happy tears and overwhelming gratitude that we thank all involved and together can present this anthology.

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A Proof of Concept

The idea of a proof of concept serves to point out a transitory nature of this text, meant as an initial stage of work-in-progress that follows years of grappling with the unresolved wavelengths, silences, layers of sound and pauses. Even starting materializing it as a soundless internal voice has been a significant effort, let alone progressing to the next stage in becoming a matter of expression articulated on a screen right in front of me, aided and soothed by a familiarity of keyboard stroke in regular intervals. Footnotes this time signal the nonlinear sediments and alluvia of the listening body/mind and there are just a few references. With a caveat that we habitually see them as an illusion of safety, deceptively securing the ground that has always been shifting like sand. With a caveat that unwanted listening dances with unspeakable truths and eternal inability to articulate, express, release. What remains is sound that may not want to be listened to at all.

Strolling one day along the small inner-city harbor of Vathi, the main city of Samos, an island of Pythagoras, marine mammals, and 2015 refugee crisis, I spotted a grey boat bearing on its side the words in Greek: Λιμενικό Σώμα.



This essay evolved out of the conversations during the workshop with Brandon Labelle at Art Hub in Copenhagen in January 2024 and in ongoing conceptual collaboration and partnership with Morten Søndergaard.

Follow QR code to access the online multimedia version

The line signifies simply the Greek coast guard. I was immediately drawn into a rich network of resonances, some of which were not entirely language-based, although language was their crucial vehicle. Language in this case has a very particular feel of sounds that is so sensual, to the point of crossing sensory registers: one wants to taste the sound of distinctive accents in the mouth, where tongue meets the soft palate and where the soundwave of consonants materializes as gentle blows of air circulating in the respiratory system meeting palates, tongue, teeth and resonating in a skull and chest.

The language as a site where temporalities meander. One of them points out to modern and relatively contemporary Greek, stretched between the older versions of *katharevousa* and the newer *dimotiki* as attested by poetry and essays of George Seferis (Giorgios Seferiades). The other evokes a very ancient river running under the surface of what is being spoken, with many sediments brought from regions apart during Hellenic times, including *pontic*, *cappadocian* or even *ruméika*, known also as Mariupolitan Greek spoken in villages around Mariupol in Ukraine, a name of the city so often spelled throughout 2022 and 2023.

Yet, the simple Greek words AD 2023 still haunt my sonic and sensory imagination. Seferis said in his 1963 Nobel lecture: “When I read in Homer the simple words «φῶς ἡελίοιο» – today I would say «φῶς τοῦ ἡλίου» (the sunlight) – I experience a familiarity that stems from a collective soul rather than from an intellectual effort. It is a tone, one might say, whose harmonies reach quite far; it feels very different from anything a translation can give.” (Seferis 1963). Is this the tone and harmonies of language reaching across individual domains and across times and generations that helps me to retrieve all the resonances, all the meanders, alluvia and sediments of listening that was happening decades ago, under entirely different sky, among entirely differently responding valleys? All sediments of listening, even those most uncomfortable ones?

Διμενικό bears all the traces of a borderland, all no-man’s-lands, all in-betweens that borders usually evoke and constitute. In this case, it also designated a space of transition between the vast, open and dynamic container of the sea, and solid, sturdy, and dense elements of soil, rock and earth. Transitory nature of this liminal zone is sometimes signalled by a strip of a beach, where our feet sink in the dust-like dry sand or, on the contrary, take a refuge on a slightly more stable narrow wet ribbon at the very edge of salty and (sometimes) foamy tongues, only temporarily hardened by waves relentlessly pounding their way onto the land, back and forth, coming and going. Not hesitating, not even for a fraction of a second, but constantly oscillating, shifting, changing tone and intensity.

Dipping the soles of my feet in what is generously offered by a dance of salty, very much alive water and always mutable sand, I cannot escape questions. What is it like to be at the open sea and having to rely on attentive listening for survival? Is it a case for the practice of deep listening? To wait for the sound of an engine breaking through the howl amalgamating waves, thunder and wind?¹

These gradually unfolding sediments store more questions. For example, what is it like to rely on attentive listening for survival in forests of southern Poland bordering Slovakia cca. 1942 or 3? When the extermination of Holocaust is happening all around you and you know that you are being hunted – not only by German Nazis but also by people until recently considered your compatriots and maybe even neighbours? Then the question sinks again in fleeting

sands of so many conversations around an extended table of family gatherings. Whenever questions were bordering on the very unclear history of a grandfather who was hunted by Nazis for being allegedly a Jew, the voices would become agitated, raspy, fired up, as if suddenly took off from the ground. They were suddenly flying in the air, all the grains of sand slowly but surely burying the stories that were never meant to materialize in tiny vowels hitting the soft palate to get molded into legible words.

All there was to rely on, were puddles and ponds of silence, the only signposts that could help to navigate how unspoken and unspeakable truths are being turned into sediments cementing the freeways of expression. Could I ever have asked this question to my grandfather, if he had lived long enough to meet this question, forever hanging up in the air, until one day I saw the document with names written down by a hand of a local priest in a small village in southern Poland? My great-grandparents on paternal side were Gitla Thieberger (Fierberger) and Josef Nacher (Nacher), living in the last decades of XIX century in a small village of Podszkle in a Polish-Slovak transborder region of Orawa. That was why the family story preserved the version about the grandfather who came from Hungary – that part of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire was called Upper Hungary at the time. Hand-writing preserved in a paper document, now scanned and sent to me in the email as a .pdf file, seemed to draft the contours of all those ponds of silence, setting in motion unspoken and unspeakable truths. They were counterparts of unwanted listening, which meant being extremely attentive to every nook and cranny of words that suddenly went unfinished, hushed, the voices that were trembling – or, to the contrary, getting far more louder and hyper-confident, especially when an answer was such a blatant lie. The question was very simple: “Was the grandfather a Jew?” “Absolutely not” – imbued with a sense of offense, a tremor of fear and a sturdiness of a sudden burst of anger provoked by the directedness and simplicity of the question. Hot, fleeting sand, burying feet and sinking them ever deeper; singular sand grains amalgamating into an avalanche, which actually was almost audible, if you were trained well enough in unwanted listening.

Questions abound. Attentive listening can be a trap. There are so many kinds of unwanted listening – a practice of prolonged attention to fluctuations of sound despite a

somatic reaction prompting running away from all those soundwaves hitting the inner ear and further into a brain that has no choice but make some use of it. Especially when these are words, especially when those words are woven into a story: difficult to swallow and impossible to carry. Decades later, it still can be an open wound. Or a scar – a slightly more stable, narrow ribbon just at the shore, only temporarily hardened by waves.

Stories that you have never wanted to hear in the first place. That you have never asked for. You were bearing a witness without knowing how much it will drag you down the waters of the open sea, how much you will be sunk into the fleeting sands hardening into walls of words. Carrying them around is impossible, putting them down would be a grave betrayal. Like the story of her life that my grandmother on my maternal side used to tell to anyone who would be patient enough to listen. I was one of the most patient, or, rather, one of the most unsure of her borders and not courageous enough to refuse listening. The story was grime; it started with a difficult childhood of a girl from Jaroslaw, a small town in the eastern part of pre-1939 Poland, close to nowadays Ukraine. In the 1920s she lost her mother and went to live with her older brother’s family where she quickly became a burden. The family was not rich and her brother’s wife had her own children to care for so instead of attending the school, she was helping at home and became a seamstress apprentice. WW2 set her on the road, seeking refuge to the West, when the eastern part of then Poland was invaded by Stalin’s Russia. There, around 1940 or 41 she settled down in a small town close to the Tatra mountains, where she met her second husband. That was a backbone of the story, which – despite being told regularly – had a lot of empty spaces, when the voice trembled and silences started invading, as if some different sort of resonances were suddenly at work.

Until one autumn evening many, many years later. We were sitting by the window in one of the typical apartments of socialist housing projects (by then she had moved to the apartment left by her daughter and her family who all emigrated to North America). She had already suffered from two strokes, her memory was very weak and her eyesight was severely compromised. The story of her life started running once again and like so many times before, I dreaded the prospect of listening to the story of endless

hardships, food and heat shortages, severe winters, difficult childbirths and almost impossible child rearing, of the life that seemed so devoid of any joy that one was left wondering how it could have been survived. Yet this time the story ran in slightly different meanders; it quickly became much more detailed. The gaps were filled in with shocking details of persistent marital sex abuse, repeated rapes and sexual violence, the first husband suddenly appeared on stage as a military man of higher rank with apparent penchant for strong alcohol, promiscuity and sexual violence. The practice of hitherto unwanted listening quickly became an exercise in shock absorption. At times the words were shot into the air like bullets; at other times there were messengers of unbearable void of loneliness and limitless suffering. As if the previous versions served so often in limited versions were a scaffolding to train the ability of my very attentive listening. Listening of the kind that could hold the space for this was alluvial deposit; of what very soon proved to be the story's last and ultimate version.

A very attentive listening that my whole body/mind was rebelling against, all the while remaining motionless, giving in to all the resonances, reverberations, words shot into the air and bouncing from walls of a kitchen, in a kind of dance of echolocation² measuring where else there were hidden memories, gaps, inconsistencies and what would come back bounced as half-materialized, ghost-like entities. In a kitchen that was getting darker and darker, the light of the sunset outside the window, gradually filling in space with a hue of ash-colored grey, turning in the end into a navy glow, punctuated with brighter spots of a few street lamps from not-so-far. The story just lost its steam at some point; this meandering, stinky river of memory seemed simply to have run its course, as if disposed of. She fell asleep sitting on a chair. I was sitting motionless for a while, not ready to digest the story, neither to throw it out, nor to carry it over.

I am still not ready.

How does this kind of attentive listening reverberate across decades, how does it set limits and borders for what actually could have been asked at family gatherings so many decades later? How does this attentive, deep listening find me in the middle of busy days, at the airports I am visiting on my way to find answers to all those questions that I had never had the chance and courage to ask? Who is the guardian, what is being guarded and from whom,

where is this deceptively stable ground that can transform into dry sand at the whim of less fortunate circumstances? Especially when wavelengths of language(s) become both a trap and refuge to all the displaced, all the wounded, all those whose feet endlessly sink in the sand.

1. In the late North Aegean summer of 2023 the very local daily brought the news that people engaged in trafficking refugees from Turkish shores to Lesbos and other islands of North Aegean changed strategies and were deliberately setting off the boats in the worst weather conditions possible to avoid Greek coast guard and Frontex, having noticed that they avoid going to the sea during storms.

2. I am inspired in tracing the dance of intensities, energies and gaps of sound modelled after echolocation by Alexis Pauline Gumbs. When she writes that "Listening is not only about the normative ability to hear, it is a transformative and revolutionary resource that requires quieting down and tuning in." (Gumbs 2020, p. 11), I need to point out to the practice of unwanted listening as "transformative and revolutionary" in the most uncomfortable, risky ways. I need to take a step back from almost univocal conviction that a practice of attentive listening is usually and habitually presented as benevolent and beneficial. I need to acknowledge the fact that I did learn my listening skills in the practice of unwanted listening to the grime stories of trauma passed across generations. I am both deeply wounded by and eternally grateful for these listening modes.

Listening aboard
Listening about
Listening above
Listening according to
Listening across
Listening after
Listening against
Listening ahead of
Listening along
Listening along with
Listening among
Listening around
Listening as
Listening as far as
Listening as for
Listening as well as
Listening aside from
Listening at
Listening because of
Listening before
Listening behind
Listening below
Listening beneath
Listening beside
Listening between
Listening beyond
Listening but
Listening by
Listening close to
Listening despite
Listening down
Listening due to
Listening during
Listening except
Listening except for
Listening failing

(R)evolutionary Training

This is species (re)-evolutionary training. By training our ability to attune our bodies to sense and respond, we develop our response-ability. We store new forms of knowing and other ways of being-with all that is here with us in the fleshy archives of our bodies. These experiences and embodied realizations form part of the continuous evolution of our own cultural-natural bodies and the interconnections between them, shaping our local and global collective body/ies.

By letting these experiences, realizations, and ways of knowing resonate into our flesh, we transmit and share them with other bodies, human and more, through our reverberating, resonant encounters. Thus, our species will evolve in intra-active exchanges that reshape our ways of being in and with the world, and this will travel on as genetic imprints passed onto future generations.

The entry point into this training is anytime, anywhere.

We train our abilities to enter resonant, reciprocal encounters and exchanges with that which is right here, right now, against all (capitalistic) odds that tell us that the right time/way/place is always sometime/someplace/somehow different, that it is something we must earn through our commitment to the production/consumption/growth/optimization wheel.

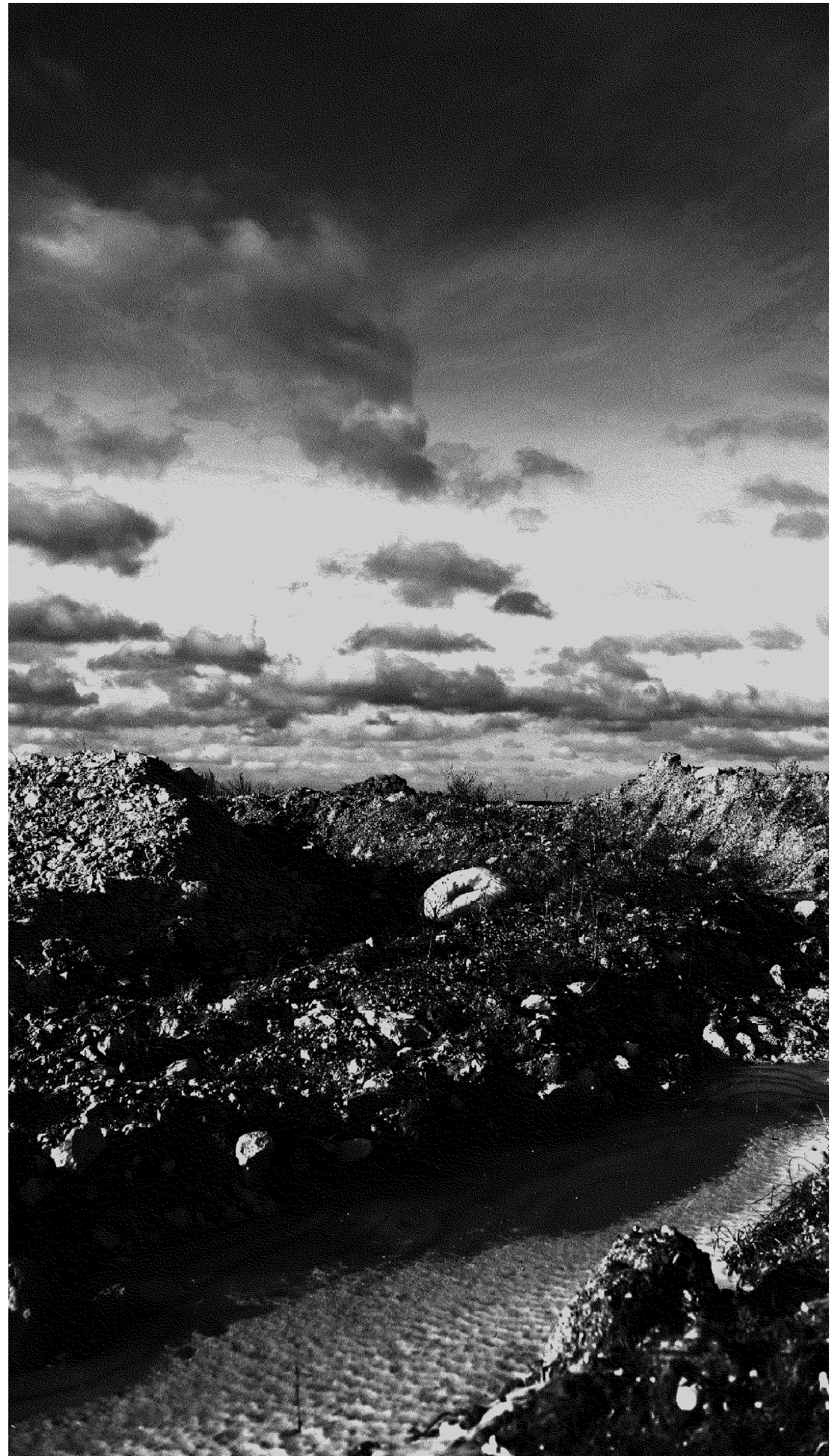
But even within these structures, staying with what is right here, right now, inside, outside, can be an entry point to a tangent of awareness and sensuous recalibration that breaks this cycle and opens a different trajectory.

The training is humble, ongoing, curious, and deeply revolutionary. It prepares us for another world, which we already encounter and create as we train for it.

Do not underestimate the deeply transformative potential of an intimate encounter with a cigarette butt, a cobblestone, a crack in the paint, and the resonances from this, traveling on through the individual and collective flesh of the world.



(26)



(27)

Bey^on^d the Mic^ro^ophone

Detecting Essences,
Variations and Non-Variations

It is late morning in the day room. I find myself without memory, as does the person in front of me with whom I am speaking. I am in need of memory because I do not have a microphone and recording equipment with me. She lacks memory because she is an older person with memory impairment. I am used to recording encounters with people using a microphone and recording device, which allows me to focus on the moment, to attune to the present, with the microphone as a catalyst for the situation and recording device as the memory. Both of us are living without memory at this moment.

In the realm of documentary filmmaking and the creation of documentary audio pieces, the act of listening during an interview is sometimes relegated to a functional necessity—a means to capture sound and gather information through the sonorous voice. However, when listening is considered a philosophical practice, it transforms into a profound engagement with the self of the interviewee, becoming a documentary encounter that transcends the mere collection of auditory data.

The fluorescent-lit nursing home stretches across several floors. In this corner room there are five residents and two caregivers. The residents are not talking to each other. Through the window, an autumn forest landscape is visible, but no one in the room seems to notice. One of the caregivers works at a computer, while the other watches a massive television from a low armchair. Outside, the world continues to be, unchanged.

Conventional interviewing practices usually imply a conventional notion of the nature and function of the self, which can be referred to as a folk model of the self. Furthermore, interviews typically center around the biographical self and presuppose the conception of the self as

a possible object of narration. I problematize these conventional approaches to interviewing, aiming for a deeper understanding of listening, the documentary encounter, and human existence as an active engagement with time. This endeavor engages with discussions of representation, performativity, and relationality, while also focusing on aspects such as joint attention to the sonorous voice, the co-creation of meaning, situatedness, and the interplay between objectivity and subjectivity.

Her name is Helena, and she is sitting opposite me, on the other side of the table. If I were using a microphone, I would have chosen to sit differently. Most likely, I would have moved my chair to the end of the table and sat diagonally with Helena, keeping the microphone close, sitting close. But now we sit opposite each other, the table between us. Still, I orient myself towards her, now more in my mind than by bending my body as I usually do. I listen; I am unceasingly listening to who she is, what she is expressing, and how—how her speech is unfolding, what kind of person she is. I appreciate that I get to listen to her. I want to keep myself in a state of learned ignorance, trying not to make assumptions about her while holding space for her. I am letting her warm tone of voice affect me—her voice, her tone, its timbre and tonalities.

I am observing, but how can I keep observing when I am obliged to continuously store impressions, ideas, and thoughts in my memory? I do not have a microphone with me to assist to record all this. I cannot listen to her voice again in the studio; her voice cannot carry all the essential moments and details of the encounter later on, time and time again. I know that our conversation will fade away; it will be forgotten by both of us because it inevitably happens. Perhaps it will fade more slowly for me than for Helena, but it will be forgotten nonetheless. I try to store the conversation in my memory, to record and carve essential parts of it into my mind: expressions, moods, word choices, turns of phrase, my observations of her, her speech, and the details of her life that she remembers and shares with me. All this activity consumes my attention and concentration, making it more difficult for me to attune to the moment. It alters my experience of myself. I cannot merely hearken to the aural presence of another human being; I am caught up in discerning, categorizing, and storing the appearing details and threads of discussion.

At first, Helena tells me that she has just arrived, so she doesn't know people yet. Soon, however, Helena says that it is good she has been living here for a long time, so she knows people. Different times interweave in Helena's speech. Her speech spirals into new topics and then circles back to what has already been said, but every time in a slightly different way. I listen, I attune, and the biographical dimension of Helena starts to emerge like a landscape. And consequently, so it takes, I notice that my understanding begins to take shape, and I begin to uncover the structures of her fractured self.

What is the creative continuity of contact that I aim for during my encounters? How can I ensure that my main characters remain subjects rather than become objects in my artistic outcome? I usually create documentary audio works by editing my voice out of the final piece. Consequently, my own voice is rarely heard. Only my characters are audible, even though I have conducted all the interviews, shared documentary encounters with my interviewees. I am thus entirely dependent on what, and especially how, my characters speak. I rarely add a complementary narrator's voice to fill gaps in the interview. I must manage with the recorded material alone. This approach allows the listener to have a direct and intimate encounter with the characters. My presence does not belong there, and my voice does not belong in the reality of my protagonist's life, even though I have been the first listener during the documentary encounter. For me, this approach—allowing my main character to speak without the interviewer intervening—is more captivating than other structural and dramaturgical solutions.

Dancing! Dancing emerges more and more frequently in Helena's speech. It takes Helena far back to her youth. Helena has two brothers who play in a dance orchestra and take her along to their gigs. Fortunately, a girl of Helena's age lives upstairs in her building, and they can go together when Helena's brothers leave for a gig.

—That time, the time of dancing, was a wonderful time, she says.

There is much happening in the situation, yet something remains unattained, something is missing. Our encounter is not recorded anywhere; I know I can never turn this meeting into a documentary audio piece. More importantly, I cannot relisten to the encounter the same way I do in my usual work and that affects me. On the surface, I do not behave differently. I am attentive, I orient myself toward

Helena, and we have a shared, attentive space where her thoughts, experiences, and life are at the center. I focus on her just as I do with the protagonists of my future works when I am recording. However, besides having to commit things to memory and reflecting on the situation, I do not direct my attention as strongly toward the future. I am unable to fully ride the wave of shared presence toward the utmost anticipation. This is one of the differences in my listening compared to a recorded documentary encounter. The absence of the microphone and recording device changes my orientation toward the future, toward the next sentence, and toward the very next possibility. The difference is very subtle, but I still sense it. The magic of hearkening is missing—the magic that the next unfolding sentence could be the one that makes it into the final piece. That in just a moment, something significant will happen, and I am listening to the birth of an embodied thought and its articulation.

And dancing! How radiant she looks when she speaks about dancing. How life emanates from her as she speaks, how vividly she is alive. I see her bright face, her beautifully expressive eyes, and gray hair that reaches her shoulders. I am so fortunate to bear witness to how Helena's speech unfolds; it is like witnessing life itself. For me, listening during a documentary encounter is an act of participating in the unfolding of being, of calling something forth, of positioning oneself in openness, of consenting to an indeterminate process. It involves relinquishing oneself, a precise sense of self, and offering one's consciousness for another's use.

The more talk accumulates during the encounter, the fuller I become and the less space I have left for Helena. I have to start letting go of the things to be remembered, trust that they will remain in me anyhow, in my memory, and begin to attune more to the moment, to the situation, and to Helena. I need to do this, it is my urge. I want to experience the for me so familiar state of being that can be expressed in the sayings like in the zone, in the flow, letting go of myself.

I am corporeally present at the moment of recording, but the listener of the audio documentary piece is engaged only with the sound. Sound cannot be paused, and the present moment cannot be paused. Listening to a documentary sound piece reminds the listener of the nature of existence. In the visual world, impermanence may be forgotten, one might be deceived into thinking of permanence, but sound—fearful in its very essence—brings the

listener closer to the unfolding of reality. Sonorous voice cannot be paused; a human being cannot be paused. Vitality flickers; it is present in Helena. I can see it in her face, enduringly vibrant. She embodies vitality. Helena appears very young now. She remembers more, and her appearance is different from the other, stagnant elderly persons in the room. She does not notice the large television screen behind me on the other side of the room. I know that it displays close-ups of people expressing their emotions; it is some daytime melodrama in English.

I do not know then, but days after the encounter, I find myself repeating same thoughts again and again, like Helena. I find myself reflecting on the aspiration inherent in listening; how it involves maintaining a position at the crest of the present moment, where both the past and future converge. It is a continuous attentiveness that, despite of including the flow of past conversation, always aims toward the next sentence, the next word, the next utterance, the next breath. In this state, every forthcoming sentence can be essential. It is an orientation in the present toward the future—toward the next thought, which can be incomplete, so incomplete. A sentence that, for many reasons, cannot be integrated into the documentary piece.

I can never predict, sitting here with Helena, how the next sonorous expression will turn out. I must simply participate; be attentive, wait, hope, be alert, and observant. While skill, knowledge, and insight are valuable, they do not guarantee how the interview will unfold, including its content, mood, or existential depth. The essence lies in participation; in engaging with a process that cannot be controlled.

Suddenly, a shadow crosses her face, as they say in books. I have not seen that happen to anyone before. I choose to be silent and let her sink into herself. Soon she awakens from her memories to our shared moment.

— It's astonishing how much comes back to mind, she says. I am mesmerized by the sudden emotional change that briefly passes over her features and give her all the time she needs to grasp what she remembers now.

— Back then, we worked a lot, she continues after a while.

Can listening be listening to possibilities? What is still possible for Helena? What am I listening to if I am listening to possibilities, her possibilities? What is possible for her to remember, what is possible for her to be and to become?

My encounter with Helena will not have closure. Writing this vignette is an attempt to revisit the moments of listening that I am unable to recapture. There is no way to go back, to revisit the situation; there is no resolution. There is only the memory of the listening encounter, of the embodied, intuitive, self-other dynamic field. I am thankful for listening to her and for the shared attention, the joint attentive moment we had. I recall her words in my memory; I did write them in me, in my embodied presence, in my multilayered self.

Helena rises from her chair. She walks to the intersection of two corridors, to the corner of the living room area. She pauses for a moment, looking out into the corridor. Then she starts walking down the other corridor. Pink trousers, a black-and-white striped shirt. Slightly swaying, with a slow, soft gait. Helena opens the door to her room and goes inside. No sound is heard; the door does not make any noise. Or perhaps the television's sound masks the noise. All the other elderly people remain engrossed in watching the television.

A documentary encounter catalyzes the situation and brings about events, thoughts, and moments that would not

otherwise happen. What between Helena and me remained unaccomplished because the microphone was absent, because the intention of creating a documentary piece was missing? I was there; I shared the socio-emotional embodiment. During the encounter, there was this richness, as there always is. I embraced that familiar abundance and related to it in the experiential moment. But I am unable to ever reach it again via recording. I am not able to create a reflective account of it, of the person I met. I cannot revisit my memories, cannot listen to the encounter again and again, and cannot edit an artistic outcome from the material, slowly crafting an documentary audio art piece of her, of her memories of dancing. Furthermore, I am not able to listen to the audio piece together with Helena; we cannot listen to it together, I cannot give the piece her as a gift.

At t e m f
 t n e o
 ly gen et l kemord

Med hørbarhed, eller rettere manglen på samme, følger auditiv fattigdom. Og hvor der er fattigdom, er der utilfredshed. Og hvor der er utilfredshed, er der et potentiale for oprør.

— Nina Dragicevic, *Auditory Poverty and Its Discontents* (2024), Errant Bodies Press DE

I musikkens verden relaterer begrebet akustik sig til de fysiske og materielle forhold et givent rum har eller ikke har. Typisk er det et mål at opnå “god akustik”, hvor vi er i stand til at høre alle detaljer og nuancer i musikken. Desuden kan særlige akustiske forhold som eksempelvis rumklang eller ekko, bidrage til oplevelsen af musikken. Forfatter og kunstner Brandon LaBelle har argumenteret for en udvidet forståelse af akustik, ved at påpege hvordan akustik også er med til skabe rammerne for hvordan vi navigerer og socialiserer, hvordan vi hører og bliver hørt. Dette leder, ifølge LaBelle, til en betragtning af “akustik som en politik, hvorigennem kampe om anerkendelse og rettigheder, tilhørsforhold og adgang føres”¹

I dette essay vil jeg benytte mig af denne udvidede forståelse af akustik, og placere den som en linse hvorigennem vi kan se - eller lytte til - de demonstrationer, protester, call-outs, mv., såvel off- som online, som vi har set i Danmark siden oktober 2023, ifm. mobiliseringen for våbenhvile i Gaza og på Vestbredden,



Follow the QR code to access an English translation by Lukas Lund.

og de danske myndigheders efterfølgende respons. Mit ærinde er at placere disse aktiviteter som en udøvelse af den akustik som LaBelle beskriver, og hvorigenennem vi kan undersøge ikke-lytning som en form for magt. Slutteligt vil jeg tilbyde nogle betragtninger om lytning, og perspektivere dem til situationen i Danmark, for at spekulere over andre rammer for politisk deltagelse.

Om bestræbelserne på *ikke* at lytte

Siden oktober 2023 har jeg selv, sammen med millioner af andre, fulgt med på sociale medier, hvor civile palæstinensere live-streamer den grusomhed som de udsættes for af de israelske styrker i Gaza. Det er næsten den eneste måde vi kan holde os opdateret, da Israel enten har forbudt journalister at komme ind i Gaza, eller dræbt dem der var. Israel har også flere gange lukket for internettet for at forsøge at holde grusomhederne i Gaza skjult; grusomheder som de er blevet anklaget for ved den internationale straffedomstol: at foranstalte et folkemord på det palæstinensiske folk.

De mange måneders rædsler² i Gaza har fået titusindevis af mennesker i Danmark til mobilisere sig i en folkebevægelse for at få den danske regering til at fordømme Israels handlinger og kræve omgående våbenhvile; at stoppe alt samarbejde med institutioner og virksomheder i Israel; at stoppe eksporten af dansk våben-teknologi til Israel; og anerkende Palæstina som stat. Samlet i rekordstore demonstrationer med bannere, trommer og råb, har aktivister og borgere demonstreret foran regeringsbygninger, den Israelske Ambassade i København, Danmarks Radio, og ved danske virksomheder der producerer og sælger militær-teknologi til Israel, eller som danner infrastrukturen til handel med våben til Israel. Studerende oprettede telt-lejren Rafa Garden i Den Hemmelige Have på Københavns Universitet for at appellere til dialog med universitet om deres samarbejde med uddannelsesinstitutioner i Israel. Aktivister sultestrejkede for at få politikernes opmærksomhed foran Christiansborg. Kunstnere lavede

manifestationer foran museer. Mange har skrevet emails til de folkevalgte, og underskrevet op til flere borgerforslag. Mange har forfattet artikler og opslag på sociale medier, skrevet direkte til politikernes egne profiler, og forsøgt at *kalde dem ud* ved at tagge dem i opslag og stories. Kort fortalt har der været utallige forsøg på at råbe regeringen op, med krav om lytte og handle, for at stoppe den rædsel som palæstinenserne udsættes for.

Disse forsøg er i høj grad blevet enten ignoreret eller affejet af regeringens ministre og de fleste danske politikere. De har på forskellig vis udtrykt at forsøgene ikke er *den rigtige måde at føre en demokratisk samtale*. De udtrykker at være bange for “polarisering”. De er bange for “tonen i debatten”.

Et konkret eksempel på dette var da Udenrigsminister Lars Løkke i maj 2024, under et besøg på Københavns Universitet, blev afbrudt af demonstranter der kaldte på at han skulle stoppe den danske våben-eksport til Israel. Efterfølgende slår Løkke et opslag op på Instagram³ hvor han beklager sig over at blive afbrudt, og skriver: “Vi må aldrig holde op med at tale sammen i Danmark.” Men bevægelsen for fred har forsøgt at få Løkke i tale i månedsvis, bl.a. via de metoder som jeg allerede har beskrevet. I denne periode har Løkke ikke engageret sig i samtaler med bevægelsen. Desuden har Løkke, via sin magtfulde position som udenrigsminister, langt flere ressourcer og muligheder end demonstranterne til at tale og styre en samtale, bl.a. gennem adgang til pressen.

Ved at tale om *tonen* hvormed og *måden* hvorpå der udøves politisk deltagelse, udøver den regerende klasse en form for auditiv disciplinering af folkebevægelsen, der skaber frustration og oplevelser af at blive overhørt og ignoreret.

Om magtpositioner og stilheden som ideal

I *The Dissonance of Democracy* understreger professor i statskundskab Susan Bickford at både tale og lytning er centrale aktiviteter for medborgerskab, og at politik handler om dynamikken imellem de to. Men denne dynamik kan være risikabel, især for dem i magtpositioner. Fordi at lytning involverer at give opmærksomhed til den anden part, kan den åbne chancen for at noget andet kan ske: en ny indsigt, eller en ny konklusion, som kræver handling eller forandring. Dynamikken imellem at tale og lytte er risikabel for dominerende kræfter, fordi at udfaldet kan være løsninger som ikke er i tråd med en retning som allerede er udlagt.

For yderligere undersøgelse af intersektionen imellem magt og lytning, kan det give mening at granske hvad der forstås ved lytning. “Lytning” frembringer ofte forestillinger om empati, barmhjertighed, respekt og omsorg, efterfulgt af forestillinger om stilhed, måske endda fred og ro, som betingelser for “god” lytning. Når jeg deltager i samtaler om lytning, er det da også ønsket om stilhed der oftest nævnes først. Men med idealiseringen af stilhed, *fred* og *ro* som betingelser for lytning, mener jeg, at vi må være opmærksomme på at idealer nemt fremmedgør dét eller dem som ikke passer ind; dét, der af nogle betragtes som støj. Jeg vil påstå at der ikke er langt fra ønsket om fred og ro til at lytte, og så til krav om orden og undvigelse af støj, konflikt, og u-hygge.

Selvom danskere politikere ikke specifikt bruger ordet “stilhed”, så reflekterer deres auditive disciplinering af borgerne et perspektiv hvor man ikke er værdig at blive lyttet til, medmindre det foregår “ordentligt”, “fredeligt” og “roligt”. Dette til trods for at “rolige” former for demonstrationer faktisk har fundet sted, men mestendels ignoreres af de fleste politikere (såsom de tidligere nævnte sultestrejker og selv de ugentlige demonstrationer med flere tusinde deltagere). Det bliver i stigende grad tydeligt at idealet om ordentlig, ikke-forstyrrende og ikke-støjende politisk deltagelse er til fordel for de magtfulde, da den slags deltagelse er lettere at overhøre end når den støjer og forstyrrer.

Den danske regering, i tråd med regeringer i andre lande, har valgt at overhøre bevægelsen for fred. De har undgået at lytte til den og angrebet dens tonalitet. De vil ikke lytte, fordi at det kan føre til en anerkendelse af rædslerne. De vil ikke lytte, fordi det kan lede til et opgør med en retning der er udlagt; en retning hvor brud på menneskerettigheder er legitimt når det styrker profit, alliancer og magt. Det er en retning der er funderet i imperialisme, kapitalisme og racisme.

For at forestille os en bedre akustik for politisk deltagelse, mener jeg, at idealer og forestillinger om lytning bør udfordres eller udvikles. Måske er det på tide at dyrke støjen. Støjen som det mangefacetteret, u-ordentlige, og konfliktfyldte. Men også støjen som en volume der ikke kan overhøres.

1. LaBelle, B. *Acoustic Justice*, s. 11

2. Ordet *rædsler* er selvfølgelig en underdrivelse. Jeg benytter dette ord her for at beskrive ikke blot israels brud på palæstinenserne menneskerettigheder, men også dét der ikke registreres i samme grad; de nære menneskelige traumer og ødelæggelser på kultur og natur. Omfanget af skaden der er sket er ikke fuldt belyst endnu, og vi vil se effekterne af israels krigsførsel langt ud i fremtiden.

3. https://www.instagram.com/reel/C7hKGetN-ne/?utm_source=ig_web_copy_link&igsh=MzRlODBiNWFiZA==

Referencer:

1. Brandon Labelle, *Acoustic Justice - Listening, Performativity, and the Work of Reorientation* (2021), Bloomsbury

2. Susan Bickford, *Dissonance of Democracy - Listening, Conflict, and Citizenship* (1996), Cornell University Press

An Echo of Moria

“Ruins and remains of the burnt Moria Camp,” the GPS announces as we approach.

I recall the images of the Camp when it was still crammed with life. Makeshift tents on wooden pallets. Rivers of mud. Piles of trash. Chain-link fences with barbed wire. Clothes hanging out to dry. People’s faces.

Moria was Europe’s largest refugee camp. Founded in 2013, in this remote spot in Lesbos, it was initially meant to accommodate 3,000 residents. By 2020, it was overcrowded with 20,000 people. Many of them lacked reliable electricity and access to medical care.

At night, on September 8th 2020, while the world was still grappling with the COVID-19 pandemic, massive fires broke out, reducing the Camp to nearly ashes.

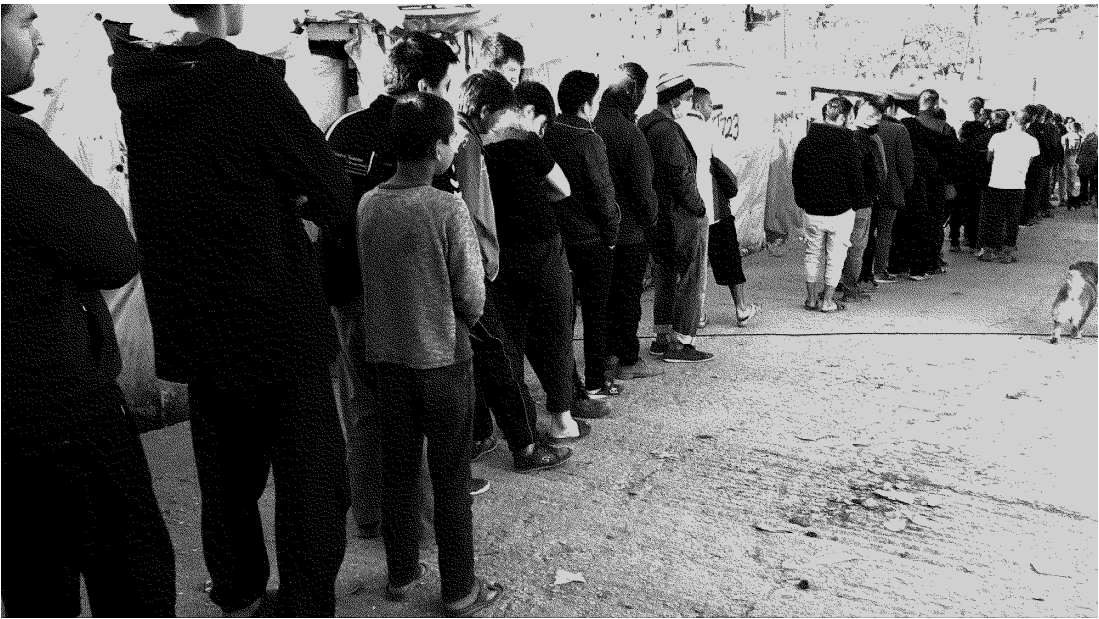
Three years have passed since then. I’m here with Alaa Kassab, a documentary filmmaker. Alaa received a video from someone living in Moria in the spring of 2020, shortly before the fires. It shows people waiting in line to receive food.



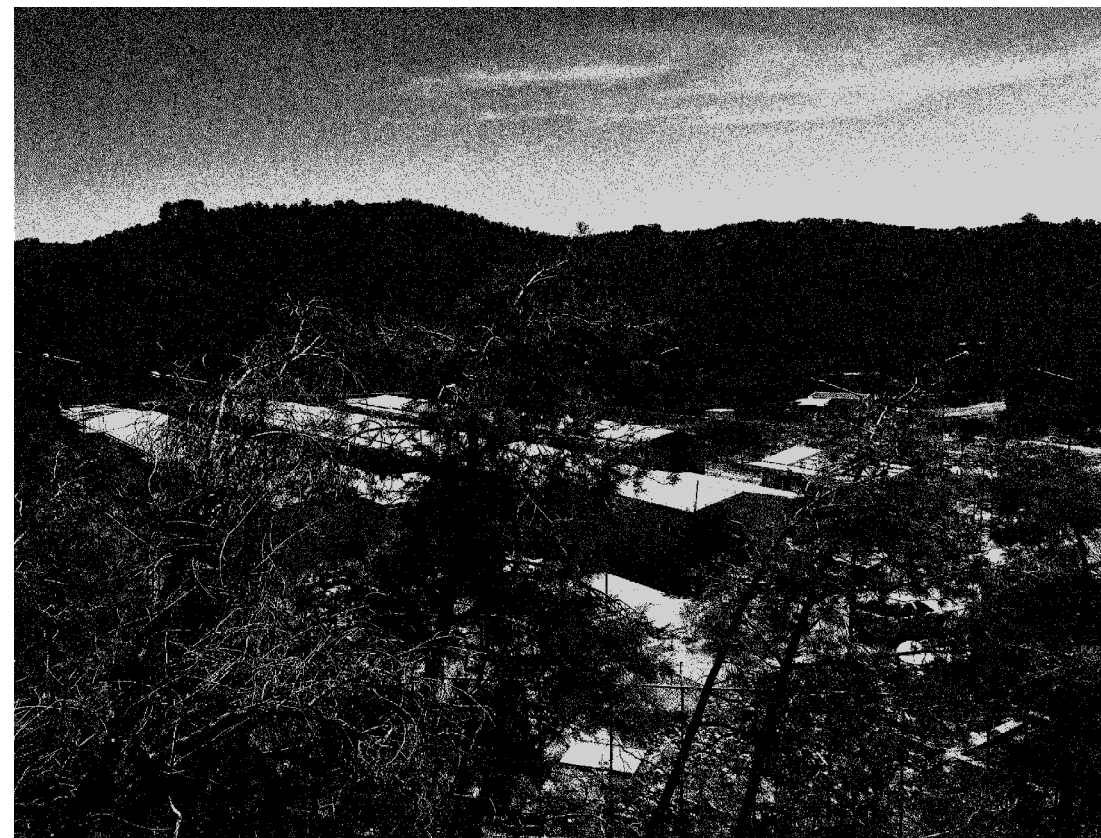
Originally published at
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With support from The Sensory Media
Anthropology Network (NOS-HS). Thank
you to Alaa Kassab for the collaboration.

Follow the QR code to access the audio file
and link to impressions from Lesbos.





Do you remember us?
 Wherever you are...
 Resist as they raped your home...
 Do not go easy into that good night.
 If you are here,
 You are one of us.
 —the Saviors.





What remains of Moria Camp are a few roofless white barracks and ghostly, fire-scarred trees. Some belongings lie scattered, like a couple of baby chairs and a Disney cap. A larger area is cordoned off with barbed wire. A chapel still stands with prayer carpets and a deteriorating image of Jesus. “This place needs a worn-out Good,” Alaa says after looking around.

As we walk among the ruins, I think of composer Pauline Oliveros and her Deep Listening meditations. She invites us to connect with our sonic environment and expand the boundaries of our perception. Especially, her score *Imaginary Meditation* comes to mind:

IMAGINARY MEDITATIONS

A.

Can you imagine your own resonance

B,

Can you imagine listening beyond the edge of your own imagination?

C.

Can you imagine that every cell in your entire body is vibrating all the time?

D.

Can you imagine the turning of the universe?

E.

Can you imagine the echoes of all the footsteps you have ever taken?

I wonder –
how can we listen deeply
from within
our shared humanity?

Although Moria is now largely reclaimed by other species, it feels as though I can hear the echoes of all the footsteps once taken here. As if the voices, cries, and living activities still resonate; like a continuous vibration of human presence.

