

[INSERT NAME OF INSTALLATION]: *The Score*

Setting the scene

A small basement in the Nieuwe Doelenstraat building of Amsterdam's city centre, home to the University of Amsterdam's departments of Theatre as well as Music Studies. The twelve squared metred, subterranean room is accessed by descending a steep and squeaky staircase and further through a heavy, steel-barred vault door. Its two most prominent features are its flickering light, and the middle wall that divides, although not fully, the room's acoustics in two.

Our decision to work with this particular locale was based on the atmosphere that emanated from the broken, flickering light. While the metaphorical potency of this light will surely not go unnoticed by an engaged audience expecting a 'sonic artwork', it was not a failure of light that convinced this aesthetic inclination. More than a deficiency, this luminary volatility seemed an especially apt agent of contingency and chaotic otherness. As a source of contingent light radiation, it was an element beyond our control. This particular lighting therefore grants us a foothold, a tether, to purposefully situate our installation, insofar that this contingent presence demanded to be related to and accounted for.

The undependability of the light suited the stark, subterranean space. Namely, as a former vault the room had most likely seen better, more esteemed days. And in its extended disuse, an aura of spectrality had fallen over the room. The presence of ghosts, or other spectres, begs us to listen more closely. Attending to ghosts, then, entails mapping and imaging them; bringing back into the fold the untimely presences that have been abjectly denounced by the normativity of the worldly. As any fan of the paranormal knows, this requires a set of tools to see and hear, to register. Ghost hunters use a variety of tools ranging from Electromagnetic Field (EMF) detectors to radio scanners, so as to textually render spectral energy into meaningful metrics; into words and into worldly sense. But what may potentially escape the ghost hunter is that technologies are not reflective of spectrality, they inflect it. The intervention of technologies - of EMFs and radio scanners; of speakers, headphones and flickering lights; and even the technology of writing displayed right here and now - probe into an environment and inflect it. When Ana Maria Ochoa Gautier speaks of "the sonorous manifest[ing] a particular form of spectrality in its acoustics," she means it precisely to the extent that this inflective element of technology and representation is capable of (re)affirming or (re)configuring the very spectrality these representations aim to negate (2014: 8).

All of this talk of ghost hunting aside, haunted spaces alter the way in which we hear. Auditory hallucinations can abound, and any trust we might

The layout

The space is divided in two equal parts by a wall, with two narrow openings just before either end meets the wall perpendicular to it. The area furthest from the entrance (B-zone) has a leftover, makeshift shelved structure, its back and sides tucked neatly in the walls' alcove construction. Two old, cathode-ray tube televisions with 4:3 aspect ratios are lying about on the shelves, as well as a DVD player. They were already there and will likely outlast the installation; to remove them would constitute a sterilising gesture that seems at odds with our conception of sonic space. The B-zone has no lighting, save for that which spills over from the flickering lamp attached to the ceiling of the area closest to the entrance (A-zone). The B-zone is dark, but it's 'enough' to navigate the installation space. The A-zone is empty of materials extraneous to the installation. The A-zone will feature the second track (T-2) as well as sound pockets 1 (P-1) and 2 (P-2). B-zone will feature T-1 (aka "Sound Body") and P-3.

Acoustically, the division at work in the room is seemingly two-fold in accordance with the walled division. But in keeping with sound's character, the aural experience of the installation space is far more complex than a simple binary. Not only because the openings in the wall allow for sound to easily penetrate the space of the other, but because the installation happens in at least five (sub)spaces. That is, the 'pockets' of sound are somewhat isolated aural spaces, with P-1 and P-2 literally boxed in and insulated while the experience of P-3 proceeds through a set of over-ear headphones.

Principally, this installation aims to steer the audience towards an awareness of the immediate situationality of their affective experience. That once one sets foot in the installation, one ceases to observe and becomes active and participatory to the experience. We do this by situating the sonic impulses in multiple aural spaces; by not explicitly marking all the elements that make this installation up; by leaving the space cloaked in contingent and barely sufficient illumination; and lastly, by simply having the tracks (T-1 and T-2) be of far longer duration than most audience members will likely spend their time in this installation space, or dare I say spaces.

