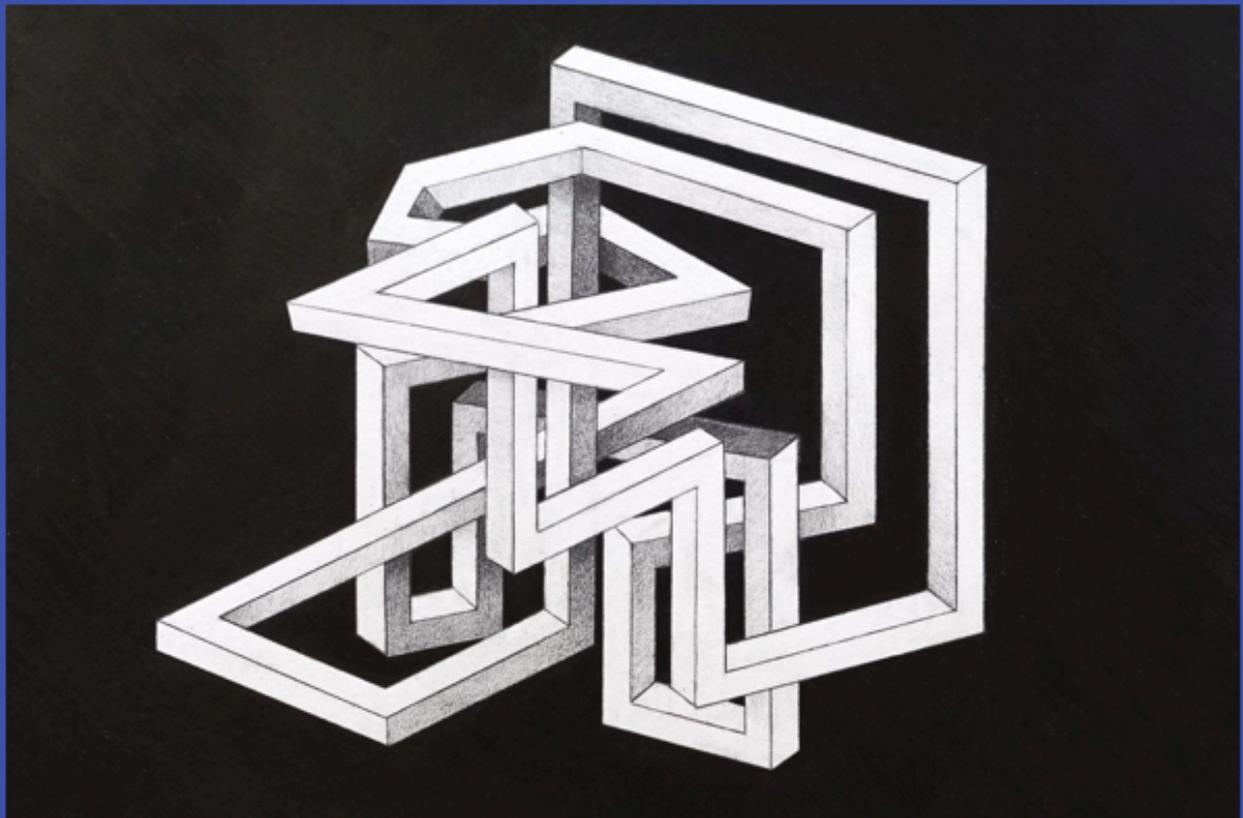




ADSR Zine

012



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In this edition, ADSR Zine and Chamber Made have come together to present responses to Hi-Viz Practice Exchange 2020 - a day dedicated to artistic practice designed to stimulate, connect and recharge. Responding contributors include Bec Fary, Sarah Walker, Olivia Muscat and Nat Grant. For more information about this event please visit <http://chambermadehiviz.org>

I've been thinking alot about my relationship to technology recently. Firstly, on a residency in Japan in late-2019, I began to notice how virtually all my interactions were interfaced through my phone (translation, maps, talking, meeting). I'd check instagram while waiting for the train so as not to be transported back to Sydney, to Tokyo, to... whenever before the joyful synth melody found on Tokyo train stations signalled the train would be here shortly. These Tokyo 'Train melodies' pulling me back into the real, the physical. A lot of my work & research in recent years has centered on this idea of ambience, of ambient sound & how it shapes us at varying levels of attention. But how does this shift when half (or more) of our lives are lived online? I taught John Cage's 4'33" to a class of undergraduate composition students online this year & realised sharing this work on Zoom, on YouTube, takes on a further dimension. The auto-play, the comments, the advertising, all based on my watch history, gave the students some kind of insight into me, their lecturer, as they watched this work from 70 years ago. Time collapses on

itself, just listening informing the visual frame of 4'33". One student asked if I'd forgotten to select 'shame computer sand'. The context still forms the work; composition as an empty vessel. Ambient noise indeed.

I began noticing my voice, my body shaping itself as I tried to engage, ^{in 3000} my facial expressions exaggerated. The glitches as my wife drops in & out. Speeding up & freezing in odd moments.

eyebrows raised. Is my voice ever my own, in this medium? Again context is shaping listening, performing. This zoom vocal glitch I became obsessed with - a kind of sanctification of a lack of control.

I started looking back at older music technologies - the theremin, Percy Grainger's Free Music Machines - ~~the~~ that deal with touch, or a lack of (the hand of the composer working directly with sand, an instrument with no physical controller). Then, the immense optimism of Laurie Spiegel, Dan Buchla et al; technology as liberator. Timothy Leary was even a fan. The hand of the composer; composer as instrument builder (or composer alongside the instrument builder). Now, this optimism has transformed both music making & listening into a reciprocal listening where we're both listening to & listened to by ~~the~~ technology at the same time, with no train melodies to remind us where we are.

MAC. Dec 2020. for ADJR.

Common Ground
by Jonathan Bengé

Part I

I first encountered untruth at kindergarten and found it fascinating, but ultimately too much to cope with. I think his name was Rory. He told me wonderful stories while I stood transfixed, envious of his charmed existence. Rory was the first person to help me understand that other kids had different parents to mine and these other parents were more fun - not to mention more wealthy. Though this was true, I soon learned Rory had an ordinary life, not dissimilar to mine. Relaying these stories over dinner at home I was told there was just no way they could be true - my brothers were hysterical. It was a hard pill to swallow. Why would anyone do that? 'To impress you', they said. I was struck by how little concern Rory had for being found out.

Soon afterwards, I discovered chess. The youngest child, I had not yet encountered a game so free from the shackles of fortune. I felt confident in this and had daydreams of besting my elder brothers. There were so many possibilities available that you could pretend they were endless. A blank slate on which to write a story together with my opponent. All I had to do was use the pieces more effectively than whoever sat across the board. This stood in stark contrast to the news that I could no longer trust the infectious stories Rory told. I struggled with how to relate to someone that lied to me - and eventually gave up. Chess provided a stable, but ever changing, alternative world.