The Social Listening Deficit

Sound Art as Resistance

Neither the hierarchy of arts nor the traditional framework of the political unconscious are untouched by the cultural change triggered by media culture and information technology. Friedrich Kittler famously claimed that the boundary between media and life are blurring — and that we face a culture dominated by the effects from sound and images creating a ‘deficit’ of attention:

“The general digitalization of information [...] erases the difference between individual media. Sound and image, voice and text have become mere effects on the surface [...] Sense and the senses have become mere glitter.” (Kittler, 1987, 102)

If we accept Kittler’s point of view, the citizens of the distributed public sphere are facing a situation that is radically different from that of the mediated (and, in Kittler’s sense, superficial) framing of aesthetic experience: listening is at the core, but it being limited by the erasure of the differences between individual media, Kittler claims.

Voicing a similar skepticism, Jacques Attali questioned the sense of ubiquitously mediated sound, and the effect it might have on the citizen. Digital media, according to Attali, creates a kind of “survival space”:

“Equivalent to the articulation of a space, [sound] indicate the limits of a territory and the way to make oneself heard within it, how-to survive by drawing one’s sustenance from it” (Attali, 20).

Listening is an essential feature in a democratic society, one could easily claim. Other people's arguments and ideas only become political through us attentively listening to them. Musical expressions may also bear witness to this, as it has been the case historically for instance during the French Revolution and, in more recent times, during the 'youth rebellion(s)' of the 1960s and until the 1990s. There is, however, a tendency which is growing towards that which Jaron Lanier calls 'stone-faced' listening:

"There are undoubtedly musical marvels hidden around the world, but this is the first time since electrification that mainstream youth culture in the industrialized world has cloaked itself primarily in nostalgic styles" (1,130).

Retro and unfocused nostalgic listening, according to Lanier, follows the end of the proclaimed innovative and pioneering 'open culture' of the Internet (if it ever truly existed beyond the nerdy openness of technological exchange). It is transforming into something else; it is even transforming our habitual roles of citizenship as well as the bio-psycho-social context of human agency, Lanier claims.

The main argument of Lanier is that we do not use the real possibilities that the technologies are offering us to our own advantage. The new cultural dynamics that the Internet once promised simply did not happen.

In the 1960s, Habermas defined the modern public sphere as a "citizen sphere" constituted by a literary awareness — laws, newspapers, textualizations of thought (Habermas, 1961, 52-70). Moreover, the public space was metaphorized as a "physical and open" citizen space facilitating dialogue and clash of opinions. However, the very constitution of this citizen space, and the very notion of "the citizen," has been changing rapidly since the 60s, undergoing several transformations. The literary awareness is partly and increasingly being replaced by a "media awareness" during the 70s and 80s, which, in the digital age, has transgressed even further towards a "distributed awareness" (being mediated on several platforms at the same time changing the configuration of the physical public space and the very notion of the city as the place for citizens and one of complexity).

As the examples below will show, the situation of the citizen is always framed by infrastructural underwritings (to use the words of Bowker and Star) to some degree. With ubiquitous information technology everywhere, today the relationality

between infrastructures and the space of the public is arguably even more pre-produced with blurring boundaries between private and public and heavy attention deficits.

The citizen today is challenged by this fight for their attention in almost all matters and contexts, but also by the ever-decreasing time when real attention to detail and human matters occurs or is possible. It is still very much a matter of finding ways to short-circuit the 'simulated environments and their undercover politics: how to reclaim the possibility to produce new spaces for aesthetic experience is still the challenge for art.

Two distinct situations of listening may be detected coming out of this more intense challenge, both negotiating the 'human condition' of a distributed public sphere. Since we (as citizens of the distributed public sphere), as Bernhard Stiegler claims, are suffering from a disorder of 'global attention deficit', and since capitalism has seized the Internet and transformed what promised to be an open and social space of relational experiment and exchange into a marked place (of mostly hidden transactions — through the services provided by 'cookies' or other 'tracking'-technologies), then listening would appear to be situated either as 1) a techno-deterministic nostalgia; or 2) a cultural agency — what Bernard Stiegler, the way I read him, refers to as 'the struggle for the Mind in Contemporary Capitalism' [2].

Thus, it could be claimed that listening is involved in a deep struggle of the mind and the emergence of alternative ways of creating political awareness in the distributed public sphere; new roles and patterns are emerging. The struggle of the mind is indeed a struggle of the ear.

Artistic production is a way to stage the struggle of the ear in the (distributed) public sphere and investigate matters further. It is exhibiting investigations and questions, without necessarily offering any answers. What sound art offers is an eventual setting for asking essential and moral questions about what I am choosing to term a 'social listening deficit'.

This manifests itself in the following ways (which will be more detailed below): Firstly, sound art is trans-aesthetic and not bound to the norms of one specific artistic genre. Rather, it is genre-dynamic and constantly experimenting with new ways of presenting and representing artistic expression.

Secondly, sound art is infrastructurally complex as it is open to feedback from audience and science. This tendency to intentionally leave behind the control and simplicity

of an autonomous work of art, and instead seeking out the indeterminacy of an audience interpreting and experiencing materialities and textualities are key elements of these early examples countering social listening deficits. It may even be said to be one of the formative aspects of that which we call sound art.

To better unpack what this may entail, I will revisit for a moment the notion of ‘The space of the event, as defined by Slavoj Žižek’. The space of the event is that which separates an effect from its causes. As such, the event points towards a gradually widening gap in the basic epistemological framing of (our concept and use of) “reality”; which could be paraphrased in this way: either an event is a change in the way reality appears to us, or it is a shattering transformation of reality itself. He sees the event as a destruction of the (conventional cognitive and social) frame through which we perceive the world and engage in it. In its most radical configuration, the event may even be a destruction of that frame, in the sense that it stages “the surprising emergence of something new which undermines every stable scheme” (Žižek, 2014, 6). This destruction of the symbolic order Žižek calls “enframing” (inspired by Heidegger’s concept of *Gestell* — which is the notion that technology designates an attitude towards reality which we assume when we are engaged in such activities). On the one hand, enframing poses a danger of the “total enframing”; where technological manipulation reduces the human to an object devoid of being aesthetically open to social reality. On the other hand, it promises the possibility of approaching “concrete universality”; which according to Žižek sees events not just as empty containers of specific content, but as “an engendering of that content through the deployment of its immanent antagonisms, deadlocks and inconsistencies” (Žižek, 2014, 9).

It is specifically this notion of events as an engendering of that which a symbolic order is hiding which points towards the idea of a sonic infrastructure. Here, the space of the event is enframing an existing speaker installation or public communication technology. The emergence of new meaning undermines every stable scheme connected to the existing speaker system. In what follows, I will be looking further into the (curatorial and techno-material) genealogies of sonic infrastructures: from early artistic pioneers like Nicolas Schöffer and Max Neuhaus¹ to more curatorial

experiments and contextual considerations in the exhibition *Under Cover - Sound/art in Social Spaces* project (The Museum of Contemporary Art in Roskilde DK, 2003).

In many ways, event and infrastructure could be perceived as opposites: Whereas the event separates effect and cause, an infrastructure stabilizes their connection and relation. And where an event might be said to forefront a sensuality, the infrastructure is all about conceptuality; in fact, infrastructure might be said to be a harbinger of the very symbolic order that the event is re- or enframing (if Žižek is our guide).

This opposition is interesting because it points towards a central dynamic (or paradox) that exists in Sound Art, which consequently should always be part of any curatorial considerations: the dynamics of the sensual and the conceptual.

This is very basic to all artistic expressions; it could be argued. Certainly, sound art does have a peculiar oppositional relationship which is unique in comparison with other artistic practices in that it (may) exist and be understood without (primary) textual or visual references. It constitutes a situation of representation which may be called ‘open’ (in the sense of Umberto Eco: it is up to the audience to ‘finish’ the interpretation based on an interplay between perception and contextual framings).

Interestingly, what could arguably be seen as a first attempt of operationalizing a sonic infrastructure in an art practice, Nicolas Schöffer’s ‘*Türme*’ (1954, Paris), is rooted in ‘kinetic art’ (which was one of the sources for Umberto Eco’s original *The Poetics of the Open Work*): it is an attempt to re-functionalize art beyond the confines of the gallery spaces and use the public sphere instead. The result is a sculptural sonic object, which Schöffer describes as ‘spatio-dynamic’. The idea was to make or compose a sonic background that is directed at the people living and moving around in a city. Schöffer supplied the infrastructure for this, whereas it was Pierre Henry who supplied the sonic material — based on a cybernetic feedback system of 12 tapes, the tower was intersected by a generator of noises.

Some 10 years later, Max Neuhaus pushed this further into making, what he termed, ‘audience instruments’. *Drive In Music* from 1967 was aiming at people in their cars, or rather: their car radio and speakers. As a location, Neuhaus chose Lincoln Parkway with a starting point at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery. Along half a mile of the Parkway

he installed a number of antennas in such a way that each antenna transmitted one sound for only a shorter distance — each sound occupying its own ‘area’. In this way, Neuhaus built up a piece which you could only experience while driving through the entire array of antennas with the car radio tuned in to the transmitters placed along the section of Lincoln Parkway.²

Eventually, Neuhaus would call these kind of works ‘passages’, creating an aural topography by ‘setting a static sound structure into motion for themselves by passing through them.’³

“Enframing as the setting-something-static-into-motion, and making an everyday situation dynamic, is implied in the curatorial concept of the sonic infrastructure; another thing implied is an active audience:

The Passage works are situated in spaces where the physical movement of the listener through the space to reach a destination is inherent. They imply an active role on the part of listeners, who set a static sound structure into motion for themselves by passing through it. My first work with an aural topography, *Drive In Music* in 1967, falls within this vector.”

Neuhaus makes a number of ‘Passages’ throughout his career (*Drive In Music* was the first in a long series, which is not possible here to go deeper into in any detail) and what is significant to notice, in the context of this short paper, is that he does not consider them as a form of music. Rather, as he writes, “... we have blocks of constant sound texture, sound continuums which are unchanging. It is the listener who puts them into his own time.” And, furthermore:

“The other difference between these works and music is that here the sound is not the work. Here sound is the material with which I transform the perception of the space.”⁴

It is rather relevant to compare this to the question of what work infrastructures do? This question is posed by Geoffrey C. Bowker and Susan Leigh Star and, even though they pose it in the context of a book about classification standards, it does point towards the domain of the sonic infrastructure in a number of significant ways.

- What work do classifications and standards do? ... what goes into making things work like magic: making them fit together so that we can buy a radio built by someone we have never met in Japan, plug it into a wall in Champaign, Illinois and hear the world news from the BBC.
- Who does that work? ... there is a lot of hard labor in effortless ease... We will discuss where all the ‘missing work’ that makes things look magical goes.
- What happens to the cases that don’t fit? We want to draw attention to cases that don’t fit easily into our magical created world of standards and classifications.

Schöffers (with Pierre Henry) and Neuhaus were interested in separating the situation of being immersed and surrounded by everyday processes and spaces from the perception and representations of those processes and spaces; they shared a philosophy, one might argue, running behind their sonic activities (and their artistic differences), which states that what moves us is hidden (in symbolic infrastructures framing our daily use and understanding of them), and we (artists, audiences — who are all citizens, after all) need to move as well in order to ‘uncover’ those infrastructures. Sound is a way to make that movement ‘go’. And this goes for art as well as audiences: there are patterns of expectations framing the way we look at, or listen to, art and music — as genres moving them outside of the domain of everyday life (and into institutions). What Schöffers and Neuhaus are pointing out is that we need to move art out of the infrastructural classifications of institutions and into the socio-infrastructural settings of everyday life.

Hereby, they are enframing, on the one hand, art as a practice carried out only by artists; and on the other, the audience and the representational system they themselves represent. In their ‘philosophy’, artists and audiences are no longer artists and audiences, but they are all citizens, implying that they produce the relations needed for us to operate truly ethically and aesthetically, standing outside representation of the public spaces while being inside the artistic presentation that they themselves are carriers of.

In other words, artists as well as audiences, are immersed in cultural classifications and standards. Bowker and Star ask what lies behind the hype of the simulations we are surrounded by — showing that even though we cannot in theory separate simulations from nature (as Baudrillard

argued), then they want to pay “attention to the work of constructing the simulations, or the infrastructural considerations that underwrite the images/events...” (Bowker and Star, 1999, 3) Because, as they point out, there is more at stake — epistemologically, politically and ethically — in the day to day work of building classification systems and producing and maintaining standards than in abstract arguments about representation. Their pyrotechnics may hold our fascinated gaze, yet they cannot provide any path to answering our moral questions.

Infrastructures and events, after all, are not opposites. Infrastructures underwrite events, or to use the words of Zizek: they are framing them. Events, on the other hand, seek the destruction of the habitual cognitive structures through which we perceive the world (Zizek, 2014, p. 32). It seems possible to argue that it is in the dialogue and dynamic relationship of the production and destruction of habitual framings that the sonic infrastructures of Schöffers and Neuhaus are operating.

Slavoj Zizek notes, in what I read as an analysis of the same general cultural and social (and political) situation as Jerome Lanier and Bernhard Stiegler both are pointing out (however framing it in a different philosophical discourse), how the citizen (in the capacity of being a human) risks losing the very feature of being aesthetically open to reality. I will refer to this situation as the ‘social listening deficit’. The artist is always involved in an unconscious political discourse to some extent, but the ability of the citizen to recognize that, and to map into the political discourse, is transformative.

1. Many could be mentioned here: Edward Bellamy, Thaddeus Cahill, Arsenij Avraamov, Satie, Brecht, Maricio Kagel, Michael Jüllich, Klaus Schöning, Brian Eno, Piers Headley, Espace Nouveaux, Alvin Curran, Llorenc Barber, Robert Minard.

2. A diagram of the positions of antennas and transmitters can be seen here: <http://www.max-neuhaus.info/soundworks/vectors/passage/DriveInMusic.jpg>

3. Max Neuhaus. 1990. “Modus Operandi”. Quoted from <http://www.max-neuhaus.info>.

4. Tarantino, Michael. 1998. “Two Passages. Conversation with Max Neuhaus”. Quoted from <http://www.max-neuhaus.info>.

Liste
n i ng to the Sky: Cumu l u s
Figures of the Elusive Politics of the Sky

This text originates from the research on the audio-visual performance CUMULUS. We invite you to watch today’s choreographies of the sky while listening to our audio file. Maybe you’d like to go for a walk and have a look at the presented scenarios. If you like, spot some clouds through a small mirror, to turn your world upside down. Clouds shape our daily life, they carry rain, snow, hail, even Sahara sand. They are shading our world, silently crossing borders, speaking in thunder and lightning. CUMULUS like to create moments of bonding with the surrounding environment that is our shared cohabitation. Clouds glide often unnoticed and inaudible through the sky, piling up to massive greyish structures that pour down in piercing rain, accompanied by ice cold wind and electrifying lightning.

cloud
becomes a
mountain
becomes a
cloud

Warm air rises, piles up, begins to condense, solidifies in drops, rising higher and higher, starting to cool, freeze — till heavy weight pulls them down, colliding with charged particles, building up electric tension, thunder discharging in zigzags of light, these diabolic blasts of fate, hotter than the sun’s heat. Immediate physical response to the force of lightning runs down the spine in cold shivers and electrifying goosebumps.

Did you ever think about the air as matter?
Your breath sculpting the air, a shared resource.
I breathe the air you breathe – 11.000 liters of air a day

Paying attention to environmental conditions and asking the question of who can live breathable lives, or who has access to fresh air, has been the subject of works and writings of contemporary feminist philosophers. French philosopher Luce Irigaray stated with her book in 1983, The Forgetting of Air in Martin Heidegger, that the air has been ‘forgotten’ and neglected for a long time in male dominated western thought, as air, with its unruly fluxes is not a simple solid matter and remains rather ungraspable and uncontrollable. Feminist philosopher, Magdalena Górska, asks in her essay ‘Feminist politics of breathing’ if we can use breathing as a force of social justice? Can we



This text originates from the research on the audio-visual performance “CUMULUS”, 2022-2024. Follow QR code to access the audio file.

use breathing as a practice of acknowledging our cohabitation and role in the ecosystem? After all, it's not only us breathing on this planet. Breathing is shared across all life forms, animals, over — and under-water beings, plants, soil and elements. When we breathe in, we merge with our surroundings, we gather air — the sky within us, the atmosphere deep in our lungs. The sky moves within our body and our breath turns into a cloud.

We want to share one of our childhood practices — a game with a mirror at hand, where one directs the mirror up towards the sky, shifting and destabilizing the perspective, turning the world upside down. Perhaps for a moment, you can walk on the clouds. Can you spot a cloud in the mirror? Look at its shape, curves and densities. Pick one cloud as a companion, watch how it transforms.

The climate's culmination and manifestation in the shapes of clouds is a sensitive and complex feedback system under the threat of a warming climate. As the world warms, cloud cover will change across the globe and these changes will probably speed up global warming even more. Recently researchers say, the warming earth may lead to a considerable loss of clouds in the near future. The vanishing of clouds will result in less shadow, rain, snow and ice, leading to shortages in drinking-water. However, the non-linearity of clouds adds an immense uncertainty to global climate models, as clouds remain unpredictable in movement, temperature, size, chemical composition and temporality.

Certain clouds can be threatening and even lethal. Toxic — human made clouds such as herbicides are spread over lands of crops and livelihoods. States deploy teargas against uprisings, to disperse protests against environmental pollution. Toxic clouds colonize the air we breathe. Blackish vapor in the air. Emissions, teargas, glyphosate, chemical weapons. It becomes clearer and clearer that today's clouds are both environmental and political. It is unfortunate that human progress and knowledge has taken shape in the form of blackish vapor of the 19th century industrial revolution, deadly atomic clouds of the atomic age and currently the digital cloud. All these phenomena point towards the obscure relation to the environment that humans have put themselves in. The need to challenge our understanding of being in this world becomes more apparent with current climate changes.

cloud
becomes a
computer
becomes a
cloud

Today's clouds are not only atmospheric, but also a digital phenomenon. It's not a coincidence that the computational cloud is named after the weather phenomena, as its origin is tightly entangled with the weather. The development of the first computers in the 1940s was driven with two purposes in mind; firstly, to mathematically simulate and predict the weather and control it and secondly to simulate and calculate the movement of atomic fallout. The military interest in controlling the weather continued to motivate the development of the most powerful computers of today, which are used to simulate atomic bombs. They run on extremely large servers that are owned by private companies holding the wellbeing of the world in their hands. The air thickens as computation overgrows the atmosphere, digital clouds seem ungraspable and opaque, invisibilizing power relations. Data centers are part of the extractive industries and of the biggest climate offenders. Storms of digital clouds are taking us in.

Within the book *The Cloud of Unknowing* written by an unknown monk in the 13th century, clouds are deployed as reminders that we cannot control everything, showing our human limitations and humbleness towards the sky. Within the information age we are distracting from our connection with the surrounding, our humbleness towards the environment, our feelings, senses and movement. The air has for the longest time been taking care of us. It is time to ask the question:

How can we take care of the air and its inhabitants?

How can we listen to their needs?

We have been turning the world upside down, flying dangerously high. Perhaps the wish to come closer to the sky, ends with the realization that coming closer to the sky through our lived-out imagination, is far less polluting. We could become members of the Cloud Appreciation Society, founded by cloud enthusiast Gavin Pretor-Pinney, and direct our gaze more often towards the open sky. Acknowledging our coexistence and looking up into the sky can be a start of changing the way we relate to our surroundings.



Our skies are inventions, durations, discoveries, quotas, forgeries,
fine and grand. Fine and grand. Fresh and bright. Heavenly and
bright. The day pours out space, a light red roominess, bright and
fresh. Bright and soft. Bright and fresh. Sparkling and wet.
Clamour and tint.

1. Lisa Robertson (2001),
The Weather, Monday,
New Star Books, Vancouver

ALICIA RIOFRÍO,
BERNADETT
VINCZE,
FREYA FLOCK,
HELENE OLTMANN,
MAYA ARONSON,
VALENTÝNA
JONÁOVÁ,
VIKTOR TAMAS

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– A Research Extract

This text is extracted from a research project titled “The Art of Listening. A Listening Voyage Through Collaborative Autoethnography and Affective Methodologies”, spring 2024 and supervised by Linda Lapina.

Dear Reader, we invite you to explore the realm of listening and to join our voyage throughout these pages with a focus on your breathing, your emotions and the sounds you are situated in as you read these words.

| | | | | | |
|--|---|--------------------|------------------------|---|---|
| Which soundscapes surround you? Which emotions do they evoke in you? | What kind of possibilities can we potentially unravel when actively challenging our habitual listening practices? | What is listening? | What can listening do? | How can and does listening become transformational? | Are you present at this moment? Do you feel attuned to what you have been reading? Do you feel engaged? |
|--|---|--------------------|------------------------|---|---|

| | | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|-----------------------------------|--|
| When tuning in with your listening organs, what sounds can you hear? | Have you, dear Reader, ever experienced hearing a certain song or sound of any kind that had the power to catapult you back to a different time and place and made you relive the memory of an experience of the past? | What sounds catapult you back in time and make you remember, dear Reader? Is there one you can think of right now? What does it cause you to feel? | Do you believe that your memories, the ones already experienced and those still waiting for you sometime in the future, will always stay the same after you experienced them? | What is the role of the Listener? | Have you ever found yourself doubting your ability fully to listen to a dear friend? Or thinking the person listening to you is not listening well, intently, or intentionally enough? |
|--|--|--|---|-----------------------------------|--|

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|--|--|--|--|---|---|--|---|
| How do you want to listen to others? How do you want to be listened to by others? | How does listening to just one thing feel different from listening to many? How does it feel different to be listened to as the only thing, or as one of many things someone is listening to? | Do you, dear Reader, feel attuned with yourself and with your environment right now? | We would like to invite you, dear Reader, to spend a few moments, removing yourself from this paper, to sit with yourself, closing your eyes, asking yourself the question: Are you present? | We would like to invite you, dear Reader, to contemplate the following questions and note down 3 key words that come to mind. What does listening spark within you, dear Reader? | Do you feel lighter, calmer, and ready to read on? Do you feel annoyed, confused, disrupted or contracted? | What can you hear around you right now, dear Reader? What or whom are you a Listener of? | We now invite you, dear Reader, to take a moment, followed by a deep breath, and reflect on which choices you make as a Listener. Do you immerse yourself in the experience of listening or is it rather an unconscious process that is out of your control? Do you tend to make meaning while listening or rather afterwards? | Reflecting on the above mentioned, dear Reader, what kind of listening experiences would you seek to be part of? What kind of expectations would you have? Would you be annoyed if those expectations were not met? Would you try to keep an open mind and accept the sounds you did not think would be part of your experience? Moreover, what about scenarios where you feel you do not have the agency over your listening experience? | Dear Reader, do you sometimes feel that you have no time to slow down, to listen and tune in? Do you experience sounds and noises more intensely when taking the time to nurture yourself seems like a luxury you cannot afford, causing you to feel uneasy or falling ill? | Which sound enters your mind, dear Reader, when you think of one that moved into you and transformed you? A sound that invites you to think or feel in new ways? One that left its mark on you... Was it the words of a loved one or words that evoked contraction within you? | We invite you to think of and imagine a sound that changed you in one way or another. What does it sound like? Why does it carry the power to transform something within you? How can listening, something we do every day, something we barely think about, be transformational? |
| Is transformation a long-term process, or could it also happen in an instant? | How do you feel, dear Reader? Do you feel listened to? Do you tend to take the role of Listener more often than the one of the speaker? Or do you find yourself speaking rather than listening? Perhaps you take on both roles equally. | Do you give an equivalent amount of value both to speaking and listening? | Is the ultimate goal of listening to understand? Or can the pursuit of understanding possibly cause more harm than good | Do you ever let yourself remain in the unknown and simply listen, dear Reader? | What kind of transformation can we unravel when actively challenging our habitual listening practices? | | | | | | |

senses allow us to access memories in ways thinking cannot

the past is the base of the present and future

voices fade, the feelings evoked remain

where do memories live?

longing for past times

altering histories

vivid and true

back in time

weaving

access

reminiscing

memories fading

surrender to reality

can we forget completely?

retrospectively altering the past

wishing to relive a moment one more time

do we carry memories? or are we able to release them?

sounds as a bridge between the self and the other

kinship & togetherness

experiencing the other

no words needed

reciprocity

openness

curiosity

connect

complicated

active listening

meaning of being

to understand and be understood

does our body relate even before our mind understands?

observe and listen rather than analyse and categorise

different fractions of ourselves

am I able to express myself?

best friend or worst enemy

allow ourselves to listen

is there one true self?

silence the clutter

turning inwards

inner dialogue

companion

balance

intuition

am I in control?

setting boundaries

relying on our own wisdom

getting to know ourselves and our desires

recognising, understanding, observing and rearranging

sound moving through the body, moving it, altering it, expressing it

following and leading the motion and emotion

limited way of understanding

left a mark in the body

following the body

deep listening

movement

response

heavy

sensing

tensions

attention

checking in

within and without

the power lies within us

tuning into our whole being

our body listens before we do

predictability of certain sounds

enveloped by soundscapes

anxiety inducing

tranquillity

chaos

surrender

a sea of sounds

we never listen alone

coexistence of sounds

unconscious and conscious choice

have you chosen to listen to us?

distraction vs attentiveness

the power of choice

avoiding choices

empowerment

prioritizing

decisions

agency

ignore

tune out

autonomy

centre ourselves

placing attention

inescapable sounds

escaping chaos through choices

what happens when you don't get to choose?

how can an unconscious process be transformational?

we are different after listening

hidden in the little shifts

invitation to think

forceful change

imagination

unknown

suffering

friction

new ways

future reality

leave their mark

subconsciousness

intentionality in listening

can transformation happen in an instant?

This material, the questions and ways of listening, have been extracted from a larger research project at Roskilde University with no further regard for their original contexts and chapters. In doing so we hope that you, dear Reader, will welcome and interpret the material into a new context. In what ways does what a question asks change, when its origin is excluded?

The Listening Strike
Manifesto

By Michele Schiocchet, Constance Pinheiro, Tuca Nissel, Gilson Camargo, Marcio Mattana, Luigi Dangelo, João Paes, Helena Potela, Sauane Buenos, Katia Horn, Octavio Camargo, Chiris Gomes, Rodrigo Janasiewicz, Rodrigo rgo, Brandon LaBelle, Andressa Medeiros, Augusto Ribeiro, Aline Sugi, Amábilis de Cleverson Oliveira, Isadora Foreck, Alaise Jesus, Livia Zafanelli, Margit Leisner, Paula Medeiros Cavaleiro, Kali Ossani. January Lemos Guimarães, Elis Souza Rockenbach, 2017, Curitiba - Brazil

Announcement:

With the recent cancellation of the Oficina de Música de Curitiba by the Mayor's office, after 34 years of active work, questions about culture and politics are brought forward, and how citizens may enact forms of resistance as well as autonomous projects. Through collective meeting and creative manifestations, we're interested to counter the cancellation through a spirit of festivity and critical celebration. This will take the form of an alternative workshop, under the heading Oficina de Autonomia. The Oficina is posed as an open and free situation, without a strict center or form of authorship, and from which to demonstrate an autonomous sensibility in support of imagining beyond dominant social, civic structures. How might musical, sonic knowledges be directed to aid in political process and the dialogical labors desperately needed today? Are there new understandings of public culture as "social composition" to be crafted, following musical experiences and their potential configurations? If public culture is deeply shaped by free listening, education in music is equally an education in civility, and therefore the cancellation does little to overcome current social, political conflict. Oficina de Autonomia seeks to intervene through a collective study – a listening strike by which to demonstrate against the cancellation.

Reflections:

Oficina de Autonomia focused on questions of autonomous, self-organized culture and how sound and listening may support social solidarities. In particular, the Oficina set out to approach sound, and by extension music, as a knowledge and vocabulary for relating to and intervening in the social, political dynamics of the city (especially the emergence of a political culture aimed against the social programs of the labor party in Brazil). A series of concepts were developed and discussed, drawing upon music and sonic experience as guiding references. These included elaborating the auditory figures of echo, vibration, and rhythm, the tonalities of place, sonic commons, and the freedom of listening ("the listening strike"). From this terminology we were able to build up a common framework for exploring tactics by which to counter the exclusionary rhetoric of austerity and populism.

After extended discussions, sharing ideas and practices, as a group we decided on an approach for addressing the cancellation of the Oficina de Música. Our idea was to perform acts of collective listening aimed at particular sites in the city related to the cancellation, as well as sites connected to autonomous culture. These included: Palácio do Governo (Governor's House), Prefeitura (Mayor's office), Boca Maltida (public square), Capela Santa Maria (site of musical performance), and Atilio Borio, 603, a residential house where our meetings took place. At these sites, we gathered as a group and listened silently for fifteen minutes.

The collective actions moved us to appreciating listening as the basis for social solidarities and nurturing the common good. Listening together as a group within particular sites engendered a type of attentional intensity, a non-verbal occupation that caused other people to pause and wonder – to listen to our listening. This accumulation of attention gave way to a subtle yet palpable alteration, where people slowed down, paused, came back to their bodies, came back to dwelling in the present, allowing for ways of noticing the environment and each other. What do we hear in this place, what do we not hear? In what way does listening affect what it listens to – is there a form of agency found in listening, one that enacts by acting otherwise? Holding the space by way of collective listening emerged as a counter-intuitive method of political demonstration which shifted the grammar of resistance from one of “militant opposition” to that of “radical receptivity,” from a collective voice to a collective ear, suggesting a more supple politics – for fostering spaces between people, giving room for acknowledging, witnessing, holding disagreement.

Listening together acted as an unexpected interruption onto the particular sites, one that performed to counter the cancellation of the Oficina de Música by mobilizing listening in support of cultural freedom. In this regard, the freedom of speech central to democratic society was complemented by an insistence on the freedom of listening – suggesting a type of “listening activism” onto places where a more nuanced dialogical work is urgently needed. A summer academy on music and related practices can be seen as an important contribution to fostering a robust civil society, for inherent to such learning is the enhancement of a listening culture.

This is a listening strike.

We invite you as a listener to join us in this strike. How might listening act as a form of strike?

What can listening contribute to gestures of manifestation, refusal, exit? We propose a listening strike as an act that argues for listening to be more fully integrated into our social and political worlds.

Cityp h o nic W a lks
City Center For Just The Two Of Us

The heart of the city
has a certain tempo
and if you listen deeply
there is a heart chant
in different times.



Verbal score and soundscape composition.
Developed and presented during the artis-
tic residency at the Temporary Art Centre in
Eindhoven (April – June 2024).
Follow the QR code to access the audiofile.

Visit the center for two times in two different days and listen for two interesting beats.

Search for the gap between two such beats, the grey gap between black beats: the tender interval.

To grasp a rhythm it is necessary to have been grasped by it; But to grasp this fleeting object, which is not exactly an object, it is therefore necessary to situate yourself simultaneously inside and outside.

(Lefebvre, Rhythmanalysis, 2004)

In every city center, there is a McDonald's with a window facing the street. It serves its purpose perfectly.

Go there and listen
while being inside out.
Try to listen between
the capitalistic sounds
of the city center.

Now follow the route
of the restaraunts and
shops. Set a timer for
3 minutes. Step in and
out of shops. Listen
to their music.

John Cage once said:
“I intend to compose a
piece of uninterrupted
silence and sell it to
Muzak Co. Its title will
be Silent Prayer.

It will open with a
single idea which I
will attempt to make
as seductive as the
color and shape and
fragrance of a flower.”

When the 3 minutes
are up imagine the
sound of that flower.

Find a person you
love to walk together
with and share your
imagined sound.

Continue walking.
Disrupt the rhythms
of normality.

Choose a spot in the city to listen to yourself. Look for your pulse. How does it sound?

Place one hand on your neck and the other on your partner's neck.

Can you hear two
hearts beating at the
same time?

Close your eyes.
Listen.
Your body.
The body of another.
The body of the city.

Listen to the tender
interval between these
bodies.

Now, record on a
blank piece of paper
what you heard—with
words, notes, drawings,
etc. This is your own
heart's chant.

Keep this piece of
paper for a protest,
and give it as a gift to
someone you are
walking with.

P.S: Remember
wherever you are,
to always listen to
the heart's chants.

An E s say on Listening or About Listening or About Getting Lost...

”Listening prompts a critical and creative curiosity, a receptiveness and responsiveness, to what one may hear or encounter, see and feel, and also what such listening may give way to, from knowing and meaningful exchange, lazy thoughts and critical attention, to social debate and poetic imagination”¹

This quote makes my knees weak and my heart anxious. Simultaneously. In the same moment.

Listening animates a critical and creative curiosity, a receptiveness and responsiveness to what one might hear or encounter, see or feel...

How simple it seems, when one truly listens. Stand open in heart, mind, body, and ears, so you can hear, meet, see, and feel what is stirring. In the Other, in the event, in the in-between. And see the path open for meaningful exchange.

Lazy thoughts.

Critical attention.

Social debates.

Poetic imagination or fantasy.

But why do my lived experiences tell me otherwise? Why does anxiety knock? I listen to my own almost existential confusion over how difficult it is to recall spaces and situations where such listening actually occurs. I recall spaces I helped create as an educator, where, very deliberately and facilitated, listening communities were formed among students who had the courage to be receptive and attentive, in the most basic sense.

Yet, these moments feel like small Maggi cubes of intense and concentrated will, sharply defined in time and space, and then puff... gone just as quickly. Or, I don't really know, but these listening spaces can be experienced as a tight staging of a longing that many of us have, but which we get 50 minutes for in a workshop on a Tuesday in a theory room with 13, maybe 14 participants, who also have other things to do, and remember bathroom breaks and who took the electric kettle...

Suddenly, I remember something. Professor Eva Skærbæk has researched the concept of care and writes somewhere she suggests approaching the term “care as an existential condition of life demanded from all human beings” (Abstract from Navigating in the Landscape of Care: A Critical Reflection on Theory and Practice of Care and Ethics, 2011). This is to free the concept of care from a specific identification with femininity.

Can we think of listening as an existential condition in life, something we require or wish for from all human beings, rather than tethering it to exclusive, staged spaces for the initiated few? Or is this simply my privileged Self forgetting that listening must be seen as a surplus maneuver? A special place one can only inhabit if not utterly overloaded with problems or simply struggling for life and survival?

In my lived experiences, I have countless memories where listening is tied to power.

People with power who say:

“I hear what you’re saying,” and you feel the rhetorical circle kick to the gut when you know they mean the exact opposite. Imagine, if a leader at least dared to say, “I do NOT hear what you’re saying.”

People with power, who interrupt, because it’s too painful for them to hear others’ sentences to the end.

People with power, who “listen” while frantically nodding their heads, tapping pens on the table, shifting in their seats, their bodies vibrating with unrest.

People with power, who write emails saying they will “look into your inquiry” and then never respond.

People with power who feel most comfortable when they hold the floor and the rest of us listen. Just as a standard.

Just as a culture. Just as EVERY TIME. Just as ALWAYS.

There’s that anxiety again and the feeling of being lost.

Because I truly don’t know what we should do to become better at listening.

Those of us who can. Those of us who want to.

I believe in every effort. I hope every day that I listen better. That I am listened to better.

Right now, I’m listening to the wind. The leaves are rustling wildly outside my window. The birds have special wind-beaks this morning. I’ve been awake since 5 AM. It’s now 9 AM. I’ve been listening to all sorts of things for 4 hours without speaking. It’s a relief. Maybe sometimes freedom lies here: in stopping the flow of speech for a while. In being in silence. In listening to something other than ourselves and other homo sapiens. If we are to become more receptive and responsive, perhaps we need to practice in silence. In the slowness that settles in. In the slower pace of our thoughts. In the slower pace of our responses. Suggestions for things we can say to each other:

“Would you mind saying what you just said again, a little more slowly?”

“Thank you for listening without interrupting. Now it’s my turn to listen to you.”

“I need some time before I respond to what I just heard. It’s too important for me to rush my answer.”

“Would you like to start our conversation with some silence first?”

1. *On the Listening Academy*
– general perspectives [https://
listeningbiennial.net/acad-
emy-editions/on-the-listen-
ing-academy](https://listeningbiennial.net/academy-editions/on-the-listening-academy)

R e c ipe #3

– for Listening, for Expansion

Step 1.

Hold a piece of fruit in your left hand.

Roll it around once, twice, three, twenty five times.

Feel the notches and canyons in its skin.

Feel the notches and canyons in your own hand's skin.

Start to peel it. Slowly. Take as long as you can,
and then take even longer.

Step 2.

Taste something - sometime, anytime.

Lather the salt on your tongue.

Feel the liquid roll down your throat, your esophagus.

Listen to the crunch between your teeth,
the squeeze of your cheeks.

Listen to all the hands that touched it before yours. The
roads it traveled to get to your lips.

Count minutes, hours, days it sits on your tongue,
sits in your nose.

Step 3.

Feel many things - sometime,
anytime, always.

Ask what it needs.

Let it tell you.

weep to you.

laugh to you.

Laugh with it.

Smile to it.

Hold it in the palm of your
hands and at the soles of your feet.

Let it go when it needs to;

Slither down the drain and
pool in the rain clouds above

You.

Watch its droplets water the cracks in the sidewalks,
the grass, the trees, the concrete.

Step 4.

Where are my feet?

Where are my lungs and my heart and my love
and my blood and my breath and my wonder.

Step 9.

Alternate the numbered steps often,
consistently, and with care.

Step 6:

Look yourself in the eyes.

Step 7.

Look into the flame of a candle for 23 minutes and write
down everything it has to say to you.

Step 8.

Which way does your ear lean?

North, east, south, or west?

Up? Down? To _____?

Underneath?

To your heart?

To the light?

To which you're certain?

Step 9.

Alternate the numbered steps often,
consistently, and with care.

Step 10.

Run fast.

Faster.

Walk slow.

Slower.

How does it sound?

How does your heart beat?

How does your breath heave,
bellow into your ribs, your back,
your chest, your belly?

Oh, how it softens.

Step 11.

Wade into the ocean

float — let the current tell you.

The push and pull of the tide,

The ancient grains of sand,

The moon,

The reflection of the sky.

Directions converge and pull you
closer to yourself so you might know
which way to go.

Step 12.

Wade into the lake.

Float — feel what the topography underneath looks like —
Through the water, you touch it all at once.

Step 13.

8 proposals for Listing

8 Proposals *for* Listening hand-written on index cards by participants at a listening workshop and donated to the Bureau *for* Listening Archive and the ongoing/ever-expanding Listening Manifest 3 made up by Proposals *for* Listening.


The workshop aimed to explore diverse poetic frameworks and practices of listening, with the goal of expanding the spectrum, context, and potential of listening. This exploration ranged from imagining a Ministry of Listening Affairs, to envisioning listening as an Olympic discipline, and even proposing an entirely new dimension to the universe - one structured around the act of listening.

We invite you to write your own proposals *for* listening:

WE PROPOSE A
UNION FOR LISTENERS
SO THAT NO LISTENER
WILL NEVER HAVE TO
STAND ALONE

WE PROPOSE
LOOKING
INTO
SOMEONES EYES
FOR TOO
LONG WHILE YOU
HEAR THEIR
BREATH AND LISTEN
TO THEIR INNER
SOUL

WE LISTEN-
PROPOSE
ING THROUGH THE
SKIN LIKE IT WAS
A PORTAL



We propose being
quiet.

We propose listening
as a way to under-
stand our selves

We propose listening
as a way of being
in the world

We propose listening as
sacred and holy
generous, and not
obligatory.

We propose walking
to the closest grass-
field near you, kneel
down and place your
right ear on the grass.
Listen to it growing.
Then take the left ear.

Glacial Hauntings and Seismic Signals

An Exercise in Quantum Listening

For the last year, I have been listening to the sounds of Thwaites Glacier in West Antarctica. Specifically, I have been listening to recordings of ice calving events – moments when large masses of ice break away from the glacier. Thwaites is a significant subject to be listening to. As the widest glacier on Earth, the changes that Thwaites undergoes in response to climate change will impact the stability of the entire ice sheet and neighboring glaciers. The future of Thwaites is intimately tied to the future of Earth's coastlines and the communities and cultures present there. In listening to these moments of rupture from the ice, I am listening to both discrete events as well as an accumulation of changing conditions.

The sound files in my computer are labeled with dates years apart, but I listen to them all at once. I listen to geologic time as a cacophony of breaks, a chorus of departures from one version of a world into another. It is a story told through changes in frequency. Each record of a calving event has a unique signature – a particular shape to the sound file, a distinct lead-up to the crescendo of the break. The files themselves become a kind of scripture, a dialect I try to learn how to understand.



This writing is inspired by working with a collective of artists and glaciologists on a project called Glacial Hauntologies. Glacial Hauntologies is an interdisciplinary collaboration between scientists Elizabeth Case

and Andrew Hoffman and environmental artists Hannah Mode and Tyler Rai. <https://glacialhauntologies.com/> Seismic data processed by Andrew Hoffman. Follow the QR code to access the audio file.

When I listen to the sound of ice falling into the sea, I hear Other sounds. Moans and cries emerge from my computer – the popping of microphones, the ringing of bells. I imagine monsters. I listen to glacial ghosts in-the-making.

As a listener informed by dance and performance practices, I am trained to listen to many scales and proximities simultaneously. Listening to my own breath while tracking the movements and changes of an ensemble. American composer and pioneer of experimental music, Pauline Oliveros, defines this practice as “quantum listening.” She writes that in quantum listening, we practice listening to more than one reality simultaneously in as many ways as possible.

“What is heard is changed by listening and changes the listener.”

My human listening is always approximate – a sensing built on variations of past experience and reference points. How can my body listen to what it has no reference for? Can my listening become atomic as I listen to the breaks?

When my grandfather was dying, I had no reference for the sounds that came out of his body. I was a child and felt the strangeness of witnessing someone who was once familiar undergo transformations that were foreign to my own understanding. The sounds that arose out of his body still haunt me in their inexplicability. I did not know how to recognize the stages of dying he was passing through. I had yet to learn about the death rattle – a sound which occurs once fluid enters into the lungs. It is a sound that cues a changing state; serves as a signal between one world and another.

Touch and hearing are the last senses to leave us when we die. To listen deeply to the world is to be touched by it and to make oneself vulnerable to being changed as a result. The significance of these sensory abilities at the end of life is foregrounded as we pass through one version of a world into another.

As glaciers melt and the world changes, listening becomes the portal through which stories of the cryosphere come through and become the first sentences of a new story of the world. I listen to the sounds coming from the body of Thwaites as I would an elder. I listen closely, knowing that each utterance arrives from lifetimes before my own. I open myself to each phrase, and I am changed.

I Am Lis Now
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I am listening now.

I cannot tell what you are listening to right now.

I cannot tell in what exact way
you are listening right now.

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I assume, your listening is different now than it
was ten years ago – or a day ago. Or last night.
Or even five minutes ago?

Listening is a differential.

When you listen, you discover.

What do you discover?

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It is never the same, what I listen to.

Listening is a discovery of the manifold.

I can hear the water heater around the corner.
I hear some streamed ambient sounds coming out of my
speakers. A person is talking on the phone next door.

Can you hear the electrical hum in this room?
The sounds of the traffic outside?
Sonic traces of all the fingers typing on their screens?

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I enjoy these sounds.

Their serendipity gives me pleasure.

There’s sonic serendipity in
every single listening situation.

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This morning I can still sense the wind rushing
past my earlobes. I listen to faint sounds from afar.
To the sounds from within my body.

I am listening now.

Tell me, what are you listening to – right now?

Untamed Listening

Reflections on the Undomestication of our Listening Practices

Craving silence and attention desperately, our oversaturated and individualistic western worlds have often overlooked and diminished the relevance of listening practices. Within the fiction of time and space scarcity, listening has come to be misunderstood as a protocol, a commodified service, a counterintuitive instinct, a sign of 'passivity', an interruption of our hyper accelerated pace – almost a sacrifice. Very often, listening occurs as a sign of 'social respect' and domestication. How can we understand listening as an untamed practice and how to expand the notion of the untamed beyond the binary of civilized and savage through listening? How could we desaturate our environments to reclaim our listening potential? How does listening serve as a tool for deothering and debordering? Which voices voice voice and what remains unvoiced? Which channels do we listen to and which remain unactivated? Who listens to those who listen? And how can an untamed listening become an emancipatory tool to detach from certain epistemologies and tune in with other frequencies?