One may not find all the sonic pockets, or simply may not want to. If one does, one may explore those pockets with a calm ambient background, while another may be rushed by the urgent pounding of 150 beats per minute (bpm) battering on the outside of one's aural immersion. It will not be possible for anyone to have the same experience. This is most definitely a banal statement, of course, after half a century of social (de)construction. But this installation is not about the subjective, for the latter maintains a possibility of control over the objective, simply by asserting the shared baseline of an objective realm. In a world of sound, however, this baseline is always precarious. That is the point! And rather than immediately reappropriating this relationship by politicising or philosophically absolutising this precarity, this installation's form - its acoustically complex, yet highly situated composition - merely relates the vulnerability of this baseline. And to that end, there is no sense in being coy, for even when we flat out tell you this very idea of in P-3, this precarity is still just there. Whether one realises it or not, whether one takes anything away from it or not, in the audience's very mitigation of space, sound and sense in this manner lies our very purpose.

The components

On the top shelf of the wooden case in the B-zone, we have, on its own channel input, a bookshelf stereo speaker playing track #1. It's a 46-minute electronic music piece featuring a variety of crisp, sine wave ambient arrangements alternated by beat-heavy acid techno sections. In the A-zone, above the entrance, the sister bookshelf speaker plays track #2, it too on its own channel. T-2 is a 13-minute track that is arguably less subtle about what it aims to be, insofar that it majoritively comprises a fast-paced, 150-bpm techno layer, with crisp beats. It's augmented by a melodic background click and the urgent register of ambient drone produced to favour enveloping depth.

The tracks are timed such that they carefully overlap. This overlap is not total however; it's slight. Specifically, when T-1 is at 40.25, T-2 starts playing. When T-2 ends another 4 minutes and 33 seconds of silence occur, before T-1 starts once again. The tracks are lengthened from their original recordings, so as to allow them to play on a proper loop.

In a crescendo of reorientation, the two zones start playing music against each other and forces the listener to mitigate several musical lines and spaces. The tracks play against one another, that is, insofar that their respective speeds are disproportionate and this incongruence is deemed to be dissatisfying to ears accustomed to the dominant musical climate. When T-2 is at 40.25, the tertiary pulse starts to come

in with increasing punch, that is in addition to an already heavy beat and fast-moving, high-pitched melody. At this point these three elements are joined by T-1's relentless 150 bpm on the other side of the installation space. While it is at least confusing and at most annoying and/or distressing to those in the room at that time, the effect of the overlap's full force only lasts a minute. After which, the primary beat and secondary melody dissipate, leaving only the tertiary pulse. This pulse, in turn, soon after gives way to an ambient wave that is more likely to play nice with T-2's beats. This dynamic maintains the undertones of the bpm incongruence, which is subliminally registered or noticeable only to highly trained musical ears. The ambient outro of T-2 - its synthesised, unceasing, high vocal notes backed by more industrial drone work - is now the counterweight to T-1, until it dies out and T-2 takes over entirely.

T-2 has now proceeded into its own ambient register: a melancholy sine wave supported by a faint, fast-paced click moving side-to-side. An ambient sine wave, like the one in T-2, is a perfect measure of focus and perspective: done right, it has the ability to inflect the world by enacting a frame with its own centre of gravity. This becomes especially astute when T-2 reintroduces its 150 bpm within this frame: for the first time, these beats are raised up from under the ambient wave and stand isolated in acute aural presence, being unimpeded by alien factors - factors like T-1's sonic inference or associative memories of '90s happy hardcore for example. Crisp and stout, and furthermore in a tempo usually enjoyed only by a niche of electronic music listeners, these beats engender a genuinely beautiful incarnation of 'less is more'. And this is earned, derived entirely from the work done by the ambient frame that sets it up. This is the relational balance at musical play here, one that is accrued after processes of mitigation by the endurance of the track and listener alike. The beats are finally swallowed, until only the melodic click remains. The latter ultimately giving out to 4 minutes and 33 minutes of silence, until the loop of the entire T-1 + T-2 experience, which comes in just shy of an hour, starts all over again.

