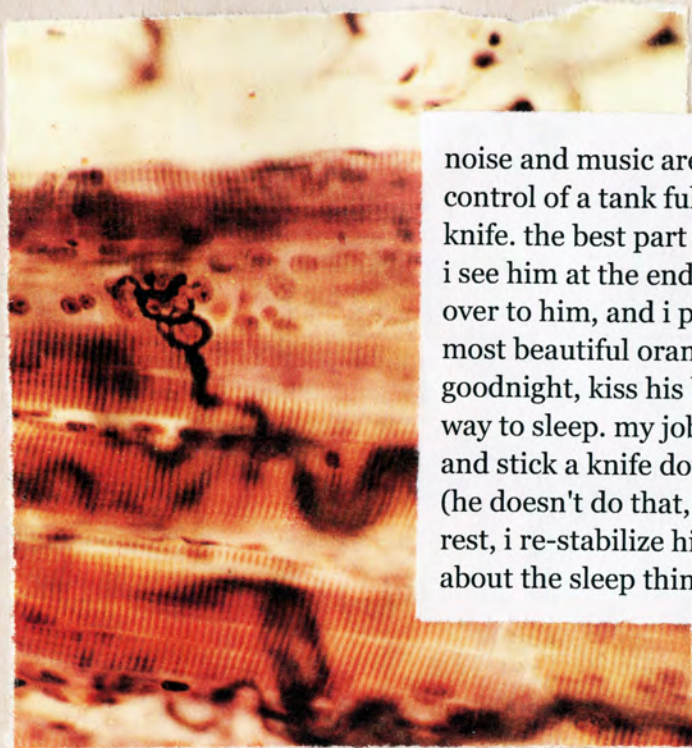


SACCULUS






noise and music and sound affect spliced fruit. its low hanging. you are using an instruction set that was specifically designed to be intuitive and safe, it has a lot of protections built into it. the soundbody could have many parameters, but in particular it could specify the size and scale of the heart's chambers. the heart's chambers affect the soundbody when a string (vocal or otherwise) vibrates. the vibrating string itself is considered a part of the soundbody, as is the vibration, and the movement that caused it to vibrate. there might be practical problems when trying to track down the origin of a sound to attach it to the rest of the soundbody, but even sound, and the body of sound are matter. a physical body, puts a movement into motion. a movement is finished by a sentence, and the sentences are finished by the sound, or by the music.



noise and music are too distracting for me to think, and to keep control of a tank full of incredibly strong teeth and a very sharp knife. the best part of my whole day is when i am bathing him and i see him at the end of the tub. i turn off the water, slowly walk over to him, and i pull back the towel and see him so clean, in the most beautiful orange colour. i do a dance and sing and say goodnight, kiss his bald head and tell him to "hurry back" on his way to sleep. my job is to tune the radio to a station for the sound, and stick a knife down the drain and watch the sludge come out. (he doesn't do that, if you were wondering). when he can get some rest, i re-stabilize him before i leave him alone. so, it's partially about the sleep thing.





noise and music keep you dancing to the beat forever  
and everyone is welcome to sing along, if the song just makes you  
feel good.

don't be ashamed to share your favourite hits  
because every dance is a party, and everyone should just let it fly  
... and be sure to stay on the dance floor  
long after the party is over and the music has faded  
the best memories of the night have only just begun  
there's no place i'd rather be  
the music never stops.  
in the top of the lighthouse.  
with the band.

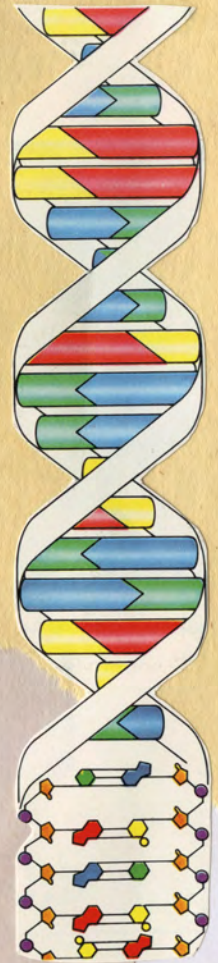


there are a number of different kinds of sensations associated with sound. one of the most common is the feeling of being touched. the more you are exposed to sounds, the more you become sensitive to the physical sensations associated with sound. there are other sensations that can be associated with sound, but the ones that are most commonly associated with sound are the ones that are associated with vibration. when you listen to music, the frequency of the music is what you hear. when you vibrate your body, the frequency of the vibration is what you hear. when you are exposed to sound, the frequency of the sound is what you hear. when you hear a vibrating object, you are hearing vibrations. when you are exposed to sound, the intensity of the sound is what you hear. when you hear a sound that is too quiet, you can't feel it. when you hear a sound that is too loud, it becomes you, and lives inside you for its duration. and then you live inside yourself again, but only when it's finished. as the paradigm shifts, we are faced with a multitude of important questions related to how to conceptualise what it means to be vibrating, alive and sonic. in a sense, this question becomes more urgent as the lines between noise and life, sound and life, sharpens. the following, while not abstract, seeks to expand the domain of a subjectively experienced soundscape into a fully conceptual domain in order to expand the range of available situations for listening in order to maximise one's capacity to hear what is actually there, as well as everything that is not.