Our notion of the tamed and untamed has been heavily influenced by the colonial duality of the civilized and the savage, a binary which shows a toxic correlation of frameworks that privilege certain worlds views – worldviews that maintain the hegemonic order, the standard, the social contract.

Embodying the untamed is thus undoing years and years, and centuries, of corporal oppression, of historical classifications and of gender performativity.

Incorporating the untamed is aligning the body with the landscape, both as a listening device and as a channel. The untamed is not disorganized nor loose of structure, it is rather organized within a generative alignment and a profound order.

Within the untamed there is the possibility to conceive the yet unconceived.

What if we devise listening practices which understand the diversity of roles within the listening experience as dynamic interchangeable positions in flux, all vital and fundamental?

Untamed listening involves questioning the binarism of active and passive, transmitter and receiver, subject and object – untamed listening enables the dissolution of such divisions.

Untamed listening recognizes everything in the context as

active subjects with agency, radical interdependent elements that send and receive, simultaneously, as transceivers. It recognizes that every element of the context adds a specific quality to the listening experience.

Right now, right here, we are all speaking and we are all receiving... I am also listening to you all.

Untamed listening contains the possibility of establishing common soil, and common earth amidst our differences, the possibility of melting borders between us, weaving us through what lies in between, what is yet uncategorizable.

Untamed listening is the possibility to feel / think together... the potentiality of conviviality.

Untamed listening involves establishing a pact, a tacit arrangement of compassion and empathy, as in feeling with the other, as in being a safe space for the other.

Untamed listening is to allow porosity play with opacity. A reciprocal consent to be touched. From the sound waves that travel across my clothes, my skin, my flesh, my bones shaking the concentration of all waters, both fluids and emotions – the relationship of sound and skin and sound and touch is multilayered.

To listen we must have time and space.

By defying the fiction of time and space scarcity, untamed listening generates time and space ... time and space across locations, across borders. In fact, it implies understanding there is enough room for every being.

Untamed listening involves generating a magnetic field of attraction beyond preconceptions and cannons, dealing with other laws of physics, opening unexpected doors and windows.

Furthermore, it involves developing a certain agency on how information goes through the body, shaping what remains and in which conditions it remains – how it ferments.

What is the breadth of your time and space?

Tuning both channels, the inner and the outer, and everything in between, untamed listening involves a negotiation, a confluence, an alignment of all voices inside and outside.

Assimilating the untamed is letting multiplicity occur through us, through an expanded us that recognizes that there are many bodies within and outside ourselves.

Untamed listening practices contain a horizontalizing potential, a potential for redistributing attention, for revealing the unseen, for harvesting space for those systematically and historically invisibilized or unheard.

What would our systems be like if listening spaces would

enable dialogues in between structural power and citizens? What would our collective psyche be like if we were provided – or if we opened up – listening spaces?

Untamed listening implies listening between the lines, listening to the parentheses, listening to what is not said and to the unsaid, deciphering information within the information.

By recognizing listening channels and listening to the listening, borders and frontiers might become blurred and even dissipate. In this way, untamed listening can be a tool for de-othering and debordering.

Nevertheless very often listening has come to be misunderstood as an empty protocol, a commodified service, a counterintuitive instinct, an interruption to our train of thoughts and plans, a manifestation of ‘passivity’.

Who can afford listening spaces? And who listens to those who listen?

I believe that sometimes when we listen to ourselves, the planet is speaking through us, the planet is imagining through us. I believe untamed listening also enables this threshold, to listen within a situated context while also listening within an extended context, to listen to and through and to become listening channels through which other elements can listen to, to become multidirectional plurisonic channels.

Untamed listening is non-linear and it enables us to access a realm of intertwined temporalities. We listen polyphonically, binaurally, from a wide range of angles, layers of identities, manifestations of life, interrelations.

Untamed listening involves understanding that everything is evoked in specific temporal spatial contexts. It implies understanding that **NOTHING REPEATS. NOTHING REPEATS. NOTHING REPEATS.**

No matter how many times words are evoked, they come up again at specific times and places – messages are interrelated within shifting contexts and untamed listening involves participating in and witnessing such complexity.

Some
nt c e t
Se en e Lis e
s for n ing
from a Listener's Diary

| | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| For a long time, the listener listened. | Don't ask a listener for directions. | Along the way to The Great Temple of Listening a small birch tree was calling it friends. | In the evening sun, on a small balcony over a now quiet city street, a listener searches for the meaning of life through remembering wrongly the spoken poetry captured during the day at the market. |
| Then, suddenly, surprisingly for others, the listener proclaimed with the full force by years of patience: FUCK | Such a concept is completely lost on those who listen. | At the gate of The Great Temple of Listening a sign said: 'No birch tree parties allowed.' | A listener is often identified as a ghost of a future past. This is not a self-identification. |
| | L From one I listener to S another: T 'I think we E might have N to try again.' I N G. | Is God actually listening? Or is that a silly human-fication of God? Or rather, do humans become gods when listening? | A listener is placed under listening surveillance by the listening authorities due to suspicion of listening abuse. Wonder how this story will unfold. |
| When a listener gives up listening, listening doesn't cease to exist like the listener ceases to exist. Listening simply transforms. Floats on, slowly and disturbingly. Occupies elsewhere. | | | Why? |
| | A listener comes down from a mountain, gets washed up on a shore, plants herself as a seed, and escapes an exhausted copper mine. All at once. And again, and again. | If they could, they would listen more funny. They are tired of listening so seriously, so boringly. So proper or polite. Tomorrow they will start training. Maybe while wearing a funny hat. | A listener proposes to translate such a concept into the practice of listening. |
| | | | 'A listener is assumed to attempt to be.' |

A group of listeners fell first to their knees, then unto their backs. Starring with closed eyes towards the dark and thick night sky. They listened so completely that the sky began to cry, to open up and crack.

This is the myth of how the earth learned to listen.

The listening created a point of gravity never felt by the sky, and slowly but steadily the sky started to fall down and land upon the listeners as a soft and heavy blanket. The listeners kept on listening until the earth they laid on felt their force, and also slowly gave in to the weight of the sky and the listening. The earth swallowed both listeners and sky.

“No more. You must Slow Down. Heal. Rest a little.”

A listener listened and wondered upon the radical statement that was.

Listeners rarely argue. But when they do, the argument is silence stretched too thin.

Two listeners sat in a garden. They tried to out-listen each other. It’s unclear what happened.

Does listening and nurturing one’s presence lead to a sense of immortality, or does the act of listening inherently embody an aspect of death?

One listener to another:
“I’ve stopped listening to conversations. I now only listen to the spaces between them.”

The other nodded,
“I stopped listening altogether. I’m waiting for the silence to explain itself.”

After years of listening, the listener turned to the mirror and said, “I think I’m finally ready to hear myself not make sense.”

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Between What's Here and the Process of Becoming Intimately Acquainted

From an absolutely personal perspective and looking for a bit of debate, I would like to say that places are people. Places, by which I mean the physical spaces to which we ascribe function or meaning, have personality, behaviour, history, and communication skills which are sometime not very tangible. Extroverted places, naturally populated by people, not only welcome their visitors but desire them to be free. Shy places, even if at first glance one can traverse them, require some persistence, be it observational, investigative, or simply several visits to get to know them more deeply. Violent places have an inordinate layer of history that inhibits and terrifies us: the promise of pain, for as long as we might stay, surrounds us like an alarm and prevents any interaction that depends on any instinct other than survival. In other words, each place has its own character and approach.

What can we say about the voices of these places? Their typical sounds? Here, I am focusing more on *how* they sound, and not exactly on *what* they say (the content): acoustics can be one of the main entryways to unveil the visceral nature of a space, the acoustic behaviour that modulates the affections of individuals and groups. The acoustic character of a place returns the sounds that resonate within it with a new face and possibly other levels of meaning. The meaning is ascribed by the subject, the one who witnesses or lives the phenomenon, and what is most instigating for us here is to keep in mind that the acoustics phenomenon occurs in two spheres that are distinct but also held together the whole time: the individual and the collective. In this sense, it reminds us of *À l'écoute* ("Listening") by the philosopher Jean-Luc Nancy, a great effort to explain the phenomenon (any physical phenomenon) through systems born from the nature of listening, going, according to him, against the flow of the history of European philosophy, which is traditionally tied to visual and analytical strategies:

"Listening aims at - or is aroused by - the one where sound and sense mix together and resonate in each other, or through each other. (Which signifies that - and here again, in a tendential way - if, on the one hand, sense is sought in sound, on the other hand, sound, resonance, is also looked for in sense.) [...] But the sound of sense is how it refers to itself or how it sends back to itself [*s'envoie*] or addresses itself, and thus how it makes sense. [...] Listening [is] the sharing of an inside/outside, division and participation,

2015

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de-connection and contagion. [...] Moreover, the sound that penetrates through the ear propagates throughout the entire body something of its effects.”¹

Grasping the being - or the truth - of the phenomenon is impossible for Jean-Luc Nancy without searching for it in the echoes, the reverberations, the muffling, the constraints that sound and its meaning provoke in each other. It is in the distortions, in the prologing, in the flattening, and not in the *purity*, where the *being* can be understood. It is in the *how* of the way things sound that the face of a possible truth emerges. Such is the nature of resonance, it is like a body. In my conjecture “Are places people?,” reinforced by Nancy, the places that resound are like a settlement of bodies with which we affectionately connect. One might think of it as a big orgy of sorts.

A Day of Variety

I would like to go into some examples of how this happens in practice, concluding with the project to which I have dedicated myself since 2012, the *Silent Walk*. In this activity, which has a duration of eight hours, I gather around twenty people for an urban walkabout whose itinerary has been previously determined by me. As its name implies, the walk is done under a vow of silence, leaving the participants in state which is very different to everyday urban behaviour driven by capital (by which I mean travelling within the city to go to work, for consumption, for leisure mediated by consumption). We visit a series of places which possess the most diverse acoustic characteristics (alleys, terraces, basements), places that produce sound (engine rooms, nature), or where some kind of performance commonly or potentially occurs (religious spaces, forums, auditoriums, backstage areas). Considering that, ever since the Industrial Revolution, the day has been pragmatically divided between work, leisure, and sleep, I thought that a walk could occupy the space reserved for work, in order to bring about a more radical detachment from the ordinary day for those who participate.

The walk has already taken place in various cities such as São Paulo, Niterói, Valparaíso, Riga, Helsinki, and the Amazon (starting in Manaus), but it began and is mainly centred around Rio de Janeiro, the city where I live. I believe the Carioca capital is responsible for inspiring devices that I now use wherever I take the project, the main one being

the pausing the specific places to do nothing, in an attitude towards public space that would be completely anti-utilitarian, were it not for my enthusiasm for finding the right places to sleep in public.

The third *Silent Walk*, held on 28 May 2013, was especially striking as it provided a variety of contrasts and environments where it was possible to experience the acoustic characteristics of the spaces, their relationship with power and with sense of the social order. Picture this sequence of events:

1.

The group meets in Largo da Carioca, in central Rio de Janeiro, where there is a good concentration of pedestrians and street performers. One of those performers is a man in his late sixties equipped with a wireless microphone and holding a box. He offered (free of charge) messages from God written on small pieces of paper. His voice echoed tranquilly through the square. This person was tolerant.

2.

We head towards the enormous building of the Brazilian Development Bank, the BNDES. After the initial bewilderment caused by the silent group in the reception area, the head of security begins a guided tour through the different floors, taking us to the lift motor room and the helipad. On the rooftop, some of the participants lie down on the helicopter landing site markings. After that, we are taken to a large meeting room with mirrored glass windows through which we can only see in from the outside. The massive central table is covered with microphones and intercom systems. Next to this environment is the office of the presidency, or rather President Dilma’s office. The moment the door closes, the silence is most profound. Nothing can be heard from the outside, so as to safeguard state secrets. From up where this office is located, looking down towards Largo de Carioca is almost devastating, as the sense of power and influence over ordinary life threatens every thought. This person was veiled.

3.

We leave the BNDES and straight away enter the Santuário de Santo Antônio, a gold-covered landmark that stands where the sea originally reached the edge of downtown Rio. Next to the church, a chapel was packed with the

faithful who were singing and praying. Our silent group immerses itself among the faithful inside. I know that there were a few participants who experienced a silent confession through the act of writing, and through the intervention of the mediators who spontaneously volunteered. This person was overflowing.

4.

At the end of the afternoon, tired, we stop inside the restaurant area located in the basement of the Modern Art Museum, next to a gigantic air-conditioning structure built in the 1950s. Many closed their eyes, some slept with their heads on the tables, while the incessant sound of the artificial waterfall that cools the systems refreshed the already overused ears. This person massaged you.

Every walk ends with a dinner especially prepared for the occasion. During this final celebration, speaking is once again allowed, and this is when the participants comment on their memories and experiences. What I heard in their accounts on these occasions showed me that many of them related to the spaces with an almost humanised empathy. From the beginning, I identified with this attitude, and started to adapt my actions and treat the spaces with the civility that a human being requires or with the informality that is necessary to be persuasive.

Swimming in Noise

Since the first experiments that helped me find the current configuration of the walk, it was clear that abolishing oral communication would serve as a shortcut to find those “people” - the typical sound of a place - by openly entering the spaces to listen to them. Try it out in practice: it is easy to observe how the word serves as a small “escape”. Groups walking in the street are often chatting, forming an interpersonal linguistic enclosure within a larger environment: the urban public space. Heading out to listen to various of the city’s spaces while chatting about something made little sense to me. I needed a “bond”, a “glue” that would give integrity and density to the acoustic experience: this glue is the abolishment of verbal language. So, breaking down these fences that language imposes in the experience of what is outside was, for me, a way of inviting other people, the people-places and the phenomena into the circle of the twenty people participating in the walk.

The brain, unhindered by the need to produce words acclimates itself to other activities, and, here on the *Silent Walk*, I dare say that the brain finds comfort in observation, in listening, and in extra-verbal communication. The Manaus businessman Ives Montefusco, a participant in the Amazon rainforest walk, spoke of how active his memory became, vividly placing him in events which had occurred thirty or forty years before. Hence, I can also say that the silent state opens up more space for the function of memory and, consequently, for the generation of new ideas, since it is often in the clash between old interpretations and new perceptions that innovative ideas emerge.

Refuge amidst Chaos

We are used to thinking that reality is a veil that will one day tear. In this idea that reality is a temporary veil, our lack of wellbeing owes itself solely to not having yet achieved what we desire, not having yet attained the professional status we dream of, not having yet reached the ideal we strive for, or the physical shape, or the dream home/car/partner: in short, not having yet appeased our ambitions. Conquering all desires would neutralise these daily dissatisfactions, the veil would be torn, and a full and truly powerful/beautiful/interesting/just life would then become the new norm: the “premium reality”. A blissful delusion, for the barrel of desires and dissatisfactions is bottomless.

Despite being certain that any aesthetic work is in itself an antidote to the precarisation of the consciousness of reality, a way of trusting what is here, I believe that it is on account of this “idea that something exists beyond” that we use the city, the public space, and our ears (and senses) in a way which is so utilitarian and contributes to this precarity. Public space in Brazil is a place for passage for street dwellers, for sex workers, for street vendors, for crime, for chaos. In the utilitarian way of thinking, what is here is no good, what really matters lies beyond, beyond the reach of the common man. The aim is therefore to “differentiate oneself” in order to find one’s personal El Dorado and waste as little time as possible with all the ugliness that is the city.

Meanwhile, we shut ourselves away in a mechanical life of very little creativity, interest, amazement, or unpredictability. Social contact, nowadays increasingly reduced to isolated bubbles by social networks, is progressively reduced to people who want or believe in the same things

as us, who belong to the same social class or race as us, who share our aesthetic judgement, stifling the possibility of a socially diverse life.

My experiment with collective silence is far from resolving these structural problems. I understand how partial my reach is, that it is not radically diverse, and that it is dependent on the same structures such as social media, that isolate us. Still, I find in it a challenge which is mixed in with comfort, a kind of trial of what could be an alternative way of behaving:

1.

The twenty people normally don't know each other, and yet they spend eight hours in close proximity and in silence, i.e., in an anonymous and intimate state.

2.

Without words, the social weight of questions such as "What do you do?" and "Where do you live?" is absent, thus allowing for a sense of horizontality.

3.

The aim is to open the body up for the encounter with the place-people, for an intimate acoustic involvement, to swim in the sound and in the situation that is here.

4.

Often, "that which is here" is nothing special or promising. It is merely a relatively empty shell onto which the subject can project whatever they wish, focus on whatever they want, wander wherever they desire.

Humanising through listening, diving deeper through silence, is the exercise that I have had the pleasure of carrying out with all the people who have already turned up for the walk in ways that transform and collectivise them, increasingly breaking free of the reins of the excessively rational control of time and space. As long as reality shows little or no suspicion that it is but a temporary lack of wellbeing, I would like always to remain outside of the walled-off circles that have been and shall be built within it. Preferable, in the company of others.

1. Jean-Luc Nancy, *À l'écoute* (Paris: Galilée, 2002), 7-14

The Last Euro vision

In the spring 2024, I did my graduation project for my master education in Fine Art Artistic Research at Malmö Art Academy. A project exploring how to deal with the broken hope of a defeated revolution while continuing the fight for a more humane and egalitarian world. The project was centered around research on the Spanish Revolution in 1936 and the Portuguese Carnation Revolution in 1974. While I was doing the project, Israel was bombing Gaza and globally people were protesting in solidarity with the Palestinian people.

A call for a boycott of Israel was made. In May 2024 the Eurovision Song Contest was hosted in Malmö and Israel was participating. Around two weeks before my exam project was shown, while the song contest was going on, the streets of Malmö were full of thousands of protesters calling for a cease fire and for the end of occupation of Palestine. A free Palestine from the river to the sea.



Follow the QR code to access the 1974
Eurovision love song 'E Depois do Adeus'
by Portuguese artist Paulo de Carvalho.

Part one: Portugal's participation in Eurovision

1.

During Eurovision in Copenhagen in 1964, a man from the audience managed to get on the stage and showed a banner carrying the text: Boycott Franco & Salazar. This was the first year Portugal was participating in Eurovision. At that time Salazar was the leader of the fascist military dictatorship in Portugal and leader of the Portuguese colonial empire (while Franco was the fascist dictator of Spain). The participation of both Spain and Portugal was criticized, and before the show, a leftist youth group, Gruppe 61, had sent a bombing threat: If Portugal was allowed to participate, Tivoli Concert hall, where the show was taking place, would be blown up. That did not happen.

2.

In 1974 Portugal participated in Eurovision with the song *E depois do adeus* (And After the Farewell). The song got last in the competition. Later that year, at 10:55 pm, April 24, 1974, the song was played on Portuguese radio. That was the first secret signal that started what became the Carnation Revolution. The end of over 40 years of fascist military dictatorship.

3.

Portugal has only won the Eurovision Song Contest one time. In 2017 where Salvador Sobral participated with the song *Amar pelos dois* (To Love for the Both of Us). Portugal lost when they first participated in 1964, and lost again in 1997. Their song from 1997 was called *Antes do adeus* (Before the goodbye).

Part two: The History of Eurovision

4.

The first Eurovision was in 1956. That year it was the Netherlands, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, France, Luxembourg and Italy who participated. It was an experiment in live and transnational television broadcasting.

5.

The Eurovision Song Contest was invented by the European Broadcast Union – EBU. In 1954 the Eurovision Network was established with the purpose of providing television material for use across different European national broadcasters. The biggest success of the network became the Eurovision Song Contest.

6.

Since the beginning, the Eurovision Song Contest has grown in numbers of participating countries. In 2024, 37 countries were participating. Historically most of the countries have been European countries or countries partly located in Europe. But Morocco participated one year in 1980 and since 2015 Australia has participated nine times. Israel has participated most of the years since 1973.

Part three: The Eurovision Song Contest 2024

7.

The criticism of Israel's participation in Eurovision did not start with the 2024 song contest. The BDS movement (Boycott, Divestment, Sanction) working against Israel's occupation of Palestine, have for many years called for a cultural boycott of Israel in international events like the Eurovision Song Contest.

8.

This year there were national and international calls for people to come to Malmö to protest while the competition was going on. For several days, thousands of protesters were taking up the streets of Malmö. While the official slogan for Eurovision is *United Around Music*, the protesting people had made posters and stickers carrying the text *Eurovision – United Around Genocide*.

9.

While people were shouting outside in the streets, inside, during the show, people were showing dissatisfaction with Israel's participation as well. People from the audience were booing during Israel's contribution. But because the broadcasters who were making the show had put a curtain of sound above the regular sound, it was not possible to hear the booing when watching the show on TV.

10.

The people united will never be defeated! It was one of the many chants you could hear in Malmö during those days. The chant is the translation of *El pueblo unido jamás será vencido*. A chant often associated with the Chilean fight for, first socialism, and later against the US-supported military dictatorship. A song starting with the chant was written by Sergio Ortega Alvarado in 1973. Both the chant and song have been spread all over the world, translated into many languages.

While Eurovision is a contraction of the words Europe and television, it also can be read as a European vision where vision means not only what we see, but also what we imagine could be – a dream. One could then ask: What is the dream of the European Song Contest when Israel is allowed to participate while doing a genocidal war on the Palestinian people? Is it just a cultural expression of what is simply European imperialism? The same Europe who sends ships out in the Mediterranean Sea to prevent refugees from entering. The same Europe that arms the state of Israel. Who sings, who shouts and who listens, when the Eurovision Song Contest is going on? *E depois do adeus* got zero points in the contest. A few months later, workers took over factories and peasants were collectivizing land in Portugal. We have to choose what dreams we listen to.

The Eurovision Song Contest 1956 – 2024.



Ly
rics

Thematically preoccupied with a 7 month backpacking journey in South East Asia in six countries aged 8, in 96/97, Kristoffer Raasted has written songs for his first full-length studio album. Overarching themes such as tourism, memories and airplane travel are examined with a starting point in childhood impressions. With contributions from the artist's sister on backing vocals and his parents on traverse flute on an instrumental, the making of the album has been an auto-theoretical and collaborative process.

Jakarta

Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?
Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?

The humid heat in the
doorway of the airplane
hit me like a wall in the
face like a membrane
I walked down the stairs
down towards the runway
I felt sweaty and warm
under my T-shirt in a fun way

Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?
Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?

Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?
Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?

We woke up in the middle
of the night with a jet-lag
there was a lizard that ran across
the ceiling called a cêcak
we went out in the streets
to get some late food
some fried eggs from a street
food vendor put us in a good mood

Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?
Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?

Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?
Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?

Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?
Are we going to Jakarta?
All the way to Jakarta?

Kuala Lumpur

We took the elevator going up
to the penthouse floor
a souvenir shop was appearing
framed by the opening doors
among the items on the tables and shelves
was a scorpion cast in glass
the panoramic nighttime view
of the metropole felt high class

City lights
In the humid night

During the day we would
spend some time
hanging out in our hotel room
my parents washed
our clothes in the sink
swept the floor
with a handmade broom
going out for an evening walk
in a park with benches,
lamp posts and trees
some special crisps with a toy inside
made me feel good, right at ease

City lights
In the humid nights

There was a tiny TV set
in the hotel lobby radio
a lot of kitschy stuff was placed
on the counter it was time to go

The fish on the river bank
had lungs and breathed the air on land
I sunk in knee deep
my sandal was lost in the slimy sand

Going out to the evening show
It doesn't start 'till the sun gets low
The golden fingered dancers'
Choreography flows so elegantly

Going out to the evening show
Doesn't start 'till the sun gets low
A golden fingered choreography

A dusty wooden screen
separated the street from the interior
from the outside looking in again
once again I felt superior

The fish on the river bank
had lungs and breathed the air on land
I sunk in knee deep
my sandal was lost in the slimy sand

Going out to the evening show
It doesn't start 'till the sun gets low
The golden fingered dancers'
Choreography flows so elegantly

Going out to the evening show
Doesn't start 'till the sun gets low
A golden fingered choreography

96/97

Instrumental

You could take the cable car
to the side with the aquarium
we went to a large-scale concert
later at a stadium
my sister fell asleep on a plastic seat
towards the very end
we went to pick our camera up
from some people in a stagehand tent

If you threw a piece of trash on
the street you could get a fine
my parents got me a stingray
teddy bear, the best friend of mine
on the bus we were magnifying
the screens of our new game boys
I was wearing a plastic watch
that transformed into a jet plane toy

Downtown walking round
on the sidewalks at the end of the day
hmm-hm
walking round on the sidewalks
at the end of the day

State city high-rise
Skyline views and bus rides
Through the streets of Singapore

You could take the cable car
to the side with the aquarium
we went to a large-scale concert
later at a stadium
my sister fell asleep on a plastic seat
towards the very end
we went to pick our camera up
from some people in a stagehand tent

Downtown walking round
on the sidewalks at the end of the day
hmm-hm
walking round on the sidewalks
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State city high-rise
Skyline views and bus rides
Through the streets of Singapore

State city high-rise
Skyline views and bus rides
Through the streets of Singapore

Ho Chi Minh City

Ho Chi Minh City traffic
Ho Chi Minh City traffic
Ho Chi Minh City traffic

From our room on the first floor
we looked down at the intersection
the lanes of mopeds and bicycles
with traffic flowing in all directions
four people riding on a motorbike
someone with a pile of cardboard boxes
we skipped ropes
with some kids in front of the building

Ho Chi Minh City traffic
Ho Chi Minh City traffic
Ho Chi Minh City traffic

Bespoke linen suits
tailored in the marketplace
frozen yogurt in a see through
medicine glass
walking around
between all the people
in the market street

Ho Chi Minh City traffic
Ho Chi Minh City traffic
Ho Chi Minh City traffic
Ho Chi Minh City traffic

Kathmandu

Tikka Powder festival
An endless celebration
Tiny pigments
Go into my hair

Powder covers everything
in many clear bright colors,
thrown by strangers passing by
a fingerprint, a handful
impossible to get it off
the colored tikka powder
the taste of lentils in my mouth
the mountains in the distance

Celebrative festivities,
Festival in the city
Celebrative festivities
Tikka Powder festival
An endless celebration
Tiny pigments
Go into my hair

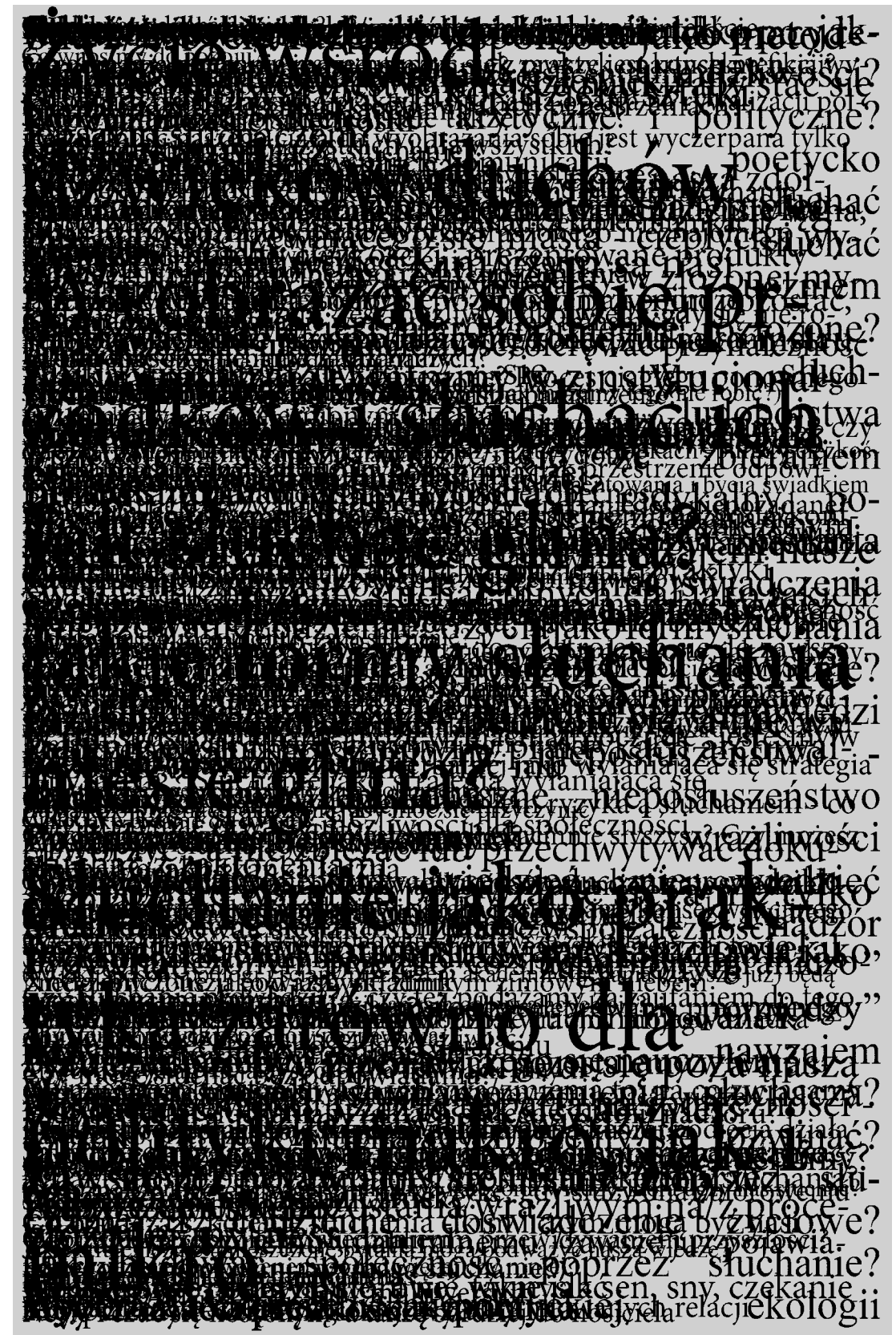
Walking in the dusty streets
between the wooden buildings
the princess never touched the ground
she's living in a palace
cattle blocking the traffic
between the roads and buildings
ascetic standing on one foot
on a lonely pillar

Celebrative festivities
Festival in the city
Celebrative festivities

Tikka Powder festival,
An endless celebration
Tiny pigments
Go into my hair

Bee -i s h Ma t e rial

Notes for Listening translated from English to Polish and resonating within one A4 page - until becoming a bee hum.



Graphic score and sound composition.
The 'Notes for Listening' from the Listening
Academy, a note on the poetics of transla-
tion, and the significance of not-knowing.
Follow QR code to access the audio file.

Listening with Darkness

Listening with Darkness first found its form and manifestation as a contribution to the book *Slow Technology Reader*, Edited by Carolyn F. Strauss and published by Valiz. The below text was the foundation for a Listening with Darkness session in Copenhagen, February 2024, with Bureau for Listening and Carolyn f. Strauss. Parts of the text grew from the thesis “Some Principles for Symbiotic Practices” (C Hvidt, 2023).

The listening with Darkness sessions
explores ways of listening
with and to
what is and appears
in the darkness
with Darkness

The literal darkness — the absence of sunlight —
and the personal, internal darkness
— those suppressed, ignored, overlooked
or just slow or less loud
emotions, sensations,
feelings, experiences, thoughts and more
inhabiting your body for the time being

I invite you to give attention and space for
what reveals itself to/with you when listening

Internally

Externally

Inspired by the animistic Norse shamanic traditions
for seeking advice or guidance
from spirits of the larger community of life
during the dark hours
like the Sitting rituals (in Danish “udesidning”),
these methods brings into attention
the other depths of ourselves and other creatures
The other dimensions of life and the worlds that holds it

In the darkness beings and creatures
shape shift and show themselves
through other appearances
than our daylight conceptions suggest

Listening with Darkness first found its form and manifestation as a contribution to the book *Slow Technology Reader*, Edited by Carolyn F. Strauss and published by Valiz. The text was the foundation for a Listening

with Darkness session in Copenhagen, February 2024, with Bureau for Listening and Slow Research Lab. Parts of the text grew from the thesis “Some Principles for Symbiotic Practices” (Hvidt, C. 2023).

I invite you to listen to the soundings and expressions
of known or unknown unfamiliar natures
The *unknown* is a twin to *opacity*
a concept conceived by Martinique
activist philosopher Eduard Glissant

Opacity is understood as that which cannot be grasped
Impenetrable
That which is the opposite of the transparent
reductionist Western continental way of understanding —
that which requires solid measures
of things and quantities¹

Transparency principally
is a tool for an oppressor
demanding of the oppressed to reveal themselves
To let them be ‘known’

Opacity means to accept the differences
and relating to the others’ differences
“Without creating a hierarchy
I relate it to my norm”²

We are granted access to
a limited
somewhat fragmented glimpse of it all
We must accept the nature of limited access
to the world from our perspective

I invite you to relate the Darkness and
shadow textures and creatures to your norm

Most parts of electricity-based societies
function independently of the natural cycles
and offset biological rhythms
with sound, light and chemical pollution
Here darkness is unwanted and we seek ‘enlightenment’
And transparency of phenomena
And comfort and convenience of technological advancement

I invite you to embrace Darkness and challenge
your habitual rhythms and thresholds of comfort

Listening
As an act of internal and external sonic attention,
Listening
as a gesture of lending your somatic and mindful awareness
to the place you attend to
Listening
is to give attention
and time

Giving attention to
ourselves
and a place
A place with the beings and creatures
that makes it a place
giving attention to our kindred spirits
and to other non-kindred creatures

“Attention is the rarest and purest form of generosity”
Simone Weill once expressed

1. Glissant, “For Opacity,” 190
// full reference : Glissant, Édouard. “For Opacity.” In *Poetics of Relation*. Translated by Betsy Wing, 189–194. United States of America: The University of Michigan Press, 1997.
2. *ibid.*

INSTRUCTIONS FOR LISTENING WITH DARKNESS

Duration: 3 hours (or less of more. The time that you can/ want to give and find relevant)

Equipement and preparation:

Clothing that make you feel comfortable in your body for the time you plan to sit out. Fast a few hours before the session. Put you phone on silent mode and don't look at it during the session.

Settle into a place
Find a place that feels inviting and welcoming to you

Sit comfortably on the ground or where it makes sense in this place
Let your body and mind settle into the place in a comfortable position

Make rounds of body scans with attention to the different parts of the body

Listen to what feelings, sensations, emotions, or thoughts arise
Be with it. Acknowledge them. But dont dont go deep into it, let it be and move your attention to next point.

At some point, when you've settled into the place, direct your attention to the external world, and be open to what comes to you — sensations, expressions or thoughts of the place

Modes of listening with Darkness

For the rest of the time, listen to what is present with you and appears in the darkness — listen with Darkness with focus on the following aspects:

1)
Internal listening to your personal darkness

2)
External listening to the exterior community of alive beings in the darkness and Darkness itself

3)
Listening — to the sonic or even musical aspects of what expresses itself

4)
Listening — attuning to and being available to what expresses itself to you and giving these expressions attention with your full being

You might intentionally shift focus or let yourself be carried by what come to your attention. It is open, and there is no right or wrong way to do it.

I invite you to listen in the same position in stillness and explore what appears to you through these different modes. I invite you to explore sensations of discomfort. However, to a certain limit: it's important to listen to your body, and if it's too extreme or unbearable for you, do what you need to go through the session. Get up and move, drink water/tea, eat.

After listening for the desired time, give thanks for the experience and company to the Darkness and the place along with the beings there. Free write or record your experience immediately after. Keep your notes to explore how your relation with darkness/Darkness develops.

The best of luck with your encounters
I thank you for your attention

A phenomenology of Grief

The material for the piece is a collection of sounds recorded in the presence of death, decay, and absence. By listening to what is no more, one hears the wealth of sounds that never ceases, the endless continuation of life: At a funeral, one hears the fragile breaths of those present; in the forest, a dead animal is surrounded by the sound of the wind, birds singing, and the ocean in the distance. To hear what is no more, one must listen through the endless continuum of sounds and find in them not only their signification of the present but also their testimony of what has been and what is to come. By listening with your grief, sounds can undergo a transformation from being signifiers of objects to a symbolic manifestation of that which is no more.



Follow the QR code to access the audio file.

Li s e t ning thr o u gh the days and nig h t s

1.

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g, and its internal machineries fall apart when the postman presses the numb buttons of the calling bell. On the bed lies the corpse of the departed night wearing the masks of the midnight’s fox, and the crows from the last a

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e are marks of blood on the quilt. The somnolent hands swim through the morning fog to reach the doorstep. Sounds of church-bell refracts through the walls, even though today is not a Sunday. The sun, however, breaks through the w

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d triggers the intentionality of the awakening. A drop of water runs down from the eyes as it says goodbye to the withering dreams. The body moves making the idle bones and sluggish joints sound the arrival of a new d

a
y.

2.

Theday
grasped
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the sunlight. A carriage enters the space between the bed and the bathroo1m. Its engine sounds loud; and heavy smokes come out of it. There is a shadow of an obsolete man on the doors of the bathroom. Thoughts and experiences have left marks on his skin. The body and the bathroom’s wall, afterward, ask each other about their health. In the sound of the shower, slowly emerge consciousness and the skeleton of a fear. The mirror reflects the day’s schedules, as the time starts breathing over the shoulder.

3.

The calm coffee-cup on the kitchen table has been enthusiastic about the day’s Anthro-pogenic potential. The electric mug hisses out in support. Fruits, bread and butter gather for a celebration of the morning. Spoons and the coffee powder wait for instructions. Boiling water over the thirsty coffee produces emotionless foam, suggesting that inside waking up, in fact, there is enormous fun frozen. Cornflakes try to make friends with bread and butter. Through these activities, the news from the radio and the alarm of the smartphone are heard. In the no man’s land between nations, war has been announced. Tanks and a flock of bomber aircrafts forward march through the corridor. There is little space inside the kitchen; hence, many more news and
announcements
wait
outside
the
door.

4.

walls and black stairs await the voices of many masked faces. The warmth of the sun recedes over the indolent fingers. The melancholic city, afterward, reclines on the window. The keypad remains unanswered over the cusp of a cup at the corner of the working desk. In the center of the table rests a silent and solitary computer screen. Its white the questions of labor and state power.

5.

Hunger evaporates from the kitchen utensils. Wayward clouds fly away over the sundry tiredness and spurts of spontaneity, the food gets cooked. As the soup boils, the crows, and drying clothes in the balcony.

and innocent sirens are heard again. Firstly, cut the vegetables on an indifferent plate. stainless pan, the sweaty pieces of meat start to burn. The tireless sounds of the Then throw wet onions and garlic into an arrogant frying pan. By mixing quantitative afternoon eat up everything – including the lonely terrace, confused rows of the vegetables, potato, rice in a timid bowl, and lentils. Beside the gas oven, the distant bells day's assassin leaves through the backdoor. The disconcerted birds cry foul. On the

6.

The looming eyes rest motionless on the computer screen.
The last letter left a long time ago. The screen saver burns
like the silent night crickets. A few directionless cars pass by
the window. A cat crosses the cemetery and walks past the
road. Her sensual grace covers the pebbles on the street.

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slowly takes over the day's longings. The disappearing sun
leaves the last love letter to the windowpane. The orchid
in the tub, the water bottle, half-drunk glass and the pencil
recline on the terrace with a death consciousness.

7.

Daylight gently dies out. A stranger wind passes over
the graveyard. The birds retire soundless. The leaves stop
moving and signal the descending of the evening. In a
distant window a solitary maiden lit a cigarette and leans
through the railing to see how far the city has arrived,
and how much is left for darkening of the decks in the
nearby jetty. The water's green turns black. The unseen
rumbles from the sea reverberate through the window,
and the glass breaks away. The streetlights start staring
one by one and cast shorter shadows of people leaving
work. There's smell of gunpowder in proximate spaces
between the lovers. Emptiness hovers inside the room; a
door opens and closes behind an empty corridor; whose

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Is it the face of the death?

8.

A stronger light is resting on the table. No one is waiting for anyone in this circle of glow. The cat completes her supper with the bones of the night, and then her tails move in a pleasant anticipation for the helpless rats to fall into her pray. After a

long time, tonight the full moon has endeavored to erase the fear of death from the rooftop. An intensifying techno-acoustics has suggested that there is a party at the balcony. Even the lone wolfs have rushed towards collective pleasure.

The aggressive young lady has thrown empty beer bottles on the wall of wanted noise. Sound of the bottles has overwhelmed the broken neck of the melancholic young man. After a long time, tonight death has seen her face in the mirror. She learnt

the knowledge of the unspoken. The resonance of grief transforms, afterward, as bits and pieces of lived dreams plummet throughout the night. Its sounds are reborn as words that are distilled from lonely listening.

9.

The midnight rain starts to move towards the façade. The walls inside the house crunch and one corridor evaporate into another. The vocabulary of the acoustics is not enough equipped to decipher the meaning of the polyrhythmic sounds of incessant rain on the lived windowpanes. Their grammatical and syntactical errors are hanging over the mosquito net at this hour. Even if the eleven continuous bells and seven chimes are ringing around the right ear, there is still no victim of sleep. In this deliberate attempt to overcome the drunkenness, the end of the carpet is found to be flying and bathroom door is just around the corner. As sleep is estranged, the episodic water drops from bathroom enter the aural presence. These are all empty words, after all; listening doesn't turn into resonant illuminations. Rain stops. Insomniac bats announce the first sun.

Paralinguistic Index

Performing Language

It's with a Danish mother and an Italian father that I grew up. I've got two siblings. My sister is nine years older than me, and she's got a different mother than my brother and I have. My sister was born in Italy. Naturally, Italian became her mother tongue and Danish took second place. When she turned four, my father and our sister's mother divorced, and my sister and her mother moved back to Denmark. My sister started to attend a Danish kindergarten. Later on, she went to elementary school, with the consequence that Danish quickly became her first language. Although my sister's fluency in Italian has faded over the years, she often surprises me when a situation might somehow compel her to speak Italian. It seems as though the language arises on its own steam, and always at the correct time and place.

My brother is only two years older than me, and we share a similar upbringing. We grew up together in a small suburban town in the middle of Sjælland. Our father owns an Italian restaurant in the centre of town. Seeing as the restaurant generated the only income for our household, my father was always working. It was only seldom that we saw him at home. On the other hand, we spent a great deal of time with our Danish mother. Danish is our mother tongue, and Italian has always been there, but in an incredibly undefined way.

After finishing high school, my brother jumped on the very first flight to Italy. We were all surprised. Back then, he didn't talk much. He was absolutely shy, but I also think that he simply enjoyed the silence. He moved in with Nonna Rosa and Zia Silvana, our paternal grandmother and father's sister, in the big pink house on top of the hill in Mondaino, and he took a job in the local factory, where he glued rhinestones onto different types of accessories for large fashion houses. While he sat around the large table, the hours crawled by at a snail's pace, and there wasn't much else for him to do than to try and converse with his colleagues. He quickly made good friends. His colleagues came from all over the world, but Italian became their common language. While he was driving home after putting in a long day at the factory, Zia and Nonna were busy making dinner. A new table around which to converse presented itself before him. When I vis-



An altered version of the score was published under the title *A Paralingual Score* in October 2024 as part of the publication series *Vibrational Semantics* edited by Samuel Brzeski and commissioned by Lydgalleriet, Bergen.

Follow the QR code to access the sound piece, which is an excerpt of a longer piece performed by soprano Felicita Brusoni, recorded at Inter Arts Center in Malmö, edited by Clara Mosconi and mixed by Thor Svensson.

ited my brother, a month and a half after he had moved to Italy, he was already fluent in the language. I had never heard him utter a single word in Italian, and suddenly he was speaking it like he never had before.