Track #1 (T-1 aka SOUND BODY)

As its title suggests, SOUND BODY addresses the intersection of both sound and body. As a musical work steeped in traditions of techno music, one such intersection that comes to mind is dance. While supported by the low lighting, this genre determination between musical input and bodily reaction is bound to be considered inconsistent to the perceived perceptions that are involved in the social and genre conventions of the installation medium, the building's function, and the immediate space of the basement call for. In this way, listeners are forced to mitigate the boundaries of genre convention. In short, to reorient. And this pattern of reorientation is affirmed not only through determinations from without. The sounds, in equal measure, demand this consideration as these danceable "techno-moments" emerge out of an ambient framework.

While as a linear musical work, the piece may feel fairly traditional in isolation, this linearity, which stands by one's attention to its evolution, is undermined by the manner in which the audience comes to SOUND BODY. As such, one of our exhibit's objectives - capturing sonic (re)orientation - is achieved by scattering sound across the exhibit space through different speakers - some of which would require bodily action such as climbing or crouching to access, as we'll see later in P-1 and -2. In fact, the very project of listening is frustrated by the ways in which the traditional orientation of a listening body towards/within sound is troubled. Namely, the duration of SOUND BODY is likely to be longer than an average occupant of the installation. Alternatively, the audience member may be exposed to only a fraction of SOUND BODY and instead be exposed more to T-1, the overlap of the two tracks, or silence altogether. The fragmented make up of spaces, moreover, makes it so that SOUND BODY is often cast on the outside of the immediate aural topography at work in the 'sonic pockets'. Thus, a listener would at no time hear SOUND BODY as if they were listening to it from start to finish with full attention.

This installation involves an ethos that departs from passive observation. One has to work for the experience, for at any given moment there may be either too little or too much sound. Sound exceeds our

capacity to understand it as the singular noun we tend to reduce it to. It makes the relationship between ear, body, sound and space not only complicated, but potentially *exhausts* it as a means of orientation or gathering of information. SOUND BODY, like the installation in general, ostensibly presents itself as if it's a puzzle to be solved. But in fact, the exhibited format only the calls for decisions in the face of mitigative reorientations that displace processes of sonic sense-making from a locus of ear-brain to an elsewhere of the body, and even to question of what elements are involved in what we perceive to be embodied listening.

Track #2 (T-2 aka "The 150 BPM Piece")

Aptly named the 150bpm piece, it serves as both a potential complement and an escape to the space in which it is being played. The piece would interject and conflict with the slower more textural ambient work in SOUND BODY. The main drive of the piece is a relentless kick which follows every beat, with one sole sound it appears to occupy both the space it is in both sonically and physically; it leaves no room or space for much else. It is commanding and controlling, and in combination with the distorted low-end bass sound fills up the room with a certain tremble. Music which focuses on these kinds of frequencies affects and disorients not solely through the ears, but through tactile and physical means. Yet despite the space which this piece sonically occupies, its madness and intensity does not allow one to zone themselves out to it. To further add to this disorientation the kick will disappear and return both in beat and off-beat (both early and late). The heavier more traditionally based techno rhythm is followed by an ambient soundscape. The scape swells in an increasingly more dynamic way, as a reminder that it is still part of the same 150bpm piece. The piece finishes with a series of clicks which move between the right and left channel, which would have corresponded to the two speakers in the room. By continuously moving it gives this sense that the listener is being surrounded and is constantly reminded of their position within the room. The volume of these clicks slowly increases and decreases, meaning it would interject at random moments, as if it was slowly creeping up and affecting one's experience within the space.