I played endlessly with anyone who did not refuse me. I found it allegorical in its own way, a much less chaotic and very short life. Lessons could be learned within these confines, the chaos was only what your opponent could conjure. In a recent game, I missed taking my opponent's best piece off the board, becoming aware of this at the very moment I could no longer address it. I was now losing on top of missing this advantage and wondered: how many times in the past I would have lost confidence at this point, bumbling the game. Instead I plodded on, eventually winning. It occurred to me that I have adapted to accept set-backs within chess, but continue to struggle with them in life. I'd been having a discussion about behaving professionally in the workplace, and musing on the idea of persona. I realised that chess provided not a mask, but an entirely alternative world that I could learn lessons in, guarded from any real risk. The job was then making real whatever it was I had learned, in applying it day to day.

More easily said than done in the case of risk and failure but, in the case of untruth, simple enough. This lesson came in my teens, a building block on Rory's fantastic stories. I started to notice that the online chess world was getting rather nasty. Amongst being told I 'deserve to die' and was 'a stupid scaredy cat', I was regularly accused of cheating. This isn't really possible over a digital board as a move cannot be made unless it's legal. The specific charge was that I was using a chess engine, but in the 3 minute games we were playing this would cost so much time as to be detrimental. Where Rory's stories were aimed at winning my esteem, these efforts were aimed at keeping my opponent's ego in balance, guarded from shame. While I assumed I was dealing with teenage boys, I believed it somewhat unique to the chess world and the kind of characters that inhabit it. I didn't see aggression tied to false narratives so frequently anywhere else until decades later, when it played out across the online community at large.

Part II

For those of us lucky enough to receive financial assistance, it really has been a year of reflection. As one such individual, I've had great moment for pause; 'the longest and most boring holiday of my life'. Initially, I dealt with this boredom and my lockdown/quarantine (I attended two of each) separation anxiety by spending time on social media. Seemed a reasonable idea to start but the majority of content I encountered consisted of videos explaining what was *really* going on with the Corona Virus, Agenda 21, 5G, George Soros, Bill Gates, you name it. I'd encountered some noise around 5G, but never linked with quite so many other theoretical problems or people. These videos attempted to describe, seemingly in full, everything that was going wrong in the world. For a brief moment, I'll admit I was curious, but the more I witnessed, the more red flags crept into view until eventually, they were all I could see. Presenters too passionate to be balanced, facts listed in quick succession that appeared inconsistent or plainly incorrect and, white supremacist undertones.

As curiosity became concern, I witnessed numerous friends and acquaintances posting content of this nature and was struck by the question: Why are people who tend to think critically suddenly jumping at the first alternative narrative? The most interesting for me was a politician in New Zealand named Billy Te Kahika, whose Facebook page lists the words 'Freedom, Sovereignty, Independence, Transparency and Accountability' in large type. Words that now appear to me snapping in the wind on red flags. A friend I've always admired asked me to watch an interview Te Kahika gave on an alternative news youtube channel. Within discussions around sovereignty, independence and Maori stewardship over land and environmental matters, Te Kahika suggested the following:

men should be the head of the family; Agenda 21 is a conspiracy to bring about the New World Order; the Corona Virus is a hoax; the LGBTQI community do not deserve a voice and; firearm regulation should be relaxed. Gobsnacked, I suggested as gently as I could that this seemed to be white supremacist propaganda. My friend replied that this was absurd as Te Kahika is Maori. He pointed out that I was looking at issues from a pakeha perspective rather than a Maori one, which inevitably I was. A week later an article by a Maori academic surfaced that echoed my concerns and my friend joked the author must have seen our thread, reiterating that it was nonsense.

By this point, I knew the answer to my question: Truth was on its last breath with faith by the bedside, crying inconsolably. I remember mum saying that post modernism was a 'horrible idea' when I'd come home from school one day asking about it; truth was something wonderful and precious. At the time I struggled to understand what she was saying as postmodernism seemed a celebration of truth, an acknowledgement that the truth we'd known was failing to account for the majority of its subjects. I hadn't yet grasped how the acceptance of multiple truths could compromise the notion of truth altogether. It occurred to me well over a decade later that I was seeing it evidenced in the erosion of the fourth estate. Contemporary news machines keenly nursing 'alternative thinking' on issues long settled by experts, carefully massaging the very biases being actively dismantled by the groups who wear their cost. In and of itself this is no new phenomenon, but it seems we are now acutely aware of the magnitude of structures requiring reform, or indeed, total dismantlement. With ever dwindling faith in governments and media, we leave ourselves more vulnerable to false narratives. Things have gone so far wrong that for some, it's more reasonable to believe the corona virus is a conspiracy, enacted by governments worldwide to force micro-chipped vaccinations upon you, and institute Agenda 21 (the new world order), than it is to believe a virus jumped a link in the food chain, as they're wont to do and as has happened in the past.

We have a real deep societal wound and by the looks of it, one requiring multiple amputations. The interconnected nature of belief structures means that acknowledging long muted voices can be virtually impossible for some; a single new idea can completely decimate carefully constructed realities and identities. Maybe this is why, decades into the process, resistance does not appear to be letting up. Worse still, it's now been woven into intricate conspiracy theories that attempt to explain why governments and news media cannot be trusted. A premise so self-evident as to enable what follows, no matter how outrageous, to be entertained. This acceptance requires faith that, lost by governments and news media, finds itself available to theory generators who recognise its true value. We easily make light of conspiracies but when the President of the United States is simultaneously Donald Trump and the saviour of the world (or at least the USA) and a great number of people believe this with their

whole hearts, the time for amusement is past. That said, I cannot see how else it might have gone. Our lack of faith is warranted and our minds cannot help but try to resolve the cognitive dissonance that this creates. In a film I saw recently was the quote:

“When faith wavers, our mind is like an apartment devastated by a cyclone. All the ideas neatly placed in relation to others, like the furniture or items loved over a lifetime, are destroyed, damaged or shifted. And the skilfully constructed harmony becomes chaos.”

The following Kierkegaard quote was shared by a friend recently and seemed equally true. It depressed me to learn that it was penned almost 200 years ago:

“A fire broke out backstage in a theatre. The clown came out to warn the public; they thought it was a joke and applauded. He repeated it; the acclaim was even greater. I think that's just how the world will come to an end: to general applause from wits who believe it's a joke.”