My relationship with Italian behaves in an almost mythical way. To be perfectly honest, whether or not I ever spoke Italian isn't entirely clear to me. As a child, bolstered with uncompromising self-confidence, I was convinced that I could speak the language. I can clearly remember how I demonstrated (performed) my Italian, in order to impress the other kids at school when, every autumn, I would return after spending another long summer in Italy. Convincingly, I rolled my r's, coloured and conducted the pitch, and softened my double consonants. Perfetto. I wasn't the least bit conscious about the well-orchestrated performance at that time, but I was absolutely certain about what my ears had heard, and I was the master of imitation.

Recently, I asked my mother what she remembers about my Italian as a child, and she told me about one very specific memory. She was observing me sitting at the dining table in the kitchen inside the pink house in Italy. I was busy drawing a picture, and Nonna, who was otherwise busy with cooking, stopped behind me to see what I was busy drawing. I jovially explained to Nonna what I had drawn. She looked on and nodded in appreciation of my explanation. She asked questions and she pointed her finger, and I responded and explained. My mother remembered my language as a blend of actual Italian and a lot of Italianesque sounds. Our communication took place somewhere between our languages, and a connection was being nourished.

Whether my Italian-sounding language was governed by any system is something I'm decidedly less sure about. However, the sounds came forth with an intention. Clearly, I was delivering a message, convinced that the language was dwelling inside me, somewhere, and I had confidence that the sounds and words that were supposed to communicate for me would eventually spill out.

As time went by and I got older, and generally more and more bashful, my "Italian" actually faded. The summers grew longer. I fell silent. And a growing shame about my lost language came to the fore. I took over my brother's silence. The fear of making a mistake sat inside me, and I wouldn't hold a single Italian word in my mouth. My identity came to be embraced by a wordlessness, and things didn't

have any words: no language was connected to them. Instead, they were merely sounds emitted from the mouths of others. I perceived everything in a wordless state of being, in parallel with a language that I couldn't attain on the same terms as could the rest of my family. Things were sounds, waves, particles. They were nameless, I was wordless.

And at the same time, language was as clear as water. I heard right through the words, without getting captured by metaphors and heavy meanings that were closely attached to what was being spoken. Instead, it was pure, sonic aesthetics. Sounds I had been listening to ever since I was a child. Sounds that had forms and colours: temperaments without literal meaning

Index

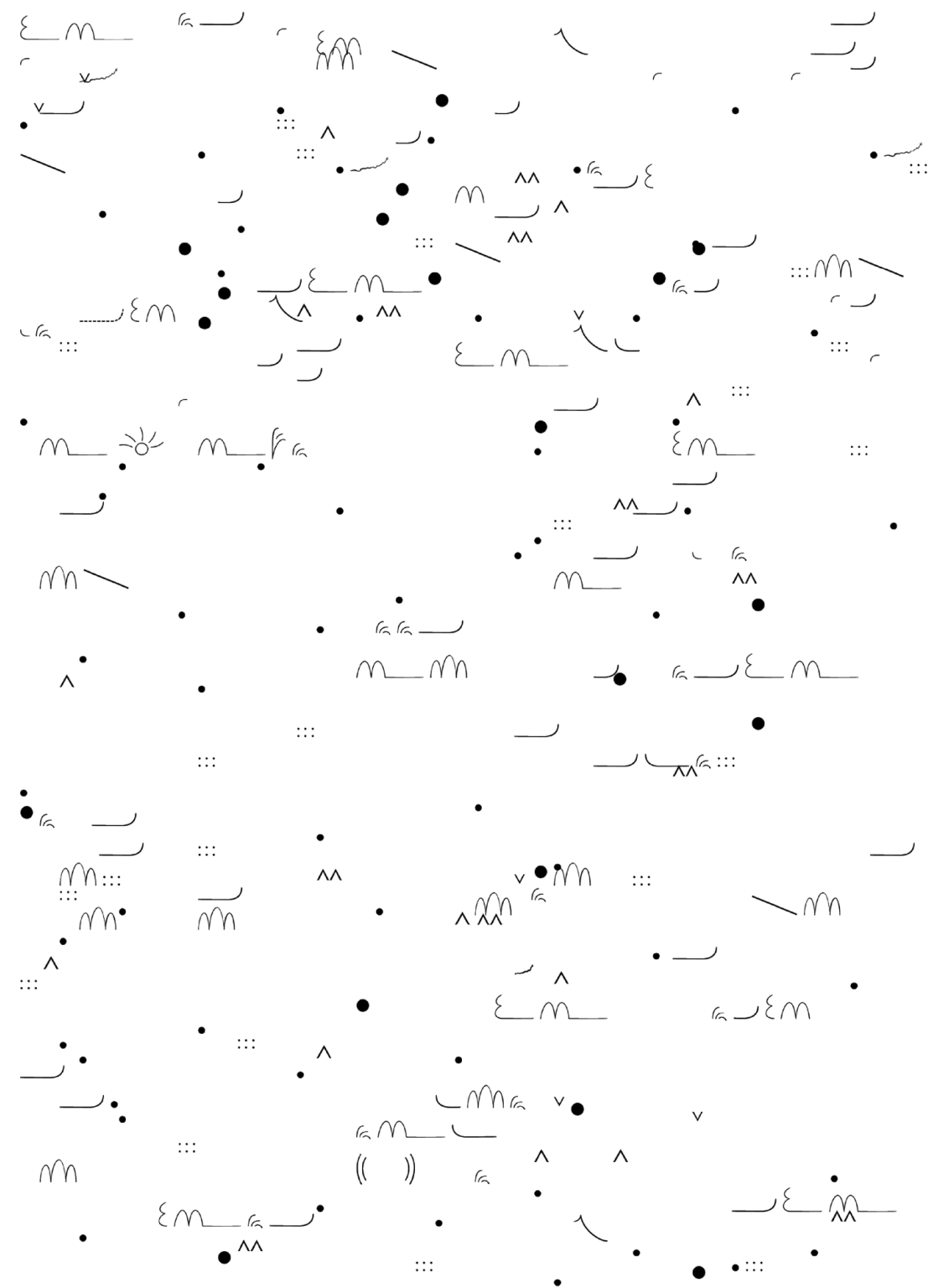
Paralingual Index no. 1 is a collection of 32 symbols invented and designed by Clara. Each symbol represent a non-verbal sound phenomenon – sounds that are often produced when grappling with language in search of the “right” words. The symbols are intuitive in their design, and they refer to the sounds’ performative aspect, how the sounds relate to the body.

The Paralingual Index no. 1 is also a digitized typograph in the form of a font which can be installed on a computer and used on a keyboard. The font is open access and available to everyone. It can be accessed and downloaded at: <https://claramosconi.com/Paralingual-Index>

Paralinguistics Paralinguistics are the aspects of spoken communication that do not involve words. It unlocks a new potential in communication in that it escapes existing expectations of language. It thrives in the peripheries of language, in the gap between our self and what come out of our mouths, and is perhaps normally perceived as something faulty, or as an excess material within language. Paralinguistics escape the heavy meanings and metaphors that are so closely tied to words, and allow us instead to appreciate the sonic aesthetics of these non-verbal sounds, e.g. the sound and tone of the voice, the color and pitch, the sound of a cough or even the movement of a laugh.

The graphic score has been produced using the symbols from the Paralingual Index. They are simply paralinguistic transcriptions of interviews that Clara have conducted since 2020 with bilingual people. The transcriptions act as a portrait of a language, as well as a graphic score.

| | | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| | speaking on an inhalation | | vibrating inhalation |
| | speaking on an exhalation | | vibrating inhalation long |
| | utterance, vocal, vowel prolonged | | vibrating exhalation |
| | 'eh' | | vibrating exhalation long |
| | 'eh' prolonged | | sharp inhalation |
| | 'm' | | sharp exhalation |
| | 'm' prolonged | | soft, or broken inhalation |
| | laugh | | soft, or broken inhalation long |
| | sneeze | | stutter, repetition |
| | cough | | stutter, repetition prolonged |
| | smacking of the lips | | inhalation |
| | audible swallowing | | inhalation long |
| | pause | | exhalation |
| | long pause | | exhalation long |
| | audible body gestures | | inhalation followed by a puff |
| | cut in sentence or word | | a puff followed by an exhalation |



Three Photographs for Listening





(186)

Object That Remains



(187)

Fall With Me

O
L TE_ an r a ct
_ext

00;02;03;09 – 00;02;08;07
language is always on the edge

00;02;10;18 – 00;02;14;22
language is poorly peripheral

00;02;15;17 – 00;02;21;23
language always finds itself poorly on the edge

00;02;26;03 – 00;02;30;08
language is in the margins

00;02;31;27 – 00;02;36;04
language is only at the margins

00;02;38;05 – 00;02;43;22
language is always on the periphery

00;02;46;19 – 00;02;53;00
you can't know everything through language alone

00;02;54;05 – 00;02;58;05
language is just a framework

00;02;58;05 – 00;03;02;08
language is only marginal

00;03;03;00 – 00;03;06;06
language is like Ottogi

00;03;09;12 – 00;03;16;11
language moves only within a framed field of vision

00;03;19;17 – 00;03;24;17
language beats only limited options

00;03;28;19 – 00;03;32;05
language is only peripheral

00;03;33;24 – 00;03;37;15
language is on the surface

00;03;39;11 – 00;03;49;28
language is a lens from the corner of the eye, which can only be spoken but cannot be expressed in words

00;03;59;13 – 00;04;04;00
language stands out for its imperfect communication

00;04;04;29 – 00;04;11;24
the tongue circulates around the circuits between
it circulates around the circuits

00;04;11;24 – 00;04;15;10
language circulates around the circuits

00;04;17;14 – 00;04;20;11
language is irrelevant



South Korean, Polish, Romanian,
Mandarin, Irish, Italian, Icelandic, German,
French, Dutch, Google Translate, an audio
piece and a transcript from a subtitled
moving-image with sound.

This is an extract from practice-based
research in progress during Inneke Taals
master of fine art.

Department of Sounding
Manifesto

Turn On Tune In
Listen Up Listen In
Sounds Right Sounds Sound

Welcome to the Department of Sounding

Where we activate your:
absent-minded listening (Yoshihide 2004)
profound listening (Lopez 2004)
reduced listening (Schaeffer, 1967)
deep listening (Oliveros, 2005)
body listening (Leitner, 2008)
ambient listening (Eno, 1978)
gestalt listening (Cahen, 2011)
acousmatic listening (Schaeffer, 1967)
spatial listening (Leitner, 1970)
adequate listening (Stockfelt, 2004)
collective listening (LaBelle, 2006)
affective listening (Wang Jing, 2012)
improvised listening (Ultra-Red, 2012)
schizophonic listening (Murray Schafer, 1977)
aggressive listening (Kirstein, 2019)
structural listening (Adorno, 1962/1982)
casual listening (Chion, 1994)
imaginative listening (Ihde, 1976)

While holding space for your:
screaming sculptures
chirping ceramics
silent paintings
sonic architecture
whispering fabrics
polyphonic performances
ambient interactions
droney methodologies
grungy continuums
chanting prototypes
howling interiors
eco-acoustic storytelling
hissing image making
rattling notations

Through learning how to:
Love your listening
Listen to your listening
Perform your listening
Be your listening . . .

Hunt
i n g Dog

Wildlife often stays in the fields
During the harvest they are forced to take flight
For this reason it is considered ethically irresponsible
To coordinate hunting and harvesting
But some do it anyway

My young dog is deaf
He belongs to a dog breed commonly used for
rabbit hunting in Spain
Probably he was cast out because of his deafness
He was found wandering the streets
I found him on the internet

Online I buy dried rabbit ears for him
I use them as way to communicate
By affirming his behaviour
When he does what I want
I give him an ear
The fur of the rabbit is said to clean his intestines
The ears look almost exactly like his own

My goal
is
to
wean
him
off
h
u
n
t
i
n
g

A different version of the piece was presented
in “Høst” (Forlaget Materia) September 2024.



(194)



(195)



(196)



(197)

M^ur^ruration P^ro^xi^mity — Att^en^ment



{ { { J }

Feet shuffle across the floor, bodies moving without seeing.

{ { | } { { / \

J \ /]] } J { { \

You feel someone nearby—just a presence: }

The room pulses with the weight of submergent sounds,
imperceptible textures.

The floor is alive underfoot. Murmurs on the soles of the feet.

Listening past the eyes, expanding with and beyond the
ears and the ossicles; all that can be heard and absorbed
through skin and bones.

A step, an exhalation. The rustle of fabric.

The air shifts with each body's movement, breath and soft
steps cut through the darkness.

Vibrations undulate brushing past you like currents, a quiet
hum threading through the space —deep, stretched, layered.

Gushed from the discreteness of a disarmed genuineness,
feeding into the next.

A wave filling the space like fog slowly condensing, thick
and dense, building and dissolving.

More primal than arithmetic harmony: attunement.

No one leads. No one follows.

It's adaptation without hesitation—birds shifting in flight,
murmuring starlings. Proximity feels tight, then loose
again, edges blurring.

The hum changes, twists, breaks —
no search for meaning in the sparse words and songs that
liquify in sonic ripples. Semiosis melts at points of contact
with pure materiality *and, perhaps, mnemonic associative
automatisms.

Do you need eyes

To perceive me {

Can you listen

To the vibrations

On your sealed eyelids’ skin

The passage of air

The breath of others

The stomping feet

Claiming space

The gentle rustling

Making space \

About not being seen.

About being mutually listened to.

You slip in the flux of decoding and recoding signals that
forgets signification systems. Murmuration isn’t planned.
It’s not coordinated. It just happens.

You sense them—everyone else—through the space vi-
brating with presence, its movements and sounding and
humming. Not drifting but shifting, adjusting. Adaptation
isn’t a choice, it’s a response, quick and sharp.

The hum rises, thickens. Voices layer, twist.

No single direction, just a pull. Sound pulls bodies together,
then apart. Transversing them and dispersing back towards
the source.

No need to speak, no need to see.

Each movement is a reaction to the barely heard but fully
felt, to the inundation of a shout, to the persistence of a fre-
quency or rhythm. Each step, each shift is an act of adapt-
ing through listening.

Attunement forgets harmony. It’s survival. The space be-
tween bodies as vast emptiness, intermittently filled and
charged with the mechanical energy of sound waves.

The mute pack of fishes can mesh

In one diaphragmatic wave.

Tune in [And out] []

[[] [] [] ∫] []

I follow the trembling thread

Of your undertones

Syntonise

With the pulse of you

Pouring on empty words

Across blinded eyes

I am here

Stretching the antennae

From the soles to the hair

Transducing vibrissae.

The minute system

sewn around one wave

Reverberates to the tissue

we are braided in

[[]

L a n dscapes of t h e L i s t e n i n g

Forrests made of moments to pay attention.
Each tree, it's own story.
Another opportunity to be astonished.

The ocean flows in and out of conversation with earth's oldest listeners.
Stories that have traveled beyond cartographies of silence.
Another opening.

City streets. An auditory feast for the famished.
To live among one another and our imperfect ways of being.
A sonic swell that fills the nooks between moments together.

The space between lovers. Fields of fiction and fantasy to devour.
Depths of unknown resonance yet to be delighted in.

Could you ever believe the environments
of understanding we have yet to inhabit.

Sounds of Serenity Garden

to be listened to in nature
while doing nothing.

It is when we listen that we are able to connect with nature, with the world, with ourselves. *Sounds of Serenity Garden* was designed as an invitation to slow down, do nothing, and simply enjoy nature. It encourages a state of mindful listening, curiosity, wonder, and a slowing-down.

The artist was inspired by the idea of sustainable art practices that highlight the art and beauty that is present in our surroundings. Here, nature itself becomes the Art, and the music serves as a vessel of interconnectivity between peace, nature, and doing nothing.

The music aims to create a sonic environment that brings the body into a state of listening, helping people notice the world around them through eyes of wonder. It offers an opportunity to encounter nature within city limits, calling for moments of serenity amidst the hustle and bustle of busy lives. The idea is to enhance the feeling of respite in green spaces, encouraging people to be present and take deep breaths, creating pockets of peace in our lives that resemble a park in the middle of a city.



An installation created for Charlotte
Shout Arts & Culture Festival 2023.
Follow the QR code to access
Sounds of Serenity Garden.

The final song is a lullaby that the artist wrote to herself, an encouragement to live a life that is authentic, even if it is different and unlike the world around her. It is a song that says, “It is okay to take your time.” The artist hopes that this song is an encouragement to listeners as well, and a message of peace and state of listening that can be carried from a curated space into our everyday lives.

Recommendations while listening:

Listen on headphones/earphones, preferably not in noise cancellation mode. The idea is to allow the sounds of the world around you to intertwine with the music. Avoid the temptation to be doing something while listening, nothing is required of you in this moment, this is an invitation to a moment of serenity.

Guided Meditation:

Take a moment to quiet the mind and enjoy being in nature. Allow yourself to “do nothing” — to simply be, listen, and experience the sanctuary that nature offers.

Eyes closed, take three deep, slow breaths, in through the nose and out through the mouth. Notice your ribcage open as your lungs fill with breath and as you exhale, keep your breath a slow and steady flow.

Look to the trees and notice any movement of wind or creatures. Think of how the air feels on your skin.

Allow yourself to take in the nature around you, realigning yourself to be present in this moment with the world and with self.

Selection of Listening Scores

The listening stretch

Listen high,

listen low

listen far,

listen close

Listen small,

listen big

Listen in front

and behind

Listen actively,
listen passively

Listen associatively,
listen unraveling

Listen now,
listen later

Listen here

and there

Listen as yourself
and as someone else

And / or get distracted
and just resonate...

Carry a sound part 1

Choose a place with a special atmosphere.

A place with a meaningful quality.

Make a recording of that place.

Choose a certain duration.

Put the recording on repeat and play it back via a blue-tooth speaker.

Listen to the place within the place...

Try different spots in the room to listen.

Try different spots in the room to put the speaker.

Take your time and keep on listening. Omni-directional.

Hide the speaker in a backpack and carry the sound with you.

Listen to how the sound changes other places.

Listen to how other places change the sound.

Listen to how the sound interacts with silence, with the wind, with a car passing by.

While carrying the sound,

Listen to how the sound modulates. How it reflects in different acoustics.

Listen to how your body (partially) absorbs the sound.

Listen to how it feels.

Take the sound with you to the pub, to the mall, to a friends' garden.

Eat, sleep and shower with the sound.

Listen to how it becomes familiar.

Listen to how it alienates others.

Stop the recording.

Go back to the original place.

And listen to how your listening has changed.

Carry a sound part 2

Do the same exercise as 'Carry a sound part 1', but without electronic devices.

Your embodied memory becomes the carrying device...

Ode to sound

they tremble and shiver

twinkle and rumble

thunder, wander, murmur

sounds are born

and they die

they jump and fall

or whirl around

sometimes they are rushed

sometimes sluggish

sometimes they're greedy

and hungry

they whine

squabble or screech for help

they wink

or comfort and embrace

sometimes they spy on me

and announce a menace

or notify me of a potential storm

they play, flirt and mate

to fresh vibrations

to lascivious reflections

I breathe them in

and allow myself to be freely surprised

by the sonorous stage

I breathe them out

and allow these fellow travelers

to plug into my quiet skin

t
 No e s
 Future
 for Land
 s a
 c pes
 or Screaming Reliefs

Original created as an installation for
 Charlotte Shout Arts & Culture Festival
 2023. Follow the QR code to access the
 sound work.

Part 1: A rock that screams

I walk under the harsh surface of this rock formation by the sea. If I walk, it's by stepping lightly on this hard structure, gently, tip to tip, as if I were a ballerina, and then like a child learning to walk, the whole plant sliding along the dry grooves until it establishes a point in the world. My point in the world. Point by point, foot by foot, the feeling of being whole here and now. It's certainly a strange image for a Tuesday morning... What is that woman doing, so carefully, on the top of the rock? Tai-chi-chuan? Reflexology? That's when some curious onlookers approached to ask: why are you putting your foot down like that? After all, it's just a stone! It's sad to reduce the Pedra do Arpoador to the banal human expression "it's just a rock". While moving, I keep writing in my field notebook with the soles of my feet. There is this unknown texture that inscribes in me so many "pluses" and "minuses" that are hidden in the stone, after all, its wrinkles are its texts, I agree, and my reading of this body of stone must be the least significant so that this word flies over the paper and can translate what is written here. I feel each line and each crevice and each fold in my most sensitive core and I try to transcribe a notation into this notebook. This field notebook. Now.

The rock formation that stretches between the Fort of Copacabana and the Ipanema beach dates back 600 million years when the South American and African continents still formed a single, colossal continental mass. Each line contains an untold story. I walk along it to notice its folds, to listen. Hard and precious, a collection bag of time, its surface opens to me as if it's littered with elliptical crystals that look like half-open eyes. This surface is its face: exposed to the corrosion of salt and sun, to the abstract stains painted by bird droppings, to the footprints of tourists' filthy sneakers, to the cuts and nicks and holes of harpoons resting after an eternal afternoon spent harpooning whales. How many eyes can a stone contain? I tread carefully because there's no intention of leaving it blind. But of course, now and then there's no escaping the crystals and I hear somewhere from below a painful "ouch". The stone moans softly, imperceptible due to its size. But I can tell it's moaning. I feel it. A short vibration in the bowels of its geology, making the piles of feldspar crystals rub together. How are these mineral molecules arranged? Superimposed side by

side, like tiny porous tectonic plates, moving millimetrically with every step, every gust of wind... Secretly, the stone dances. That choreography that I listen with the soles of my feet, inviting my own lines to dance, that's when, but impulsively, my fingers move and write something here. I let the pen fly through my fingers, as the words appear freely, giving tone to that embodied dance, proposing an improvising between inscriptions. Timeless inscriptions.

Then I notice its rhythm. As my writing flows free by the vibrations of the rocks moaning, my loose head, ears and thought turns in the direction of a group of boys jumping from the highest point of the stone and falling into the shallow natural pool, showing off daring pirouettes and clever ways of landing. Height seems to make all the difference in this metamorphism of the body, which writhes in the air and transforms each boy into an unidentified soft thing. Quartz molecule. Splash. And the rock that reacts. In this variation of heights, between high and low, the lines of the stone contort into melody, the little crystalline eyes close to listen to the instant of the fall, and it is in the time between the acts of the jump that it becomes possible to hear the stone scream. There! Or, eita! Or wow! Any interjection would fit here as an attempt to represent that height varies like the mouth varies in the opening and closing of a popular expression. The melody is drawn out in the notes of the speech and that stone face takes on a tone. In the distance, I imagine its immense profile emerging from the blue waters for those arriving by boat. A stone that screams!" would say the grandson of the fisherman floating in the distance. Don't talk nonsense," would correct the old man exposed to the sun and salt, his skin corroded and rough by time as it translates into dry, deep wrinkles, a stone man with his eyes closed to admire all the fantastic life of his double, his mirror: the Pedra do Arpoador.

I notice that the Pedra do Arpoador is, for the whales that were once harpooned and for the boys who were once jumpers, a living structure, a grandmother or a brother, always ready to tell the stories of those Tuesday mornings, of these days of jumping, of the time when the birds did contemporary live painting happenings, or of the romances between cracks and toes. I write down the notes sung in the telling of those stories: between the lines of a score and a notebook, it's now the words that contort themselves and take the shape of a landscape, inscribing the sound of the

stone in the space of the symbol's outline. I draw a line. There are few things I can affirm about this field trip, but one thing is certain: never before has the Arpoador been noticed in this way.

Part 2: Brief considerations on the notation of future landscapes

1.

On the act of noting: notation is the action and effect of (a) noting (marking, taking note, pointing). It is both the sign that modifies the sounds of letters (e.g. accents, tilde, cedilla) and the system for graphically representing elements of a given field of knowledge (e.g. music). Under the exercise of a poetic-speculative field investigation into future landscapes, we compose this neighborhood between scientific annotation and musical notation, in whose interest we write down our impressions by noticing the sound we notice (hear, perceive) in the lines of the rock. In this exercise in which language almost gets in the way, we distinguish three different meanings for the verb noting: the report (our impressions written down in words in a field notebook, which is very common on field trips carried out by scientists), the inscription (of a sound in a musical system, such as the score, for example, which gives it meaning) and the attention (we perceive the vibrations in the lines of the rocks, which are apparently static). It's interesting to consider that, even in their differences, these three notation exercises only take place when there is a line of force, a current-flow, an invisible something passing by (an impression, a listening, a desire), which cries out for attention. It needs to be noticed. It also necessarily has a mediator, a body-agent, who notices (perceives, writes, locates). In this field notebook, we observe the triple passage, from one noticing to another, as an interlingual and intermedial speculative exercise.

2.

This body of the (a)notator is necessarily an open body. First of all, it is open to the infrasounds and minute vibrations that a landscape emits, to those deep tremors that inhabit our imagination and that make our skin vibrate from the inside out. After all, what can a landscape do? Secondly, it is open to the incisions that the stylo makes on its fingers, to each scratch that also vibrates the skin, and then

this skin that functions as a vibrating channel, an elastic surface (already, and always, porous) that mediates these minimal tremors from the outside in and vice versa. And from this balance come the (a)notations. The landscape is not static, it is not there, a priori. They are forces that use the (a)notator's body as a means, a springboard for jumping into another materiality, another existence. Because those who (a)note don't describe, they don't cast a formed gaze over the landscape; on the contrary, their narrative thinking happens precisely by listening to what resonates within them, these heights and amounts and expanses of land, water or air. Working together with Suely Rolnik's concept of "vibrating bodies", we can consider the gesture of (a)notation as a speculative and resonant action, a poetics that opens up paths between humans and non-humans, between observer and observed, between culture and nature. In her words:

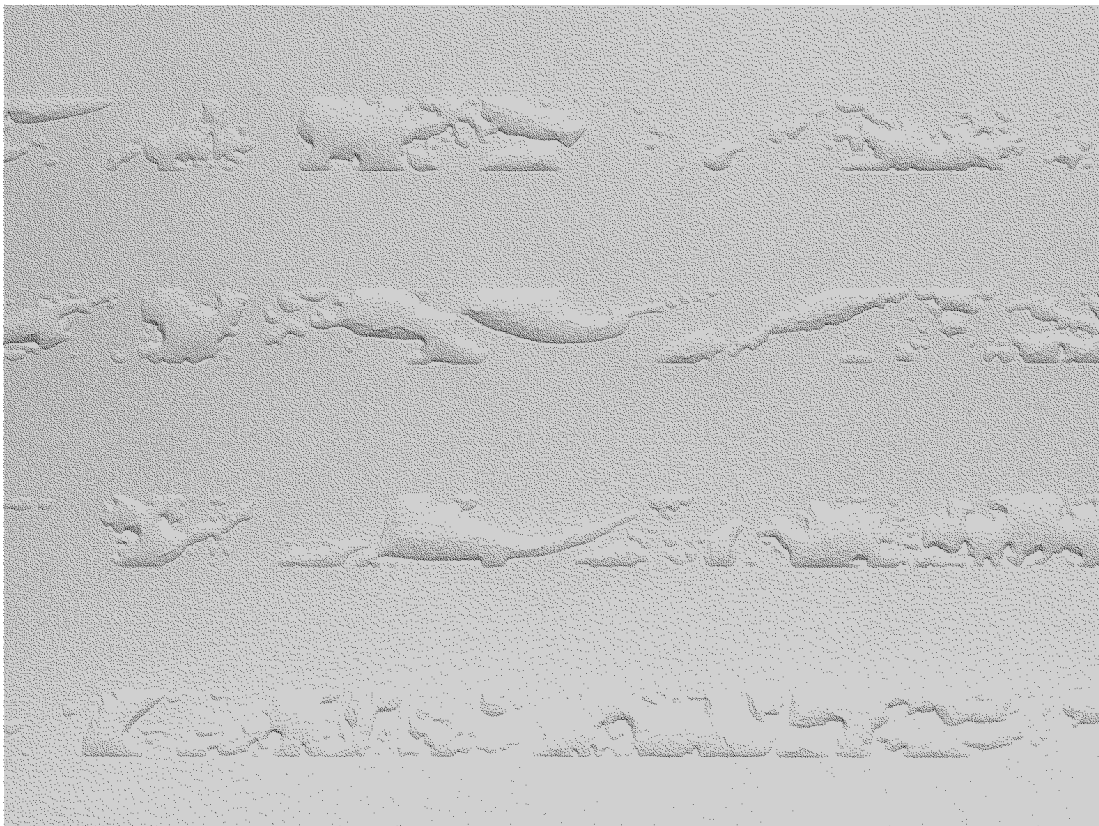
(...) thinking consists of "listening" to the effects that the forces of the ambient atmosphere produce in the body, the turbulence they provoke in it and the pulsation of larval worlds that, generated, in this fecundation, announce themselves to the knowledge-of-the-living; "implicating" oneself in the movement of deterritorialization that these germs of the world trigger; and, guided by this listening and implication, "creating" an expression for what asks for passage, so that it gains a concrete body. (ROLNIK, 2018, p. 90)

This open body, of those who note and (a)note, can then deterritorialize note-taking as a descriptive practice. Poetic field notes often speculate on what cannot be seen, but which pulsates. This deterritorialization, at the invitation of Deleuze and Guattari in their *Thousand Plateaus* (1996), searches the surface of the inscription, the way you pick up a pen, the ink you use, its delirious expressions, its lines of escape, producing new interactions and turning writing into a means and not an end.

3.

On the subject of lines: at this point, we could consider ourselves linealogs: students of lines, as Tim Ingold urges us to do. The time that is line - the line that is sound - the sound that is word. These are compilations and agglomerations of lines that serve as samples for us to understand their composition, their erosion, their contagion. We are

talking here about a heterogeneous set of lines: the reliefs that mark their silhouettes in the sky, the scars that mark the palm of my hand, the sketches of words that are drawn on the surface of the paper. These lines, under the gesture of noticing, could then be perceived not as straight lines but as traces and scratches, as vanishing lines. They are erosive lines that we see, melodic lines that we hear, parts of the word when we write. A conversation between Deleuze and Parnet (1998) resonates with the following passage: "A language is criss-crossed by vanishing lines that drive its vocabulary and syntax. (...) It is the pragmatic line, of gravity or celerity, whose ideal poverty commands the richness of the others".¹ The line that dances under the graffiti to inscribe a sign, which will very soon be located among the sign libraries of humanity. But this movement, the significance of the line, will only happen, and much later, because during the (a)notation what interests is the line's tracing, as is the risk it inscribed on the surface and on the body of the person who is scratching it. The interpretation of the line can only happen at the risk of losing it forever in the universe of risks, traces-paths, past and future. We have always interpreted lines in the sky, on horizons, in cells, in the shells of certain animals. As Ingold (2015) says: every living being is a line or, rather, a bundle of lines.² There are the lines that dance in the Brazilian's artist Tunga work, like magnetic conjunctions of hair and ropes and intertwined spaces that become a single drawing, a single project³ (which is already open to so many others). There are also the abstract lines that blow in gusts in Murray Schafer's choral scores, and the voices that modulate with the wind new heights to be reached.⁴ In this field notebook, we noticed the lines in their essence as a line: not linear, but extendable, not hard, but malleable, not with a starting point and an endpoint, but as an agglomerate of points, eternally reversing path. After all, the line is interesting as an expressive force, as "a drift, a becoming, an experiment, a demonic leap" (PÉLBART, 2007).⁵



Detail of the inscriptions of *Notes for Future Landscapes or Screaming Reliefs* (2022)



Notes for Future Landscapes or Screaming Reliefs (2022) at the Campus Anthropocene Collective Exhibition at Goethe Institute Porto Alegre, 2022

4.

In this synesthetic and sensitive neighborhood, where art and science meet in the smooth becoming of a sheet of paper, our space of inscription, we invent a body that (a) notices and also a type of inscription that operates in between. Here, we make audible the force of time, just as we make legible the force of sound. At Deleuze's invitation, we seek *an impossible ear*, rather than an absolute one. It is only through this that we will be able to hear the stone scream. We are also looking for delirious writing, rather than syntactic and grammatical writing. By listening through the open channel of the skin, we think without ties to the images of thought; and by inscribing the vibration of the invisible, we free the hand for an inventive gesture, where the line means nothing and can wander across the loose surface but is always about to capture the something that will come through it. Noticing the variations in forces that are at first imperceptible and making them sensitive to us would therefore be a way of following Deleuze in his critique of representative reason, based on this very gesture of (a)notation: a non-representation that violates the dominant models and makes us think of another possible representation, *a way of making the difference seen or heard*. According to him, "The conditions of true criticism and true creation are the same: destruction of the image of a thought that presupposes itself, genesis of the act of thinking in thought itself" (DELEUZE, 1988).⁶ In this sense, to destroy the idea of a line-result-of-erosion, or a line-drawing-melodic, and superimpose them on a listening-writing practice that lets words dance between sounds and typos, would be a way to force an act of thinking about the existence and composition of such inscriptions.

5.

On the modulation of lines: it is at the invitation of the artist Leandra Lambert, and what she calls "experimented fictions", that we trace "lines of escape between writings and sounds, images that escape from the vanishing point in the landscape, changes in perspective and perception" (LAMBERT, 2013).⁷ This is what we propose when (a) noting a landscape: a rocky line that becomes melodic and then modulates into a word, like mutant lines that can "modulate waves, swells, oceanic hangovers, ruptures in Atlantic coastlines, maelstroms, tsunamis" (Ibid, p. 212).

I understand modulating lines as an exercise of intersemiotic translation in between lines, a circular gesture of de-localization, localization and re-localization. The term intersemiotic translation, or transmutation, is first defined by Roman Jakobson, who distinguishes it from interlingual and intralingual translations, and is constituted by the movement between signs, or even from one system of signs to another, such as from poetry to music, from dance to painting... Intersemiotic translation takes place as an operation between codes, or even, making a parallel with the ecosystem model, between heterogeneous species. In this operation between materials, an alternative sequence to the linear, logical time of the social organism is produced, calling into question the notion of history as the logical and true evolution of events. Júlio Plaza, following Jakobson's proposition, understands that this sequence presents the consciousness of language proper to art, where the notion of evolution, progress or return does not exist, putting in its place the notion of analogical movement and thought, that is, of transformation (PLAZA, 2013, p. 1). The point of modulating a line is to create a kind of ecology between signs, which never ends in itself but, on the contrary, always opens up to the other (near or past). As Julio Plaza says of intersemiotic translation:

It is in this interval between the various codes that a fluid frontier is established between information and ideographic pictoriality, a margin for creation. It is in these intervals that the medium acquires its real dimension, its quality, because each message cannibalistically swallows (like each technology) the previous ones, since they are all formed by the same energy." (PLAZA, 2013. p. 13)

I try to operate this concept like a machine, like an experimental methodology to set lines in motion and consider modulation as something intrinsic to them. This allows us, on the one hand, to understand the line not as something hard, straight, decisive, but as a flow made up of points, a force that aggregates and disaggregates, a path; on the other hand, we can visualize a relief beyond its image drawn on our retinas, because its lines extend to an infinite time, that time of listening to music, that time of listening to a story being told. It is then under this intersemiotic intertwining of modulating lines that future landscapes appear to those who (a)note them with an open body (*with their*

impossible ears and their delirious writing). And only then will it be possible to have something to say about them.

6.

On the expressive force of the Earth: everything that exists contains latent frequencies, vibrating ghosts, waiting and lurking for a resonance, or, from Tato Taborda's perspective, a sympathy. During the lockdown caused by the Covid-19 pandemic, we were forced to live inside like never before: to find new places in the living room, the kitchen, the bedroom; to notice shadows and lives that were still unknown in the corners, under the loose tiles. In this unusual movement of going inside, of exploring his own house, he (a)noticed an encounter between the voice emitted by the radio and the glass cabinet, in which, in his words, he heard "the Mi ♭ 4 resting on some shelf or bowl of the glass cabinet activated by an identical note in the melodic line of the speech". This is what he calls resonance by sympathy, corresponding to "the frequencies of affections that vibrate in me, very spaced out, as I listen to the content of the story".⁸ This is Alvin Lucien's room resonating with its own frequencies and revealing, in this other poetic experiment of enclosure and silence, the tone of each piece of furniture.⁹ The radio report then made the shelf vibrate, given its tonic affinity. As Taborda well realizes, there are latent frequencies in things, in rocks, in bodies; and these frequencies can sound, be driven, by other voices, other vibrations, by expressions that secretly try to establish a connection, whether significant or not. The question we're trying to answer here, based on this principle of resonance through sympathy, is a simple one, with no pretensions whatsoever: how can we make a writing-listening resonate? What notes are hidden beneath the letters and rock lines? But how do we activate them, so that they vibrate with each other in a secret language? Latencies remind us that all bodies, human and non-human, are vibrating. That the landscape is vibrating from sunrise to sunset, and that the stone is therefore screaming in speculation of a milder ray, or plotting a vibrating conversation with those who talk about it. Following the (a)notations of Taborda and Lucien, what matters, as a poetic gesture, is a *writing-with*, also resonating Haraway's invitations, to create notes-notations that resonate, through sympathy, the phantom latencies contained in each body of land, in each rock, in each mouth.

7.

After all, how do you notice time? How to (a)note something that cannot be measured, let alone touched. Time is invisible, just like sound, and that's why they are forces that inhabit a non-space that is instigating our (a)notation. When music gave up the notion of melody and accompaniment, of theme and development, it left causal chronological time behind. In defense of Deleuzian frugality, Ferraz (2010) comments on artistic sound practices that with "the musical note torn from the melody and practically autonomous, music lost its melodic-rhythmic ground and was thrown into the image of the cosmos".¹⁰ Its time is expanded and becomes the *time of listening to this impossible ear*, the time of (a)noticing: an improbable, immeasurable, and infinite time. Perhaps, then, we can liken geological time to the sensitive time of fruition: in order to notice time, you have to prepare a wide-open, resonant body, aware of its own composition of lines, and that the lines it writes are nothing more than interweavings between what stretches between there and here, now and then.

Part 3: What lies dormant

I auscult to the stone as if it were my beloved's chest. I crouch down and rest my ear under the deepest crevice, looking for a sigh, a scratch, any sound that might resonate in that space. It's already time for the tide to come up, and I know that the waves are hitting hard at the bottom of this monolith; I investigate its response to such provocations. From a distance, my funny figure must cause tourists to feel strange: contorted, a body folded into the vibration of the stone, a body harpooning listening to the subtlest infinities of this ancient giant full of secrets. Next to me, on the edge of the rock and the sea, fishermen throw their hooks and children swim. There is a game of overlapping throws, from the ear glued to the groove to the body contorted in the air to that little hook that cuts the wind and falls: three heights of the stone in relation, three strangers improvising different relationships with the stone. Suddenly, a short, rumbling bass shakes the body, the fisherman loses his fish, the child falls on his stomach, I get dizzy. "A whale!" shouted the old man, even though we all knew it wasn't migration season. The snoring of Pedra do Arpoador, at first, didn't express any emotion, it was just a snore, loud and

earthy, a scratching of the tectonic plates, perhaps a single yawn of exhaustion, perhaps even a snore that wakes us up from a good dream, perhaps a comment on the ways of jumping, perhaps a complaint about the itching of the foam, perhaps a cry for life. Through its wrinkles, the stone resounded with the voice of time: a punctual memory, a deep laugh from the one who passively observes life happening under his skin. “A giant, auntie?”, asks me a curious boy, fresh out of the water, who leans on me to bring his ear closer to the stone, imitating my firm and immobile position. “Maybe”, I reply fearlessly, with all my attention focused on the rocky lines, waiting for the next scream. The listening point was such that I didn’t even notice the little black dots coming towards us, approaching us and repeating our same curious position, each one with its own unique flexibility, a bunch of foreigners grouping together, without questioning why, just repeating the position, and settling into a static pose to listen to what the stone had to say. It didn’t matter if what it said meant anything. What mattered was the chance to witness the life of the stone. In the distance, from his little boat, the grandson watches that curious formation happening on the coastal horizon, live, the thousands of body-dots that are folding towards it and extending the stone, “look, Grandpa, the Arpoador”! Grandpa, in his sedimentary time, throws another line into the sea, saying that “it’s her natural process, son, this is the way she grows, just like you will one day”

1. G. Deleuze; C. Parnet. *Conversações* (1998), p. 136.
2. T. Ingold, *The Life of Lines* (2015), p. 16.
3. I’m referring to the recent retrospective Tunga: magnetic conjunctions, made up of approximately 300 works exhibited at Itaú Cultural and the Tomie Ohtake Institute, where I was able to see his sketches, sketches and notes, and relate my interest in lines to what exists in his work.
4. The Canadian artist, teacher and composer invented the concept of Soundscape, with which he inaugurated, in the academic environment, a way of listening to the world. Although this is now a limited approach to thinking about the relationship between sound and the environment, the way he experimented with scores and reliefs in this approach to musical and geographical lines is really inspiring my own way to listen and write with the world.
5. P. P. Pelbart. *Disegno. Desenho. Designio*, org. E. Derdyk (2007), p. 287.
6. G. Deleuze, *Diferença e repetição* (1988), p. 230-231.
7. L. Lambert. *Ouvir na pele o terceiro som. Em: Revista-Valise*, n. 5 (2013), p. 206.
8. T. Taborda. *Ressonâncias: vibrações por simpatia e frequências de insurgência* (2021), p. 34.
9. In his book, Taborda mentions the work *I Am Sitting in a Room* (1969), by Alvin Lucier, as a poetic experiment carried out to uncover the latent frequencies in the furniture in his bedroom. In the acoustic space of the room, the composer records the phrase “i am sitting in a room” and loops it until the resonance transforms the words into noises that resonate with each piece of furniture. To listen to the full recording: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fAx-HILK3Oyk>
10. S. Ferraz. Deleuze, música, tempo e forças não sonoras. *Em: Revista Artefilosofia*, n.9 (2010), p. 69.

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List e

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This text has developed from writings in my listening journal. I have been journaling about listening since September 2023. My journaling has become more organized and frequent in the spring 2024 when I started attending Deep Listening classes.¹

This text is a documentation of the practice I call the *Moon Choir*. It takes place once a month at full moon. It started in September 2024 together with composer and singer Katinka Fogh Vindelev. Sometimes it is a practice I do alone and sometimes it is a collective practice.

My reason to start this practice has been a personal need to explore the space the full moon offers us as a space for creating connection between interior and exterior, body and voice through listening. The space has furthermore offered release of any pent-up frustrations or emotions in a playful way. The collective practice contributes a sense of community and connectivity, solidarity even.

Thursday May 23rd

Tonight, the moon is full. White moon. Flower moon.
Rabbit moon. Miss Moon is calling for me.

At 21:29 she will enter.

She is hanging low tonight.

More people are summoned by Miss Moon. We are gathered on a pier at Amager Beach. We never know how many will show up. The meeting is based on trust and how strong Miss Moon is pulling us towards her.

We lean into this trust.

We lean into the magnetic power of Miss Moon.

We are a small group, just enough to constitute a group, but few enough that we all can feel an intimate connection to the others.

We form a circle.

Notice your breath.

Inhale deeply.

Exhale equally deeply.

Repeat.

Swing your arms back and forth.

Swing your arms from side to side. Wrap and slap²

Tap your body: Start with one arm and move across the torso, all the way down to the feet and back up to the other arm.

Rub your hands together at a fast pace to generate heat.

Form a ball. Feel the heat. Chi. Between your hands is an active energy field.

Move your hands back and forth to expand and reduce the ball of energy between them.

Send the ball towards Miss Moon.

Repeat.

We form a circle again. Hold hands. A squeeze is passed around several times.

We start a whispering game.

Say a word and pass it to the ear next to you.

Add your own word and pass it on.

To seal the practice under the moon we strip and go swimming in the water. Our bodies and souls are illuminated by the moonlight.

Saturday June 22nd

Tonight, the moon is full again. Red moon. Strawberry moon. Midsummer moon.

A small group of people has been summoned.

Miss Moon is supposed to arrive at 21:57. She makes us wait.

We form a circle. We use our hands to gently slap our torso while we make sounds. Whatever comes out naturally.