The Secret Pockets

What we have termed secret pockets of sound are simply recordings of short texts, or speeches rather, that are somewhat veiled, or at least are not in earshot and therefore not passively audible. This relative inaudibility is safeguarded by their harbouring in aural spaces that are, at least most of time, unsensible to listeners on the outside of these harbours as they are preoccupied with T-1 and -2. We call these aural spaces pockets because they are indivisible from extended space, whilst not being reducible to the latter. We call them pockets because pockets display the fault line of this paradox of inclusion and independence. Because pockets are not reduction, but productions, they involve a "participation without belonging" that produces something "larger than the whole" (Derrida & Ronell 1980: 59). Because pockets are comprised of lines, born from folds and creases, and a "characteristic of folds and creases is that they emerge from the surfaces they are formed, but never part from them" (Ingold 2019: 55).

These pockets cement the themes of the installation. Through different sound registers and speaker placement we are forced to reorient, to actively mitigate these sonic, sense data. Through different bodily connections and disconnection, both medial and our own, this re-orientative mitigation is extended over into our technologies. If we have to reorient, we are made to answer, simply, what connections are involved in our understanding, our sense-making: from the supposedly unassuming technologies (the cables, the black box of wireless connections, electricity, the headphones and speakers, the foam) to the inflective and assuming (conventions, sensory input, language). The ideal take-away then is that even the unassuming is never just that; that by being implicated by an installation whose possibilities outlast someone's capability of exhausting them, the intricately productive in sound is highlighted over processes that aim to reduce sound.

And so, the listener is spoken to, directly in parts, in an attempt to draw them into both the experiment and the narrative itself. To do so, the speeches are written with a mind to be read out, to be performed. It thus focuses on a cadence, format and appliance of poetic devices more for an aural use than for a visual one. Especially, the use of repetition is employed to produce the feel of circularity that is so vital in music as well as knowledge practices. This circularity allows us to play these pieces on a loop continuously, but more so, repetition is just simply necessary to retain attention when it comes to sonic information. This attention is accordingly structured. P-3, in headphone isolation, is least susceptible to interruption. It, therefore, features the most direct address to the listener and the least amount of repetitive tropes. P-1 has a clear refrain because interruption is embedded into its construction. Consequently, it raises questions more than theses. Written by a consummate fiction writer, P-2 is an exquisite exercise of poetic prosody that manifest what the sonic rendering of text demand in the fulfillment of poetry's medium affordances. P-2 epitomises the poetic devices mention above.

Spoken word, furthermore, as employed here arguably functions as a middle ground medium between a more critical approach to sound, whilst simultaneously being faithful to the relational, mobile aesthetics of sound. An aesthetic that is untethered from the rigidity and ideality of script, and instead is visceral and immediate. It was important then, as another intersection of sound and body, that these pockets are secret, on an inside that leave something else out. For this inside rendered an intimacy, one that can be confrontational both in a warm or unnerving sense, but one that always demands to be related to. This is enhanced by a tone of voice that is soft, whispered almost; it is why so many question marks pervade these speeches. They beg to be related to; they demand it.

In this sense too, spoken word serves as yet another line - a line between artistic (dis)association and semantic precision - that requires mitigation from both a listener's as well as our authorial perspective. Walking this line, it seemed at times to us a pointless exercise being coy about where we want people's imaginations to take off to. And while this line is rife with the risks of cliché, as well as a lack of awareness of self and genre, we are more than happy to yield to these risks so that we may favour an honestly emphatic and vulnerable space that is neither robustly avant-garde nor rigorously critical. It's why we gravitate towards sound in the first place, and why it has arisen after the age of deconstruction and post-structuralism: because where the latter map the volatility of power itself, sound represents an age that has shifted to a focus to the vulnerabilities in power's effects.