To me this reads like something written about right now, today. I was guilty of thinking Trump satirical for a brief while, but furrowed brows soon took hold. The theory generators had long been hard at work and leapt to the rescue, offering faith to help resolve the inevitable cognitive dissonance that would follow. Promising solutions to problems they meant to multiply, weaponising truth and our ever more spurious feelings towards it. Heightened by the fear of an international pandemic, I glimpsed how far along the road we'd driven while I was dozing. Until we dismantle diseased institutions and rebuild them fit for faith, how do we live alongside this? The discussion about Te Kahika's political platform ended in mutual resignation that we would not be able to agree. It reminded me that without agreed upon truths, community begins to crumble. And as I watch it crumbling, I worry that we're not going to work it out in time. It's absurd because, presented as a Venn diagram, common ground is the shared space in circles virtually atop one another. How else would I find myself repeatedly playing chess with aggressive kids on the internet? 'Haaaaaaaaaahaahahahahahaha' pops up sometimes, which I'm mostly able to enjoy at my own expense. Often there's no words shared at all. Of the various lessons chess has provided, this seems the most relevant to my post-truth existence: common ground is in excess, I just have to be curious enough to find it.



this
time
around



“Where is your breath taking you?”
Becky Sui Zhen, from ‘Living Memory’

I smell yesterday’s breath (I should’ve washed this mask). My in... and ex... -halations are hot then wet then cool against the fabric, then against my skin, then against the fabric again.

My breaths are

vapor,
then moisture,
then vapor,
then moisture,

their closeness creating plosives inside my ears.

My mask is an amplifier. My footsteps boom. My heartrate flutters and chokes. My safety barrier to the threat of ‘outside’ also holds me in. I see a loose thread at the ridge of my nose and my perception recedes to the few millimetres between my skin and the cloth.

Air breaks through this mask-membrane.

In the home-yoga videos they always tell me to
take the deepest breath you’ve taken all day...
and
release.

I pull the outside-air through my nose and my chest expands with inside-air.

My perception widens. The thudding of my internal sounds recedes and I can listen-out again.

“Panting a little as I start to climb the ridge up to where the wind is a little wilder.”
Fayen Ke-Xiao d’Evie

I re-turn left and return to the street behind my house, the one that runs along the railway line. I veer right towards that familiar trickle — I’ve heard this water before and I’ll hear it again. It’s going to rain tomorrow, this place will be louder then. Today, it’s quiet.

I’ve revisited and revisited this place, edging closer each time until I had the courage to hop the tiny fence and peer into the underground shadow.

Huh. It’s a stormwater drain.



“I’ve come to know this country more intimately... collapsing the site of making to this valley... collapsing the materiality to my own body, and to the living and the non-living plants and animals and winds and rain here on Jaara country that keep me company as I work.”
Fayen Ke-Xiao d’Evié

For the months (or, has it been a year? a week?) of lockdown, I’ve intensified my local noticing.

With fluctuating levels of restrictions, my risk aversion (and, it has to be said, my ability to work largely uninterrupted from home) led to a mostly stable, quiet routine. I entrained to the refrain:

wear a mask

don’t touch anything

wash your hands

stay home

Aside from walking and biking the familiar, I repeated my *wearamaskdonttouchanythingwashyourhands-stayhome* mantra regardless of the state’s lockdown level. The daily actions of my small local life layered themselves into habit.

Deep breathing, repetitive movement and attentive listening became ways to reconnect with place, reminders of my ‘home’ in the local ecology. Reminders that broke through isolation-barriers that had blocked my access to anything ‘outside’ (or, external to ‘me’).

But my staying-home now feels out-of-sync.

“Just figuring out what I can do differently this time around.”
From a late-night voicemail message included in an audio sketch by Roslyn Oades

This ‘time’ of day or night, this ‘time’ of life, this multidimensional ‘time’ of 2020, or this here-and-now/there-and-then moment in ‘time’. This ‘time’ is a many-layered time. For me, here-and-now ‘time’ is November 2020, in so-called Footscray on Woi Wurrung and Boonwurrung country. Now (as I’m writing this, and I hope it’s still so when you’re reading it) the Covid transmission rates in this state are low, hovering at 0 for some weeks and lockdown restrictions have recently eased. But my body carries caution that I can’t shake. The slownesses I’ve accumulated and reinforced over this year are in conflict with what feels like an overwhelming reopening of geographies, social connections and possibilities.

Memory of viral danger is overlaid on present safety and impeding future movement. I carry muscle memory of precaution and anticipation of further virus transmissions. I find myself unable to settle into here, now, the live reality of consistently low transmission rates in Victoria that are again reframing ‘safety’ and what it means to be moving locally outdoors. Leaving home, once a familiar, meditative motion, is fraught. The barriers between me and ‘outside’ are clouding over again.

I need to reorient myself in time and space.



*“I’ve committed to a practice of walking Jaara country at sunrise and sunset.
It’s a study of noticing the shifts in the plants, their growth and flowering and decay and dormancy.”*
Fayen Ke-Xiao d’Evie

I walk at sunrise and sunset — times when I can listen to shifting rhythms of waking-up or slowing-down. And I walk at midnight and midday — times when the neighbourhood is relatively static. Each day, each step, holds memories of those that came before, and anticipates the next. Through repetition arises familiarity. Through familiarity arises the ability to notice anew.

In an alleyway I’ve walked countless times, I reach to record a video on my phone and only then notice the security camera. I watch a discarded coffee cup draw a perfect circle, pushed by the wind. I listen with the murder of crows that seem to live in the large tree above a carpark.

For me, local movement is embodied thinking-through, processing internal and external realities. Held back (perhaps counterintuitively, though I know there are plenty more still staying home) by the easing of restrictions, I nudge myself out of the safeties of home into the outside.

*“One step after another. One foot moving into the future and one in the past.
D’ya ever think about that? It’s like our bodies are caught in the middle.
The hard part is staying in the present, really being here, really feeling alive.”*
Janet Cardiff, from ‘Her Long Black Hair’

Using two lapel microphones, one clipped to the inside of my face mask and the other attached to the outside of my clothing, I record myself walking local loops: from my house, around the block and back again. At midnight, sunrise, midday and sunset, I listen to my human and more-than-human neighbours, alongside the sounds of my breathing, my footsteps. Mic cables click as they hit the headphone cord with each step. Recording inside and outside my mask, I listen locally — to local place, and to the localities of my body — and try to realign myself with my neighbourhood.

I zoom in on my fluctuating fears, noticing when my too-close breath is shallow, or when I have room for depth. I hold fears with memories of caution, hold curiosity with mindful presence, try to find calm in releasing anticipations of unknowns — and begin to realise there’s safety and threat on both sides of my mask. This time around post-lockdown, this time around the block, this time around the day, what things might I do differently? What shifts might I notice?

On [the webpage](#) (a ‘digital sketch’) where I present these sounds, I re-listen to my walk-recordings and I return. In the layered looped listenings, hearing oscillations of inside-outside air, I register familiarities, avoidances, startlings, uncertainties, hurryings, decelerations. To me, each recording holds the memory of the first and the anticipation of the last, and those in-between — pasts, presents, futures combined in this time. Around and around.



While I mention my 'home', I acknowledge that I'm an uninvited guest on stolen land.

This Time Around was made in so-called Footscray, on land that belongs to Wurundjeri and Boon Wurrung peoples of the Eastern Kulin Nation.

I pay my respects to their Elders, past, present and emerging.