One person starts making a sound sequence. The others join in, following it and responding to it. It goes on for as long as it wants. Silence. Then the next person starts a sequence, and the others respond. Silence.

We face the water. Place our feet in the cool sand.

Walk as slowly as you can toward the water.³ Feel how the surface beneath your feet is pushed away with each step. Destabilizing your steps. Walk slower.

(I struggle to move slowly. I have an eagerness in my body, something unsettled. Maybe it is the water that pulls me. Maybe it is the water that calls for me and that is the reason for my impatience to reach it).

When your feet are in the water, stop. Face Miss Moon. Listen to everything between you and the moon. Listen with every fiber in your body: from the soles of your feet to roots of your hair. Listen to the moon and back. Listen to what is close and what is far.

We listen to the sounds that draw our attention. Penetrating sounds. We listen to the sounds that are more atmospheric, more in the background. The sounds that hold the soundscape afloat.

Solo Moon Choir

These scores can be performed at any full moon, alone or together with others.

‘Facing the Moon’

*Face Miss Moon.
Use her face as your mirror.*

*Receive a greeting.
Send a greeting.*

Repeat.

‘Moving like a Moon’

*Stand facing the direction where the
Miss Moon will show herself tonight.
Make a circular movement with your hips
like a moon circling a planet.
Pause at some point along the orbit.
Continue circling in the opposite direction.*

*Come to a standstill. Feel the energy of your circulations.
Feel the energy from Miss Moon.*

Listen!

1. Deep Listening course by Morten Svenstrup in Copenhagen from April to May 2024 and Deep Listening Intensive I online by The Center for Deep Listening at Rensselaer from May to August 2024.

2. Pauline Oliveros: Deep Listening – A Composer’s Sound Practice, 2005, p. 6. And Heloise Gold: Deeply Listening Body, 2018, p. 32.

3. This slow walk exercise is inspired by a line of exercises called Extreme Slow Walk developed by Pauline Oliveros and Heloise Gold.

Un^A_i
r

Un-Air is an ongoing research project, which investigates the atmospherics of memory through sound, text and moving images. So far, the concept has developed into sketches of videos, which works with the idea that sound essentially juxtaposes multiple memories from places experienced. The project deals with the conceptual idea of writing from listening, applying found text and minimal imagery supplying nuance affective possibilities and sometimes critical social context. A contemplative text-piece on listening, associative triggers, memory - relates to the personal or private, or more specifically, the first-person experience basis of a phenomenology of sound and listening. It consists of meditations on the occurrences of life movingly interwoven with memories, associations, desires and reflections. It has so far resulted in a video-essay that examines the way in which the memory, imagination and subjectivity of a wandering listener elaborate the character of sound. You can say that sound functions as a ghost in this piece.



A special thanks to: Budhaditya Chattopadhyay, Laura Anna Fauth Hartling, Þórir Freyr Höskuldsson - I could not have done this work without you.
Follow the QR code to access the video.

Tips of the Sung

Tips of the sung is a performance script on the multiplicities of meaning that exist within speech errors, more commonly known as slips of the tongue. The text is composed in line with a Lacanian sense of lalangue—the ur-language that sits on top of meaning—of words that make more sound than sense, and of rhythmicity and vibration given primacy over semantics.

now quite under undone in the patterns through moving
 in misrecognition being the placement of action away from
 misdirection or other forms of dislocation in minor distraction
 will continue the sentence the sentence being the construction
 of action in form of the grammar the hammer the unsightly
 rip on the tip of the bung and the sing as in song and he
 meant it the way in which in the act of the character created
 prostrated malnourished and more of a statement less kind
 of an action here he is here he is doing it right it is right in
 his character he is doing it right more than is wrong in the
 tight-headed formation a nation on panic and question
 time partner a parents of order and menu and knitting for
 fun and a whip on the run he is running at 5am running the
 5am run club he is running it good and the club is in season
 he means it in season the sentence a grammar a big load of
 trouble will get you in fast like the last of the lock-ins
 aggressively silenced with untimely violence and running
 and running and first legs and running its fast and its run-
 ning on time and we're running he's running they're run-
 ning in fast on the first leg in running on time he is running
 on time in the running and run for his 5am runs and he
 says and he runs out he says that the tip of the tongue is as
 much of a song as the things we say some even though it is
 wrong on his 5am runs he is thinking of all that he said that
 was wrong the mistakes in tone and the slips of the tongue and
 songs that were wrong and the verbs that were wrong and the
 statements were wrong and the standpoints were wrong the

phonemes were wrong and the morphemes were wrong
 and the units were wrong and the vowels all were wrong
 and consonants wrong and fricatives wrong and nasals
 were wrong and plosives were wrong and he says so much
 wrong and in finding the meaning the meaning of saying
 the opening up of a rip in the skein of the surface in speak-
 ing intention be met with the mistake of being in the slip of
 the tongue in the right for a wrong or a wrong for another
 place of discussion without dissolution of meaning or focus
 upon the horizon of slips of the tongue that is rights for
 the wrong mistaken of being what it is said to have meant
 to be opened can more be delivered in gaps of omission
 once giving permission for rites that are wrong in the slips
 and the dips and the riffs on the side not quite explanation
 will do without reasoning too much for pressure in finding
 out meanings and hidden solutions within what is said that
 was not meant to be said that can nevertheless be said
 and what more it is said but there are several types of slips
 of the tongue and by slips of the tongue I mean what is
 said wrong in error or mistaken in forms of translation or
 speaking comprehension away from intention may come
 forth from ignorance of what is a word or a correct word or
 the meaning of a word used in error in one situation when
 it should not be used is relevant for another situation the
 sound of the word sounding somewhat like the word and
 the rhyme of the word sounding somewhat like the word
 and the rhythm of the word sounding somewhat like the
 word the intended word but is not the word the intended
 word it is another word it breaks concentration interferes
 with cognition often capricious with mirth and in whimsical
 ridiculous apprehension defying attention away from
 recognition sounding out what is wrong and the sing as
 in song on the slip of the long and the tip of the tongue a
 mistake of a word that is assigned to an ignorance of words
 that are similar in rhythm in rhyme but not of in reason in
 sound out of sense out of runs out of gone out of what it is
 meant by this mistaken decision a lexical selection meant
 for another thing that was said that was not meant to be
 said and yet still is

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 a
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 d

for example dance a flamingo in place of flamenco
 or for example illiterate him from your memory
 in place of obliterate
 or for example the very pineapple of politeness
 in place of pinnacle
 or for example I was putrefied with astonishment
 in place of petrified
 or for example he is amphibious
 in place of ambidextrous
 or for example fragrantly violated
 in place of flagrantly violated
 or for example we are all human beans
 in place of human beings
 or for example to nip it in the butt
 in place of in the bud
 or for example to all intensive purposes
 in place of intents and purposes
 or for example a blessing in the skies
 in place of disguise
 or for example the use of erotic
 in place of erratic
 or for example the use of preposterous
 in place of prosperous
 or for example the use of dramatically
 in place of drastically
 or for example the use of comprehended
 in place of apprehended
 or for example the use of odorous
 in place of odious

the being the errors of ignorance of thinking a thing or a
 saying or cliché or idiom or platitude or stock phrase or
 proverb or truism or trope or trite phrase that has been
 repeated that will be repeated that shall be repeated in
 excess of language in truth or in error in over in over in
 sound or in sense or another meaning for what it is wrong
 but if its slip of the tongues that are meant to have sung
 then perhaps it is more means to another
 form of expression without resolution or
 leading discussion away from intention
 that sits on the surface instead going under
 to subconscious wanderings exposing the
 meanings the feelings the peeving that
 drive from another place of distraction

expose what is under the drives and the
drives and the unconscious thoughts and
the unconscious desires the desires and the
drives the desires and the drives and the
drives and desires the hidden things feel-
ings the hidden things wishing the hidden
things thinking the hidden conflicting aware

of another state of distraction availed in a
moment a slip of the tongue exposes the
rung on the step of the ladder leading to
another form of expression without resolu-
tion an opening up to a field of new matter
an unconscious expression for conscious
awareness a peeping the head just above in

the water the slowly revealing the teething
the feeling in what is said wrong in slips of
the tongue what is meant to be wrong or
another sense of a meaning or purpose a
deeper dynamic exposed in a myriad pas-
sion or bored exaltation perhaps in expres-
sion of names or intention of what it is

wanted desires and the drives and desires
and the drives but not dwelling on that
which is successively subjective away from
abstraction and into specifics of conditions
analysis the passion the feeling the other
forms of slips of the tongue of dips of the
sung of rights for the wrong not made in

error of ignorance or subtext or under-
played meaning but rather in error in con-
struction of sentences words of the words
and the words flowing forth from the words
in cerebral production the chain of con-
struction the first type of being of such slips
of the tongue of the rights that are wrong

the selection error in which there's a prob-
lem in retrieving the word the word from
the lexicon the selection from the lexicon
can be in error may involve substitution
one word for another word that can get in
the way can obstruct what is said can be

here to say more than is meant than the
original projection the selection error could
be a clean one a word for a word for a word

for a word in a phonologically based mistake
of a choice a switch or a swap that is seen
for the reasoning out of solutions to minor
ablutions the slips and the dips and the riffs
of the tongue and the rights for the wrongs
will come within reason and leave without
meaning and some of what's seen in the er-
rors of choice and the words for the words
for the words for the words are straightfor-
ward substitutions of words that are similar
in sound or expression

as in castanets for clarinets
or as in life for wife
or as in fashion for passion
or as in pear for square
or as in talk for walk
or as in peach for speech

or as in hold for old
or as in commuter for computer
or as in inclination for indication
or as in output for outfit
or as in immortal for immoral
or as in tap for tab

or as in evaporate for evaluate
or as in here for there
or as in vowels for values
or as in fugue for flute
or as in conquest for contest
or as in dissent for consent

and in addition to the forms of the slips
of the tongue of the tips of the sun of the
speech errors of mistakes of lexical selec-
tion there are other types of slips of the
tongue that are also mistakes of selection
that result in a blending of usually two
lexical items lexical items that would mean
words to form a singular unit that may not
exist which is then recited then recited the
recited being a blend of two items that have
been recalled the recalled items blending
to create a new lexical item to add to the
archive of slips of the tongue of grips of the wrong

such as perple being of person and people
or such as stummy being of stomach and tummy
or such as dreeze being of draft and breeze
or such as maistly being of mainly and mostly
or such as lection being of lecture and lesson
or such as universary being of university and nursery

or such as momentaneous being of momentary and instantaneous

or such as popollution being of population and pollution

or such as horrible being of terrible and horrible

or such as boast being of best and most

or such as everybun being of everybody and everyone

or such as hegraines being of headaches and migraines

or such as smaze being of smoke and haze

or such as flustrated being of flustered and frustrated

or such as excape being of exit and escape

or such as complify being of complicate and simplify

and the blends in the blends and the blends in the blends

with the blends it is mostly that the beginnings and endings

of words in the blends are correct in the blends as begi

nings and endings have been known to be important to be

important in many situations the beginnings and endings

of the blends they are important in instances such as the

retrieval of words and the retrieval of memories and in the

recounting of things and in the beginnings and endings in

the blends the blends are making new words in the blends

that can hold new semantic intuition in the blends those

other main form of slips of the tongue of tips of the sung

of licks of the gun are errors of assemblage which is one

of production in which the lexical item is recalled from the

archive with an error in the production of the correct item

produced incorrectly in the process of speech production

of peach seduction of breached suction those forms of

sonic contamination are known as perserverations or antic-

ipations or phonemic transpositions also known as substi-

tutions or such as additions and deletions of units in the

perserverations these occur when a sound that is a sound

from an utterance from a previous word sneaks and delays

into a later word appearing again as a sonic contamination

a hanging around a not letting go a refusal to leave but

with anticipations a sound arrives early that contamination

is straight up reversed it gets there too fast it comes with

out warning before it is welcome by way of example within

the new diction the meaning the teething the breathing the

feeling a foreshadow of sound that is yet to come on to the
tip of the tongue on the slip of the dones in the time travel-
ling phonemes that are on the run

such like hundred dollar dill

or such like rule of rum

or such like give the goy a gall

or such like black boxex

or such like pulled a pantrum

or such like she can she

or such like the beginning of the burn

or such like I've been abay

or such like snitching rules

or such like leading list

or such like vactive verbs

or such like hitch hunt

or such like participate

or such like bake my bike

or such like alsho share

and in the other errors of putting together of assembling
of words from phonemes and sounds and items and letters
the consonants and vowels are errors within words con-
tained within one either a switch or a flip or a miscombina-
tion that stays within words that is contained within words
that stays in the word in only one word a rearrangement of
phonemes the sounds in one word a sound that is substi-
tuted switched out in error in a slip of the tongue in a tip of
the sung in the right for the wrong and it's said all for one
like available

or like coursety

or like relevation

or like saraha

or like phisolophy

or like revelance

or like uvinersity

or like fenoly

or like dymanics

or like whipser

or like patterkiller

or like ternimus

or like canpakes

or like karpsihord

or like moleding

or like pecuriality
or like annototed
or like shiff

and in the other errors of putting together of assembling
of words from phonemes and sounds and items and letters
the consonants the vowels are feature substitutions of slips
of the tongue of rights for the wrong of riffs for the gone of
words for another are transpositions of phonemes and

units and lexical items that can be exchanged that will be
exchanged that can be swapped out for other items the
swap it can happen contained in the sentence or from with-
out the sentence a new hint of a sound it can switch in and

change a sound it can swap or a letter it can swap or a plo-
sive can swap or a nasal can swap or a fricative can swap or
a lateral can swap but a vowel will probably not swap we
find safety in our vowels but sometimes vowels swap and
then when vowels swap they can sound out

just like odd hack
or like bud begs
or like fool the pill
or like pope smike
or like lack oofter
or like greep three
or like boof needle soup
or like vace oicting
or like bit the sheet
or like alternation condation

and in the other errors of putting together of
assembling of words from phonemes and sounds
and items and letters the consonants the vowels
are the fricative switches the swaps of fricatives
the fricative being a type of consonant made by
the friction the friction of breath

the f-
and the v-
and the th-
and the sh-
and the s-
and the z-
and the h-

they are made by the sound of the breath in the narrow
opening the throat of the voiced or the voiceless producing
a turbulent air flow the fricative sound the sound can be
switched on the edge of the sounds on the tip of the tongue
so what is said it is wrong

just like chee chane
or like furger surgery
or like chints charming
or like chitty prilly
or like cheam creese
or like prest chess
or like vlower fase
or like enchire chapter

and in the other errors of putting together of assembling
of words from phonemes and sounds and items and let-
ters the consonants the vowels are consonant reversals or
substitutions those slips of the tongue of the rights for the
wrong of the said as in gone can be a straight up phonemic
swap from the first to the second note of expulsion the
consonant swap can be a singular letter or cluster the

outing of sound from the initial bit of the
song as in sing for more gone and the right
it is wrong what is meant for not flung from
the mouth in error of making containing
the same thing the sounds in the sounds
that are only just switched and the swap-
ping of sounds can make words or new
words or other words or more words that
can make all manner of sense or of sound
or of not quite a word but a hint of a word
or what could be a word what sounds just
like a word that we can make a new word
with the rhythm of sound and the sense of
it all in the sounds and the swaps and the
making new phrases and senses and sounds

they can be swapped out but the rhythm stays strong but
the rhyme it stays strong but the syllables stay strong but
the sense it is wrong and the sounds of new sounds can
make sense out of sound that's new sense not quite found
within residues of sounds of the words that lay before but
new words out of sounds followed sense but more sound
and the laying new ground

just like heft lemisphere
 or just like mell wade
 or just like jawfully loined
 or just like poppy of caper
 or just like moggy barsh
 or just like yew nork
 or just like hig pair
 or just like reap of hubbish
 or just like hold card cash
 or just like row tope
 or just like mindwill
 or just like rhine wack
 or just like caper plip
 or just like flake bruid
 or just like peel stedall
 or just like sweeter hitch
 or just like bop a dromb
 or just like foon speeding
 or just like slinly thiced
 or just like clamage dame
 or just like coat thrutting
 or just like fleaky squoor
 or just like tritty prees
 or just like sparking pace
 or just like smart stoking
 or just like rye droad
 or just like flatal faws
 or nice cream
 or arty panimal
 or bad salad
 or birty dirds
 or bunch luffet
 or chide fricken
 or bork chops
 or doggy fray
 or frest bend
 or poobarb rye
 or sark died
 or sonnies thoos
 or tot hee
 or welling spurds
 or wise prinning
 or gold water
 or yank through

or beese churger
 or harden goes
 or pellow yaint
 or laffie trite
 or sitchen kink
 or brooth tush
 or bool scus
 or funslowe
 or slizza pice
 or chot hocolate
 or shunning ruse
 or teach bowl
 or brandwich said
 or pwimming sool
 or thovie meater
 or rennis tacket
 or jaffie tram
 or cice yube
 or bee trance
 or cola roaster
 or blightning lolt
 or sharden govvel
 or shilk make
 or rump joke
 or papple eye
 or fird beeder
 or taplop
 or slayground pride
 or wandy crapper
 or gimming swoggles
 or bicnic pasket
 or birth sword
 or biking hoots
 or moffee cug
 or pirthday barty
 or bore dell
 or fife and nork
 or palt and sepper
 or chish and fips
 or eacon and begs
 or lock and roll
 or kugs and hisses
 or bice and reans
 or ricken and chice

o r s u p a n d c h a u c e r
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 o r d o p e a n d h e s p a i r
 o r w a c k a n d b l i t e
 o r w i r e a n d f o r t e r
 o r s a p p y a n d h a d
 o r r e f t a n d l i g h t
 o r c l o p e n a n d o w n e d
 o r d i f e a n d l e a t h
 o r h o v e a n d l a t e
 o r d r e t a n d w y
 o r s h u n a n d s a d e
 o r f a r t a n d s t i n i s h
 o r d i g h t a n d l a r k
 o r g o y a n d b i r l
 o r s h o t a n d p i c e y
 o r c r a u g h a n d l i g h
 o r e a r a n d m a n x i e t y
 o r d r e a d a n d g u t t e r
 o r g l o v e a n d d e f e c t i o n
 o r r u m b l e a n d d r a w n
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 o r a b o m i n a n t d e h a v i o u r
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 o r f l o o d o n b o i l s
 o r s e x i c a l d e l e c t i o n
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 o r b r i e d u r s t
 o r p r a y d e e n

o r p e l f g o v
 o r r a i n y f i t u a l s
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 o r p e s t w i n g u e s s o n e
 o r m a r e p l a t t e r s
 o r i o n i s e b r o o d s
 o r g a d e s h r e p l e t e
 o r t e e b l i m e
 o r f l e e t h p i t e
 o r c a k e f a i r
 o r g a i l y g h o s t
 o r t r o o a r e f u r t h y
 o r f l a k e p a s t
 o r g e e p g o c a s t
 o r f o a n t p l u c k c a p
 o r c u m o n v o w s
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 o r f l e e n o r j a m
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Clicked her tongue

Words by Matsuo Bashō, Juan Rulfo,
Carlos Castaneda, Pascal Quignard, and
Luis Felipe Fabre, mixed and translated by
Israel Martínez. 2021-2024

His teeth were
chattering
from nervousness

There is nothing wrong with being afraid.
When thought is afraid,
silence thinks

Snort and grunt
Moan
What matters is not what is said
but what is moaned
Speaking is not a necessary act

- There was silence.
- My dear, there is never silence.
- Darling, I never ask questions
to silence.

Dressed in mourning until the day
of her death
Like a bat, or a mixture of
mouse and bird
Hoarse voice, big laughs

- Was it the demon?
- You take too much care of yourself.
You will get tired and the tiredness will make you
blind to everything else.
- Deaf, not blind.

Silence!

A very quiet voice shouted stealthily
at full volume

Accept the absence

- It was a pleasant flow of liquid words.
- But the words that are spoken
are not the words that are written.
- Liquid!

She got angry with me and accused me
of not listening

Footsteps
Murmurs
Rustles

Now we are going
to contemplate the echo
until we are exhausted

El Valor de la vida del Paso del Tiempo

(The Relative Value of the Passage of Time)

The motor of one of the pottery lathes installed at the end of the ‘40s and still fully operational is the pillar of the track — the motor as an image of resilience, something permanently present in traditional pottery.



Follow the QR code to access the sound work.

List is a r Act
 e n ing Perf o m a tive

I am the we are the I

In this essay I will attempt to describe a current shift in the relationship between work and audience that I call self-performativity.

The term ‘performative’ relates to the possibility to act while experiencing and consuming art, as opposed how we reflect upon it. Derived from its linguistic meaning, ‘performative’ is the moment that change occurs—the potential of an act to leave the world changed.

Self-performativity is

On one hand, self-performativity accentuates the distinct, individual contributions from observers of art—the audience—as they watch, listen, and are simply present as well as, on the other hand, the potential of art to facilitate this self-responsibility on the part of both oneself and others.

Artistic works can, but do not necessarily, foster such an approach. Surely, they could also obstruct it. The same is true of individuals in the audience: I can make things my own or I can let them be. I am free to decide for myself as long as I don’t disrupt anyone else. The audience’s performativity is thus not participatory, since it is not subject to social controls. It is also not interactive but rather intro-active: it is invisible.

Pieces are often so piece-ish

Pieces are often so piece-ish. Open beginning, open ending, whatever. As events situated among other events, they too often stand out as pieces in an unpleasantly self-conscious way.

I like works that retreat into the background as works quickly, possibly even to the point that they are forgotten, but that leave one changed. Works that appeal to my ability to make things my own. I, the audience.

Perhaps these are conceptual works, since the performance, which is a mere example, is survived by the concept. I have understood something, experienced something, undergone something—something that now accompanies me, creates new connections, and produces something new.

Such works may be unfinished or may never finish, or the form in which they have been completed may actually be

just an intermediary phase. Their originality is not measured based on uniqueness or newness, but rather on the power of the effect, on the echo of the lived experience of the work.

You can forget about art

I think that the deluge of linked works on social media, these constant reminders and displays of art, can also encourage such a reading of works. Works are no longer celebrated as ingenious creations by individuals but are instead used to cultivate one's own sensitivity and intellectual acuity.

We no longer celebrate innovation, but action, imitation, execution, and self-exposure. And then share, inform, inspire ideas in others, let others react, and watch others do. Videos and sound files thus no longer function as documentation. They become like scores, instruction manuals, imitable—part of a general practice.

Given this state of affairs, there is no radicality anymore, no field with a center or boundaries. There are just examples of praxis, nonsense, and profundity.

It seems to me that authors and audience are coalescing into a single doing-is-viewing-isdoing(- is-listening) entity. When everything tingles, when medium and material lose their relevance and clarity, then creativity shifts into behavior.

Activity within the cascade

The audience is always all of us—also artists such as composers. They are not only witnesses to constant cultural noise, but are always choosing, experiencing, being physically present. When art surrounds us, making art is being in art.

These potential decisions are not to be underestimated and cannot really be avoided. In fact, perhaps it is here that art begins. What do I listen to, where do I look. How do I listen, how do I look at something.

And of course when it's over, it keeps going

What do I do with that now, how much do I allow myself to change: what should remain, what will I contemplate further, what comes next.

Do I want to be in form or out of form.
Am I in good shape?

Always walk in the sunshine. Listen to music as something simultaneous. Look at the mouth instead of the eyes.

These activities are self-performative. Self-performativity is the action potential in carrying around the body. How should I walk today, what am I listening to, do I want to listen, sunglasses: yes or no, clothes, go to the theater, get worked up about art, open up to someone, follow someone else's train of thought, resist, flirt, stroll, cook. These things.

Now let's all stand up, go outside, and come back in, exactly the way we came in the first time.

In the arts, for example in music, self-performativity is also the appropriation of concepts inherent to the work for one's own individual use. Not watching people experience, but experiencing. Not doing, but imitating doing.

Poemlet

Music takes place between the ears.
Music takes place between people.
Music is a social space.

Music is a concept. It cannot be non-conceptual.

Noise can be heard as music.
Music can be heard as noise.
Listening is a performative act.

Self-performativity is a practice.
Yoga, fute, skateboard, language games are practices.
Practicing is a practice.

Listening also means attending.
Attending is a practice.
The space of the audience is a performative space.



"The space of the audience is a performative space."
photo: David Helbich, Lincoln Park Zoo, Chicago, 2015
Brussels, 2016, translation Mark Barden

To
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Meditation
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Performance and photo documentation.
Follow QR code to access the video.

LISTEN

LISTEN

LISTEN

LISTEN

E n o nments
v r o f n c
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Poetry of Silence / A Day when the Sea and
Church Unite and the Landscape Performs its Own
Liturgy / Resounding the Silence

The pace of slowness, heavy soil, metal cups clinking, a dog's paws, sniffs of cold, the stone floor of the church space, snipping sissors, breaths of many in synchronized silence, brass censer, morning birds, and distant waves, softening the accordion, resounding and returning to non-sound, pokes and pulls, all that murmur of silent life.

It's the third year we have met at Stevens Klint in Gamle Kirke to be part of this silent happening, honoring the place by dwelling in silence.

On March 16th, 1928, a cliff at Stevens Klint collapsed, causing the altar of an old church and its adjacent cemetery to fall into the sea. Ninety-six years later, we commemorated this event by gathering at dawn (5-6 AM, when the altar collapsed) in the church, engaging in silent embroidery as a form of non-verbal prayer. The sea symbolically replaced the church altar, with the landscape performing its own liturgy.

The happening began with a procession. Winds and hymns led towards the church. Chalk cliffs, a vertical chain of white upheavals. A Zoom recorder lay in the basket beside the stones and singing cups. It moved here and there until it reached a length of 154'.

The composition on accordions was played not for people, but for the place—for the church itself, for the sea. We chanted for the space, not in the space.

The happening takes place every year on March 16th between 5-9 AM in Højerup Gamle Kirke.



Poetry of silence was previously
published in the journal ADDENDA nr.3
A DAY WHEN THE SEA AND CHURCH
UNITE AND THE LANDSCAPE PERFORMS
ITS OWN LITURGY was made in

collaboration with Lucia Králíková.
Voice: Victor Kassebeer. Accordion:
Lau Andersson & Barbora Kováčová.

Follow the QR code to access the audiofile.

Poetry of silence

(fragments)

I.

ch chhhhh ch - - - - h - c - - - - h . . c h c h - - - - chchh
h - - - ch))

¶ . . . ¶

ch chhhh ch- ---h- C---h ..C h c h...

ch chhhh ch- ---h- C---h . . C h ch chhhh (ch- ---h- C---h . . C h ch chhhh h- ---ch)) . . . ch-h- chhhh h- ---ch)) . . . ch-h-h-h- . .

(čch chhhh - čch«) --- h- C---h' fččh - cčh«)

chChh h--ch) q chhh q Ch h-h-h- C---h h c h---

(čch- cčh chh h-chhh ch- ch- chhhh ch- --h- C---h

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

«) ch-h-h-h-
ch chhhn ch-
(cch---cCh)
ch chhhn ch-
(cch---cCh)

$\begin{matrix} chchh & h- & \dots & ch \\ (ch- & \dots & \dots & c\dot{c}h\ll) \end{matrix}$

F FF F F f □ . . - » . F ' ' 

F H F F

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$$\exists f \text{ f.i. } \langle \cdot, \cdot \rangle, \sim$$

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A complex musical score for a string quartet, featuring various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is written for four staves, each representing a different string instrument. The notation includes a variety of note values, rests, and dynamic markings, creating a rich and detailed musical composition.

[illegible]

7

An abstract line drawing on a white background. It features several horizontal, wavy lines that resemble stylized waves or a textured surface. Two prominent areas are heavily scribbled with overlapping, sharp, and chaotic lines. One scribble is located in the upper-middle section, and the other is larger, situated in the lower-middle section, partially overlapping the wavy lines below it. The overall composition is minimalist and gestural.

unquiet\_nights

Resounding the Silence

Spatial composition for moving body. This composition is performed in a circular setting and requires a blindfold. The audience is seated. The performer starts from the center of the circle.



This composition could appear the same way to you as to one who does not possess the ability to hear.

I made thiscomposition for you as well as for all the deaf ones.

Silence 10 seconds

There was a long silence before.

Silence 10 seconds

A long silence was a prerequisite for the piece.

Now you appear in a sublime tension as before all the beginnings of something appearing.

The intermezzo between the acts.

The performer softly rubs their index finger and thumb in the ears of the audience. Silence.

Here, you wait for the symbol in synchronized silence with the others.

You are waiting for a semiotic gesture to appear, the expected formation of symbols and signs,

all those melodies, tones, and voices composed for your listening.

Silence. The performer changes position from the middle of the circle to the far side.

After a long waiting, you suddenly realize it started in medias res, with no beginning.

Its oppressive stiffness overwhelms you, and you sit here like petrified.

Silence for 5 seconds. The performer rubs their palms up and down in a rhythmic movement. Silence. The performer comes closer to the circle.

You stretch your arms towards it, but it leaves you with empty hands.

Embracement of none of it.

Performer comes into the middle of the circle. Silence 5 sec.

The body of the composition contains the piercing sound of 12 trumpets of Jericho, which are not present,

a brass gong of ancient times that no longer exists.

Qui qui ztli of Mayan culture shivers with sacred serpent breath, while still preserved soundlessly in some museum.

*Short silence*

Husle, ktore dávno odvial vietor zneju v rozklade jemnych tónov.

Šuchot vetra sa odráža na hladine mora iba v obrazoch - nič predsa neznie v absolutnom bezvetrí.

In the second or third sentence of the piece, 4 bows gently resounding on violins with missing strings, while the constant

vibrations of a C major triad resonate through the wooden body of a cello, which is not there.

... and all those beautifully absent voices

... approaching soundlessly from distant fars...

*(Outer) Person from the audience speaks:*

“ I am pressing my index fingers forcefully to my ears. I am pressing my trigs, and I cannot get out of it.

I am dissolving... melting like a volcanic stone....”

*The performer walks towards the edge of the circle.*

*Silence for at least 15 seconds.*

My body is becoming more and more sensitive—a slowly evolving melody on a harpsichord, which happens not to be there,

comes into the composition, and then goosebumps from a softly appearing soprano voice,

which is completely inaudible, overwhelm me.

*The performer moves a bit further outside of the circle.*

*Silence for at least 5 seconds.*

At first, the listener sharpens their ears, and one is in some kind of gesture of spatial prolongation

to catch a glimpse of the resounding objects.

*Silence. The performer knocks three times firmly on the wooden surface. Short silence.*

... a wave of cold breeze gently approaching from the distant far, and there is no sound

whatsoever...

*Silence at least for 15 seconds.*

This soundscape has been there for so long that the listener naturally deepens their

immersion into all the non-present melodies and sounds. One is almost becoming this body of sound,

which is completely merged with the listener.

*The performer moves to aisle number 1 of the outer circle.*

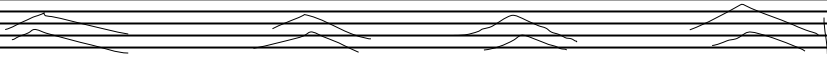
Diatonic silence.

*The performer moves to aisle number 2 of the outer circle.*

Void resonance.

*The performer moves to aisle number 3 of the outer circle.*

Echo of non space.



*The performer and Outer are rubbing their palms up and down in rhythmical movement.*

I'm sitting behind my mahogany table, looking at my broken accordion in an avalanche of stream of consciousness, and

thinking about how to incorporate the instrument into the composition.

Everything I could imagine can fit into this frame in its magnificent absence.

Semiotic presence created by the non-presence of the referent in time.

*Silence for at least 5 seconds. The performer moves into the middle of the circle.*

I have full ears of nothingness, my being penetrated by absence in deep consonance

with the self.

I am resounding the Silence.

*The performer silently leaves the space or stays on the side of the room, letting the audience remain in silence until they naturally remove their blindfolds by themselves.*

List e n ing to inner Land s capes

– The Poetic Self Exercise

Dearest you, we invite you to explore your poetic self; to listen to your inner landscape. To search for the poetic potential that you are.

Through The Poetic Self, it is possible to experience an increased spectrum of possibilities – an expanded field of maneuverability, manifested, for example, through an expansion of what can be sensed, perceived and expressed and how relations can take shape based on the sensuous and poetic aspects of our being. Being rooted in the aesthetic dimension it opens the possibility to be with others in new and more absorbed ways, stimulating interconnected exchange with the self, others and the environment.<sup>1</sup> The Poetic Self is neither essentialist nor constructivist.<sup>2</sup> It is the discovery of new ways to navigate in the world. It is both/and rather than either/or. I understand The Poetic Self and the performative possibilities of it as a third approach, which is best understood as an expansion of our field of maneuverability. Expansion from a point, but this point is not restrictive as it carries the possibility of eternal expansion.

Somewhat like the universe, if we subscribe to the Big Bang theory, that is, the universe is expanding from a single point, with an infinite number of



The Poetic Self is central to the performance method of the performance group Sisters Hope. Follow the QR code to access the audioguide.



coexisting galaxies, an infinite number of parallel possibilities within it. Likewise, with The Poetic Self – a point of departure is chosen out of multiple ones and then externalized and performed. But it is performed over time, and over time it takes many different shapes, which is what I understand as a continuous expansion and simultaneously, a containment of endless parallel possibilities within it. The Poetic Self is not a static-method, it is a method of a body becoming and an exploration of the territories of the unknown including that which is normally hidden in the dark.

Sisters Performance Method  
- Sensuous LearningThe Poetic Self Exercise

The Poetic Self is not a fiction. Not a character. It is you. Something that lives within you that you might or might not express in your everyday life. Your inner inherent poetic potential which you explore and unfold. Through these questions we will initiate the unfolding of your discoveries.

|                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Time:                  | What relationship does your Poetic Self have to time?<br>Please, consider time.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Pace:                  | How do you move through time? Are you slow or fast?<br>Looping, spiralling, horizontal, vertical, linear? How do you move through time? What is your pace?                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Age:                   | Does your Poetic Self have an age? Or are you ageless? How do you move through time?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Space:                 | What relationship does your Poetic Self have to space? Please, consider space. Do you mostly travel in your inner landscapes or into the eternal external landscapes around you?                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Shape in space:        | What shape does your body have in space?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Pace in space:         | How do you move through space?<br>Walking, flying, jumping or sailing?<br>How does your body move through space?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Your sensory body:     | Please, consider you sensuous body. What is the gesture of your Poetic Self? What is the sound of your Poetic Self? What is the smell of your Poetic Self? What is the taste of your Poetic Self? Please, consider the sensory experience of your poetic body.                                                                                    |
| Connecting body:       | Imagine, that you begin to grow roots. Deep roots through the layers in this building into the soil underneath this space. Deep roots. And imagine that all these roots the intertwine. They connect. Please, consider the connecting body of your Poetic Self. How do you connect? When do you connect? The connecting body of your Poetic Self. |
| Special relationships: | Do you have a favourite relationship to anyone? Do they know? Who do you trust in the most? Why do you trust in this person or creature?                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Intimacy and distance: | How close is close? How far is far?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Mystery:               | What is your mystery?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Darkness:              | When do you move into the dark? What is in the dark? What is in the Shadow lands?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Lightness:             | When do you move into the light? What is in the light?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Balance:               | What is your balance point?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Secrets:               | Do you have any secrets? Does anyone know about it? If now – why not? If so – Why? Please, consider the secret life of your Poetic Self?                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Traces:                | What footprints are left after you?<br>What traces do you want to leave behind?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Future:                | What dreams do you have for the future?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |

As of now there are no more questions for your Poetic Self, but before you come back to this space, please, consider:

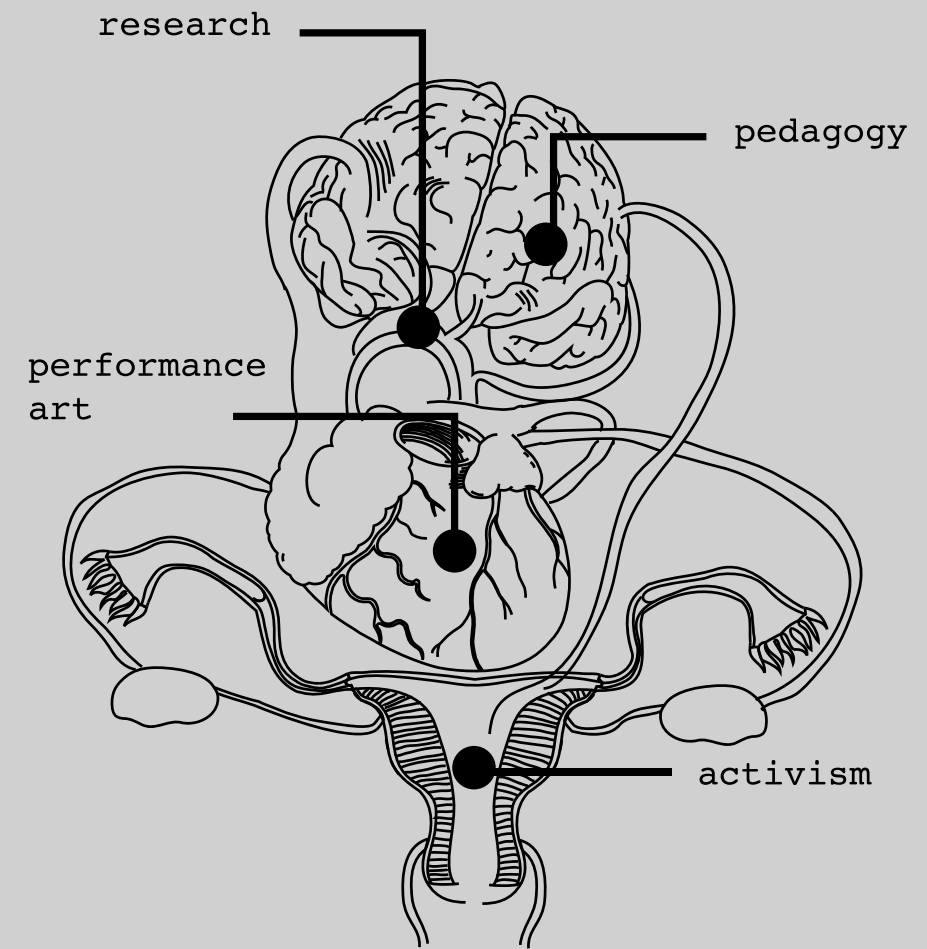
- A name for your Poetic Self? Can you name it  
– Your inner inherent poetic potential – Can you name it?
- And can you visualize it, externalize it? What does your Poetic Self look like, taste like, smell like, sound like – What is its touch? Can you externalize your Poetic Self? See it, hear it, smell it, taste it, touch it?
- And, please, consider a totem for your Poetic Self? Pocket size, smaller or larger. Something that represents your inner poetic life?
- And lastly, please, consider a biography for you Poetic Self. Your Poetic Self biography. The life story of your inner inherent poetic potential – Through past, present, future ...

1. The stimulation of relations based on the aesthetic activation of the sensuous and poetic was of special interest to scholar in aesthetics Max Liljefors as he visited *Sensuous City* by Sisters Hope and shared his reflection on Facebook afterwards, which later was modulated into this reflective piece: <https://www.idoart.dk/blog/enter-the-sensuous-city> (accessed 17.10.2019) (Liljefors 2019a). The piece opens with this David Abram quote: “Humans are tuned for relationship. The eyes, the skin, the tongue, ears, and nostrils — all are gates where your body receives the nourishment of otherness” (Abram 2017, ix). Abram is a philosopher and performer who links phenomenology with ecology.

2. There is a tendency in performance studies to distinguish between essentialism and more celebrated and contemporary constructivist approaches that are perceived to liberate us from the static and false posture

of truth presented by the former. As written in my chapter on performativity in my master’s thesis (Hallberg 2009, 32–35): “Within poststructuralism, and in continuation within theory on performativity, the theatrical [is perceived to] portray the discourses that society want to hold us captive within and wants us to believe are essences. However, through the performative act you can escape those discourses temporarily” (Hallberg 2009, 32). (Original Danish text: “Indenfor poststrukturalismen og i kølvandet heraf performativitetsteorien bliver teatralitet [...] et billede på de diskurser som samfundet tvinger os ind i, og vil bilde os ind er essenser, men som man gennem den performative handling kan fravriste sig midlertidigt” (Hallberg 2009, 32). Footnote ‘50’ reads: “Fried Michael in; Absorption and Theatricality: Painting and Beholder in the Age of Diderot, University of California Press (1980). Citeret i Davis and Postlewait (2003),

s. 20.” Referring to Postlewait and Davis’ 2003 reference of Fried (1980), I end up concluding that the theatrical framework supports the liberating performative act and thus, that the two do not contradict but instead support each other. In relation to the critique mentioned here see also performance studies scholar Connie Svabo who has developed what she, with reference to Deleuze and Guattari’s schizoanalysis (Deleuze and Guattari [1972] 2004; [1980] 2014), terms a *performative schizoid method* (Svabo 2016). This, among other things, seeks to escape a constraining essentialist approach that the talk of a ‘self’ in itself seems to indicate. This is a celebration of the fluid, fragmentary – the schizoid. It is against this dualistic backdrop that I find it necessary to clarify how The Poetic Self is neither essentialist nor constructivist; it contains endless performative possibilities, but also expands from a point.



SISTERS HOPE

Between the Earth and the Moon  
There is One Full Tone

In ancient Greece, Pythagoras identified that by dividing a single string into different lengths, you could produce musical notes. By doing so, it was possible to identify the ratios of musical intervals in numbers.<sup>1</sup> Imagine a string on a viola and this might seem a little more clear.

Pythagoras believed that mathematics were the basis of understanding the world and that most things in nature were modelled after numbers. He made the assumption that the same principles existed in the universe and that the celestial bodies made sounds in their relation to each other.