Sonic Pocket #1 (P-1)

To the right of the entrance, in the A-zone, a small wooden box hangs on the wall at a height of 100cm. Under it sits a chair. In view of the chair, a mere metre away, stands an empty mason jar with its lid closed. The wooden box is 12x10x5cm (height x width x depth). The back panel has a space carved out so that it exactly fits a small JBL Go portable bluetooth speaker. A cable runs out the back with a power bank connected to it. The latter rests on a wooden ledge, an intermediary wood strip that actually forms the attachment to the wall, as well as what the box is actually nailed onto. This construction allows us to access the speaker most easily, whilst covering the elements in play. The front panel has the silhouette of an ear carved out. Black markings around it read "Lend me your ear." Through remote bluetooth access, the small portable speaker sitting inside plays a recording of 3 minutes and 27 seconds on a continuous loop.

This is what it says:

“I guess the question, it remains, over and over and time and again, what is it we do when we address sound? The sonic field is angled, so that everyone comes at it differently and often does not remain, faced there with its lack of formal methods. We can say its epistemic is uncertain, because our object escapes our grasp. Never entirely, for there is no entirety that resounds with us. But that’s just it. It cannot help but be partial: partially mode of sense-making; partially mediated; partially mediating; partially filtered and partially heard; partially known, partially part-taken. Lend me your ear, and I’ll whisper secrets through the noise.

This space lies in wait until a sonic pocket emerges with the intrusion of your lobe, enacted enclosure. Is this the blink of an ear that Sound Studies so eagerly was to deny? And the question, it remains, over and again, what is it, sound? It is young, this academic smile upon opportune aurality. But is it right, this energetic and undisciplined discipline happily suspended over the zeal of its non-foundationalism? With a heaved sigh of relief, sound breaks the surface up from underneath. Yet, it does so from academic practice more than anything else. Because sound does not free us, it binds to the air, technology, the ear, the math, the ontologies we need to examine. It directs us anew. The question, it remains, over, again, what is it we do?

Keep me that ear. So, what do we commit to? You ask me again; “Yes, this sound of yours.” I heard you the first time. I think. I think you take knowing for granted. What is it we do when we know? It’s not this jar we have, loosen the lid of, and look into. Knowing is doing. Insofar I may arrogate this present epistemic moment, I know the quality of your knowing right now. Where you’re looking, the noise that’s battering the ear that your attention is so desperately seeking to forgo. How can you not be a body that’s knowing? A listening body, a musicking body, or maybe even a dancing body. Knowing is not untethering that which is situated, it is knowing what is. You can’t always take it with you. Forget the jar. Close your eyes. It doesn’t work in here. The lights are out. I guess the question, it remains, again, what is it we’re doing when we address sound?

I keep asking, because the effects keep multiplying. The acoustics are not resonating, it is diffracting. But not in importance is it diffracting. We have to chase it, rather. If we’re up for it. Chasing the devil’s details in the wholesome act of accounting for them. “In effect, [sound] leads away from itself,” Douglas Kahn would say, indeed, “a very nebulous notion of methodology, but also something that kicks in before methodology.” Yes, reverb is a difficult task. I’m glad you’re smiling upon it. The question, it remains.”

Sonic Pocket #2 (P-2)

Left of the entrance, in the A-zone, on the opposite end of P-1, sits another wooden box in the corner. It’s dimensions are considerably more sizeable at 50x50x50cm. It’s sound proofed with acoustical foam insulation material. In it sits a JBL portable bluetooth speaker device, with a cable running out the back through a drilled-out hole, for power. The box is propped on its edge, approximately, on a 45 degree angle. It’s stabilised and held upright at this angle by an additional piece of wood across the width. The upward facing surface, the one facing into the room, features an opening of a 30cm diameter. In front of this box are two strips black tape 10 cm apart, that read respectively from left to right in big, white block letters “KNEES” and “HERE.” Under these patches of tape a small area of excess acoustic foam is glued to the floor for comfort. Random black markings on the box read “COME IN” and “”WHERE”S YOUR HEAD AT?” “LEAVE THE BODY BEHIND” and “NO SERIOUSLY, COME IN.” Through remote bluetooth access, the small portable speaker sitting inside plays a recording of 3 minutes and 40 seconds on a continuous loop.