This always was and always will be Aboriginal land.

thistimearound.becfary.com

Bec Fary, November 2020

play walk listen yes: Sarah Walker responds to Chamber Made's 2020 Hi-Viz Practice Exchange

The first thing we do is mute ourselves. We are acclimatised to a world lived via Zoom. Silence has become our natural state of being. There is a sense, though, of the gathering of thoughts. Of readiness. In previous years, the Hi-Viz exchange has thrummed with noise: chatter, footsteps, the scraping of chairs—and laughter, the joy of being in the physical presence of like minds, like practices and like experiences. This year, our gathering has the qualities of sound: it is intangible, atomised, and full of potential.

*

Janet Cardiff in Conversation with Tamara Saulwick

Eleven years ago, I fell in love with Janet Cardiff. It was *Opera for a Small Room* that did it, installed at ACCA. A tiny chipboard shack, filled to the brim with record players. A disembodied voice uttered gruff stage directions as the needles dropped, as if by invisible hands. Shadows passed on the walls. A train rocketed behind us, the lights swinging in the room. A sudden explosion of colour and music. There was a longing to this work, a sense of profound isolation. It was achingly tender, full of sublime beauty and quiet devastation. I think of it often, this year.

Janet flickers onscreen. She is in her 'play studio,' in the home she shares with partner and collaborator George Bures Miller. White canted walls are covered in pinned images. Every surface is heavy with stuff. There is an old landline phone. This is the dreaming space. In the big production studio, she says, they are working on a reproduction of *Storm Room* for a gallery in Denmark.

On the tiny Japanese island of Teshima is the *Storm House*, an expanded version of the original *Storm Room*. In 2018, my partner and I caught a plane, a train, a bus, a ferry and an electric bike and stood in front of the wooden building. We only stood in front of it. It was supposed to be open, the day we went. Perhaps we read the pamphlet wrong. I pressed my fingers against the glass and tried to will the installation to come to life. There was no sound but the wind.

The secret language of brief glances and suppressed giggles that usually permeates professional gatherings has moved online, too. A friend messages me: *Omg what is Janets life!!!????!!!* We are looking at an image of the front of her studio. Bright blue water. Grass shaking fistfuls of itself at the sky. Behind the clouds, the sun casts nets of

light. Today, Janet says, there were two swans. A real sign of winter. She and George saw a bear across the water. Once the ice sets in, she says, they watch coyotes cross the snow. Half a world away, I can feel the collective ache of us all, gazing into that soft, green-blue world. Tam laughs that the Australians will be wanting to storm the place. My friend messages: *Shit. I'm moving to Canada.*

Janet is discussing the audio walks with which she first rose to prominence. She describes walking through Banff with a tape recorder, speaking notes to herself. At one point, she pressed the wrong button and rewound the tape. Suddenly, she heard her own voice, her private thoughts, her footsteps and her breath. Something in her shifted. Haunted by her own history, she began to make.

We hear a snippet of *Her Long Black Hair*, designed to be experienced in Central Park in New York. *Walking is very calming*, Janet's voice says, flat and warm. *One step after another. One foot moving into the future and one in the past... The hard part is staying in the present.* This year, we have been walking like never before. Pounding out steps in the hour we are allowed outside our homes. 'I'm a strong believer in letting your brain go when you walk,' says Janet. It was Diogenes who allegedly first uttered the phrase: *solvitur ambulando. It is solved by walking.*

When I first bought a pair of binaural microphones, I walked around a foyer wearing them. When I listened back, huddled in the stairway with my laptop on my knees, the bleed between reality and recording broke down. I looked up to find the laughing woman nearby, but she wasn't there. She was in the past, the bright tinkle of her laughter getting further and further away with every breath. 'It raises philosophical questions about how we know reality,' Janet says, 'other than through our senses. And the senses can be fooled.' Through sound, her walks carve rifts in the world. Impossible things become viable. We believe what might be. According to Mark Fisher, the uncanny contains two facets: the weird (that which does not belong) and the eerie (the unsettling quality of absence). Janet Cardiff's walks function in both modes. They give us auditory presences so real that we cannot doubt that we have shifted to some other space, to some outside zone. 'It's like a theatre trick,' Tam says. 'Space and time and memory are all in these strange, slippery spaces.' We turn to hear our companion, and we are alone.

'What feels important in your practice right now?', asks Tam. 'Play,' says Janet. 'We've been some of the lucky ones. Covid has given us a lot of time to play.' She turns the camera around to show us the studio. 'I have a little toy torture area over there where I make things.' And, almost offhandedly: 'That's an animatronic gorilla head.'

*

Small Group Practice Discussion

When the gallery view pops up, there are so many of us. Pages and pages and pages. I scan through the faces, beaming. When Emilie asks us to type in the chat window three things we can hear now, the responses are a kind of concrete poetry, moving so fast it's almost impossible to read: *forklift voices fridge hum traffic bubbling aquarium cutlery my sleeping babe*. How we're feeling today: *warm tight expanded grateful foggy emotional quiet warm spacey thoughtful*. How the last three months have felt: *limbo stasis lost slow fast hungry long challenging clarifying a silent scream elastic heavy soupy sensitive prickly dull foggy hard*. There is such a rush of humanity, here, on my lap, in my hands. We are all bubbling away, together. There is a shocking sense of connection, more profound somehow than simply being in a room together. We are reaching out towards something. The three things that are important to our practice speak volumes: *listening renewing hope connection time place space sovereignty listening holding space gentleness with myself play play play*. In this year of enforced stillness, we are remembering to find joy in our practice. When Emilie unmutes us all, we are a cacaphonic chorus. There are so many smiles.

The shifts from group discussion to breakout rooms never stop being a strange form of teleportation. Sentences are cut off mid-way through, like a hologram coming to the end of its data. We are shy, every time. Missing the nonverbal cues that indicate who is ready to take charge, we watch each other closely. We are brimming with attention. Someone speaks. They describe being midway through a new project and panicking. 'The panicking was kind of good, though,' they say. 'It was a questioning of what was really important, instead of doing, doing, doing.' Heads nod hard and become blurs of pixels. Yes, we say. 'You play music, you don't work music,' a composer muses. 'I've been working music.' Yes, yes. Sometimes, in industry events such as these, there is a tint of envy in the room. Competition. People scoping for who's working where. This year, we aren't bragging about the work we're doing. We're celebrating the tiny joys we're finding in what is at hand. We have lived long enough in this strange new world that we are finding the delicacy in it. Another participant has been lying under trees and listening. 'Nature is able to move again, because humans aren't crashing through. I'm a bit sick of people talking, to be honest.' Laughter. There is something in all of us, in these conversations. The overly bright eyes and slight tension of voice that one observes in the feverish and grieving. We are raw, somehow. Two video screens light up with smiles: both have been obsessing over Hildegard von Bingen, 11th Century

writer, composer, abbess, mystic, natural scientist and healer. Hearing her music in the present, they say, provides a remarkable connection to the past. Between the notes, there is something of her still.