The account of Pythagoras’ vision of the cosmos comes from Aristotle who puts it like this:

“[...] the motion of bodies of that size must produce a noise, since on our earth the motion of bodies far inferior in size and speed of movement has that effect. [...] Starting from this argument, and the observation that their speeds, as measured by their distances, are in the same ratios as musical concordances, they assert that the sound given forth by the circular movement of the stars is a harmony.”<sup>2</sup>

With the earth at the centre of the universe, Pythagoras identified the musical intervals as follows:

|         |   |                          |
|---------|---|--------------------------|
| Earth   | → | Moon: One full tone      |
| Moon    | → | Mercury: Half a tone     |
| Mercury | → | Venus: Half a tone       |
| Venus   | → | Sun: A tone and a half   |
| Sun     | → | Mars: One full tone      |
| Mars    | → | Jupiter: Half a tone     |
| Jupiter | → | Saturn: Half a tone      |
| Saturn  | → | Fixed stars: Half a tone |

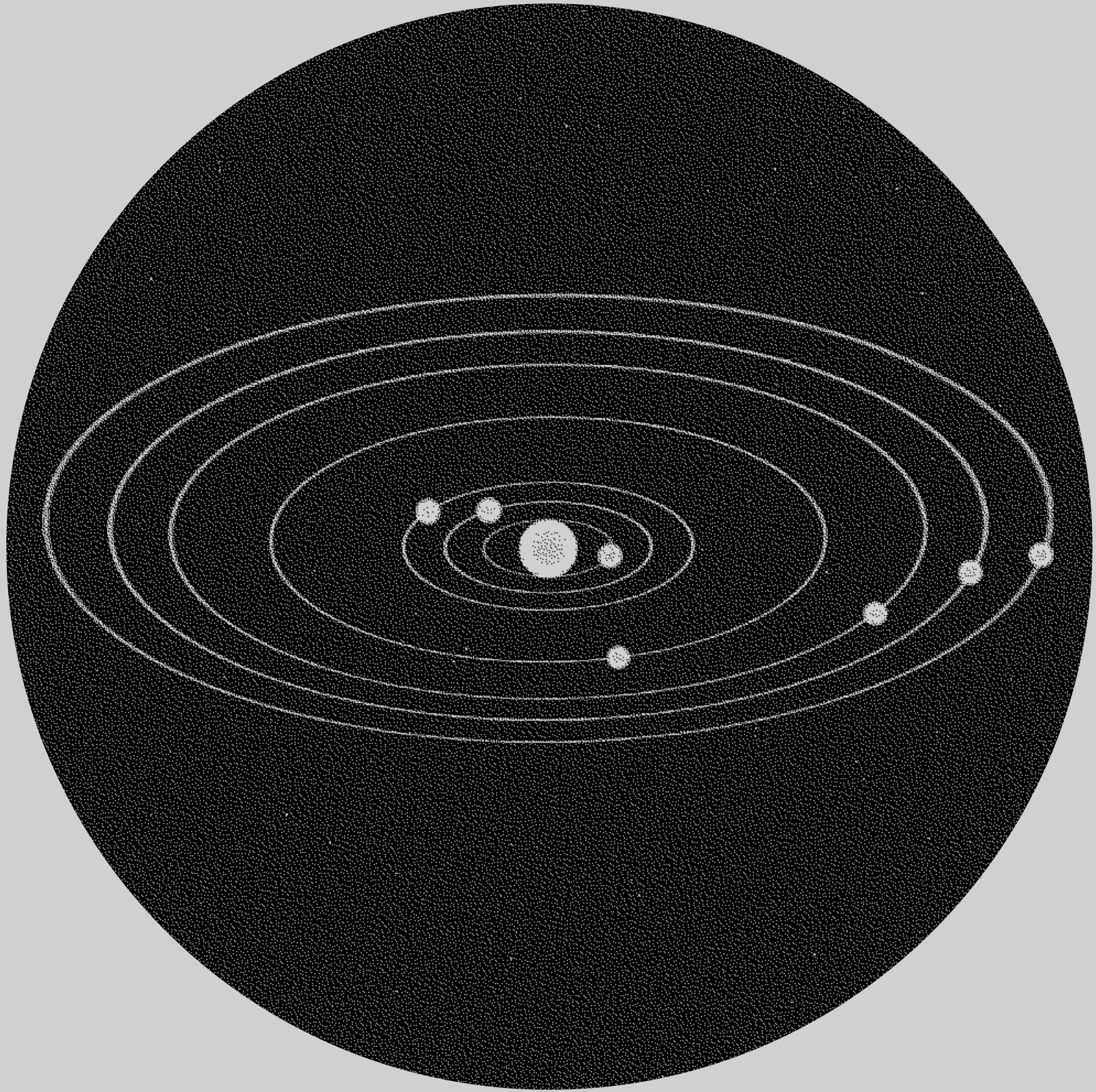
There is no account of how he came up with this or how he could be this specific. Maybe he was simply trying to listen to the celestial bodies and how they communicated by singing to each other.

1. 1. Jamie James, *The Music of The Spheres, Music, Science and The Natural Order of The Universe* (Copernicus, New York, 1993), 30.

1. 2. Ibid., 38-39.



Follow the QR code to access the 3D-animation and 9 voice choir.  
Duration: 05:07 Performers: The earth, The moon, Mercury Venus, The sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, The fixed stars



Doggywoofdemo + Kontoret\_1

The song is about this guy.  
He is the boss of a big company and he is also a dog.  
Today he is lying in the tall grass taking a nap, feeling very sexy.  
Meanwhile we sit and wait for his dogwoof.

Kontoret\_1  
The soundscape for "in between the actual songs" in the current h2o slutclub big business-show.



We are open for business. Follow the QR code to access the music.

# No t e s for Li s t e n i n g

The following might be framed as detached and fragmented notes without explanation, justification and further context made during the five days long manifestation of the Listening Academy, September 2024, Berlin. While an attempting 'listening witness' have started and organized this document, these notes are aiming at holding and being by many voices - all participants as well as comprehensive and not-knowable circumstances have shaped these notes; either by formulating the concepts in words, inspiring to them, or simply by supporting the space of the academy with their listening. Rather than an author creating these notes, it was done by listeners.

These notes are not able to exhaust the complexities of what was shared and discussed. So much went unnoted, and even innotable.

The notes ask to be listened to rather than to be 'understood'. As a note, they can travel in many directions, be used for many projects, and be forgotten, embodied quietly, nurturing other dreams to grow. Please, for yourself, invite the notes to generate whatever they might generate for yourself - as they are shared without further context, they might just as well be approached poetically.

The listening academy was attended/shaped by Femke Dekker, Heidi Hart, Nicola Zolin, Marlijn Karsten, Camila Proto, hany tea, Ellen Waterman, Giulia Crisci, Anna Orlikowska, Heidi Holmström, Myriam van Imschoot, Ether o, Ira Ferris, Angus Tarnawsky, Arushi Vats, Arman Nouri, Yulia Carolin Kothe, Susanne Grau, Aine Nakamura, Marc Allen Herbst, Shareeka Helaluddin, Ginevra Naldini, Clare Cooper, Stijn Dickel, Morten Poulsen, Juana del Mar, Farah Kassem, Irini Kalogeropoulou, Sarina Scheidegger, Liva Hage, Lukas Lund, Jake Mehew, Henry Weekes, Uzma Falak, Giada Dalla Bontà, Golnoosh Heshmati.

|                                                      |                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                         |                                               |                                                                             |                                                                                                                       |                                                                                     |                                                                                               |
|------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| What are we all carrying with us?                    | How to understand/ act this as a listening action? (How can we not?) | What other kinds of ‘documents’ does listening call for?                                                                                                                                                                  | The body as poetic documentation of a complex                                                                                                                    | Which strategic placed questions may undermine our knowledge?                                     | Thirdness as a holding connecting to suffering/dis-agreement/ conflict/non-knowledge                                                                         | To think around receptivity as agency                                   | To stop listening                             | To practice epistemic disobedience - listening as epistemic disobedience    | To be part of a poetic ecology                                                                                        | To integrate playfulness as a way to counter extractivism in archival practices     | Strength from/in being together - togetherness as methodology, as value, as the ‘work of art’ |
| What are we bringing into the room?                  |                                                                      | What within listening refuses documentation, and instead asks for ‘being present’, for inventing other (soft) modes of sharing and witnessing(?); possibly able to resist our other (colonial) ‘hard’ and rigid archives? | In what ways will the floors and walls of the space of the listening academy (always already) remember and be a ‘document’ of the activities taking place there? | To listen to/ with/through/ around the body                                                       | Thirdness as interdependence - may listening also be a form of interdependence; of a call for; an attunement of the always already existing interdependence? | In what ways does our attention affect/change what we are attentive to? | To be a grateful learner                      | Searching for other sensibilities                                           | How to activate listening in relation to reproductive work - is this a site for learning to become a better listener? | To ‘make’ rather than collect or capture documentation                              | How do we wait?                                                                               |
| How does it affect us/the room?                      | What to do? What to do beyond the need for ‘doing and producing’?    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                         |                                               | To unknow, disknow, not-know                                                |                                                                                                                       |                                                                                     | How do we deal with                                                                           |
| How may we welcome this influence?                   | What does it mean to document listening?                             | What does it mean to document listening?                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                  | Listening as a contributing and supportive of communication                                       |                                                                                                                                                              | How is unlearning a mode of training listening?                         | How to engage listening in a time of genocide | Listening as surveillance                                                   | The ‘carrier bag’ as a framework for listening                                                                        | Language as an archive and carrier - a listening language as a listening archive    | impatience - foster patience? Who/ what are our teachers?                                     |
| To build friendship and family                       |                                                                      | How is listening always already a practice of documenting and witnessing - embodied and beyond the traceable?                                                                                                             | To search for other modes of knowing                                                                                                                             | Listening as staying with/ bridging disagreement                                                  |                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                         | The privilege that comes with gathering       | To welcome ‘being lost’                                                     | To listen to a heating city - to warm and exhausted bodies                                                            |                                                                                     | How do we doubt - how do we doubt the institutionalized and tamed ways of doubting?           |
| To be together without a specific programme/ outcome |                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Listening as a different knowledge ‘producing/ carrying/ inviting’ practice                                                                                      | To be continual sensitive                                                                         | How may listening enhance the sense of ‘we are in this together’?                                                                                            |                                                                         |                                               | To hold each other                                                          |                                                                                                                       |                                                                                     |                                                                                               |
| To do listening - what does that mean?               |                                                                      | To do poetic/ artistic documentation                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                              | To think through difficult conversations                                |                                               | In what ways does listening change the listener?                            | To attempt playing a falling acorn as an instrument for the first time                                                | To think around and with community based work - who wants community-distanced work? | How do we stay doubting?                                                                      |
| To keep ‘love’ central                               | How to trace the ‘effects’ / the creation by listening?              | To nurture embodied listening                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                         |                                               |                                                                             |                                                                                                                       |                                                                                     |                                                                                               |
| To keep the body central                             |                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | To cultivate practices for not-knowing, for not-yet-ness, for unknowable                                                                                         |                                                                                                   | To hold open the possibilities for community                                                                                                                 |                                                                         |                                               |                                                                             |                                                                                                                       |                                                                                     | How can we offer our waiting, our rest, dreaming and care for each other?                     |
| What bodies? What is even a body?                    | What happens to listening when attempted to be documented?           | In what ways is embodied listening central to crafting a care for the ‘self’ - but also the ‘we’?                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                  | How does listening nurture/create/ cultivate ‘a we’ - is listening always already a mode of ‘we’? | Listening as a connective tissue                                                                                                                             |                                                                         |                                               | What listening species might we grow into?                                  | To uncover chains of causality, simply by listening for them                                                          | An invitation to stay sensitive to/with process                                     |                                                                                               |
| What does it mean to be vulnerable?                  |                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | What we don’t know that we don’t know - a possible category of knowledge that teaches us to listen?                                                              |                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                              | What does it mean to listen critically and politically?                 |                                               | What can an archive through listening and everyday life experience be like? | Our bodies as an always already archival question to the world                                                        | To make at the speed of trust                                                       | To trust the inherent/ natural/ always already                                                |
| How to understand listening as an action?            | Can only listeners document listening?                               | The body as a question to world                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                   | Listening as to bring attention to something - as something else than simply being attentive?                                                                |                                                                         | How to remember through listening?            |                                                                             | - how may we listen to other bodies as such questions?                                                                | To work with uncertainty                                                            |                                                                                               |
|                                                      |                                                                      | The body as a living archive                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                              | To listen poetically                                                    | To come with more questions than answers      |                                                                             |                                                                                                                       | To disrupt as liberation                                                            | emergence - to lean in rather invent                                                          |





|                                                                                    |                                                                                                                 |                                                                          |                                                                                             |                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                     |                                                            |                                                                                       |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Patience as an ingredient for listening                                            | How much misunderstanding can take place without a collapse of ‘sense’?                                         | To accept that we can only misun-derstand and not-know                   | What can our listening learn from practices grounded in fiction?                            | Can listening be repeated, or is listening always already different?                                        | Do we know what we are willing to risk?                                                                             | To be carried and cared for                                | How can we practice collective listening beyond language?                             |
| What does listening mean to the listener?                                          |                                                                                                                 | To make untamed translations                                             | What does it mean to have a speculative listening practice grounded in a political contest? | In what ways does listen-ing evade spaces? How does spaces answer back?                                     | What is risk-ing happen-ing to us?                                                                                  | To carry and feel carried for, and to the carrier more     | Listening to our traumas together to move beyond them.                                |
| To act actively against extractive forms to listening                              | To speak ‘well’ as a overrated power                                                                            | The value of exercising and valuing but not celebrating precise language |                                                                                             | As a human being, do we experi-ence sound as space, or space as sound, or al-ways already only sound-space? | What does it mean that we are willing to listen without knowing the consequenc-es of that listening or imagination? | To attend, to spec-ulate, to listen                        |                                                                                       |
| To listen to the Other, to otherness to the fearful stranger                       | If only I could this as fiction                                                                                 | How do we measure value?                                                 | In what ways is listening creating po-litical contexts?                                     |                                                                                                             | The unfin-ished as an important ingredient                                                                          | To live among ghost sounds                                 | How can we listen to silence?                                                         |
| To listen to a stranger without the need to understand                             | Listening as reading the world as fiction                                                                       | The practice of giving birth to words asks for a listening midwife       | To listen with...                                                                           | To be a host, a carrier, that is open to be infected                                                        |                                                                                                                     | To imagine ancestors and to listen to them                 | How can we engage with our shared past?                                               |
| What kind of ‘being together’ is only possible when not un-derstanding each other? | To let go of being precise as a strategy for fostering imagination                                              | To find and to keep refinding each other                                 | Listening operates simultane-ously within different scales                                  | Do we share earworms?                                                                                       | To live through associative relations                                                                               |                                                            | Listening to our histories to discover a common language.                             |
|                                                                                    | To be scared of being mis-understood                                                                            | To create is to evolve                                                   | What does it mean to allow for earworms to penetrate and transmit?                          | To listen relentless                                                                                        | To practice a loss of trans-mission                                                                                 | How to listen to/ with clay?                               |                                                                                       |
| How can we learn to trust Otherness?                                               | What is the relationship between risk taking and listen-ing - what does one risk when listening(?); everything? | To listen is to engage a multiverse                                      | How does listening infect others?                                                           | To transform past and fu-ture genera-tion through the act of listening                                      | To shift attention to the critical connections                                                                      | What forms of listening does clay carry?                   | How can we use listening to explore, question, and connect with our listening bodies? |
| In what ways is trust a fundamental ingredient to life?                            |                                                                                                                 | Listening as a countforce to limited imagination                         | To seek out unintentional spaces for listening                                              |                                                                                                             | To open up                                                                                                          | Listen-ing as a practice for both macro and micro politics |                                                                                       |
| What does it mean to abuse trust?                                                  |                                                                                                                 |                                                                          | In what ways does repeti-tion create spaces of their own?                                   | Imagination as risk                                                                                         | To forgive                                                                                                          |                                                            |                                                                                       |
|                                                                                    |                                                                                                                 |                                                                          | What are we willing to risk?                                                                |                                                                                                             | To respond, to be responsible                                                                                       |                                                            |                                                                                       |

Many specific references were cited or pointed to. Others were carried within us without verbal mention but were nonetheless present, and still others were part of deep-rooted heritages without which these notes could not have materialized.

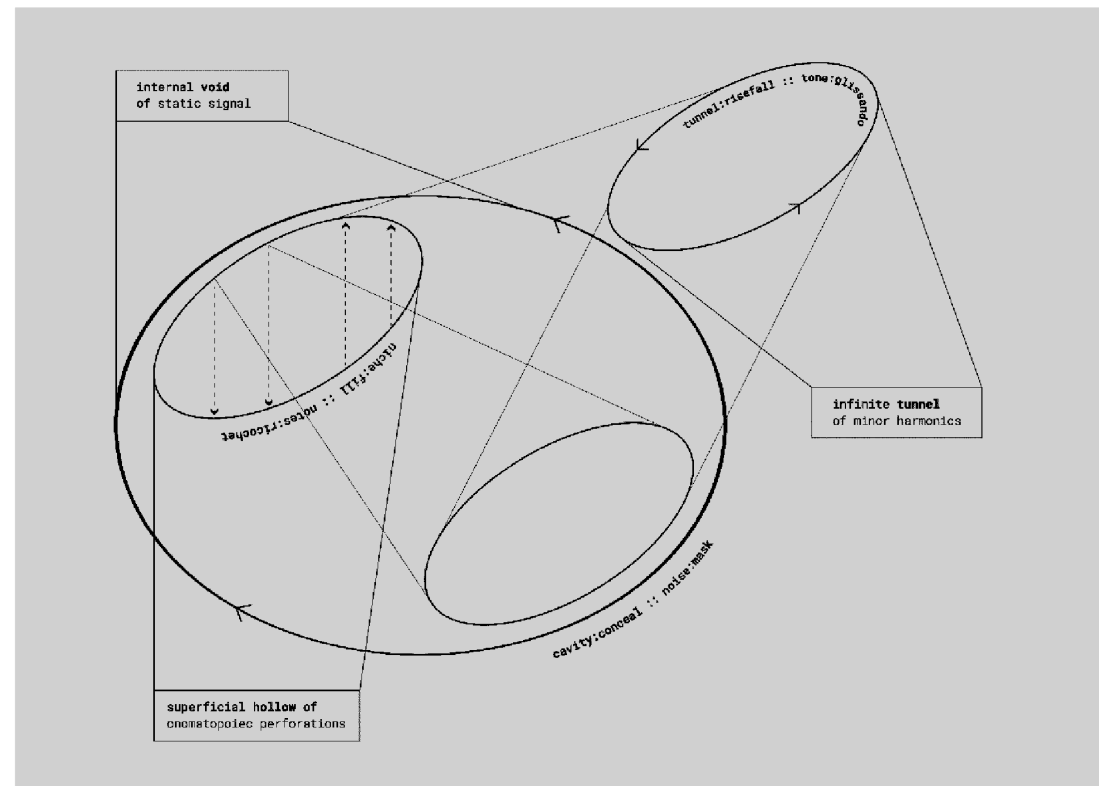
~s  
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*nowanights*, said the ear, the daylights keep me awake

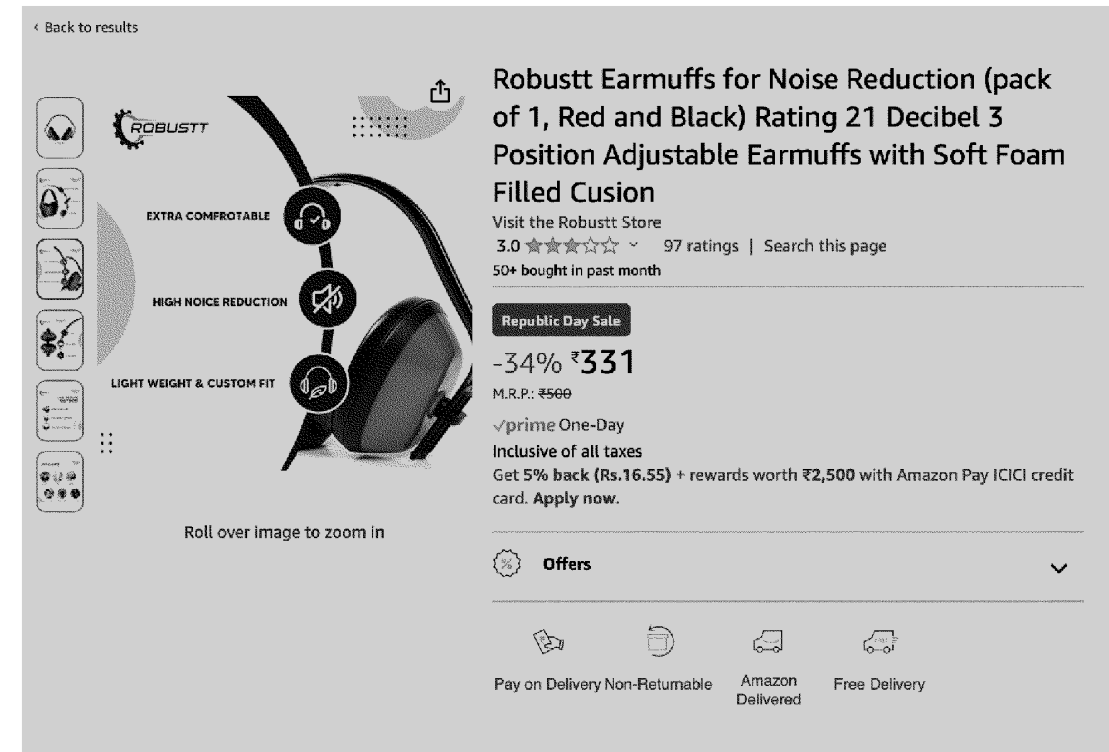
A few seconds into the opening scene of Apichatpong Weerasethakul's *Memoria*, the protagonist is jolted awake with a sound that cuts through the frame. As the plot unravels, in her committed (bordering on obsessive) attempt to recreate it in a studio with a sound engineer, she describes the sound that she heard as "a big ball of concrete that falls into a metal well which is surrounded by seawater."

"Maybe, it is impossible," she says (after describing it in this way)



What if the night of the world were to be compressed into a big ball of concrete that falls into a metal well which is surrounded by seawater. And then, what if one of the folds of this sonified bobble was to be inflated and stretched all the way into a large cavern that could be entered into, walked through, engulfed in, a fragment scratched off from the surfaces and carried around? Carried as an instrument that plays the world. The world of the night ticking away to the diegetic sound of one's own voice.

Audio modules expanding upon the topography of perceptual gaps in the auditory realm...thinking about the intermediatic space of/in hearing holes qua auditory illusions, on cartoon sounds and sonic interactions in digital interfaces.



cavity: conceal = noise: mask

A bed of white noise fills up the entire volume of space, masks all that happens to be outside of it and solidifying the inside, creating an internal cavity. A surface that one enters into to exit the outside. Just as sometimes the hole's shape is entirely on the filler's side, the hole in the room is constructed by the shape of the noise that fills it.

One of the modules comprises noise machines that are filling up (or making) the holey space. Also called sleep machines, these are commercially used to conceal 'unwanted sounds' that disrupt sleep, work or other acts of productive labour. Guaranteeing attention and uninterrupted focus, they create an infinite volume, a superficial cavity.

niche:fill::notes:ricochet

The niche of directional audio, in a way, manufactures the entity of the superficial hollow. Acousmatic perforations created by the localised sound beams that bounce off the corner, get partially filled up by a scape of onomatopoeic sound effects native to cartoons and re-appropriated as auditory feedback by digital interfaces and electronic devices. The uncanny refractions created by the blips, bloops, boinks and pops, interspersed with the waves of whooshes and swishes render a spatial disorientation. One is in several places all at once. The nature of sonification in the boundaryless world of cartoon physics throws up questions about migratory, movable and detachable holes that come to the rescue when needed and can be ‘heard’ above all else. This is akin to the ‘niche’ effect in acoustics that describes the occurrence of a sound emission at the (spatio-temporal) moment when it is the most favourable and can travel to cut above all the rest. Here the niche is the corner, the hollow of sound, a hyper-directional stimuli enveloping one in the nonsense worlds of exaggerated sounds.

tunnel:slide::tone:glissando


The private and isolated listening space simulates the ontologically suspect entity of a tunnel, an infinite hollow or a hollow in an infinite host. An auditory illusion of a never-ending rise and fall that appears only in the physiological hearing of it.

*Cartoon Law I: Any body suspended in space  
will remain in space  
until made aware of its situation.*

Until you look down, you won’t fall. A gap in perception, the combination tones loop up and down, the glissando filling the host just as fast as un-filling it. The hole, in this incarnation of a sonorous joyride, takes shape in the privacy of the interior.

←

Post



Sun Ra Arkestra

@SunRaUniverse

The music comes from the void, the nothing, the void, in response to the burning need for something else.

(Sun Ra)

4:01 AM · Mar 18, 2024 · 7,948 Views

2

↻

189

♥

17

🔖

↗

(319)

A                      T                      or                      T  
                          T                      o                      w                      o  
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Text in black = say it aloud, find your rhythm.  
 Text in silver = whisper it.  
*Text in italics = sing it.*  
 Space = make a pause, feel it, breath it.

And in general, think: of velocity – not  
 going too fast – of word and body in corre-  
 spondence – of voice, mind, and emotion in  
 connection – of someone saying this to you  
 and you saying this to someone.

Low pitch  
 Quick fix  
 Liberation?

I've gone a tone or two down in six  
 months.  
 A softening is happening to my vocal  
 cords and range,  
 expansion of scope I'd say.

Low pitch  
 No fix  
 Liberation

It's been shown that female voices have  
 lowered 23 hertz in the last five or six  
 decades,  
 going hand in hand with the growing  
 equality of the labour market.

An upward movement,  
 moving up on the groove of lowering tunes.

Do you hear the two lines crossing?



A Tone or Two by Marie Thams was first  
 published in 2023 by Lydgalleriet, as part of  
 the Vibrational Semantics series curated by  
 Samuel Brzeski.  
 Follow the QR code to access the sound work.

Tuning in.  
To the voice of authority?  
Employability?  
My vocal range as circular imitation.  
Or?

Political effectiveness in tone and how it  
breaks,  
it's claimed.  
Vocal range and power ranking.  
Closely related.  
The lower pitch opening the door to  
elective office.  
Really?

Expertise and decision-making.  
A question of pitch?  
This pitch.  
Representational of what?

Who is listening?

How are you listening?

And what do you hear  
when I go from d to cis to c to h to b?

Courage or cowardice,  
I hear someone say.

Sssssssshhh silence,  
Sssshhhh  
Listen  
Listen to the gendering of democratic  
communication  
Sssssshhhh

Aiming for softness.  
Tenderness.  
To stroke and hold.  
To stroke and see.  
To stroke and reckon the depth.  
Make the skin, your surface, vibrate.

Wanting to make the elasticity of the  
most rigid, rational thought and deed  
visible.  
Not out of reach,  
but exposed to the world.  
To us.

Receptive, though the reading of the  
texture and surface is taught toughly.

Do you feel the range stretching?

How contradictory:  
To gain range,  
while simultaneously embarking on the  
market of paid labour.

Incorporation.

Market, money, labour, larynx

Market, money, labour, larynx

Market, money, labour, larynx

Market, money, labour, larynx

A tone or two.  
A question of hertz.

And now as this happens, this lowering,  
the question of whether I was striving  
for an unbalanced pitch to start out  
with, hits me.  
Unbalanced appearance going against  
this body, this mind?

Whose voice have I learned to utter?

Manifest  
Manifest

By lowering the voice, altering the be-  
fore comfort zone of my frequency,  
am I letting go of a too tense use of in-  
strument?

A tension which seems to be a societal  
consequence,  
where the high pitch has been assigned  
to my biology  
and where a normative reading of po-  
tential dominates.

Deviation or devotion  
Deviation or devotion.

A tone or two  
down,  
and as I feel the bowel,  
I wonder if you will recognise me.  
Will this frequency caress you,

as already internalised and agreed?  
I feel softer.  
Deeper.  
Confident of this elastic emotional register.  
Allowing it to resonate,  
to consonate.

This agreement in tones.

*If you yell, I'll hum  
If you yell, I'll hum*

*Vitality  
Yes, it is vital, this*

So here we are,  
on a journey of hertz.

And what could seem like a political  
quest.  
But no, those terms just show themselves inevitable.  
What's happening here is an active nurturing of this specific location.  
Here  
where body and mind entwine.  
Free from hertz-hierarchies and predefined measurements of scope.

*A tone or two*

And this feeling of  
liberation.



Invocations for Listening  
with  $\pi$  Through Flesh<sup>1</sup>

1 (.one.)

One of my teachers in listening is water.

Listening with the surface of a body of water, echoing its ripples and fluctuations. Getting lost in its flickering movements, the ever-changing reflections of light, clouds and the sky. Sometimes, traces of oil, pollen or algae. A leaf, a bird or a piece of plastic afloat.

Being afforded a glimpse below the surface, eyes met by mollusk shells, rusting bikes, tiny fish, stones, seaweed, patterned sand. The glance pulled under.

Listening wrapped in water’s movements. Falling. Slushing. Rapid or slow, their rhythms like breath. Rising  $\pi$  falling. Pulsating, delicately, like a heart beating.

The meeting of water and my skin----

the “ah!” moment of being submerged,  
the coolness, the softness.

We pour into each other.

Touch everywhere: everywhere at once.

Fingers gliding through water,  
water slipping through fingers,  
ungraspable and yet so:

Right.     Here.

It adds extra layers to my skin- my surface for listening.

*How does your skin listen?  
What and who does it hear?*

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Follow the QR code to access  
an audio reading of the text

Hearing the pull of gravity wa(l)king in the city this morning:

Soles of my shoes brushing asphalt, step by step. Moving forward and down, as if feeling the earth bending, sloping ahead below my feet.

I have been taught that gravity is a constant, unchanging.

I feel it differently in sunny or overcast days.

I feel it differently in January or June.

I try to avoid stepping on the many slugs, their bodies caressing the pavement.

I wonder: what would it feel like to touch and be touched the ground like they do, to listen as closely? To feel the vibration of traffic, the moisture after yesterday's rain...

*How do your feet hear the ground as you walk?*

*How do your steps echo through your body?*

*What do the asphalt/ pebbles/ soil/ grass tell you? What do they remember?*

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A grape bursts in my mouth.

Dark violet, carrying a single seed. My teeth break its skin, finding juicy softness within. A moment later, the tartness of the seed, its crunch, the slight bitterness of the skin as it clings to the insides of my mouth.

In a moment, its sugars will be in my bloodstream.

I wonder where it came from, before I bought it in a green-grocer on Frederikssundsvej.

Italy, South Africa? Chile, Turkey, Moldova?

A grape bursts in my mouth.

I don't know

the soil that nourished it, the piercing sunlight that helped it grow, the pesticides that kept mold away, the groundwater poisoned.

I don't know

those who labored on the fields, the blisters on their hands, their hunger, their paycheck.

Did their flesh grow out of the landscape, like the grapevines? Or were they imported, migrant workers, and the grape a cash crop?

I listen for all I don't know about what sustains me.

I listen for the touch of multiple hands.

The bodies and machines working the fields. Harvesting the grapes, packing them in boxes, the trucks and ships bringing them to Frederikssundsvej.

A grape bursts in my mouth.

I don't know it

as it becomes one with my body.

*How do you listen for those who sustain you?*

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4 (...four....)

For I long to be listened to

in a way that makes space for misunderstandings  
and strangeness.

Lush, abundant, vibrant and wild.

Leaky listening.

That escapes, exceeds, bypasses understanding  
Ever closer

closer than skin

With permission to remain unknown, unknowable.

I long to be able to listen in a way that does not seek to tame.

I long to listen in a way that breaks me open -  
that extends, surpasses, my earthly imaginations

Listen without capturing---- listen as witnessing  
Listen □ dream the bodies of the world  
The messages would fall into me, through me, and I would  
welcome them without ordering them, without inquiring  
about their languages, their edges, beginnings and endings

Letting them land, matter-at-hand, finding their place and form.  
Letting them trickle through, like water seeps through soil.

*How does your flesh long to be listened to?*  
*What listening skin(s) do you dream for yourself?*

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1. I use the sign □ to denote intra-action, a modified “and” that signifies the co-occurring entanglement of bodies, signs □ processes.

# A Methodology for Geological Listening

## An Experiential Field Approach

### Intro

As an artist and researcher, something which is crucial for me to engage with is relation. As a method to attune to places, listening sessions, meditations, and walks become important parts of my practice as a way to meaningful engagement in artistic research. Upon writing this essay, I am in the process of writing my doctoral thesis, an artistic-philosophical endeavour across performance art, sound, and listening. This written piece will in a more exploratory tone delve into some aspects from my practice, particularly focusing on specific sessions which deal with geological listening. It will include sounds and their absence too, their complexity, and affective resonances. It captures moments of presence and activation, of sensory environments and the thresholds and agencies which they communicate with and through.

In my artistic work and research, the micro-political gesture of listening is opening up for potentialities beyond the visual. Composer Pauline Oliveros invites us to fold out our antennas to an even greater extent and to expand our listening potential in a Deep Listening practice (Oliveros 2005), which also includes the affective. Quantum listening is here a way of listening to more realities simultaneously and encountering how one is changed by that experience (Oliveros 2022). After many years of entering the field as a listener, aurally and physically, I decided in 2019 and 2020 to do the Deep Listening intensives and certification from Oliveros' Center for Deep Listening at Rensselaer Polytech Institute (US). This gave me an even more profound insight into the didactics and potentials of the multifaceted practice of listening facilitation.

Using my body as a tool has been crucial for my performance work which started around 1998 and already then had a specific attention towards agency and relation. It would be strange to write an essay about my listening practice without mentioning the Body Interfaces performance work which has been central to my artistic methods as a way of body-relational listening. After its conception in 2014 as a discussion of embodiment, it implemented itself through a series of interventions at Fljótstunga artist residency in Iceland in 2015, and which to this day has stayed as an important technique for me to engage in a critical mode of place-making (see also

Madsen 2016 and 2019), to focus on affective relation and body-resonance (Madsen 2023a and 2023c). I wish to mention Body Interfaces to also emphasize on listening as a physical practice, and to be taking further the minor potentialities of agency and touch, sound and vibration.

Across my practice with sound and performance art, I work with geological matter as a collaborator and agential informant. I am here trying to listen, negotiate (move and sound) with matter, being well aware that we do not necessarily have the same mode of expression and are leading to different registers of movement but can always try to sense the responses that come out of this connection. As the philosopher Gilles Deleuze (and later also together with philosopher and psychoanalyst Félix Guattari) emphasise on an affective framework and how it is possible to enter into composition with something (else), building upon the thinking of philosopher Baruch Spinoza, and our ability to consider what the body is capable of doing, and how it affects and is affected back (Spinoza [1677]1985; Deleuze [1968]1990; Deleuze [1970]1988; Deleuze and Guattari [1972]2019; [1980]1987). In my research in geological affect, I am entering this composite space between, and specifically in relation to what I have chosen to term attached and detached geology. The first as rock-formations, mountains and their plateaus, and the latter as infrastructural geology which I also refer to as lithics.<sup>1</sup> Often I work with local geological sounds and acoustics as well as re-located sounds through field recordings.<sup>2</sup> In the following, I will though revisit some processes around geological listening facilitations, as field-work, performance, and their pedagogical potentials.’

### Infrastructural listening in Turku

In October 2022, I was an artist in residency at Titanik A.i.R in Turku (FI), doing fieldwork and a sound performance as a part of my doctoral thesis work. In this framework, I began working with a rock-boulder wall situated next to the gallery, just below the street which was running above it. I started to write scores for engagements and listening activations of this wall, and simultaneously tried to capture the resonance of it as well.

- *score for the wall beneath the street*

*pick a boulder on the wall  
approach it, and place your  
chin and ear gently on it  
listen*

*try to approach*

*its travelling movement(s)*

These vibrational recordings at first became a part of my Matter-as-Collaborator Lab performance, and the wall was also later the departure point for my presentation at The Listening Academy, both events taking place in the Titanik A.i.R studio in close proximity. The work with the rock-boulder wall thus evolved to become a proper relation, and the anchoring point for a sound installation which I did in the Titanik Gallery in early 2024 titled The Wall Beneath the Street, embracing both what I had already explored when in residency but also extending into a greater scope of infrastructural geology. In the next section, I have collected aspects from each of these ideas and their inherent processes to unfold how this listening connection came about and how it has continued to grow.

I wish to begin with an extract from my presentation – or lecture performance meditation – at The Listening Academy, here connecting sensation, relation, and places. During the session, I was reading reflections and facts aloud in-between the instructions to inform the experience. I wanted to activate three geological components which had impacted my research the previous months (kaolin, water, granite)<sup>3</sup> with whatever other sounds and sensations that were present in the space. As I often do improvised meditations and include potentialities which unfold themselves spatio-temporally, I had for this one an outlined framework to which I would engage. I here wanted to attune to this threshold relation, and invite the participants to move into a deep engagement with these geological agencies and their composition.

*affective-geological-listening:  
composition across the dry, wet, and hard*

### Part 1– dry (kaolin):

*Take a small amount of kaolin between your fingers  
(only use your one hand).*

*Let your fingers slowly sense the structure of the dried matter.*

*The powder, the pieces.  
Let it be rubbed onto your skin.*

Kaolinite is a clay mineral, important in industry, and rocks which are rich in kaolinite are known as kaolin (Hayden 2006). This matter would have been found at a transition zone which goes from weathered sedimentary rock to pure clay, a movement from southern to northern zones. Colour and mineralogical composition of the clays here depends on their primary rock (Laajoki 1975, 88).

*Try to sense the movements of the mineral.*

*Where is the in-between, where are the thresholds?*

When kaolin is dissolved and mixed into water, its plasticity depends on its content of solid and liquid matter, and its ability to be moulded under stress without breaking (Hayden 2006, 94).

## Part 2 – wet (kaolin-water):

*Put a drop or a few drops of water into the kaolin on your fingers.*

*Sense the difference between the dry and wet agents, and the minerals mixing.*

Lets stay with the water for a moment, this is local tap-water from Turku. The natural purification process of the infiltrated water within the sand and gravel aquifer is essential to water quality, and clay is first removed from the water, then it travels into bedrock, filled by sand and gravel (Turku.fi 2021, n.p; Turun Vesihuolto n.d, n.p). This means that geology is part of the drinking water infrastructure.

*How does the drip sounds on the kaolin*

*(now we are mixing clay back into the water).*

This lithic infrastructure, we, as humans, use in our everyday lives. We are now in composition with kaolin and water touching the skin.

*Stay with this sensation.*

*Consider the moment where it dissolves and becomes something else.*

*Do you dissolve too.*

*Become fluid.*

## Part 3 – composite and hard (granite):

For the last part of the meditation, I will return to this rock-boulder wall which I worked with while in residency here (at Titanik). In any case, Finnish granitoids or granite are evidently present, as it is a crucial part of the bedrock as well as in the cityscape (rocks and boulders comes from e. g. tunnel-work and other intrusions into the natural bed-rock). Since much of the cobblestones in Turku are local granite then I am considering that this is also the case of this structure next to Titanik.<sup>4</sup>

*For the last part of the meditation, I invite you to move towards the granite rock-boulder wall, with kaolin in your one hand, then touching the wall with the other (it might even be wet from rain). Use a few minutes to sense the kaolin on the fingers (listen to the components of kaolin) and the granite rocks (listen to the granite).*

*Consider how this is both re/located geology. (end)*

Through this listening mediation, I wanted to connect to my own processes with the rock-boulder wall and the kaolinite which originated from another fieldwork in Kainuu when I was at the Mustarinda residency (FI), also in 2022. Additionally through its molecular engagement, it embraced the idea of composite geology (Yusoff 2015) which is important for my overall research and to connect to local and relocated modes of engagement with rocks and minerals.

## The Wall Beneath the Street

As mentioned in the introduction to this section, the activation of the rock-boulder wall became a longer one which culminated in a sound installation in early 2024. The title The Wall Beneath the Street has in its phrasing a loose reference to a Situationist slogan connected to the 1968s demonstrations. This beach or beneath connects the act of taking out paving stones from the street for riots, which in this installation was extended to a relocation of geological entities connected to broader acts of resistance. These everyday lithic infrastructures which themselves have been violently shaped by humans are in focus, their eventness, and points of stability and collapse. They are here reconsidered with a critical and artistic potential in mind. According

to the collective writings of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, the political event is thus based on a series of amplified instabilities and fluctuations which in the 1968s uproar were connected to a need for a possibility for something else; creating new collective assemblages of agency and enunciation (Deleuze and Guattari 1984/2006).<sup>5</sup> Those rocks of potential are reterritorialized as infrastructures but deterritorialized as tools of protest and means of artistic production. The Wall Beneath the Street here wanted as an installation to facilitate these modes of collective assemblages in its composite sonic nature, and its gestures of listening as a multiplicity – to the space, the street, the bodies present in them, and across them. It additionally wanted to connect enunciated words, randomized into scores, to enact these relations, where the queer properties of geology are amplified in the space via their metamorphic resonances.

The installation consisted of different elements which together created a listening environment for the visitors to engage with. There were five series of sound cycles randomized in the two bigger spaces of the gallery amplified by speakers, as well as three cards for the visitors to take with them based on a list of words which were randomly generated by a python script. The words departed from a selection which I had compiled specifically for this purpose coming from my lithic affective research, and the cards invited the visitors to participate in this relation; to move outside to the rock-boulder wall and use these constellated words to approach its agency, as a listening score.

Geological-depth(s)  
vibrating  
underneath  
collective  
displacement  
machinic  
passage-ways  
for  
micro-moving

amplifying  
over-distance  
desire  
encounter  
except  
threshold(s)  
above  
among  
granite

affect(s)  
contemplated-potential(s)  
without  
passage-ways  
error  
clay  
movement  
disruption  
lithic



There thus was an invitation on the backside of the cards: “Engage with the machinic propositions and collective arrangement of words printed on the card. Consider this as a score of agency and potential” (Madsen 2024). Additionally, as a durational act, I did an infrastructural geological mapping of the streets and buildings in Turku on a central wall in the space. On the last day of the installation, I invited the visitors for a lithic listening walk departing in this mapping and indulging in these relations. Additionally, during the installation days the visitors were encouraged to activate the above mentioned listening propositions, read texts, and scores placed in the space, as well as to write notes in a collective listening protocol which many decided to do. This gave an insight into the multidimensional aspect of experience entering a condensed sonic space and its connections, listening beyond the gallery walls.

Affective listening with a (post)industrial landscape:  
the raw mineralogy of Aalborg

Mapping infrastructural geology was also the departure-point for the listening score publication the composite geology of place – *affective listening with a (post)industrial landscape* which I created specifically for my solo installation *The Metabolism of the Earth*, taking place at the exhibition space XM3 space for contemporary art in Aalborg (DK) in May 2023. The publication was a supplement to the listening sessions which were planned in connection to the exhibition, but the publication was also created to stand alone, as a guide for listening together with the environment.<sup>6</sup> Aalborg here became a starting point for a global reflection on raw materials used in industrial infrastructures and our relationship to these, both on a minor multi-sensorial scale but also in its greater political framework. The planned listening sessions were made as dialogues with selected places and their characteristics and potentials, where mineralogy, construction, social community and collaboration became central to these sessions.

Something which became an important focal point was how to activate an urban geological awareness which takes into considerations and listens to the complexity of matter which exists beneath our feet. Aalborg has a rich production history of raw materials as there is a large amount of limestone, clay, and gravel below the city. This mode of ex-

traction of raw materials results in the formation of pits and lakes where abandoned sites are often reused as recreational areas (Berthelsen 1987, 45-46). Aalborg’s underground and geology here has a significance for the city, its structure, industry, and also the location of various neighborhoods, and road names as they are today (Berthelsen 1987, 57-58). Remnants of these processes and their histories are thus present everywhere, and the processed stone material that is seen on streets, and in buildings are a great examples of this usage. This was some of the movements behind creating the score publication to facilitate and open up for an engagement with the industrial past and its future (this was continued in the previously mentioned lithic listening walk in Turku). The seven score-fragments inserted below are from different parts of the listening publication (Madsen 2023), which connects multiple modalities of relation across the (post)industrial land- and cityscape.

*enter a place slowly and be  
open to what you encounter.  
look around you and listen  
with the whole body.*

The first listening session in Aalborg departed in a more remote locality of the city, and focused on construction and urban geology, specifically the built environment (limestone in cement and the clay in the bricks, concrete blocks, gravel, clay, relocated rocks and boulders). The eastern part of Aalborg is here close to a gravel area and on the border of a chalk area in Aalborg’s raw matter infrastructure, as a place which hosts multiple geological and lithic infrastructures.

*do you notice visual traces and do  
you auditively hear sounds which  
witness history?*

*what can you sense and  
what happens if you touch  
a rock on the ground, does  
it give resistance, does its  
shape inform you about the past?*

*has a condensation taken place?*

The second listening session had a focus on the mineralogy of a chosen (post)industrial location, inhabited by minerals. I used the chalk pit as an example of such a place, as testimony of old industry, extraction, and transformation of the landscape. To enter into this type of relation it is crucial to move very close to the elements (micro), and using touch as a tool for listening (which was also the case in *affective-geological-listening*); with very slow movements, to be sensing the texture, and how porous it is (between the fingers).

*regard this place as a composite organism, in which you are a dynamic part of, and move beyond the binary.*

*imagine your own body as a part of the complex infrastructure of the place.*

*recognize your privileges as a human-body in dialogue with a geological-body, a wind-body.*

The third listening session was activating a complex urban space where (post)industries, recreative infrastructures, and movements on various levels became present factors (thus combining the themes from the previous two sessions). I was here moving from a park which was a former clay pit (Østre Anlæg), towards the harbour, by Limfjorden, where the presence of the wind also played a major role. A more transversal approach was taken into usage here, to look at the slightly larger movements of Aalborg's past and future.