This is what it says:

“There are three wise monkeys. One of them who will not speak, one of them who will not see, and one of them who will not hear. They are wise, because they know what is at stake, because wisdom comes through these senses and they understand it, they guard it, they master it. Listen.

Are you listening?

Are you listening to me?

Have you heard what he just said? Are you comfortable?

From the moment you were born, even before that, you were making out the sounds and stringing them together into one long chain of knowledge. Of familiarity. Of becoming. I hear you, you are here.

Sounds travel upwards, downwards, sideways, they tickle your skin, you can feel them cocooning you like a dense mist might. They surprise you, comfort you, scare you. Our world is one of sounds, they encompass life, living things, being. They stick to everything. Our reality, a fluctuating soundscape through which your life meanders.

They determine time. You have heard him, you will hear him, it will become the narrative of your little adventure down here. It's up to you which way to go, how to read it. So are you listening?

It's a fragile story, this one is, a blink of an ear and you have lost the thread again. The words will become metaphor, will become empty, will become alien. The words will become sounds will become noise and then, always, inevitably, silence.

Imagine yourself in a dark maze, fingertips grazing walls, the smells a confusing palate of underground half-life, where do you turn to now?

Like a wolf your auricles sharpen, you focus, close your eyes, your earlobes are tingling; you are listening.

You're a baby in the womb, swimming in thick liquid. You are drifting off into a vast sleep but something pulls you back. You are waiting for it, waiting for it.

You are listening.

We have learned to block out the noise, to dismiss our ears and let the oculus shape our surroundings. We have learned to test the sounds to our sight first; our eyes are our only measurements of truth. But there's the monkey covering his ears.

Don't you see?

We have learned to delude ourselves into dismissing them, rejecting them, refusing them. Sounds are unreliable, sounds are deceptive. We hear only the echoes of our own history, of our own becoming -do not listen. I need to see, I need to know if it's real, I need to see it.

Listening is always backwards, head slanted, chin to shoulder, pupils raised. What did you hear?

Hands to walls now, eyes closed now. Make your way through the narrative, make your way out again. I dare you.

Are you listening?

We can tell you a story, we can tell you what we've been doing here, what we're trying to do, and it'll be the truth, it'll remain true and you might wish to see the words visualised so you can take them home, so you can hold them to the light and inspect them, verify them, so you can trust them to be really there. Yet here it is. This is all that's been given. I dare you.

There is a space between my voice and you hearing my voice and you might envision waves reaching high and low and moving, effortlessly, through the solidity of here to there. If only you could see sounds.

But you can. You're doing it right now.

Go on.

The three wise monkeys placing their hands on the three wise senses, the senses that allow us to communicate, to comprehend, to be in a world full of others being.

Let me tell you a secret; if you don't understand the world you see before you anymore, if the words spoken taste empty in your mouth, then just listen.

Are you listening?"

Sonic Pocket #3 (P-3)

In the B-zone, to the right and opposite of the shelved case, a sturdy screw protrudes from the wall. Over it hangs a pair of cordless, bluetooth, over-ear BOSE headphones. Through remote bluetooth access, the headphones play a recording of 3 minutes and 2 seconds on a continuous loop. (Two contingency plans, which are conditioned on the installation space being open for longer than the headphone's battery, namely life (4 hours), are in place, both of which involve our temporary intervention into the space: the first maintains the possibility of a cabled power connection that charges the headphones, while the second simply replaces the first with a second pair of headphones).

This is what it says:

You're inside now. Attending to the vast depth of the sonic virtual; you are on a line, running along a fold that takes you to an Other side; you resurface. And it takes a little getting used to, this triple coupling of sound: the nuance of its timbre reverberating and registering space, the headphone's leather entombment and your spiked nerves that tell you this space is more personal. It tells you that emotional engagement is on the loom. Although you still hear it, that dead low pounding on the other side, you've closed the door on it, so that your consciousness can hone in on what's present. And your body knows it. It's already learning anew. Learning by doing. Doing the new.