*

Vibrato Virtual by Aviva Endean and Cobie Orger

I am treating my phone like a lover. It feels obscene, to roll it over my face like this. I feel a tinge of fear that the contact between the screen and my chin will worsen my acne outbreak. It feels good, though, too. I treat this object so brusquely. To handle it like an instrument makes it precious again. There is something beautiful even in the introduction to this work: the idea of the audience as a group of massed sound makers. There is something equalising about it; the way the premise flattens the hierarchy between maker and audience. We all perform to ourselves, watching our coloured squares. Earlier today, Janet Cardiff said that the act of watching inhibits the process of listening. I close my eyes for a few moments, feeling the strange buzz from my phone speaker, noting how the pitch shifts with movement. The tingle of sound on my cheek feels like I am shaving, a moment that transports me momentarily into another life that smells of Gillette; a portal that opens and closes in seconds. I watch the audience, my fellow performers. Someone has fallen asleep, her mouth open in a wide O as we open and close our lips over our phones. We all say 'Wow' with a voice that is not our own breath. A parent and a child do the work together, serious faces fixed on the screen. I close my eyes again. I graze the tiny hairs on my face with the phone. It feels like the palm of a lover. I almost cry, and then feel ashamed for it. We roll the track again. When we all sing, the audio distorts our voices into pixels: flat and square and tumbling into our speakers and out of our phones and into our mouths and back into air.

*

Audiosketch: conversations with Rainbow Chan and Ros Bandt

This is the point in any conference when the heaviness sets in: post-lunch, heads brimming. The chance to lie on my sofa in the sun and just listen is glorious. There are many things that are unusual about the way that Hi-Viz is run. This is one such thing: the softness of it. The awareness that communion takes effort. This segment is a break and a salve. I lie down and close my eyes and listen to women I like having a conversation. It feels like long days in easy company, the way you can doze while chatter occurs around you. Ros speaks about feeling creatively lonely, about seeking

out artistic companionship. She describes good conversations with creative peers as nourishing and expansive. Years ago, a wise friend once told me that all relationships have a sense of movement. Some are expanding. Some contracting. Some have stalled into immobility. To hear someone else's expansion feels delicious. Rainbow Chan describes herself as a sound: mahjong tiles clacking under the fingertips of middle-aged ladies with lovely manicured fingernails. 'It's like brushing against a snare drum,' she says, and the audio proves it, and I sigh at the rush of noise, like soft rain. In a physical conference, the podcast guests, Rainbow and Ros, would feel distant, pre-recorded. In this digital world, they become participants, like all of us. They feel just as live as the conversation between the hosts. I message my friend, whose art and mind feel to me like stepping through a hidden door. I ask her on an art date. She says yes.

*

Group Discussion: Fayen d'Evie and Sonya Holowell

Sonya Holowell describes the words that demand attention from her, or gently but persistently knock. I have several such words: ritual, threshold, tender. When they are spoken or read, they glow. They carry some curious aura. For Sonya, the words that spring out might be problematic, or loaded, or in need of unpacking. They might just be relevant to her, in her current season. This is her phrase, 'my current season.' I like this notion. The acknowledgement that one way of being gives way to another, like weather.

In the breakout room, we are bolder. We discuss the word *resilience*. It is a word we have heard a lot this year in the arts. Like *pivot*, it suggests an easy reaction to chaos. The woman I have just asked on an art date works with children and adolescents. The psychologists she consults say that while challenges build resilience, there are traumas that are too enormous to be integrated. Some things are just too big. Resilience, too, suggests that what existed before is worth returning to. We are all beginning to ask: what could be better? What can we build in the space where the world came unhinged?

We discuss Fayen's work with Bryan Phillips; the way that disability and parenting and caring are all things that make isolation stretch out beyond this pandemic. There is a vulnerability in these conversations. We unpack ideas messily, complexly. We are resisting decision-making. One of us confesses that she used to be a grammar Nazi, but that after a traumatic accident, the words she writes come out full of errors. We discuss Fayen's way of guarding her solitude. We are envious of that. We are envious of that quiet. It feels closer, now, this year. But still, tantalisingly out of reach. One of us describes growing up in a Jewish household where the sabbath was strictly observed.

A day where it is culturally legitimate to have a time to do nothing but sit and think and talk with people. What a gift, she says, to have that legitimised in her life. That beautiful, flowy energy. I recognise this description. It is what I feel when I meditate. It is the difference between loneliness and solitude. It is the space where my brain shuts up and I enter a state of being deeply curious: as though the world is porous and I am both empty and full at the same time.

*

Living Memory by Sui Zhen and Collaborators

Oh god, Sui Zhen's beautiful teenage self, lanky and cross-legged, saying, 'I just wanna show my friends who they are.' I was such a child: precocious, awkward, determined to archive everything. The work unfolds in waves, of alarming doubled selves and purring, wet reptilian synth. It is like an erotic nightmare. It is hypnotic. I can see it installed already: a huge, round room, with the screen on the ceiling. I want to lie on a deep red floor and stare up at this, to surrender to it. My mind is fragmented, this late in the day. This work sucks me in, lulls me into some wide-eyed fugue state. Earlier in the day, Janet Cardiff described the quality of her voice in the audio walks as that of a somnambulist. This video feels like falling face-first into someone else's dream. It is disorienting and familiar and enticing. This whole day has been full of loops, of themes repeated, of words bouncing around in the ether: *play play play walk listen yes hear yes*. Past and present and future, and women's voices, narrating the moment as it slips away, tethering it back to the now, saying *what if this was still happening? over and over again*.

*

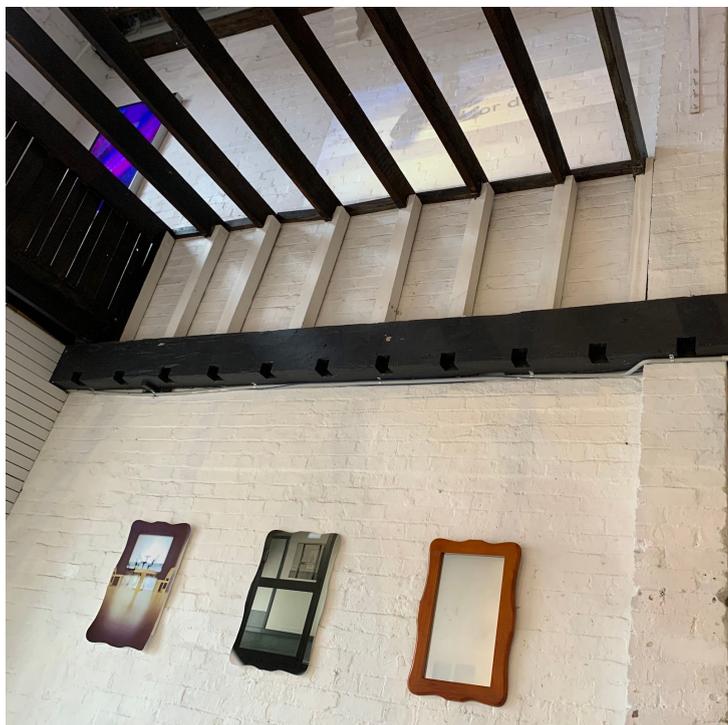
We don't get to say goodbye, really. There are no promises to call. One or two people type their email address frantically into the chat, but when it's done, it's done. We all shatter into digital nothingness, into quiet, into the chambers that echo for ages after you drop a stone in. We go back to lockdown, to our homes across the country and the world, and yet, and yet. We are not alone.