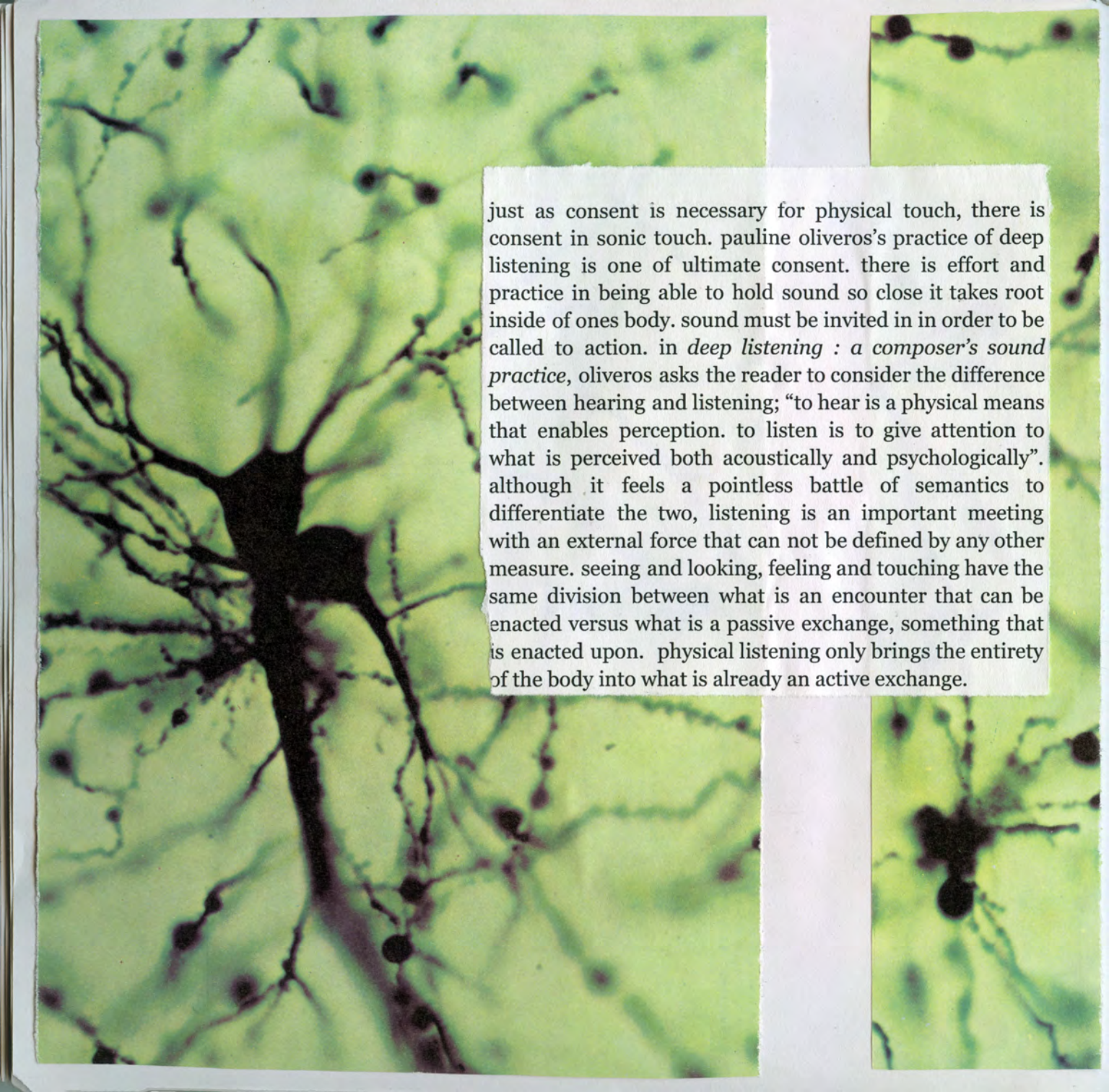




in differentiating between hearing and listening, with hearing being something that is enacted upon, a passive physical sensation, and listening being something that is meditated upon, done with intention, physical listening is something that is beyond this, further than interacting with the atmospheric turbulence that can be one's environment. physical hearing, an unintentional physical response to sound, like the "nails on a chalkboard". physical listening is engaging the entirety of one's body in the act of listening, and searching for sounds that interact with the body in a specific way. every sense turns to become something that can further engage one with the body of sound. to engage with sound in a meaningful way, one has to part with the notion that engaging with sound begins and ends with what can be heard through the ears. sound is a mycelium-esque organism in active cognition. it communicates and collaborates with its environment in active response. hearing is so often swept under the rug, lurking in corners as an experience that is solely passive, fleeting, and unable to be as individually affecting as touch or light. sound is a body, a body with agency, a body that craves intimacy, a body that will perceive you, as your shape affects its reflections. at high volumes, it fills you, waves and vibrations piercing, hitting the walls behind you, reverberating and re-entering. at low volumes, it slithers its way into your cognition, a whisper, spoken softly under the breath of a lover or a close friend telling a secret. whispers are a language of intimacy.