How does your world make sense, right now? How is sense inflected, and how does your sense of sound, its matter and mood, inflect everything around you? These questions must feel like cheap whispers - true but trite. I'll double down: why though, I wonder, is this headphone of yours, called a technology of sound RE-production. What is it exactly producing AGAIN? What is it repeating? And why does this repetition privilege sameness over difference. This is the paradox of sonic return, whose immortal idol preaches the highest fidelity. In what world is it re-producing, in what void is high fidelity preached? What I'm getting at - and I'll spell it out for you in order to make your eyes stop rolling at all these question marks that aim to lead you on as a crutch to my ineptitude - what I'm getting at, is that the world

you inhabit now is somehow always already presupposed by the 're' of 'reproduction'. Its space is somehow always already there, waiting to be inhabited. But surely, this assumption feels wrong.

The logic of sense-making is in this regard so entirely different from the logic of sensation. Where making sense is involved in making less, sensation is always wanting more. Always seeking multiplication. And we know this, right? It's why sensation is capable of registering so much blunt hurt on the viscera. And why we're more likely to avert and focus, rather than embrace it, be emboldened by it. It's because sensation's nuance does not arrest; it probes ever deeper.

Our understanding is such that the prefix 're' of return allows us to take a step back. A categorical scission that marks the end of something, whilst inaugurating the return of something else. Until you stumble on another more abstract category. The sonic drone's wave neatly pictured like a sine. And periodically cycled I'm sure. Count it! 1... 2... 3... 4 to the floor.

Perhaps in the mathematical realm of cold reductions, where immortal idols preach the myth of fidelity. But the beats around you are not crisp, cold pulse alone. Like the heart that never quite beats twice in like fashion, they are warmblooded. A beat never quite returns. The space we're in, you and me, it'll never quite return. There is always something abjectly other produced at the boundary of every beat you count. Which is not necessarily an escape, it's merely a direction most of us are unwilling to follow. Lines. We're talking about lines, about vectors of direction. A line that crosses a creased fold, until an alien surface spills over. You are so instrumental to creating this space you're in, don't you know.

These headphones have turned *a* world outside in. In the creaseless fold, ceaselessly flurrying sounds unfold in enamoured depths of black stereo array. Come on, dearest occupant, I tell you. By what standard, by what foundation, are we still in *the* world - this is another. I take it you've closed your eyes. Good. Space is only noise if you can see.

Sound Tutorial Score

1. The Space and the music
 - a. The layout of the space (Darrin and Pip)
 - i. Flickering light

Our decision for this particular basement amongst other basements was based on the broken, flickering light. It was not a failure of light that convinced this aesthetic preference, much than that it seemed an especially apt agent of contingency and chaotic otherness. It suited the space and its aura of spectrality. The presence of ghosts, or other specters, begs for us to listen harder and, as any fan of the paranormal knows, requires a different set of tools to hear. Ghost hunters use a variety of tools ranging from Electromagnetic Field (EMF) detectors to radio scanners, to tools designed to supposedly translate spectral energy into words. In a certain sense, all of the disembodied sounds gathered in the room have a sense of haunting about them--though the cacophony might seem more like a Dantesque collective groaning of damned souls than the static whispering of popular ghost hunter tv shows.

All of this talk of ghost hunting aside, haunted spaces alter the way in which we hear. Auditory hallucinations can abound, and any trust we might

- ii. Wall that separates the room in two

The room would be divided into four ‘points of listening’ where we would install speakers that would pull people towards a far corner in order to focus on the sounds. Two of the speakers would be a simple normal pair of music boxes, mixing with the other sounds in the room and forcing a level of commitment from the listener to understand what was being said. Another speaker would be a pair of headphones, that thus isolated the listener from the rest of the aural impulses, but not from the odd space, forcing the narrative provided through the headphones to coincide with the only visuals offered – the space one is in. Another speaker would be hidden *inside* a box, which would take the visual surroundings away as well. All this, combined with the sounds, the music, the darkness and occasional flashes of light, would create a chaotic environment, that made it difficult to focus and trust one’s surroundings, but would thus put more emphasis on the narrative that was being offered aurally.