articulate project space

Documenting Articulate 2010-2020¹

Too bright for our infirm Delight: Sarah Woodward

Solo: Ciaran Begley & Merryn Hull, Elia Bosshard, Jenny Brown, Alison Clouston and Boyd, Beata Geyer, Lesley Giovanelli, Chantal Grech, WeiZen Ho, Laine Hogarty, Wendy Howard, Richard Kean, Perrine Lacroix, Kenneth Lambert, Kathryn Ryan, Alan Schacher, Slowing Down Time, Splinter Orchestra and Helen M Sturgess.



Articulate is celebrating a decade of exhibitions and projects with several paired exhibitions over the next twelve months. Each pair will include a new single installation in the project space, accompanied by an exhibition documenting works from one of the types of projects that have occurred in the space over the past ten years. The first pair is ***Too bright for our infirm Delight***, a new single installation by Sarah Woodward in the ground floor project space, accompanied by ***Solo*** in the mezzanine and backroom, the latter an exhibition that documents specific single installations made in the project space since 2010.

Installation is emphasised because Articulate was founded to support spatial art practices, to prioritise artists and their practices, and to be artist-run wherever possible. Outside of large funded institutions, there were (and still are) few exhibition spaces with program arrangements that accommodate the needs of site-specific, installation and related spatial practices by, for example, providing project space for artists to develop works where they will be exhibited, with time to construct in the space; facilitating curatorial collaboration between artists in group exhibitions of site-specific works (so artists can imagine how the site will change once all artworks are installed); understanding that installed artworks are usually speculative until constructed in the space; letting artists install their own works where the installation is part of the making process; expecting that location or architecture may be listed as a material in a work; recognising the particular role and nature of documentation of spatial and temporal artworks, and so on.

¹ Previously published by Articulate project space as the introduction in a catalogue of the same name (ISBN: 978-0-6450468-9-2)

² IMAGE Sarah Woodward *Too bright for our infirm Delight* (detail) 2020; *Solo* works above: L: Kenneth Lambert *Mirage* 2020 (detail); R: Helen M Sturgess *Dermis* 2020 (detail). Photo: Sarah Woodward

Articulate also supports spatial art practices because they have the potential to contribute to the environmental movement by enacting environmental values through their form or medium. Exhibitions that advocate for, say, the physical environment, are normally expected to communicate environmental concerns through overt content. However, spatial artworks can also advocate for the environment in a subliminal way by, through their construction, showing regard for the role and purpose their own location plays in the meaning of the work. The importance installation grants location—or ‘place’—contrasts with the art convention of spatial autonomy inherited from recent centuries in which an artwork’s physical location is usually only important to the extent it shows spatially self-contained work to best advantage.

These different relationships artworks have with their immediate locations are discussed by artist Robert Morris in terms of the different regard their ‘internal’ and ‘external’ relations have for ‘the illusory’. He identifies ‘new’ artworks that keep viewers in the same place as the work through the work’s ‘external relations’, as distinct from works that take viewers away to somewhere else via the illusory nature of the work’s ‘internal relations’.³ Understood in Marshall McLuhan’s framework, condensed into his phrase ‘the medium is the message’, these different approaches/media communicate different ‘messages’ about the value of place.⁴ It is useful to think of installation as one of McLuhan’s media, in that installation as a medium, while used by artists for other ‘content’, still has the potential to advocate for place through its spatial form. Articulate hopes that artists use installation as a medium for their own purposes so Articulate’s program is as artist-driven as possible, as experimental, cross disciplinary, and particular to the varied interests and frameworks of different artists, while still having the potential to advocate for place through artists’ use of spatial media or forms.

This is why, when Articulate organises exhibitions itself, it prefers to focus on the form of the exhibition or artwork rather than on any theme or overt content, which it sees more as ‘artist’s business’ and endlessly variable. If we look at Articulate’s program over the past ten years, the form of some exhibitions seem to suit or characterise spatial art practices, and it is these exhibitions that we plan to document over the next year. Some of these were deliberately programmed. The [project space project](#), which began in Articulate’s first year, aims to test how artists think about project spaces. Even though the term ‘project space’ is used in the names of many exhibition spaces around the world, few list an intention to support project space practices in their mission statements. The *project space project* initially gave selected artists two weeks in the project space to explore whatever practice they considered appropriate for their idea of a project space.

Another exhibition form is a large group project that experiments with exhibition practice by organising overlapping groups of artists to install and de install over many weeks, providing opportunities to see how locations might change with the changes in artworks and to consider how the site, or immediate physical location of an artwork, is determined as much by the artwork as the architecture. The first of these was called [Fairisle](#) because of the similarity of this form of exhibition with the progressive colour changes of the fairisle knitting pattern, and thereafter subsequent manifestations were called *Feral*, *Ferret*, *Ferment*, *Frolic* and so on. Each of these grouped and programmed 60 or more artists through several exhibitions over 6-7 weeks. Articulate has also curated standard group exhibitions of artworks that themselves use their formal construction and sometimes their subject matter to address relationships between artworks and their locations. These include *Expanded Photography*, *Image and Place*, [Cleave](#) and others. There may be other past exhibitions at Articulate that artists or curators identify as having something in common and that they might like to organise a documentation exhibition around for the coming year.