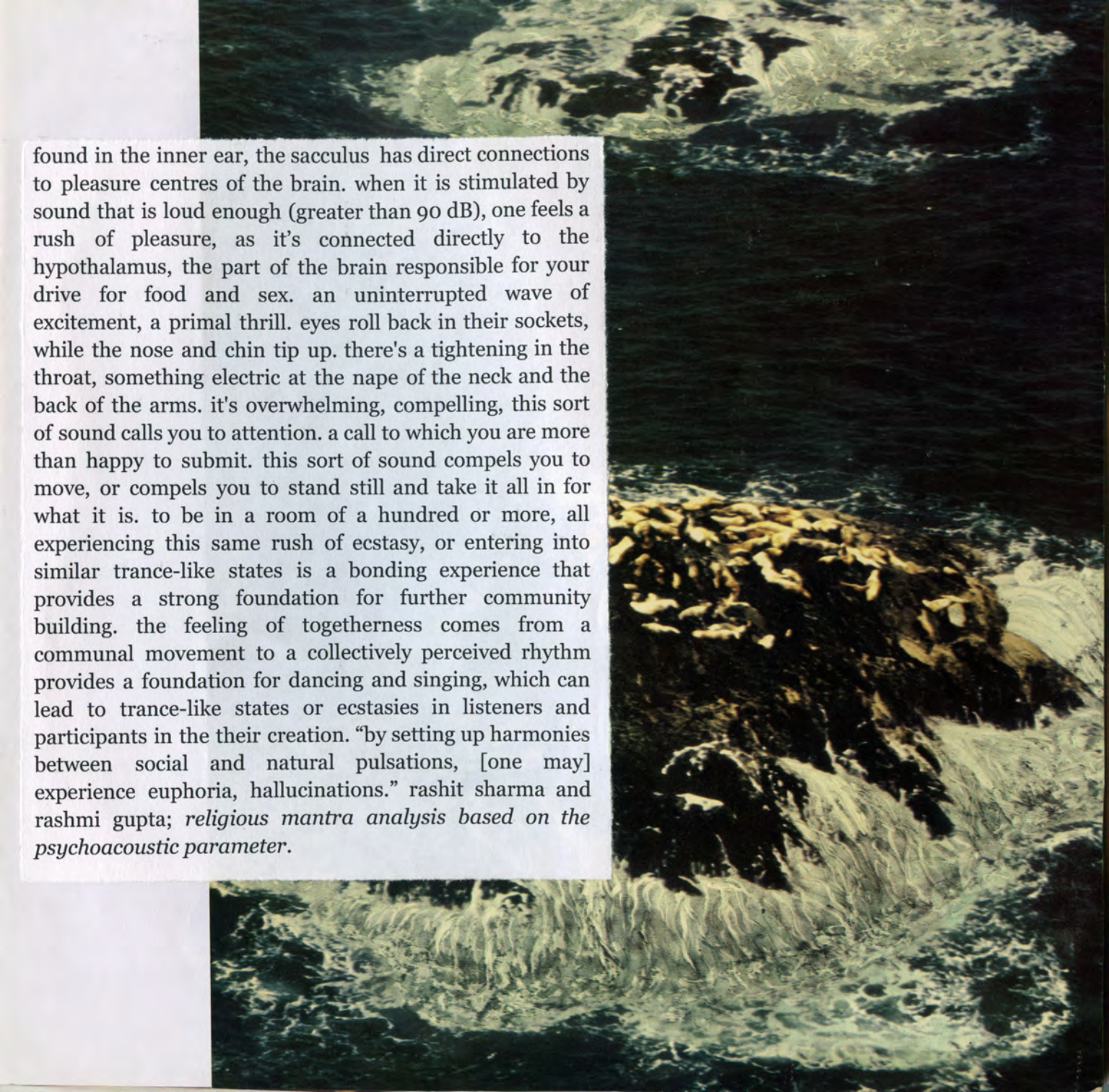






just as consent is necessary for physical touch, there is consent in sonic touch. pauline oliveros's practice of deep listening is one of ultimate consent. there is effort and practice in being able to hold sound so close it takes root inside of ones body. sound must be invited in in order to be called to action. in *deep listening : a composer's sound practice*, oliveros asks the reader to consider the difference between hearing and listening; "to hear is a physical means that enables perception. to listen is to give attention to what is perceived both acoustically and psychologically". although it feels a pointless battle of semantics to differentiate the two, listening is an important meeting with an external force that can not be defined by any other measure. seeing and looking, feeling and touching have the same division between what is an encounter that can be enacted versus what is a passive exchange, something that is enacted upon. physical listening only brings the entirety of the body into what is already an active exchange.





found in the inner ear, the sacculus has direct connections to pleasure centres of the brain. when it is stimulated by sound that is loud enough (greater than 90 dB), one feels a rush of pleasure, as it's connected directly to the hypothalamus, the part of the brain responsible for your drive for food and sex. an uninterrupted wave of excitement, a primal thrill. eyes roll back in their sockets, while the nose and chin tip up. there's a tightening in the throat, something electric at the nape of the neck and the back of the arms. it's overwhelming, compelling, this sort of sound calls you to attention. a call to which you are more than happy to submit. this sort of sound compels you to move, or compels you to stand still and take it all in for what it is. to be in a room of a hundred or more, all experiencing this same rush of ecstasy, or entering into similar trance-like states is a bonding experience that provides a strong foundation for further community building. the feeling of togetherness comes from a communal movement to a collectively perceived rhythm provides a foundation for dancing and singing, which can lead to trance-like states or ecstasies in listeners and participants in the their creation. "by setting up harmonies between social and natural pulsations, [one may] experience euphoria, hallucinations." rashit sharma and rashmi gupta; *religious mantra analysis based on the psychoacoustic parameter.*