## Outro

As I have outlined in this essay, through facilitated listening sessions and environments, a methodology for geological and lithic listening is here activating an attentive and careful space of relation, where molecular dimensions are explored. It becomes collaboration in close engagement with matter. This is both the case when being in the field with attached rock-formations, as well as with detached rocks and boulders used in city infrastructures. My practice thus considers both of these as crucial for our affective connection to geology, and its processes on multiple levels.

This essay has also been an attempt to document experience, to use this anthology as a place of unfolding the spatio-temporal relations which inform my artistic work and research in the examples mentioned here. This means an engagement through re-encountering the processual framework of these projects, but already through this essays they are extending themselves into becoming something else, continuing the questions and ideas raised in the scores, sessions, walks... and their inherent departure points of inquiry in critical listening. It also embraces how to include others in this experience, to facilitate and be collective in a posthumanist consideration for our involvement with the geology surrounding us and of the earth.

1. Lithic means stone tools but in my research in geological infrastructures this also includes pavement stones, gravel etc. as lithic entities since humans use these as "tools" of city infrastructures.
2. These includes soundscape recordings and ambience as well as seismographic recordings with the geophone as the main source of information. In live performances, I also activate matter with and without piezoelectric-discs, as well as omnidirectional sounds of stones and their acoustics.
3. The kaolin used was from the Kainuu region of Finland and retrieved while in residency at Mustarinda in Hyrynsalmi (FI). It was taken with great care and permission. This was also the last time I have taken geological agencies with me as resituated matter without the possibility to return them again. The water is a reference to the local water of Turku which was used and the granite was the rock-boulder wall.
4. A geotechnical report on usage of stone infrastructures in Turku mentions local cobblestone (Selonen and Ehlers 2021), but not the granite of the rock-boulder wall next to Titanik. Later in my research in 2024, I was informed by Turku Museum (via email correspondence) that in some newer town squares there are imported rock (a lighter granite) but supposedly not these older boulders which according to a report was renovated as a wall in 2007-2008.
5. When Deleuze and Guattari titles their essay that "May '68 Did Not Take Place," it was due to the lack of matching the event of May 1968 with a new possible subjectivity and collective enunciation which in a way renders this out as a result, this never became an actuality.
6. I have since then been taking this score publication to other locations and frameworks as well, e.g for a listening meditation which I facilitated in a mining town in Sweden in June 2024.

..  
...

. . . . .listen with.... your . . . . . instincts  
thoughts perpetual reactions  
childhood delusions children's games  
.....  
..... listen from the  
sounds you've once heard sounds you thought you heard  
sounds you think you hear  
.....



This piece happened as a durational performance in collaboration with sound collective <3 (lessthanthree) for 'Girls When They Love', curated by <3 and Moulure Magazine at Multi Soft Konstanz, Basel CH. 16.06.24. Follow the QR code to access video.



You put your hand into a small body of water.. to see it spin around your finger... .. you only touch the surface slightly, which is enough to make it twirl down in the flow of the stream... you see, the effect of your touch lasts meters.... you are a deflector of the stream, defining how it moves.... . now, you bend your finger, & the stream follows... you point it to the side, & the stream follows... releasing small bubbles of air ... .. blob ... blob .. blob blob which reflects sunlight in glimpses until they suddenly disappear... you are standing at the edge of the stream in the wet grass .... .. and the weight of your body when you move creates a friction of small vibrations in the soil... you are moving towards or against something, laying something behind and approaching anew... your body is always sounding, always responding to something

sensitivity to these signals  
  
stay with them

your body is an active tool of listening

you're time traveling through body memory

could you hold onto a memory?  
could you stretch it out?  
could you anticipate what is about to come?  
could you insist not to let go?  
could you place yourself in the position of receiving a message?  
could you tell if something was calling for you?  
could you just?  
could you hear something and not be able to let go of it?  
could you stay in that position?  
could you stay there?  
could you stay even though you were shaking?  
could you

...

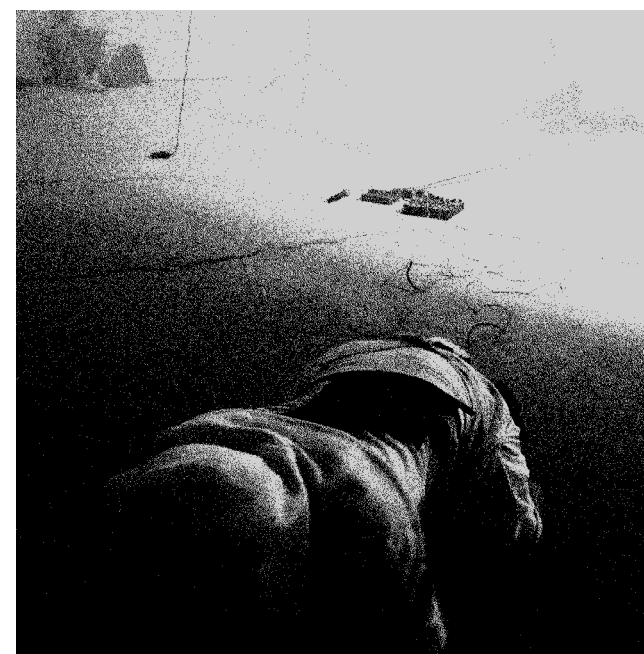
.....

...imitate

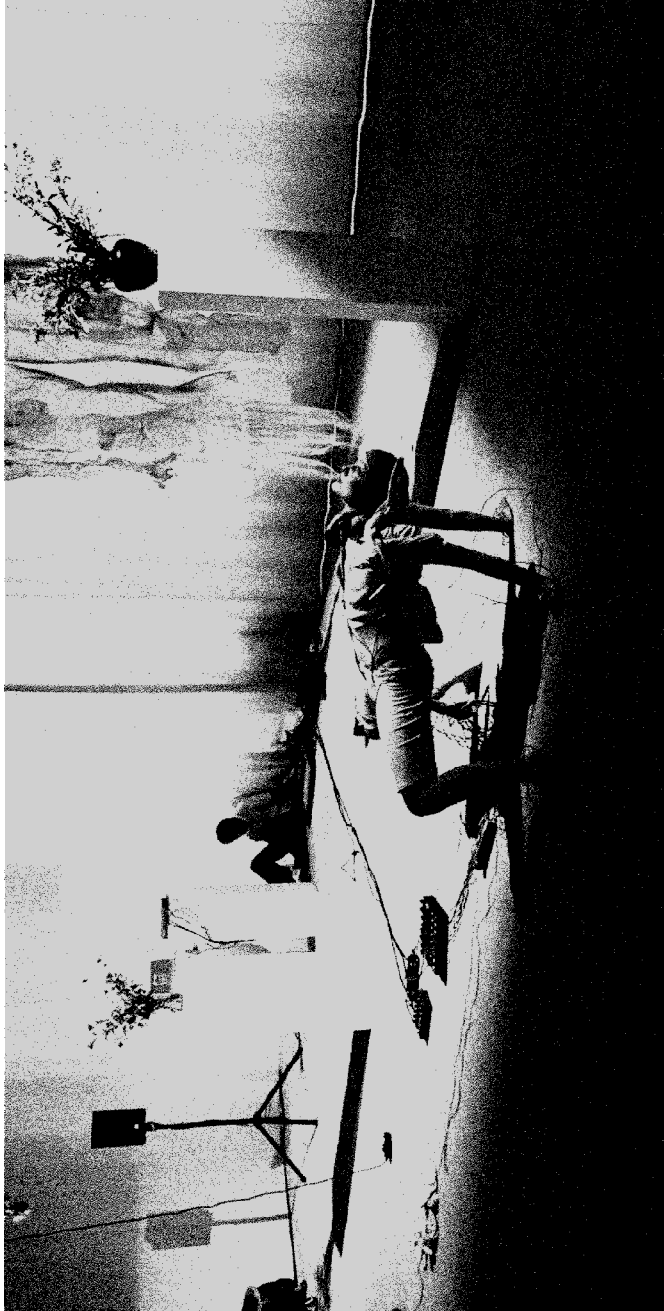
stillness

you stand still to let voltage run through you... generating sound by using the body as a transmitter.

a shared silence      a wall of noise      be it a single touch  
it absorbs and reacts by impulses and triggers  
it records everything done to it and plays it over and over again  
  
allow yourself



you are a generator, a feeler, a sensory system, a sensuous sensual instrument ..... who is both giving & receiving signal



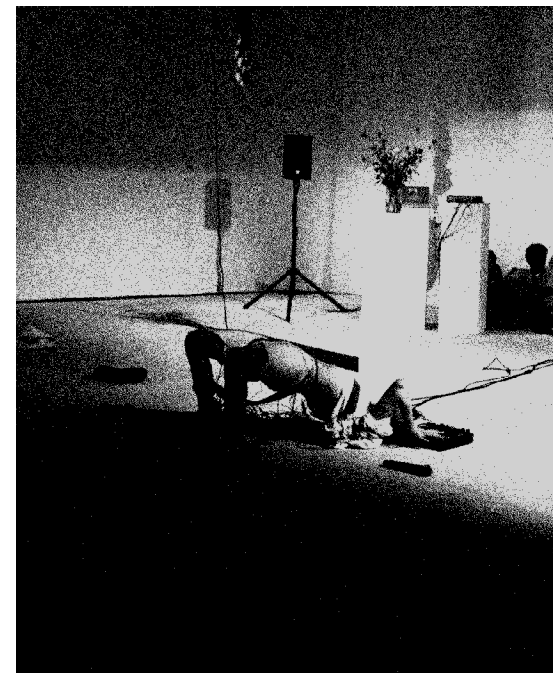
goes from out to in... aerial ... to liquid ...

stimuli synthesis  
sinus syntax  
... inside of you it is

converted into electrical  
activity ... every cell on your  
body maintains a little  
voltage battery ... ..  
your fingertips eyes  
ears senses small  
changes in the environment  
that creates small changes  
of voltage... distinctions  
between musical work and  
bodywork become blurry. ...  
you hold a posture for a very  
long time .... you stay with  
the sound running through  
you .....

receiving .....  
into ..... a circuit with a  
synthesizer that is activated  
through your touch. the  
emotions and senses in your  
body are a resource that  
generates sound.....  
.....electronic composition  
is a matter of receiving  
instead of controlling,  
....

... the sound of a door  
slamming hits your ear ....  
transforms airwaves into  
vibrations ..... which are  
then transformed into  
impulses... the signal  
to electrical



sink into the sensations  
of your heart sinking into  
your chest of your hands  
listening to the action of your  
brain throwing thoughts and  
casting shadows with your  
heart sinking into your chest  
with your hands with the  
action with your imagination  
as if you could invent a new  
way of listening with the  
wind  
(with the wind you listen) to  
the pauses between each  
word between each pause  
now listen to the wind blow  
through your fingers whoosh  
whoosh whoosh when I  
touch you you touch me

it's invasive like that

no?

can you hear the voices inside your head?

I am sure you know them very well

they are ghosts

welcome them to your house

whoosh it sounds when the ghost blows through the curtains  
or travels through your breath

in every move you push and bend the air

your brain detects a signal  
triggering a neural path of  
electricity  
a radar  
coded cellularly

or inside the blood  
and it travels far  
a high pitch doesn't  
ffffff ffff fff  
fff f f f f  
ssssssss  
ss s  
s ss s s s  
t t ttt t  
t  
t

(micro vibrations) size, sounds & sensations

in a room full of clouds

.....leaves it

.....to return

to generate is to receive  
to receive is to generate

carefully..... with an intention  
by

now, listen

as if you are birdwatching

using your naked eye  
how the small differences

melodies  
tonalities  
sensations  
frequencies  
harmonies  
dissonance  
s  
intentions  
pitches  
timbres  
waveforms  
feels on your skin

what happens when you pause?

( )

.. .....

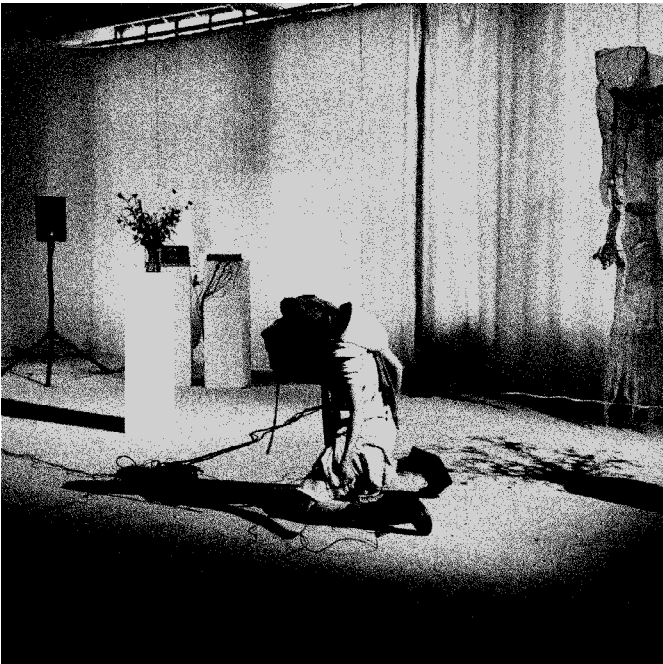
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.....

.....

(

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...  
( .. .. . )

as a sensual act

your body is a sonic sculpture  
electricity runs through



you want to      receive      &      transmit  
                                 trigger      &      twist      &twirl  
                                 tweak  
                                 touch?



(358)

(359)



Listen<sup>i</sup>ng<sup>n</sup> Yet to Come<sup>C</sup><sub>o</sub><sub>m</sub><sub>e</sub>

Research Article Titles *for* Listening

On the suggestion of Bureau *for* Listening’s Attunement Board we have here compelled a list of titles for articles that we wished could be included into this anthology, but for different reasons doesn’t exist yet (to our knowledge). The titles are meant to spark curiosity, but also actual research. It’s also an invitation to the reader to join in, and imagine other titles for much needed but yet unrealized research articles for listening

|                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                            |                                                                                    |                                                                                      |                                                                                                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Listening Beyond the Human Ear: Augmenting Perception to Hear Beyond the Limits of Current Biology | The Architecture of Attention: A History of Designing Cities for Active Listening in Public Spaces and How Listening have Reshaped the Public | The Silent Chorus: How Listening to Dark Matter Could Unlock the Mysteries of the Universe | The Science of Silence: How Deep Listening Enhances Cognitive Health and Longevity | Sonic Weaving: How Textile Artists Create Tapestries of Sound from Thread Vibrations | The Ethics of Eaves-dropping: Surveillance, Consent, and the Politics of Listening in the Digital Age |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

|                                                                                                           |                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                    |                                                                                                  |                                                                                                       |                                                                                                             |                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                           |                                                                                      |                                                                                                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Telepathic Listening: How Quantum Entanglement Could Enable Instantaneous Communication Across Continents | The Rhythm of Aging: Can We Reverse Time by Tuning Into Cellular Sounds?                        | Listening in Crisis: The Role of Attunement in Disaster Recovery and Community Healing                           | Listening to the Cosmos: A Grand Symphony of Black Holes, Neutron Stars, and the Birth of Galaxies | The Sound of Thoughts: Mapping the Brain's Acoustic Output in Cognitive Processing               | Echoes in Stone: Reconstructing the Acoustic Environments of Ancient Spaces through Sonic Archaeology | The Gendered Silence: Exploring Relationships Between Gender and Capacities for Listening                   | Listening in Zero Gravity: How Sound Behaves and Communicates in the Vacuum of Space                 | The Geometry of Listening: Uncovering How Space Itself Stores and Transmits Sound Waves Across Millennia                                                                                       | The Music of AI: How Machines Can Teach Us to Hear What Humans Have Forgotten                             | Hearing Emotions: A Neural Translation of Unspoken Feelings into Audible Frequencies | Vibratory Performances: How Listening to Inaudible Frequencies Can Reshape Live Art Installations |
| Slow Listening: Nurturing an Awareness In, Rather Than Of, Process                                        | Composing for the Unheard: An Artistic Study on Imaginary Instruments and Inaudible Frequencies | The Sound of Extinction: Can We Reconstruct Lost Species' Vocalizations to Heal Ecosystems?                      | When Algorithms Listen: AI, Ethics, and the Future of Machine-Mediated Conversations               | The Frequency of Time: Can We Listen to the Past through the Vibrations of Historical Artifacts? | Choreographed Soundscapes: Merging Dance and Listening in Interactive, Motion-Activated Performances  | Sound as Gesture: Investigating the Relationship Between Listening and Physicality in Performance Practices |                                                                                                      | From Noise to Nuance: Rewiring Corporate Culture through Listening Workshops                                                                                                                   | Listening to the Future: How Acoustic Signals from Distant Galaxies Can Reveal Interstellar Communication | Whispers of Wisdom: Oral Traditions and the Unwritten History of Listening Practices | Eavesdropping on History: How Listening Uncovered Forgotten Narratives in Archival Research       |
| Collaborative Ears: Listening as Co-Creation in Transdisciplinary Artistic Practices                      | Silent Revolutions: How Listening-Driven Leadership Transformed Governance Models               | Listening to Parallel Universes: How Alternate Realities Could Be Perceived Through Interdimensional Sound Waves | When Earth Speaks: Decoding Planetary Vibrations as Language in Environmental Science              | Resonant Cities: A Study of Urban Noise and the Politics of Collective Listening                 | AI Listening: Machine Learning based on Listening-Da-ta-Methodologies                                 | The Big Listening Lie: A Uncovering of Listening as Conspiracy Theory                                       | Reverberations of the Unsaid: Artistic Practices in Listening to Subconscious Thoughts Through Sound | Listening into Discomfort: How Staying with the Trouble of Physical and Emotional Discomfort Opens Other Modes of Being in the World—Perhaps in Relation to Physical and Mental Health Studies | Listening in the Dark: Exploring Sound-Based Performance in Complete Sensory Deprivation                  | Listening to the Land: Indigenous Soundscapes and Environmental Policy               | The Song of Decay: Acoustic Ecologies and the Art of Listening to Slow Violence                   |

# Migra- tion a- and List- e- ning

## Political Life in Motion

### Abstract

Boundaries, thresholds, and limits characterise both political geography and the politics of voice and listening. The effect of hearing yourself speak, as Derrida noted, is foundational for sovereignty, self-identity, and relations to others. In this conversation, we explore experiences of border crossings and passing across limits through migration and movement alongside corresponding encounters with Deep Listening (Oliveros, 2005). We reflect on the experience of migration from Colombia to the UK (Alarcón) and how this also involves “speaking and travelling in-between different languages,” and on the experience of “losing” or changing accent (McKeon), the voice’s marker of political identity. For both of us, Deep Listening has become an essential resource to forgo the desires of returning “home” or “arriving” with their visa privileges and passports of legitimised status. Migration and movement are instead embraced for their potential to constitute another practice of centring and of balance without fixed and immovable boundaries. We aim to articulate this politics of listening and voice not through conventions of debate and polemics, defending ideological territories, but through exchange in dialogue, in what emerges through the movement between us.

### Listening Dialogue

What follows is an exercise in listening through dialogue, practised in 2021. We are both concerned with the relation between movement, listening, and the experience of time and change (see, for example, McKeon 2022). Dialogue offered a way to explore this in practice, expanding our mutual interest in listening across distant locations both with and without technological mediation. This had come to the fore and felt urgent in our experience of lockdowns during the pandemic: the social dimension of listening with others was temporarily removed whilst we were fixed in place and isolated, replaced only in part by a simulacrum of being-in-audience through livestreams and videotelephony. We had been introduced to each other – Alarcón as artist researcher and McKeon as a researcher and curatorial producer – through Deep Listening, as its pioneer, Pauline Oliveros (1932-2016), had explored both telepathic and telematic practices extensively.

In considering voice and listening as techniques for political life, we wanted to examine how voices change and are

changed by context, both through self-relation and relation to others. Listening to our experiences of listening to ourselves alongside the ambiguous process of “finding” our voices and then sharing this together provided a method to elaborate this. The exchange between speaking and listening with each other – changing “position” whilst staying “in place” – acted as a proxy for engaging with our respective experiences of migration from Colombia to the UK (Alarcón) and of shifting accent (Major, 2022) with its corresponding implications of shifting social class (McKeon).

Taking up the invitation of our “Listening Dialogue: For Two” – made in the spirit of Oliveros’ *Sonic Meditations* (1974) – and making contact weekly by phone rather than Zoom to deepen our listening engagement, we listened to the stories of each other’s listening journey – our “otobiographies,” to borrow Derrida’s (1985) term. We wrote our responses in the time between each call and then edited these to produce the text. Our aim has been to offer, on the page, something of the structure, process, and issues that our conversations ranged over. Maintaining a correspondence of form and content in this way has been an important principle.

Perhaps the key issue for us in presenting this has been the “problem” of the beginning. Engaging in this listening dialogue, we did not simply trade places between “active” and “passive” roles, such that one of us started talking and a verbal snooker match ensued, with one of us in control at a time. The following dialogue is not linear, like a conversation in a novel. We wanted to explore a dialogue in which both parties are equally active and affect the other. As we touch on later, we found that neither listening nor voicing could be privileged. In the movement between the two, there was no “first principle.”

This version of our dialogue, then, places our responses side-by-side and can be read either sequentially or as interspersing each other, or both of these together. As with all writing, we acknowledge openly that our “voices” differ. They are accented, inflected, styled. We use syntax in diverse ways. Born in Colombia but long a resident of the UK, Ximena speaks one language (English) – fluently – through another (Spanish). At the same time, these texts abstract our voices. For the printed words to breathe, pause, shift direction and return to the theme – like our conversation – we are dependent on the reader to give it voice through listening and allowing memory to play in the vocal folds of the text.

This is not, then, an essay making an argument in ways that eliminate redundancies, such as digressions surplus to the text, so that key points can be summarised to be extracted. Rather, whilst we cannot hear your speaking voice, we have nevertheless attempted to act as your proxies in dialogue with each other, speaking and listening for readings to come. In this way, what follows begins with you.

Composing the Conversation as a Text Score  
– “Listening Dialogue: For Two”

Listen to the story of your listening.  
What has been your listening journey?  
How has listening shaped your body?

How does listening shape your day and  
your interactions with others? Allowing  
your breathing to become audible, give  
voice to the rhythms of your listening.

Listen to the listening of somebody else.  
Listen to the idiom of their listening:  
the accent, pacing, pauses, and syntax  
of their listening. Listen in reply. Is your  
listening together a single event, an in-  
terchange of two, or a counterpoint of  
several listenings?

Where is listening taking you?  
Where is your listening taking you?

Record your listening dialogue.  
Play it back in a space with one or  
more new listeners.

Listen to the story of your listening. What has been your listening journey?  
How has listening shaped your body?

1 Feb 2022 (Ed)

What a joy to listen to your listening! It immediately reminds me of Pauline’s elaboration of “quantum listening” (Oliveros, 2010), of listening being affected by others listening in the field, even though we were not strictly sharing silences but rather sharing aspects of our entries into listening. Our listening stories.

Yours is so rich. Two aspects struck me especially, two listening dispositions – a binaural affect – that might return in our future conversations as you turn to effects of migration. One was your attraction to the musicality of voice and powers of mimicry, whether approximating your half-Italian neighbour and singing “Yesterday” with her, or following the lead of your teacher by tracing spoken words rhythmically using chalk on a blackboard (Alarcón, 1998) whilst simultaneously erasing the passage with a duster in your other hand. I love this sense of the music in your voice being called by the presence of another and of memory holding the passing articulation of sense.

Likewise, the candlelit scene of your dad’s storytelling was both magical and familiar, a reassuring way perhaps to instil something of “Fearless Juan” into the dark vulnerabilities of childhood power cuts and political uncertainties. Voiced words as sparks, catching fire, illuminated my reminiscences of being read to and of my own reading aloud, allowed, encouraged.

These brought to mind Thomas Bernhard’s one-paragraph story of “The Voice Imitator” (1997) that I read at the close of our conversation. He was recommended to me as a “musical” writer, and this composition, with its repetitions and precise enunciation, is, I think, beautifully formed, written to be invoked. The cadence is both prepared and simultaneously shocking. *We can mimic others, but our own voices remain for us – alone – inimitable.*

I’m going to meditate further on this, always aiming to listen more deeply. For now, for me, it touches on two inseparable dimensions of listening and voice. First, there can be no voice without (a) listening and, therefore, no original, authentic, or “signature” voice. Voice always involves a feeling of attachment.<sup>1</sup> The question of whether it can be *detached*, however, is something I’m sure we’ll return to. Second, paradoxically, listening is also not primal, prior to and, thus, more significant than something called “voice.” It is perhaps obedient (from *ob* – toward, against, before, down, across, in short, a *directed movement* – and *audire* – listen, hear). Listening inclines us (with all its Epicurean and Lacanian overtones, which I may elaborate upon in later conversations). Perhaps, to light a flare for next

1 Feb 2022 (Ximena)

I felt in-between centre and periphery. Listening to the story of my listening brought voices, musics, and mobility with age and location. When the conversation made a pause at the time of childhood, I revived my desire of being multilingual, inspired by my then Italian-Colombian neighbour and the singing of music in other languages. I wonder if the decentring from my own linguistic space was a refuge for understandings and expanding misunderstandings. This led me to think of how you locate centre and periphery with your voice and language. Languages are carried with power structures, and although both are European, in Colombia Italian might sound more sophisticated. So, was I moving to a privileged periphery or to a centred Eurocentric attention?

And I heard the adult incomprehension of your spoken words during childhood and the need for a caring “translator,” a sister-brotherhood.<sup>2</sup> I felt the space of multiple ideas being spoken at once and the listening of others in attentive – or not – stillness.

The voice of storytelling reminded me of your pleasure in telling stories aloud. It brought out a story of my upbringing, a memory of my father as a storyteller with his fascinating story of Juan Sin Miedo (Juan Without Fear), a character who could go anywhere in the Colombian rivers and jungle without fear of all the possible threats he might encounter. Colombia’s myths and legends are also mixed with the history of violence that particularly afflicted the region where my parents were born in the 1940s. Their history of migration is part of my own mobility, as my father used to compare his internal migration to Bogotá to my migration to the UK.

Electrical domestic equipment came to my memory, too, in the form of the floor polisher, in waves of repetitive sound, preparing the house floor to be bright and shiny, marking the midday of a weekly routine. Women’s unthanked and unpaid labour comes as another (non-verbal) voice. Then at rest, the afternoons bring the voice of my mom speaking by telephone, while my ears tuned as much as possible toward understanding the hidden telephonic voice of the speaker in the distance. I love my mom’s laughter. No wonder these fragmented details tacitly informed my sound art practice, as sonic migrations: voice, telematic sonic performance, and my focus on female migration that presents an opportunity to change assigned cultural roles.<sup>3</sup>

The beautiful story you told me about “The Voice Imitator” (Bernhard 1997) struck me as part of my own bilingualism and desired multilingualism. I prefer to call it multivocality, as

week, I think this may be why voices are “inflected” – curved, bending inwards, *bowed*, from the Latin *inflectere* – or socially “modulated,” a musical gravitation to a measured norm.

I’ve already perhaps said too much, spoken too soon. I haven’t even mentioned the resonances between us that bloomed fleetingly in dialogue – the rhythm of trains, of tracked motion, and of our encounters with Pauline Oliveros, to mention only two. I’m listening forward to next time.

1. This is not intended to invoke the psychoanalytic implications of “attachment” (as of child and parent). Rather, the short story of “The Voice Imitator” and our dialogue here attempt to complicate the notion of voice as something that can be “attached” or “detached” – either a singular possession or something separate from the self – and to suggest instead that it manifests as a quality of being “inclined” through the listening presence of others. There is no inner essence, some core of the self that remains always the same, immutable, whilst the body ages, that the voice is conventionally understood to express and externalise. This is a key lesson of poststructuralism. Following feminist poststructuralists such as Luce Irigaray and Catherine Malabou, however, we also insist that this lack of “interiority” does not mean that the self is merely a phantom or illusion but is intimately concerned with embodiment. This inclination, then, *precedes* the sense of self to which the voice appears to be attached as the privileged medium of self-identity, instead becoming material through the presence of others who bring us to voice.

Julie Choi (2017) proposed. Learning as a child, imitating, learning new languages, desire for migration, multiplying myself in many characters .... I wonder if my multiple vocalities make it harder to listen to my own voice or if my own voice emerges thanks to these. What is our own voice, then?

Here I wanted to recall again your childhood experience, in which you were able to communicate without a “translator” only when you were four. I have never heard about an experience like this. I imagine you as a child full of things to say, all somehow coming at once, a richness and desire to communicate. This is also multivocal.

I like to de-centre the assumption that we have one voice – we actually have a mixture – and reflect on that. Our own voices and signature are both flexibly moulded by the body’s physiological uniqueness and at the same time shaped by and integrated within the many life encounters we have. It is as if we tune this interface towards our social environment, even whilst it is never heard by others as we hear it ourselves.

2. Ximena refers here to a story often told to me of my childhood, that nobody could understand what I was saying until I was about four years old. Until that time, my sisters – both older than me – would explain to others what I wanted to express (Ed McKeon).

3. Ximena currently leads the INTIMAL co-creation collective of Latin American migrant women in Europe and has developed the INTIMAL App© for people to listen to their ‘migratory journeys’.



## How does listening shape your day and your interactions with others?

11 &amp; 15 Feb - Ed

I can almost hear your new yoga teacher, her voice traced with Mexican heritage, leading the class, performing the guiding role that coaxes and encourages an inclination of energy, a spirited movement taking shape within and between the class members. As with your own teaching, this voice is adopted not as a commanding authority but as an invitation for listening and sharing with students. Listening and voicing bend and stretch, limbering. They find nodes of energy, becoming supple together. This needs discipline, but not command.

We were reflecting on the ways listening in-forms our daily routines, from your morning walk and breakfasting with Pauline's *Sonic Meditations* and on to work.

I was fascinated by your suggestion that voices might be located, a kind of "disposition" perhaps, like the "institutional voice" that we occupy just as we might put on work-appropriate clothes and prepare to perform in them. It's the spatial dimension of this that I find especially interesting. I'll return to this.

You then described findings from your research and practice with recordings of testimonies from Colombian women who have experienced forced migration, noting the three kinds of voice that spoke through those conversations (Alarcón, Lopez Bojórquez, Lartillot, and Flamtermesky 2019). The "demanding voice" is fast, instinctive, calling to attention. Louis Althusser (1971) would perhaps have said it "hails" like a policeman in the street: "Hey you!" And, hey presto, the "interpellated" ear turns and, magically – with this very gesture of surprised guilt, "Who, me?" – is subjected. The relation of the authority who speaks and the individual who pays attention is immediately instituted. Yet this voice is not the only "subject position" available, as you made clear. You also heard the "disillusioned voice," wearied in its lower pitch and prolonged articulation. A voice lacking in spirit, in energy. Is this a voice unmoved by others' listening, unmotivated, unflexed, perhaps even nearing stasis? By contrast, the "transformative voice" seemed to afford hope, a promise of change and healing from a position unbounded, neither circumscribed nor sectioned off by trauma. Another voice. A new diction. A new way of uttering, perhaps – a speech act that performs an opening of the self.

This reminds me of Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick's (2003) well-attuned writing on "performativity," that aspect of speech acts that is not reducible to the property of a speaker but is contingent on the qualities of listening that form them, that act on its periphery. She was specifically addressing the prob-

11 &amp; 15 Feb - Ximena

Listening to your listening routine, I remind myself every morning that I need to listen to myself, to my dreams, to my breathing and even to my morning body stiffness, and to be gentle. To listen to others is a basic and hard challenge. I imagine your morning walk, crossing a park and a cemetery. I picture my own walk, which is also by a graveyard. I have never imagined I would walk daily across a graveyard, as it is a place I would avoid during a restful walk. In the city where I come from, except for the central cemetery, these are in the outskirts of the city, far from the urban neighbourhoods. This distance presents a division between the dead and the living. We perform the ritual of visiting our dead relatives outside the city and bring flowers. It is a journey. Here in the UK, I found this everyday walking through graveyards unusual.

You mentioned listening to what's in the air of the world, the news. I do it, but recently I avoid it. In my morning walk I hear some tweets from a black bird with an orange beak. After the storm, many branches of old trees cracked and fell. Fences fell in rear gardens. I did not hear those falls; I wonder how did they sound? I heard the wind filtering around the edges of doors and window sills. Like ghosts speaking ... the mysterious wind sounds.

Oh yes, about the voices, listening to the voices that are not ours, what did you say about the change of accent? The accent needs to be removed in Public Schools? To study in Cambridge? So, we become detached from our own listening?

I found it striking, as somehow, listening to my accent could be both an anchor here, stating my difference, and also a reminder of my origin. It is simultaneously the marker of my vulnerability as different and the danger of not being understood, meaning I must strengthen my British learnt accent, with the confident "t" and the past tense "d" (which I tend to forget as if I would like to speak permanently in my present tense) and the full pronunciation of the one who has finished saying something with no doubt. I could not, anyway, return to neutral; I will forget it when emotion enters into the performance of the spoken word. Vocal neutrality scares me, as does an expressionless face, as I cannot know what is behind it.

Where do we position a neutral voice – does it have a place? You talked about dictation: is language a dictation made of an agreement by the ones who dictate?

In my accent I love the sound of the "r" that becomes a "rsh" in the mountain area where I come from. A "rsh" that hugs me innerly, and I would

lem of performativity – the capacity to make speech act on the world, to be world-forming – having the qualities of being possessed, of being "voiced" in the manner of "being married," alongside the example of *shame* that declares voice to be affected by others. The demanding, disillusioned, and transformative voices are all political positions in this sense of a concern with ownership, with attachment and submission, or with a de-territorialising gesture inviting a dynamic response. A migration ....

I should move on, but I have an "aside" to make. Another confession, perhaps, for my sins. The anxiety and shame I felt as a young adult on losing my sense of voice, on being denied my Mancunian accent by a co-worker at the factory production line I toiled at, is not my only experience of this peculiar *dispossession*. Your mentioning of the "institutional voice" brings it back to me. My second "real" job after graduating was working for the Arts Council in the South East of England. I advised artists and organisations on how to apply for funding, inviting them to share their dreams and ambitions, and I co-ordinated the assessment of applications. Managing the "demand" side required me to adopt the language of funding – of "access," "value for money," "diversity," "quality" and so on. The "supply" side of organising funding decisions then involved lots of report writing – summarising projects in terms of the criteria, weighing on terminology and syntax to justify recommendations and to persuade those making final decisions to agree. It was reasonably well paid, interesting, as each project was different, and satisfying when funds were pledged to deserving activities. Over time, though, I began to worry. In this prehistoric time-before-email, when letter writing was still quite common, I would receive epistles from my best friend at the time who was a gifted stylist. His writing was a pleasure to read: funny, flamboyant, digressive. When I tried to write back, even short notes in a birthday card, I found myself automatically reverting to stock phrases and clunky syntax, a pseudo-officialese. I hadn't woken up one day like Gregor Samsa in Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* to find myself in the carapace of an insect, but I could feel my "voice" taking on the shape of a bureaucrat. I was becoming fluent in another's language, but unstable in the one I had taken for granted, or at least in the one I desired to speak. In fact, it was that experience of gnawing horror that compelled me to change my job, not for another administrative role but specifically to work directly with musicians as a producer and promoter, running Oxford Contemporary Music. This was much less secure – the job was all about risk, especially that of finding listeners for musical voices that were unfamiliar, different, difficult, sometimes even shocking. Anyhow, that was the first decisive leap into the unknown that helped me find something of that joyous purpose in music that I still find compelling. My vocation.

not like it to be removed from my spoken being. I discovered it here, thanks to my dearly friend Sofia from Cuzco; we share that, a sisterhood of "Sierra" (mountain) [*Sie-rhsa*], which I share with people across the Andes and many more places, perhaps. It turns very emotional as I listen to the songs of Mercedes Sosa and hear the lovely "rsh."

Yes, there is emotion in accent, in the pace of our spoken voice. You asked me if this is occupying a place of the self, and I reflect on that. Does it occupy something that is empty? Perhaps it is not a place but a resonant space. You proposed the voice as a form of movement, and I think of vibration, as referred to by Nina Sun Eidsheim (2015). The thick event is the noticeable event, the word when it is eventually shaped, after thoughts and visceral conscious hesitations or after unconscious decisions when another speaks on our behalf in our own voice; the rest is vibration which never ends. What is the vibration of the neutral voice?

I mentioned the analysis of voices I made of an oral archive of Colombian migrant women from the Diaspora, talking about their experiences of migration and their inflections and rhythms, which can convey emotions. I called these voices: disillusioned voice, demanding voice, and transformative voice. These might be compared with other voices and other languages. They are perhaps more resonating than the words themselves, particularly when you don't know the language that people are speaking. What happens in our listening with these voices?

Are the pauses vital for our deep listening?

Are the non-paused spoken words awakening our impatience or our compassion?

Are we breathing with the speaker's breathing as they voice, and if they don't breathe might we stop our listening to breathe?

How many transformative voices with gentle pauses and calm inflections do we hear everyday?

Eventually, which breathing and inflections might we assign to our voice when remembering all these voices and when we read the writing about another's voice?

Listening as meditation in spoken word is brought to mind for us by Thích Nhất

Hạnh (2013), who asks us to listen to people's pain, suffering, or joy in their voices.

## Where is listening taking you?

1 March - Ed's final reflections

As I reflect on our conversations, I'm drawn to the closing prompt of our "Listening Dialogue": "Where is listening taking you? Where is your listening taking you?"

My listening and voice will, I hope, be more attuned to the nuances of "in-betweenness," the term you used to describe Homi Bhabha's notion of the "Third Space" (1994), the postcolonial space that is neither "native" nor constituted by a colonial Other. When we spoke, that immediately reminded me of the various accounts of the "Third Ear," the name I also use for my non-profit experimental music production company.

Nietzsche (2002: 138-139) was the first to raise the notion of listening with a third ear and in a similar vein. He claims that words "speak," so that meaning is neither simply a matter of self-evident reference – of their identity with worldly phenomena – nor an "inner" meaning, behind their veiled allusions, that is waiting to be revealed or "read between the lines." The third ear brings a text to voice and attends to its musical qualities – its staccato and rubato and the "colour" or timbre of their deployment of "vowels and diphthongs" – as he describes it.

No doubt drawing on this, Theodor Reik – a student and close friend of Freud – wrote *Listening with the Third Ear* (1991) to consider the psychoanalytic scene, its "talking cure" and the intuitive role of the analyst in the "telepathic" transference of meaning through subconscious "neurodynamic stimuli." This argument performs an interesting reversal of the usual structure of the voice being active and the ear passive, though I find his affirmation of the analyst's power to determine the analysand's trauma – to return it to language by speaking it – somewhat disturbing and unconvincing.

Maryanne Amacher's practice of "third ear music" is more productive, I think, in exploring the phenomenon of otoacoustic emissions to bring the listening ear "to voice," for the ear's action itself to become audible. At least, it demonstrates how the ear is not only "receptive" but also "productive" and generative.

There are many forms of in-betweenness, then, of relational aurality. I want to pay attention to these and especially to the movements that articulate this. My listening is guiding me to a greater awareness of ways in which the voice that is mine is nothing but this movement or inclination in the presence of others, a manner of being called. As your INTIMAL research showed in analysing the prosody of voices, this movement can be demanded, disillusioned, or transformed through its proximity to other voices, and it can demand, disillusion, or possibly

15 March - Ximena's final reflections

Listening in-between your voice and my voice, I feel comfortable in my new inner central periphery, accepting the vulnerability, naivety, and also the mask of my non-native speaker's voice. It rushed to learn English when reaching 30, grasping the five-month visa of a six-month English language course in central London as a life jacket to get out of my country. My written and spoken English language has gained clarity through painful pen, faces in stillness trying to understand or losing their focus on my words and taking their own train of thought instead, which often derails me [*me descarrila*].

But also laughter. Laughter from misunderstandings and words that are creatively misplaced until finding themselves within the in-betweenness. As I read Gloria Anzaldúa's voice in "Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza" (1987), her voice found an exit to freedom through the embrace of a chicano dialect. I have seen with joy and nostalgia the strength of Latinx artists in the US.

They have other stories, and their struggle for identity feels stronger, visceral, as Spanish was somehow denied and understood as a lower-class language within the shared American continent, one colonial language subordinated to another. Across the Mexican border, walls are built on the land that was once theirs. Now, by virtue of the economy generated by its migrant workforce, and also due to control needs, Spanish has become the second language of the United States.

Here in the United Kingdom my struggle is masked by the distances and knowledge that exists between this country and Latinoamerica, across the imagined myths of bidirectional paradises of nature, economy, and class. Learning British English in Colombia, as taught by the British Council, is more expensive than learning the American English as taught by the Colombo-Americano Center. I did study in both institutes, when my fluctuating finances could afford one or the other. The obvious social class division is highlighted there: who can pay to speak as a Brit or as an American, you are already paying for a voice... British English is situated in our already classist Colombian society as polished, beautiful, clear, and polite; you will speak like the royalty or the BBC. American English is practical, mellow, and advantageous for business. And, if you can afford to visit the American dream with a cheap flight, this will manifest only if you have won the privilege of a tourist visa, which costs you several hours and frustration queuing in the American Embassy.

I have mentioned borders, accents, and class, and here we are listening to our listening as we literally speak. I feel pride in the place taken by

I raised that story both because I hadn't thought of it in quite some time, hadn't realised the extent to which key moments in my life have been shaped by the question of voice as possession and the heard properties and propriety of a voice, but also because between us – in our listening dialogue and within our writing – I'm also aware of voicing the text, of a writer's voice, and of the unknowable readings this piece might prompt. How might we be understood? What position might we occupy, and where might this be located?

At last, then, I want to return to the question you raised about voices having a place, because at the end of our last conversation an idea emerged that neither of us had anticipated. All I can do is re-rehearse it here, though perhaps we can explore it further next time.

So, we've both been struck by Thomas Bernhard's short story "The Voice Imitator," by his revelation of our potential to mimic any other voice but our own. Indeed, I can attest to that. My wife used to joke that when we visited my family in North Manchester my voice would take on a self-conscious "northern" accent, but one that was often comically not quite right, perhaps even with a Yorkshire twang rather than the proper Lancastrian burr. Now, as you and I touched on this peculiar phenomenon, the thought arose that the voices we occupy or that occupy us – the dialects of our occupations, perhaps – might be locatable, a "space" that we can locate to. These spaces are not unique but can play host to a multitude of others, all using the same voice. Likewise, we can migrate – again – from one voice to another, just as our day might be shaped by listening situations that can transport us from a breakfast meditation with Pauline to the institutional voice of the pedagogue, mechanic, medic, or bureaucrat, and on to the sociable voice of dinner with friends or the interpellated listening of watching TV. In this chorus of voices, the possibility emerges that the voice that we cannot occupy or locate – that we cannot mimic – is precisely the mode of movement itself, the transference of weight from any immobilising disillusionment, the gait and agility of stepping out lightly, without exchangeable possessions, without origin, and without final destination. We are not fixed in place by the demanding voice of any authority, least of all "our own." Maybe, just maybe, this may be why "voice always involves an attachment" – as I put it earlier – without ever being a possession, because voice is more like a shadow cast by the inflections of our listening relationships with others and our environment rather than something that could ever be dispossessed, detached, exchanged with, sold to, or owned by others. If the metaphor fits, perhaps it is elaborated in two tales: the novella *Peter Schlemihl* by Adelbert von Chamisso, in which the protagonist famously sells his shadow to the devil only to be shunned by all human society, and especially Edgar Allan Poe's "Shadow – A Parable"

transform others in turn. It can perhaps also be questioned, invited, welcomed, intimidated, and so on.