The form that *Solo* documents is one that emerges more out of how artists use the project space — what we came to call the ‘single installation’ or ‘whole space’ form of project. We came to expect that relationships between artwork and location are more evident when there is one work in one space. When there are multiple works in one space, the relationships are likely to be stronger amongst the works than between the works and the architecture/location. This

³ Every internal relationship, whether set up by a structural division, a rich surface, or what have you, reduces the public, external quality of the object and tends to eliminate the viewer to the degree that these details pull him [sic] into an intimate relation with the work and out of the space in which the object exists. (Robert Morris, 1966, *Notes on Sculpture Part II*, *Artforum*, vol 5, no.2, October, p 20-23 (p21)

⁴ Marshall McLuhan *Understanding Media* Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd 1964

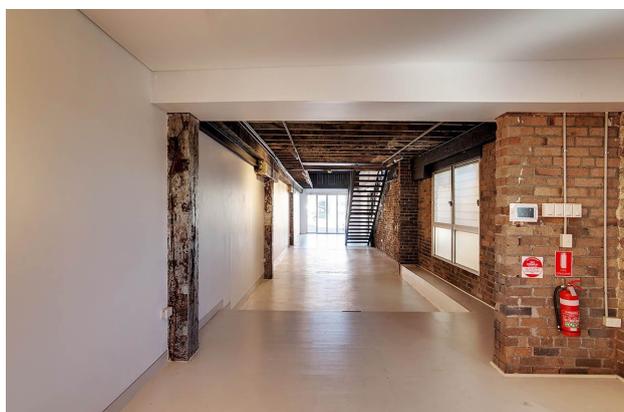
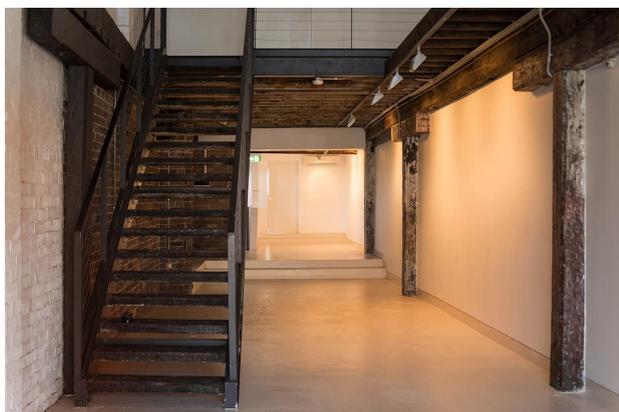
seems to be the case even though, as some point out, it is not always clear which areas of Articulate’s particular architectural space constitute ‘one space’ and/or whether particular exhibitions are single installations or something that could better be described as ‘a body of work’.⁵ Despite all these uncertainties, our experience suggests that ‘single installations’ need particular support (via funding applications) for practical reasons — they are usually challenging in terms of cost, spatial confidence, time available for making, their often lonely solo nature (when not collaborative) and the smaller audiences typical of solo shows.

Documentation has a particular role to play with installation because of its temporary nature, and the convention of photographic documentation can be problematic for installation because it removes the spatiality of artworks, reducing them to a visual record. Documentation that acknowledges this reduction is a challenge, as even the most inventive forms of documentation that artists come up with will still be reduced to images for screen and print purposes. The challenge is to work out how to subvert or reveal that reduction.

These observations and expectations are tested by the individual works that are their subject, and which have almost invariably been made with other intentions in mind, as may be revealed by what artists say about or in the documentation they exhibit in *Solo*, and the other documentary exhibitions Articulate plans for the next twelve months.

Margaret Roberts 2020

[Artist](#) and [Articulate co-director](#)



⁵ While there may be argument about whether all single installations made in Articulate are correctly listed [here](#), there is probably agreement that the following are clearly single installations: Richard Kean’s *Aural Labyrinth* 2012, Laine Hogarty’s *AAAAAAAH!* 2013, Splinter Orchestra’s *Splintstallation* 2017, Alan Schacher’s *Dividing/Line* 2018, and Elia Bosshard’s *Binary Field* 2019.

Hi-Viz 2020

These days I can think of nothing more draining, soul-destroying, down right terrible, than sitting in front of a zoom call for an entire day.

Chamber Made's Hi-Viz 2020, the third iteration of their practice exchange for women and non-binary artists, seems to be the exception to that rule. This was my first experience of Hi-Viz, so I wasn't able to compare this online version to the two in-person events. But I can imagine the day would normally begin with the sound of chatter and introductions, putting bags down and finding seats, a sense of anticipation and excitement hanging thick in the air.

This year it was the familiar unfriendliness of the empty Zoom window. I wondered a few times if I'd clicked on the wrong link or somehow broken the whole meeting. But then Chamber Made's artistic director welcomed us all to the day and the online space. And I got a sense of that magic anticipation of a great number of creative people all in a room together. Ready to have their creative cups filled to the brim by discussion and art and inspiration.

Starting out strong with Tamara Saulwick in conversation with Janet Cardiff. Renowned for her audio walks and installation works Janet spoke about her creative process, her practice, where and how she generates her ideas. It was the sort of discussion that had me veritably bouncing in my chair. Hearing her talk about all the amazing things she does, and has done with sound, seemed to burn away all the deadening inertia that was living within me during Melbourne's endless lockdown. I'd come into the day not knowing quite what to expect. Now I was ready to take in everything and anything Hi-Viz had to offer me. A strong theme running throughout the conversation with Janet was the importance of play. And I felt that theme resonate with the entire group and carry through the rest of the day's activities. The value of playing, experimenting, learning. I've since been on a mission to find out as much as possible about Janet Cardiff's work and it has helped me hold on to the feeling I got from listening to her speak, and from the Hi-Viz experience in general. So energising and compelling. Almost daring me to create something amazing and weird.

We came together as a whole group and responded to prompts in the chat. When we were asked to unmute ourselves and read some of the words in the chat aloud, there was that sense of *play*. The jumble of words "calm – energised – time – space – creativity – fun – lethargy – " all mixing together like some ancient room of captured whispers. It was quite magical and other-worldly.

Then we were Zoomed off into breakout rooms for small group discussions in response to prompts.

For someone like me this was quite daunting, talking to people I've never met before... on Zoom! Horrifying. But the discussions were so genuine, interesting and welcoming. They were an absolute delight to be a part of. People sharing and being curious and open minded. A splendid way to spend time.

Vibrato Virtual: a temporary sound-making collective was possibly my favourite part of the day. To me it completely embodied that sense of play and discovery that Janet Cardiff mentioned at the beginning of the day.

Using our bodies, hands, mouths to manipulate a soundtrack was completely joyous. I felt like a small child discovering the wonders of a rock pool, or a colony of bugs under a log. I was at my own desk, alone, putting my mouth over my iPhone's speaker. It should have felt strange, bizarre, weird. I felt a great sense of wonder, and amazingly connected to all the people that were doing the same on the other side of their computer screens. When we did the experiment for the second time, and everybody was asked to unmute themselves, I must admit that I was worried. In my experience Zoom is not the best for collaborative sound-making. But the nature of this project meant that it worked. There was sound mixing and mingling in fascinating ways. It was captivating and meditative and buoyant.

The idea of Vibrato Virtual was to play one of four sound files through your mobile device, and then watch the Zoom screen share and copy the colour-coded movements. I was provided an [audio described track](#), which gave verbal instructions over the sound file. Yet I didn't feel that the description interfered at all. I was able to follow the audio instructions and still have the majority of my focus on the sound that was being created by my interactions with my phone. And I don't think I gained any less from the experience by doing it that way. In many instances like this in my experience, I've often felt like an afterthought or that my experiencing something like this isn't necessary or important. But here I felt valid and welcome and openly included. Because I was.

By the time we took a lunch break I was practically giddy. I was so full up with positive, creative energy, inspiration and ideas that I couldn't quite contain it. There was so much to think about and process.