- b. The ambient piece (Darrin)

As its title suggests, SOUND BODY addresses the intersection of both sound and body. As a musical work influenced by techno music, one intersection immediately available for exploration is dance. However, the emergence of these “techno-moments” out of an ambient framework begs for other orientations of the body towards/within sound to be considered. As a linear musical work, the piece is fairly traditional. However, one of the goals of our exhibit--capturing sound (dis)orientation--is achieved via the scattering of sound across the exhibit space, through different speakers (some of which would require bodily action such as climbing or crouching to access) all of which would be playing different parts of SOUND BODY at different times. Thus, a listener would at no time

hear SOUND BODY as if they were listening to it from start to finish. In fact, the very project of listening is frustrated by the ways in which the traditional orientation of a listening body towards/within sound is not possible. At any given moment there is either too little or too much sound, making the relationship between ear, body, and sound not only complicated but potentially *useless* as a means of orientation or gathering of information. All of this might sound like SOUND BODY is a puzzle to be solved, but in its exhibited format, there is only the call to consider sonic dis-orientation seriously as a means of displacing the emphasis on the body in practices of listening and for opening a way to consider un-bodied listening.

c. The 150bpm piece (Jason)

Aptly named the 150bpm piece, it serves as both a potential complement and an escape to the space in which it is being played. The piece would interject and conflict with the slower more textural ambient work in SOUND BODY. The main drive of the piece is a relentless kick which follows every beat, with one sole sound it appears to occupy both the space it is in both sonically and physically; it leaves no room or space for much else. It is commanding and controlling, and in combination with the distorted low-end bass sound fills up the room with a certain tremble. Music which focuses on these kinds of frequencies affects and disorients not solely through the ears, but through tactile and physical means. Yet despite the space which this piece sonically occupies, its madness and intensity does not allow one to zone themselves out to it. To further add to this disorientation the kick will disappear and return both in beat and off-beat (both early and late). The heavier more traditionally based techno rhythm is followed by an ambient soundscape. The scape swells in an increasingly more dynamic way, as a reminder that it is still part of the same 150bpm piece. The piece finishes with a series of clicks which move between the right and left channel, which would have corresponded to the two speakers in the room. By continuously moving it gives this sense that the listener is being surrounded and is constantly reminded of their position within the room. The volume of these clicks slowly increases and decreases, meaning it would interject at random moments, as if it was slowly creeping up and affecting one's experience within the space.

2. The Secret Sonic Pockets (Boxes + Recordings)

- a. They are secrets, because capturing the whole is impossible in the first place
- b. 1 box with just an ear / Cas's recording (Cas)
- c. 1 box where one sticks one's head in / Pip's recording/story (Pip)

Spoken word can arguably function as a medium between a more critical essay on the origin of both our project and of sound studies in general and the practical experience of music, noise and sound. As such, the idea behind this piece of writing was to explain and simultaneously question the concept of sound as a method of understanding; of acquiring knowledge. This piece is meant to correspond to the other pieces, which are addressed within the text itself. The listener is spoken to, directly in parts, thus drawing them into both the experiment and the narrative itself. Additionally, it is written to be read out; to be performed. It thus focuses on a cadence, format and appliance of poetic devices more for an aural use than for a visual one. Poetry and 'prosody' (which is how I will refer to this piece of writing) is as much about rhythm as it is about vocabulary, and this is emphasised by the fact this is read out loud, and only accessible through attentive listening. It therefore employs repetition, enumeration and descriptive imagery. The idea

would have been for the listeners to put their head inside a box – a birdbox sort of installation – where they can be immersed into the story and, as a consequence, into the act of themselves listening to it. We have chosen not to alter the voice as it is more about the narrative than the narration. In this it contrasts the other two pieces, which are, content wise, more serious, but feature an artful play with the narration and the deliverance. Instead, this piece is artistic in its content and purposely delivered in a steady and serious tone. :

- d. 1 headphone / Jason's recording (Cas)