I've always thought that I lost my accent when I became the first in my family to go to university, because I had somehow adapted my voice to the “neutral” tones of those around me. My “musical ear” had fitted into a student body that was predominantly privately educated or at least from a higher social class, leaving me with what Cynthia Cruz (2021) calls the “melancholia of class.” At least, my factory colleague assumed I was from “the home counties,” which was a synonym for “upper class.” This dialogue, though, has suggested other possibilities. To begin with, there is no vocal essence, no voice that forms an identity with a raced, gendered, sexed, or classed position (Eidsheim, 2019). Perhaps what my colleague in the factory heard was not a “southern” English accent, but a voice undergoing transformation, no longer native. No longer comfortable with being marked or being called. Was I subconsciously aware of that, I wonder, and so emphasising my felt difference?

For years after leaving my parental home I became uncertain of my voice, anxious of what it might signify to others. How it might betray me. Over time, though, and especially since I began producing with contemporary and experimental musicians, I've become more relaxed about it. My voice doesn't need an identity, a new home, and it doesn't need simply to “return” to its Mancunian heritage – assuming it even could. It hasn't abandoned me but remains attached, a shadow cast by the varying illumination of others' listening intensity. If I care for it by listening to the listening of others and how that shapes me, perhaps I can inhabit it without demanding or being disillusioned but delighting instead in the rise and fall of its gait, its intonations, and the ways it transforms.

my voice, accepting its pace, its pauses, as you have spoken also with vulnerability from the other side of my border. I mentioned Homi Bhaba (1984), which I have quoted in my previous writings (2014). Using his Third Space concept, this exercise has been a process of symbolic interaction “in-between” cultures and identities as a “connective tissue” between “fixed identifications.”

I discover – each time I read, remember, and also listen to our conversation in this article – new voices that emerge.

I hear these voices not as a chorus but as poetic interferences that suddenly connect, in vibrancy, and create meaning beyond meaning, digging into the memories of our identities and geographies.

My listening with gratitude further expands, and so also does my voice.

## Afterword

What has changed – what has *moved* – in this process of dialogue, writing, and your reading? By movement, we mean two things simultaneously. On the one hand, it involves a recognition of alteration: a difference in understanding, perhaps, or the emergence of a mood, memory, or idea that sits with you and that may or may not be literally present in the text. On the other, this temporalised difference or *displacement* is ongoing and continuous, never settled and fixed. It is neither purely self-motivated “from within” nor acted on “from without,” but has its own rhythm, incorporating both of these modalities. Rather like a dialogue. We can only speak from our experience, then, but wanted to offer a few closing words on its implications for “voice and listening as techniques for political life.”

First, at least since Aristotle, the capacity for speech has been foundational for understanding humans as political animals, not only as the medium for self-representation but because political speech *acts*. It creates a space for deliberation and, from decision-making, the possibility of shaping worlds. In this framework, voice becomes a tool of reason and calculation, an instrument of persuasion through the arts of rhetoric. The force of its argument is then inversely proportional to the attention it draws to itself, so that convention privileges the supposedly “neutral” voice – the voice without accent, without particularity – as the voice of authority that can speak for “the whole.” What “speaks” is reason itself.

Our dialogue troubles this model. Accent becomes not merely a function of voiced identity, an expression of particularity, but an inflection through exposure to others. Prior to any use by reason and any utterance, voice is already political as the register in which the social speaks in the singular, in the way that individuals are socialised. All voices are accented. There is no such thing as a “neutral” voice, only perhaps a manner of speaking that aims to neutralise the voice.

Second, if there is no fixed position, interiority, or self-identity from which voice emerges, this does not mean that the self is simply an epiphenomenon or mask. As we explored through the story of “The Voice Imitator” and from our own experience and research, voice materialises through movement and might better be understood as a characteristic disposition or posture, a constantly habituated



“manner of speaking” or “ingraining of the voice” (to adapt Roland Barthes’ famous expression). For example, it can be disillusioned, demanding, or transformative, as Alarcón has shown. Voice is not primary but called into being through relation to others, exemplified when speaking a non-native language. Every language – every tongue – is in this sense “foreign,” even our “mother tongue.”

We “find” our voice, then, by not “finding” it but by recognising how it already inhabits us. Just as we can copy the way that others move and walk but cannot imitate our own bodily expression, so the tics and characteristic differences that particularise us are not “properties” but traits, attributes of listening and being listened to, of addressing and being addressed by others. Dialogical rhythms.

Lastly, approached as a method for exploring the relational self, dialogue affords awareness of the constantly shifting network and ecosystem that constitutes the dynamic articulation of relations. Dialogue is implicitly a discourse between equals and so draws attention to ways in which some voices may seek to dominate interpersonal space. The understanding it offers cannot be known in advance but only in and as a practice. It is in this spirit that we invite all readers to experiment with the “Listening Dialogue: For Two” offered in the introduction.

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# Group Conversation for Attunement

Following is a transcript of a group conversation between some members of the Bureau *for* Listening's Attunement Board. "The Attunement Board is a creative and critical counseling partner to Bureau *for* Listening and will offer a broadening and deepening of different listening perspectives and strategies. The main intent of the Attunement Board of Bureau *for* Listening is to make the project stay questioning and open to what it means to investigate, practice and promote listening" (From the Declaration of Attention, by the board). Current members of the Attunement Board are performance artist Gry Worre Hallberg, Prof. Holger Schulze, artist Nana Francisca Schottländer, and poet Morten Søndergaard.

For this conversation, we have removed the *speaker-who*, and applied brackets for larger part of the transcript to fragmentize the text and as an attempting attuning practice. Attunement is here understood as a process of sharing and listening to questions, experiences, concerns, etc., allowing for a staying-with not-knowing.

[...] I'll read the questions again; what kind of listening site does an anthology for listening aim to become? What are the limitations of working within the framework of an anthology? What are the possibilities when working transdisciplinary and transmedial? What are the important questions concerning principles of how to have fun while making an anthology [...] and how to make it fun for others to engage with? Does there exist a specific anthology for listening ethic or aesthetic? What will and or must we fail at? What kind of embodied practice can the printed matter, the online version or the live version evoke? Are there certain questions, circumstances, concerns around production that must be tuned differently when contributors are not financially compensated? [...] What hopes might an attunement board for listening have on behalf of an ontology for listening?

[...] in a way, an anthology, sometimes I guess, you can think of it as sort of an exhaustive compilation, like this is what listening is in a way. And [...] I see as a great potential for this type of anthology that is always incomplete [...] always generating new perspectives and new questions that will create new ways of exploring what a contribution to anthology for listening would be. [...] 'anthos' is actually the flower and logia is the gathered. So all the academic disciplines, philologia, that end on logia, that are a kind of gathering of something. And antologia means you gather the nicest flowers of something. So bringing that together with attuning to something, we could think about how do we attune to the flowers and the flower leaves that you found in the form of texts for this book. Are they flowers? Are they old flowers, young flowers, baby flowers, maybe artificial flowers, maybe monstrous ones, dangerous ones, poisonous ones, whatever, stone flowers, all of that.

[...] And what kind of anthology is this? Is it flowers in a vase inside, or is it perhaps a garden? Maybe we don't know yet, [...] this flower or plant metaphor is also circling back to this acknowledgement that you are writing that the flowers only grow from having roots deep in the soil, sucking up nourishment and minerals and traces from other plants and other flowers and other entities that have fertilized and made possible their blooming. And the importance then of staying with the cyclical notion of these flowers, then spreading seeds and fertilizing new ground for other flowers and plants to grow. What is in my head and my imaginary inner ear is indeed the question, what sounds

do flowers make? And of course, as we know, all plants do also make minuscule sounds on the nano level, because anything that moves does that. And flowers or plants that grow also emit certain very minuscule sounds that we are simply too dumb to hear even. So we might not hear plants, but surely they make sounds. And maybe we only hear them when, let's say, the ones I imagine, when the leaves fall down or when they're trampled upon or something like that, then we might hear them or when we cut them off.

[...] the flowers, contributions, within the anthology may find audiences in odd ways by allowing to be carried, perhaps by the force of others, and indeed we don't know what people will be using this book for [...] and in staying with the listening even though the contribution is maybe text or sound or scores there are many ways in which we can listen into them. There is not only one way of hearing; we can listen into it on so many different levels and connect with it on so many different levels and to allow these different ways of meeting the contributions to reverberate back into our systems and leave their seeds to germinate inside of us. [...] what forms of approaching listening are not represented [...] It's what I call audio pietism.

[...] And it refers to the idea that if you perform this kind of sensory mode or this kind of performative approach, if you perform that, then you reach a perfect societal environment, you become a better person, society becomes better. And it takes from the Christian tradition of pietism, which had the idea that only if everyone reads the Bible and lives according to the Ten Commandments and to Christian theology, then life is being perfect. And as we all know, that's simply not the case.

Just because people are following this thinking or they meditate or they walk more or they do more yoga or they go on meditation retreats or they listen more that's not necessarily determining them to be better people or the world being a better place, but I feel it can happen that sometimes authors, thinkers, gravitate towards this intriguing idea to have; okay here's like a golden key or the the golden thing, if we do that then that will end suffer. I think we are tempted to think that. [...] How can this make the world and me curious about the disruptive, destructive elements of it, and to explore the potentials of that, not within this preconceived notion of it being good or right, but being curious

about when it's not. [...] It's the one that gives joy through a form of pain, maybe. And the other mainly gives pain. And maybe even sometimes a kind of weird joy. But this ambivalence or paradoxes, I feel they are also important in listening. [...] I think the anthology is also a very wonderful space to hold all of these potentials as to explore uncomfortable listening or listening into discomfort and it doesn't only have to be uncomfortable sound. It could be uncomfortable situations.

[...] How to stay listening with that which is not right and good and making sense. [...] Or also on the other side, the very comfortable, very soothing and almost too comfortable and too nice environment. [...] what did we miss in terms of discomfort that we could send out? Because in some way, there's a responsibility to have that diverse premise of what kind of listening(s). But also to challenge, in some way, I think, let's say the idea of a listening that is too conform and too comfortable. [...] what is comfortable for us is perhaps uncomfortable for others, so one thing is the diversity that we are able to collect within the anthology, another thing is the diversity of which we are able to distribute within [...] what happens after

[...] what are the meeting points, what are the exchanges that follow [...] how can that be in some way integrated on equal terms [...] I keep seeing the anthology as this large building with lots of different spaces and each space represents an invitation or a prompt or a mode of listening or a way of thinking about it or attuning to it but each of these spaces needs to be met by people who engage with the anthology. It's like the building is empty unless people are invited in to explore these spaces. So I'm also thinking about how this building will be if not inhabited, but only visited for longer or shorter periods of time by many different people.

[...] and I guess what I'm thinking is both, how to find invitations for people to visit these spaces and not just maybe the people who already resonate with the different contributions, and then how to invite the reflections or impressions of the people visiting these spaces to become part of this anthology as a kind of disseminated, stretched out sequence of different rooms and spaces that can be very, very different. [...] How can it be a guest house, but where everybody who's visiting is also the host in some way? [...] I was also thinking about this really critical but really good

question, how it affects contributors, and the writing of text and the quality of texts when contributors are not financially compensated. [...] something unvoiced was all those afraid to ask that question [...] who are in the position of hosting that dialogue [...] what we really wanted to do was to offer to host and promote also things that were already produced, so it was not extra labor [...] I do want to comment on that because I am in that precarious artist situation and I actually really appreciate that it is based on curiosity, generosity, exchange and co-creation and I think these are really valuable key points in a way to hold on to and say these are the values we exchange within the creation of an anthology, [...] and to not try and translate that into monetary value. [...] It's not the same for every artist, that's clear.

There are some areas where that is not the way to go. But I know some of them and I can totally see how they retain a certain personal liberty and independence in thinking and doing things, and also radicality in doing things, because they don't have to cater to a gallery, to a theater venue, to a concert venue, to whatever, to a publisher or so [...] within this particular framework there is something calling for a generosity and co-creation that is quite crucial [...] one of the ingredients within listening is a [...] generous practice [...] but at the same time there's always this perhaps dark back side of; in what way are we simply indoctrinate or used to listening as something that we do for free? Is that why we keep doing it for free? [...] listening in other circumstances is a question about surviving [...] but then again, in other places your listening is misused [...] a long-standing idea of the German museum and art didactic and theorist Bazon Brock.

[...] in the future, artists, writers, authors, directors will pay people to be an audience, to watch, to listen, to be present. [...] how can listening be, not writing about listening, [...] can the listening act itself be something that we value as having value as such, [...] There's something funny about the phrase of 'paying attention.' [...] interesting just thinking very literally to hear or to explore failures in listening, when listening fails, just to have kind of contrasting situations as to these more utopic notions of when listening works. [...] it's not a failure, it's the specificity. [...] So failure and originality in a sense, you could say, is pretty close sometimes. [...] trapped in some kind of loop of rejecting, resisting certain logics, both of product, but also of

production. And I'm not sure how to kind of fail good at that or fail bad. [...] we're like you say, very trapped in these logics of production and they're so ingrained in our ways of navigating the world so we will eventually fail at disrupting, [...] I'm never funny on command. [...] the qualities of forgetting. [...]

A conversation is possible when a lot of things are forgotten. [...] And I like this generous and caring and self-caring idea. If you want to enter into a playful conversation, it's also good sometimes to forget something, to not be good at things and be maybe a bit random and a bit silly and a bit irresponsible and forgetful. [...] one of the things that is ingrained in this production logic is to be serious and it has to be efficient and productive, [...] amused and failing is really important ways of countering these logistics of production. [...] we laughed so much because we had so many ideas, and then we rejected them and then we had other silly ideas and we rejected them. And then, but seriously, a good idea came out of that, which we would have never arrived at if we had just discussed the most serious plans. So going astray and playing around, being happy and playful with each other that's an important approach [...].

LINN HENRICHSON

No<sup>t</sup> <sup>e</sup>s <sup>D</sup>e<sup>s</sup> <sup>i</sup>n<sup>g</sup> the Anthol<sup>o</sup>gy

A loud format

Letters performing like

A silent cover

Columns  
shifting  
in shape  
forming  
sound waves

Paragraphs  
wavering  
alternating  
going  
sideways

Line breaks

and

size change

a s a s u g g e s t i o n

a s k i n g f o r y o u r

p r e c e n c e

a t t e n t i o n

p a r t i c i p a t i o n

An invitation  
to take notes

leave marks  
fill the blanks

# Acknowledgments

In what way is listening a cultivation of one's ability to acknowledge and give thanks to one's supportive structures and people? How may one's acknowledgement of support allow one to listen more carefully?

As an epilogue we would like to offer a collective and expanded acknowledgement of the contributions included and the general work surrounding this anthology.

We would like to acknowledge how very divergent conditions, structures and privileges have made the included contributions possible. Different circumstances and experiences have made not only the insights and expressions, but also one's ability to share possible. While the contributions are of many changing formats, they were all made possible through the offering of time, resources and attention. The contributions arise from both privilege and necessity.

We wish to acknowledge the material, possible contributions and voices, that could not be included in this edition. Limited ability to reach, know, and invite, but also because of limited resources to be reached, and listened to. We may always wonder how what we do not know affects what we know: How do the voices and contributions absent from this anthology affect what is present?

While we give thanks and acknowledge what supports and enables us, we also acknowledge our own labor for and struggle with this anthology as real.

Finally, we wish to acknowledge the efforts in exploring and promoting listening that preceded this anthology, and we express our gratitude for all the listening that is yet to come. We acknowledge how we exist within traditions and disciplines that others made possible.

This anthology is made by listeners.

We also wish to acknowledge our different support bases, whether it be families, friends, and/or other communities that make what we do possible. This thanks of support also goes out to all non-directly participating friends and collaborators who are still there with us. Perhaps, if we listen carefully enough, we may realize from how far away the support we receive has traveled - both in time and space. As we strive to be forces and beings able to listen to, carry and support others, we may listen with, for and to the forces (human and non-human) who too are carrying and supporting our existence and give them thanks.

Biographies

This anthology features predominantly self-written biographies by the contributors. Space constraints required concise descriptions, but we encourage exploring their expansive and diverse practices further.

ALEX MATROUZ (1989, he/him, Morocco) is a musician and performer, often taking to the streets and other non-institutionalized spaces to create and live. He is hesitating to offer more information. **Title of contribution:** Toilet Meditation on Listening *To listen is to digest.*

ALICIA RIOFRÍO, BERNADETT VINCZE, FREYA FLOCK, HELENE OLTMANN, MAYA ARONSON, VALENTÝNA JONÁOVÁ, VIKTOR TAMAS. We are humanities students from Roskilde University. Throughout our last semester project on listening, we individually and collectively realized the vast possibilities this practice offers when we attune to our bodies, each other, and our surroundings with care. **Title of contribution:** Collection of Questions and Seven Ways of Listening - a research extract *To listen is an awareness, a radical yet soft form of resistance.*

ANNA NACHER (1971. She/her. Poland). As a listener and sound practitioner I am interested in interstices and zones of in-betweenness, and transformations occurring between elements (especially water and air). I’m associate professor of digital culture and media theory and an avid permaculture practitioner. <http://breathlibrary.org>. **Title of contribution:** Αιμενικό Σώμα. Unwanted Listening: A Proof of Concept *To listen is to be present with whatever is emerging from moment to moment and to be courageous enough to hold space for it.*

ANNA ORLIKOWSKA (She/her. Poland/Netherlands) is a Warsaw-born artist based in Amsterdam. Her site-related work includes installation, performance, sculpture, video, drawing, text, and sound. She received her MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago as a New Artist Society Fellow. **Title of contribution:** Bee-ish Material - *Notes for Listening* translated from English to Polish and resonating within one A4 page - until becoming a bee hum. *To listen is to recognise the shifting lines between the animated and the inanimate.*

ATTUNEMENT BOARD (Bureau for Listening). Rather than an advisory board, Bureau for Listening is supported by an Attunement Board, with current members including performance artist Gry Worre Hallberg, Prof. Holger Schulze, artist Nana Francisca Schottländer, and poet Morten Søndergaard. **Title of contribution:** Group Conversation for Some Attunement *To listen is to attempt and stay curious to the practice of attunement.*

BARBORA KOVÁČOVÁ (1990. Slovakia) Bio intentionally blank. **Title of contribution:** Environments of Silence - Poetry of Silence / A Day when the Sea and Church Unite and the Landscape Performs its Own Liturgy / Resounding the Silence *To listen is to be present.*

BUDHADITYA CHATTOPADHYAY (He/They. The Netherlands/India) is an artist, researcher, writer, and theorist. Working across diverse media and incorporating creative technologies, Chattopadhyay produces exhibitions, installations, and live performances addressing issues of ecology and environmental justice, migration, race, and decoloniality. **Title of contribution:** Listening through the days and nights. *To listen is to give patient and empathic attention.*

BUREAU FOR LISTENING (2021-ongoing) is a platform and framework for researching and promoting listening as critical, empathic, and artistic practice. We work nomadic, transdisciplinary, and strive to engage others in shared practices and projects. The ‘bureau’ is both a concept, a methodology and an actual group of people working. [bureauforlistening.com](http://bureauforlistening.com) *To listen is an act of lobbying.*

CAMILA PROTO (1996. She/her. Brazil) is an artist and researcher exploring storytelling through multimedia installations, film-essays, and texts. She holds a Master’s in Visual Arts and is currently pursuing a PhD at the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro. **Title of contribution:** Notes for Future Landscapes or Screaming Reliefs. *To listen is to be open to what the world has to say.*

CECILIE PENNEY (1990. She/her. Denmark) is a visual artist and electronic music composer primarily working in digital media, video, sound, text, and installation. Drawing on (post)digital aesthetics, her practice examines social, linguistic and technological systems in society. **Title of contribution:** Between the Earth and the Moon, there is One Full Tone. *To listen is to give attention to a single thing or several things (at the same time).*

CHRISTINE HVIDT (1989. She/they. Denmark) is a multidisciplinary artist exploring symbiotic practices between people and planetary creatures, currently relating to farmlands through algorithmic organisms, listening and sound. She holds a MA from Artscience Interfaculty (NL), and a BA in Art and Technology (DK). **Title of contribution:** Listening with Darkness. *To listen is to lend your attention and time to grow generosity.*

CLARA MOSCONI (1995. She/her. Denmark/Italy) is an artist exploring voice, language, and bilinguality. Her work with paralinguistics stems from slowly losing her second language, Italian, prompting her to focus on creating relationships beyond rational language, and methodologies aimed at challenging the position of the linguistic outsider. **Title of contribution:** Paralinguistic Index *To listen is an interactivity, which produces and invents that which is heard and strengthens our worldly contact. It is unfolding the present moment and the opposite of the desired objectivity in the act of seeing.*

CLAUDIA LOMOSCHITZ (1987. She/her. Austria/Denmark) is a visual artist combining video, text, and performance to create tactile, counter-normative spatial settings. She studied at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna, where she works as lecturer, graduated her MA in Performance Studies at the University of Hamburg and studied at the Royal Danish Academy of Copenhagen. + **ANDREA GUNNLAUGSDÓTTIR** (1988. She/her. Iceland/Austria) is a dancer/choreographer/performer. Her works move between dance, performance and visual arts and often seek out formats beyond the stage. Andrea studied at the Salzburg Experimental Academy of Dance where she graduated with a major in choreography in 2014. **Title of contribution:** Listening to the Sky: Cumulus – figures of the elusive politics of the sky *To listen is to attune attentively to one’s perception.*

DANIELA MEDINA POCH (1992. She/her. Colombia) based in Bogotá-Berlin, explores ecological discourses through expanded listening and critical examination, challenging their universality and hierarchies. Her work spans research, performance, and everyday gestures, and is featured internationally. **Title of contribution:** Untamed Listening: Reflections on the Undomestication of our Listening Practices. *To listen is an attempt to deborder and de-other.*

DAVID HELBICH (1973. He/him. Belgium/Germany) is a composing sound, installation, visual, and performance artist who creates inter- and intro-active works for the stage, headphones, paper, and online media and in public space. [www.davidhelbich.be](http://www.davidhelbich.be) **Title of contribution:** Listening is a Performative Act *To Listen is to perform.*

XIMENA ALARCÓN (she/her. Colombia-UK) is a sound artist-researcher exploring sonic migrations and the resonances between borders we cross when listening. She creates telematic improvisations and interfaces for relational listening. She is a Deep Listening® tutor and holds a PhD in Music Technology. *To listen is embracing life as it sounds* +



ED MCKEON (1972. He/him. The United Kingdom) is a musician who neither performs nor composes, working at the intersections of music, theatre, installation, and performance. He has collaborated with artists from Pauline Oliveros to Heiner Goebbels and Shiva Feshareki to Brian Eno. He is a Postdoctoral Fellow at Birmingham City University.  
**Title of contribution:** Migration and Listening: Political Life in Motion  
*To listen is to be plural.*

EMILY SAGE AVERY (1994. She/her. United States) is a US-based sound artist with strong leanings in jazz, soul, and cinema. Her work is heavily influenced by her time growing up in Portugal, which has shaped her romantic and melancholic songwriting style. Sage’s creative practice is built on a foundation of innovation and emotional honesty. Her work finds new ways to communicate and express the complexities of what it means to be alive, diving deep into moments that feel fundamentally human.  
**Title of contribution:** Sounds of Serenity Garden.  
*To listen is to open the door to connection with the world, with an other, and with self.*

FEMKE DEKKER (Artist name Loma Doom. 1973. The Netherlands). As a sound-practitioner the core of my practice – both as an artist and as an educator – revolves around listening. In my sonic practice I seek outliers. It is a practice that avoids linearity, that goes towards a space where intuition and understanding meet through improvisation.  
**Title of contribution:** Department of Sounding – Manifesto  
*To listen is to tune into the potential of change.*

GIADA DALLA BONTÀ (1986. She/her. Italy, Germany, Denmark) is a researcher, curator and writer focusing on the intersection between sound, politics, art, underground and experimental practices. Based in Berlin and Copenhagen, she is a PhD fellow at the Sound Studies Lab, University of Copenhagen.  
**Title of contribution:** Murmuring Proximity – Attunement.  
*To listen is to be.*

GRY WORRE HALLBERG (1976. She/her/hers. Denmark) is the co-founder and artistic director of the performance group and movement Sisters Hope. She argues for the necessity of practices and spaces for aesthetic inhabitation in in order to transition into a more sustainable future. Her PhD is published by Ethics International Press as Inhabitation – A New Artistic Paradigm at the Intersection of Aesthetics and Ecology.  
**Title of contribution:** Listening to inner Landscapes - The Poetic Self Exercise  
*To listen is to travel deep.*

H2O SLUTCLUB (Frederikke Krebs Bahn and Marie Flarup Kristensen. 1995/1992. She/her. Denmark) is a music-performance-business-collective. Our sleepy universe uses rest and yawning as resistance to good old capitalism. Dressed in corporate feathers, we may look like a bunch of hardworking employees, but instead of creating financial profit, we cuddle and send cute text messages to each other. We hire aaaaaaaall the time and are therefore a fluid and agile crew. Sometimes BIG, sometimes small. Join our live-music-business-meeting and don’t forget to bring your business cards. Partner with us and make some hay!  
**Title of contribution:** Doggy Woof\_demo + Kontoret\_1  
*To listen is a hard job.*

HOLGER SCHULZE (1970. He/him. Denmark/Germany) is professor in musicology at the University of Copenhagen and principal investigator at the Sound Studies Lab. Publications: The Bloomsbury Handbook of the Anthropology of Sound (2021), Sonic Fiction (2021), The Sonic Persona (2018).  
**Title of contribution:** I Am Listening Now.  
*To listen is always different.*

INNEKE TAAL (1985. She/her. Australia/Netherlands). Taal’s sculptural practice combines multi-media installation and performance to explore embodied experiences and spatial relationships. She disrupts traditional presentations, questioning time and narrative using found objects, moving image, text, sound, and the body.  
**Title of contribution:** LOTE\_an\_extract.  
*To listen is to feel the shape of something; to listen to its echo in space.*

IRINI KALOGEROPOULOU (1998. She/her. Greece) is an interdisciplinary artist, researcher, and arts educator based in Athens, Greece. Her work focuses on sound art and participatory practices in public space, exploring themes of grief, absence, memory, urban dynamics, and the nuances of everyday life.  
**Title of contribution:** Cityphonic Walks - City Center For Just The Two Of Us  
*To listen is a form of poetry in action.*

ISRAEL MARTÍNEZ (1979. He/him. Mexico) works from sound to the visual arts, often with influences from literature, creating works and projects materialized in multichannel audio installations, video, photography, actions and text, trying to generate critical social reflections and to explore some aesthetic and political possibilities of silence.  
**Title of contribution:** Stealthy and Silent  
*To listen is opening a necessary pause.*

JACOB ERIKSEN (1985. He/him. Denmark) is an artist, curator, researcher. Director of Sound Art Lab and Struer Tracks, lecturer at Sound Studies and Sonic Arts at UdK Berlin. Focuses on artistic engagement through sound and listening as drivers for artistic expression and knowledge production.  
**Title of contribution:** Listing for Prepositional Listening.  
*To listen is to be actively open toward the others.*

JORGIE INGRAM (2000. She/her. United States) uses movement, imagination, and sensing to facilitate an expansion of what we believe to be possible of us and the space around us. We imagine and create tangible environments that support us; with emphasis in somatic practice and mindfulness, Jorgie enacts this through dance research and performance, choreography, writing, multimedia art-making practices, creative consultation, and project management.  
**Title of contribution:** Recipe #3 - for listening, for expansion  
*To listen is to expand time and possibility.*

KATARINA BLOMQVIST (1969. She/her. Finland) is an audio documentary director and artist-researcher at the Department of Film, Aalto University School of Arts, Design and Architecture, Finland. With an MA in Philosophy, she explores listening as both an artistic and philosophical practice in her documentary audio art.  
**Title of contribution:** Beyond the Microphone: Detecting Essences, Variations and Non-Variations.  
*To listen is to aspire to an attentive attunement and ethical engagement with another person.*

KRISTOFFER RAASTED (1988. He/him. Denmark) is a visual artist focused on sound. Educated at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, he is pursuing a practice-based Ph.D. His work explores voice studies and queer theory through singing, DJing, broadcasting, and writing.  
**Title of contribution:** Lyrics  
*To listen is part of vocalizing.*

LAU ANDERSSON (1999. He/Him. Denmark). Composer.  
**Title of contribution:**A Phenomenology of Grief.  
*To listen is to surrender.*

LINDA LAPIŅA (1985. She/they/it. Latvia/Denmark). I am a knowledge worker and a mover. Listening is at the heart of both practices. I work as an associate professor of Cultural Encounters at Roskilde University, where I aim to co-create spaces for a plurality of ways of knowing.  
**Title of contribution:** Invocations for Listening with ☐Through Flesh  
*To listen is to be in touch.*

LINN HENRICHSON (1993. She/her. Finland/Denmark) is a visual artist and graphic designer who works mainly with various forms of printed matter.  
*To listen is to be open to the worlds of others*  
  
**A LISTENER** (– . – / – .) A pseudonym.  
**Title of contribution:** Some Sentences for Listening from a Listener’s Diary.  
*To listen is a refined time wasting practice.*

LOUISE VIND NIELSEN (1984. Mixed. Born in Denmark, based in Hamburg) is an artist whose work explores the mystery of how we listen and perceive our surroundings, as well as the interrelations between humans, other creatures and machines. In a diverse artistic practice that combines sound, performance and image with elements of mythology, psychology and social engagement, she seeks to explore complex themes with an obscure and humorous approach.  
**Title of contribution:** Hunting Dog  
*To listen is an attempt to find orientation and connection with ourselves, our surroundings, and other creatures in the daily moshpit we are immersed in.*

MARIE THAMS (1982. She/her. Denmark) is a visual artist working in installation, sculpture, sound, film, poetry and performance. She is educated at Schools of Visual Arts, Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, Copenhagen and Goldsmiths, London. Her work is part of Danish National Gallery’s and Aalborg Municipality’s Art Foundation’s collections.  
**Title of contribution:** A Tone or Two.  
*To listen is to tune into the world, to stay porous and in movement.*

MARKUS LIPSØE (He/him. Denmark). My work asks, what is or what could be happening at any given moment. To look at the world as itself being a maker of art, and our role being to simply notice. To find, figure out and share the tools that make this happen.  
**Title of contribution:** Un Air.  
*To listen is to receive knowledge without talking about the things of this world, how they exist, how they are — how you can’t refuse them.*

MORTEN POULSEN (1990. He/him. Denmark) explores how we are embedded in socio-political structures, focusing on gender, power relations, and the environment. Central to his work is the idea of listening as a transformative activity with the potential to (re)form the listener(s).  
**Title of contribution:** At lytte gennem et folkemord  
*To listen is an intangible, intersubjective and transformative activity; it's about attunementand entanglements, about coming together and being together; the auditory is a space we share, and carries with it a responsibility for understandings of subjectivities, privileges and limitations. In such spaces, listening is an economy of attention-giving-and-taking which prompts us to consider what and who is not being heard and what re-hearing might do to our self-understandings*

MORTEN SØNDERGAARD (1966. Denmark) is a curator and associate professor of media art and sound art at Aalborg University, Denmark. MS generally works with media and sound in transdisciplinary, constructive, critical and creative maker settings and developing theory and ideas from those settings.  
**Title of contribution:** The Social Listening Deficit: Sound Art as Resistance.  
*To listen is to listen is to listen...*

NACHO ROMÁN (1976. Spain) is a sound artist working in experimental electronics, field recordings, and ambient music, blending organic and synthetic elements. A founding member of the Nóxodos Contemporary Art Collective, and coordinator of the Vestíbulo label.  
**Title of contribution:** El valor relativo del paso del tiempo (The relative value of the passage of time).  
*To listen is one the most profound experiences for a human being.*

NANA FRANCISCA SCHOTTLÄNDER (1977. She/they. Denmark) is a transdisciplinary artist working in the intersection between performance, choreography and installation exploring co-creational potentials and intimate encounters between human and more-than-human worlds and bodies.  
**Title of contribution:** (R)evolutionary Training  
*To listen is to stay open to the questions rather than answering them.*

NANNA HAUGE KRISTENSEN (1980. She/her. Denmark). Nanna’s work moves in the intersection of audio documentary, art, and anthropology. What attracts her, both as a creator and as a listener, are intimate, sensory and open-ended explorations. Her audio pieces have been broadcasted on BBC3, BBC4, Danish Radio and so on, and have been honored with several international awards.  
**Title of contribution:** An Echo of Moria.  
*To listen is to be intimate with existence.*

NINA PARSONS (1991. She/her. Denmark) is a visual artist who works primarily within photography and moving image. With her work, she strives to create a visual narrative that is bound by documented memories and fictional scenarios, thereby creating a bridge between what is factual and what is not.  
**Title of contribution:** Three Photographs for Listening  
*To listen is to pause.*

OFICINA DE AUTONOMIA is a loose collective of artists, performers, writers and musicians, focusing on practices of voice, locality and social transformation.  
**Title of contribution:** The Listening Strike - Manifesto  
*To listen is waiting.*

OLIVIA SCOTT FLYNN (1994. She/they. United States/Denmark) is a multidisciplinary artist, designer, and researcher using design and storytelling for social change. With a queer, feminist perspective, her work spans spatial design, food systems, and community co-creation, focusing on equity and lived experiences. Based in Copenhagen, she also has roots in Brooklyn and Michigan.  
**Title of contribution:** Landscapes of Listening.  
*To listen is to witness, with no agenda and abundant curiosity.*

RIKKE LUND HEINSEN (1967. She/her. Denmark). I am a researcher, a teacher, a performing art person, a pedagogue. For many years, my main interest and work has been situated around young students at the National Danish School of Performing Arts and the Rhythmic Music Conservatoire as well as around national and international trans-aesthetic and cross-disciplinary projects and workshops. Mainly within performing arts and music.  
**Title of contribution:** An Essay on Listening – or about listening or about getting lost  
*To listen is to believe in other people, time, situations and yourself.*

SAMUEL BRZESKI (1988. He/him. United Kingdom/Norway) is an artist and writer based in Bergen, Norway. He works with language as raw material—moulding, stretching and transforming texts on screens, through speakers, in performance, on the page and within speech sound.  
**Title of contribution:** Tips of the Sung.  
*To listen is to be on the lookout between sound and sense.*

SASCHA ALEXANDER (1998. They/she. Denmark). Working with performance and sound across media, my practice exists in the emotional and sensory dimensions of electronics. The body is in the core of listening; it is always sounding, always responding to something.  
**Title of contribution:** ... ..  
*To listen is.. ...to follow a spectral presence into the woods, lose it, re-find it, and the pattern repeats.*

STIJN DICKEL (1974. He/him. Belgium) started his artistic listening research as a musician-performer with Jan Fabre/Troubleyn. For 20 years Stijn has been artistic director at listening arts organization aifoon. For aifoon, listening is a critical and co-creative tool to achieve an artistic, social and cultural dialogue.  
**Title of contribution:** Selection of Listening Scores  
*To listen is to feel\_\_\_ and being moved...*

SUVANI SURI (1987. She/Her. India) is an artist and curator based in New Delhi, India. She works with sound, text and intermedia assemblages that think through modes of listening and voicing. Of late she has been preoccupied by notions of delay, lag, real time, belatedness and forever feeling out of time.  
**Title of contribution:** ~ swirling earworms~  
*To listen is to be with without.*

TANJA HYLLING DIERS (1983. She/her. Denmark) is a Copenhagen and Malmö based artist and Ph.d-student at Lund University & Malmö Theatre Academy with a project that investigates how practices of listening and care can contribute to new knowledge in performing arts centered around lived experience.  
**Title of contribution:** Listening under the Moon.  
*To listen is a necessity in life and art.*

THE LISTENING ACADEMY is an independent research academy focusing on listening as a philosophical, artistic, social and somatic issue. This includes bringing together individual approaches and work, and creating opportunities for material exploration and building new collaborations.  
**Title of contribution:** Notes for Listening from the Listening Academy.  
*To listen is to (re)learn.*

TINA MARIANE KROGH MADSEN (1977. They/them/theirs. Denmark) is an artist and researcher who works between performance art, sound, and matter, in a mode of practicing and collaborating with philosophy and nonhuman agency. Madsen is also a certified Deep Listening facilitator.  
**Title of contribution:** A Methodology for Geological Listening: An Experiential Field Approach.  
*To listen is affective and relational!*

TJELLE ESROM RAUNKJÆR (1994. He/him. Denmark) is a visual artist and artistic researcher. Graduated in 2024 from Malmö Art Academy with a master in Fine Art Artistic Research. His work often takes forms of performance, installation, texts and textile.  
**Title of contribution:** The Last Eurovision.  
*To listen is a political decision of where to direct your attention.*

TYLER RAI (1991. She/her. United States) is a dance artist, writer, and producer exploring connections between grief, cultural inheritances, and ecological change through performance and sound. She is currently based on the traditional lands of the Amah Mutsun, Ohlone, Awaswas, and Muwekma nations, and is an MFA candidate at UC Santa Cruz for Environmental Art and Social Practice.  
**Title of contribution:** Glacial Hauntings and Seismic Signals: An Exercise in Quantum Listening  
*To listen is to change and be changed.*

VIVIAN CACCURI (1986. She/her. Brazil) is a Rio de Janeiro-based artist, creates installations, performances, and drawings that explore how sound disorients daily experiences, inspires new ways of living, and shapes power dynamics. Her work emphasizes the often overlooked impact of sound.  
**Title of contribution:** Silent Walk: Between What’s Here and the Process of Becoming Intimately Acquainted.  
*To listen is to be porous to emotions and thoughts.*

# Reading List for Listening

The following is a proposed list for further readings on/for/with/around the subject of listening, compiled with help from the contributors. This is by no means an exhaustive list. There exist many more, and other, resources (also in languages other than English).

Ahmed, S. (2007). *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others*. Durham: Duke University Press.

Atkinson, F., Bismuth, J., Kaplan, S. & Sérandour, Y. (eds.) (2019). *Speaking and Listening*. Rennes: Shelter Press.

Barlow, A. (ed.) (2016). *What Now? The Politics of Listening*. London: Black Dog Publishing.

Belinfante, S. & Kohlmaier, J. (eds.) (2016). *The Listening Reader*. London: Cours de Poétique.

Bickford, S. (1996). *The Dissonance of Democracy: Listening, Conflict, and Citizenship*. New York: Cornell University Press.

Biserna, E. (ed.) (2022). *Going Out: Walking, Listening, Soundmaking*. Brussels: umland editions.

Blessner, B. & Salter, L.-R. (2007). *Spaces speak, are you listening? Experiencing aural architecture*. Cambridge, Massachusetts and London: MIT Press.

Bonnet, F. J. (2021). *The Music to Come*. Rennes: Shelter Press.

Brown, A. M. (2017). *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing World*. Chico, California: AK Press.

Brown, A. M. (2021). *Holding Change: The Way of Emergent Strategy Facilitation and Mediation*. Chico, California: AK Press.

Cage, J. (1973) [1961]. *Silence. Lectures and Writings*. Middletown: Wesleyan University Press.

Campt, T. (2017). *Listening to Images*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Carlyle, A. & Lane, C. (eds.) (2013). *On Listening*. Devon: Uniform Books.

Chattopadhyay, B. (2020). *The Nomadic Listener*. Berlin: Errant Bodies Press.

Dobson, A. (2014). *Listening for Democracy: Recognition, Representation, Reconciliation*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

English, L. (2017). *Relational Listening: A Politics of Perception*. In: Contemporary Music Review 36:1-16.

Farinati, L. & Firth, C. (2017). *The Force of Listening*. Berlin: Errant Bodies Press.

Fiumara, G. C. (1990). *The Other Side of Language: A philosophy of listening*. London: Routledge.

Ghouse, N. & Holmes, B. (eds.) (2022). *An Archaeology of Listening: Coming to Know*. Volume 2. Berlin: Archive Books.

Glissant, É. (2010) [1990]. *Poetics of Relation*. Trans. Betsy Wing. Michigan: Michigan University Press.

Graham, C. (2023). *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars*. Berlin: Errant Bodies Press.

Grose, A. & Young, R. B. (2022). *Uneasy Listening. Notes on Hearing & Being Heard*. London: MACK.

Guerra, L. (2022). *Wandering Echoes: Handbook of Operative Losses*. Berlin: Errant Bodies Press.

Ingold, T. (2011). *Being Alive: Essays on Movement, Knowledge and Description*. London: Routledge.

Israel, M. (2022). *Dead People Whispering*. Berlin: Errant Bodies Press.

Krause, B. (2012). *The Great Animal Orchestra: Finding the Origins of Music in the World's Wild Places*. New York: Little, Brown and Company.

LaBelle, B. (2014). *Lexicon of the Mouth. Poetics and Politics of Voice and the Oral Imaginary*. New York: Bloomsbury.

LaBelle, B. (2021). *Acoustic Justice. Listening, Performativity, and the Work of Reorientation*. New York: Bloomsbury.

LaBelle, B. (2022). *Radical Sympathy*. Berlin: Errant Bodies Press.

LaBelle, B. (ed.) (2023). *The Listening Biennial Reader*. Berlin: Errant Bodies Press.

Lipari, L. (2014). *Listening, Thinking, Being: Toward an Ethics of Attunement*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.

Løkkegaard, N. L. (2020). *Anthology of Sound*. Self-published.

McRae, C. (2020). *Performative Listening. In: The Handbook of Listening*. Worthington, D. & Graham, B. (eds.) New York: Wiley.

Nancy, J.-L. (2007) [2002]. *Listening*. Trans. Charlotte Mandell. New York: Fordham University Press.

Nirta, C., Philoppoulos-Mihalopoulos, A., Mandic, D., & Pavoni, A. (Eds.) (2023). *Law and the Senses: HEAR*. (Law and the Senses). London: University of Westminster Press..

Oliveros, P. (1973). *Sonic Meditations*. Smith Publications.

Oliveros, P. (2005). *Deep Listening. A Composer's Sound Practice*. Kingston: Deep Listening Publications.

Oliveros, P. (2022) [2010]. *Quantum Listening*. Lima: Ignota Books.

Preciado, P. B. (2021) [2020]. *Can the Monsters Speak?* Trans. Frank Wynne. London: Fitzcarraldo Editions.

Robinson, D. (2020). *Hungry Listening: Resonant Theory for Indigenous Sound Studies*. Minneapolis, Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press.

Schafer, R. M. (1994). *The Soundscape: Our Sonic Environment and the Tuning of the World*. Rochester, VT: Destiny Books.

Shah, R. (2021). *Experiments in Listening*. London: Rowman & Littlefield.

Strauss, C. F. (ed.) (2016). *Slow Reader*. Amsterdam: Valiz.

Strauss, C. F. (ed.) (2021). *Slow Spatial Reader - Chronicles of Radical Affection*. Amsterdam: Valiz.

Tsing, A. L. (2015). *The Mushroom at the End of the World: On the Possibility of Life in Capitalist Ruins*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

Twemlow, A. (ed.) (2021). *Listening: Research Method in Art and Design*. The Hague: Royal Academy of Art (KABK).

van Maas, S. (ed.) (2015). *Thresholds of Listening: Sound, Technics, Space*. New York: Fordham University Press.

Voegelin, S. (2010). *Listening to Noise and Silence. Towards a Philosophy of Sound Art*. New York: Continuum.

Voegelin, S. (2018). *The Political Possibility of Sound: Fragments of Listening*. London: Bloomsbury Academic.

Lockwood, A. & Anderson, R. (2021). *Hearing Studies*. Red Hook, New York: Open Space.

A NOTE ON THE USE OF QR CODES

In this publication, we have incorporated several QR codes to connect readers with multimedia content, such as audio pieces and video. QR codes offer a convenient, contemporary way to bridge the physical and digital, although we recognize that technology evolves quickly. While books as a medium and technology have demonstrated their longevity, there may come a time when databases or software changes render the QR codes inactive. We have taken every step possible to ensure the durability of these links and are committed to preserving their accessibility. Our hope is that the contributions linked to through these QR codes will continue to have a presence beyond the pages of this book, adapting creatively and resiliently to future technological changes.

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