After the break I logged into Zoom from my phone and sat in the sun while I listened to Tamara Saulwick and Roslyn Oades discuss the 'Audio Sketch' podcast. Roslyn mentioned the wonderful concept of art dates, which to me sounds like the most perfect thing ever. Audio Sketch is a series of longer-form conversations commissioned by Chamber Made, to be released as podcasts, that are essentially art dates with a focus on listening, making and sound. We heard excerpts of Roslyn's conversations with vocalist, producer, and multi-disciplinary artist Rainbow Chan, and sound artist Ros Bandt. I just wanted, needed, more. I wanted to be sucked into the worlds of these artists and get lost in their practice and their work. And despite being on Zoom, in my lonely patch of sunshine, I felt everyone else on that zoom call feeling that pull, that energy, too. The theme of play was once again present. Each artist touched on its importance; found sounds and objects, experimentation, open mindedness. All intoxicating thoughts.

Oh. It wouldn't be a virtual event without some technical difficulty... And it was my turn in the Artist Provocateurs session. I missed the prompts and provocations portions, but when my tech did

manage to get itself together, and I was able to join in on the breakout room conversations, they were so open and thoughtful. I met some fascinating people doing fascinating things. It was a gorgeous, free, creative space, where honest, at times frank, fun discussion could be had about creativity, ideology and practice. And despite the zoom fatigue being very real by that point in the day, I could have happily kept chatting.

The final event of the day was the Hi-Viz short work commission 'Living Memory' by Sui Zhen. This was an audio-visual work, and it was a bit harder for me to stay present and involved, as I was missing the visual aspect and there was no audio description. I was still wrapped listening to the audio aspect, but I can't deny I was a little perplexed. Maybe it was my end of the day brain? I'd love to have the opportunity to watch it again with audio description, so I could give the work the proper context and understanding it surely deserves.

Regardless, it was a fantastic way to finish the day, bringing everyone's focus to a single point. The work finished and there was no need for discussion; we were able to sit with our thoughts and soak up all the wonder. The atmosphere in the crowd was contemplative, thrilling, palpable. Don't even ask me how that's possible over zoom. But I felt it.

A spectacular day of thinking, dreaming, scheming, feeling. Hi-Viz 2020 inspired me to create and play and shake off the lockdown cobwebs while also giving me the appropriate time, kindness and understanding to do so. I have had my mind opened to thinking about sound in some ways I've never considered before, and the drive and motivation to start working on a project I've been harbouring in the back of my mind for about 2 years. I experienced, learnt, felt so much in such a short amount of time. If this is what the Chamber Made team and all the fantastic artists can achieve in the zoom vacuum, I can't wait to experience one of these days in person. Feeding off the living, breathing, creating energy in a real-life space.

Though, somehow, we still managed to achieve this while apart. Despite not being in a single place, everyone at Hi-Viz 2020 was co-experiencing these singular artworks and discussions. There was atmosphere and energy, and it was a beautiful experience of creativity and connection.

- Olivia Muscat, 2020.

***Sent** is an ongoing project gathering 100 ideas about how we conceive of space. It explores a range of perspectives on natural, public, temporal, digital and sensory spaces and presents them in the form of a postcard, posted weekly on Instagram @sentfolder*

As this issue of ADSR Zine goes to print, Sent is celebrating the halfway point - 50 / 100 ! With sincere thanks to the first 50 contributors we cast our eye to the future which will post more postcards, amplify more experiences of space and pose more questions about how the world around us has come to exist in all its Earthly splendour.

*Submissions for Sent 60-69: Planet Plant are due January 7.
If you would like more information about Sent, please email hello@sophielanigan.com*



Sent is a project of 100 ideas about space. It values writing and drawing equally, so gives each medium equal space. At a lean 250 words a piece, the project avoids being reductive by acting as a long question rather than a simplified statement.

Contributions to the project are sought from a global network of architects, artists, economists, lawyers and environmentalists but are welcome from anyone who would like to be sent. A new postcard will be posted weekly and can be accessed digitally [@sentfolder](#) or found at various locations around Sydney.

The illustration by Max Volfneuk represents the ethos of *Sent*. The sketch depicts the symbiotic relationship between cows and egrets - an endearing and unlikely pairing. The cattle graze attracting insects by

tramping up the ground, while the egrets eat the insects which irritate the cows. It is a silent, peaceful and useful conversation.

Sent is less about what, and more about how. It explores how we conceive space and the conversations surrounding it. We ask:

What does it mean to design space; how does it function; what does it cost; where is it located; who occupies it and; when is it relevant? *Sent* wants to know more about the nuances, failures, intrigues and oddities that occur in the symbiotic relationships between people and their environments - physical or otherwise.

Sophie Lanigan
1/100 Abstract

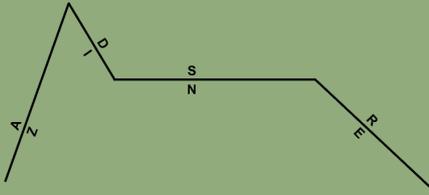
 *SENT*

Response to Hi-Viz by Nat Grant

This artwork is a direct response to Chamber Made's Hi-Viz Practice Exchange in 2020. In a year of constant roadblocks, fear, and uncertainty, sound artists from around the country, and the world, came together to hold space for each other, and their practice. There is no one response to crisis, no single road to recovery, and no limits to our imaginations.

I don't think I'm the only person who hung fairy lights in the last six months - keeping the ghost light burning for whenever our real lives would return.

[Listen here](#)



ADSR Zine

[attack, decay, sustain, release]

ADSR Zine is an online platform established in November 2018 by Elia Bosshard, James Hazel and Sonya Holowell. It is a bi-monthly publication that features writing from contributors who are, or who work with contemporary practising artists. We value the process of reflection, translation, interpretation, critical response and active engagement with Australian art and performance.

We believe that the artist is not only an expert in their field, but offers an important voice beyond the scope of their primary discipline. Artists are welcomed to move beyond this scope to embrace naivety, presenting the sweep, the details, or a combination of both.

As a magazine with a strong interdisciplinary focus, the online format allows for the delivery of written, sonic and visual resources to present, support and facilitate discourse between practising artists.

WHAT WE DO

ADSR Zine offers a 3-part conceptual scaffold that is designed to evoke experimental and non-formalist approaches to responsive writing and media within a contemporary arts and performance context.

OUR POINT OF DEPARTURE

ADSR Zine is a platform for discourse that encourages experimental approaches to discussing visual, performative and sound art. Functioning from an 'art begets art' premise, we offer contributors significant creative license.

We are influenced by the wave of 70's and 80's experimental music and art publications ([NMA](#), Sounds Australia) which were platforms for creative and innovative solutions to writing and conceptualising experimental work.

TEAM

Editors = James Hazel, Sonya Holowell, Elia Bosshard

Website = Elia Bosshard

Cover Art = Nadia Odlum

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