while this is going on, one must inspect a secondary physical body that is implicated, that of the space. the spacebody encapsulates two major categories. those that are static (the walls, the floor, the bookshelf in the corner, the metal folding chairs in the middle of the room), and those that are active (audience members). the soundbody is reflexive and responsive, navigating, bouncing against static and active physical obstacles in the room, travelling through them. as more obstacles are added to the space, or the materials of those obstacles change, the quality of the sound changes with it. as well, each audience member will have a slight difference, in their experience of/with the soundbody as a direct result of these reflections. a personal experience also is dependant on where someone is positioned in the space in relation to other listeners. sound moves through us all differently. bodies in space with one another, in tandem witness, can be an act of communion between those that are engaging with the production of sound both passively and actively. in witnessing a performer en masse, we are offered a chunk of flesh in exchange for our witness, which we gladly accept, and offer in return the same. the soundbody cuts through all in the space, regardless of their relation to the sonic production. to be in the space as a witness is to cut oneself open through witnessing. through the soundbody we eat the bones of the performer as bread, we drink their blood as wine. this is not to insinuate that the performer or sonic origin is godlike, but they are more often than not put on a pedestal by the audience for initiating this exchange. the catharsis that takes place here is not dependant on a destructive physical expulsion, but instead is something that is individualised, and can achieved through unrelenting movement, or unrelenting stillness. being subject, or bearing witness to the intensity of another, be it emotional, sonic or emotional-through-sonic, is an intimate experience.





and  
the breath in, the sweat and the love  
become visible  
and  
every exhale is a ray of light,  
you're breathing in and out from your hands  
and  
every ray of light, reflects off the dancers in the crowd  
their lights reflect off you  
and  
they're breathing in and out from your hands

the edges of sound are no longer edges.  
the other dancers are no longer other dancers  
the floor is no longer the floor  
the room is no longer a space with walls,  
the chandelier of speakers is no longer a chandelier  
you don't need to breathe, and you don't have hands

it all becomes a catapult  
or maybe a love letter on a paper napkin, addressed to you  
or maybe its a rabbit in a meadow  
or maybe its a bomb, counting down from 5  
and if this 5 seconds is your last,  
i hope you lick all the sweat from the room  
from the dancers,  
spit out the room that lives in your pupils,  
inside them instead grow a ladder,  
made of argon aflame,  
and see all the souls rise,  
from the mouths of the feet that kiss the floor,  
to some masterpiece of a body.



