

AURA SATZ - EXPANDED LISTENING (2021):

This composite sound piece is an exquisite corpse of sorts, made from things said and read, existing writings, and newly solicited thoughts around the idea of expanded listening, as connected to an anagrammatic body, a listening that takes place through and across...

This is an invitation to listen differently, not necessarily now, in the present - but to hold these suggestions in mind, to time travel by carrying them forward into the future, after the sound of this voice, when memory has left a mark and a spark can be retrospectively reawakened.

This kind of listening cannot be illustrated with sound, it can be at best described with words or not at all. There is no soundtrack or background sonic thread to punctuate or hold these words together. The sonic thread is your mind's ear, stretching out and beyond the auditory anatomy, listening through and across bodies, species, selves, anagrammatically reconfiguring where listening takes place, how, with what senses, feelers, interfaces.

Take a walk at night. Walk so silently that the bottoms of your feet become ears.

Pauline Oliveros

The first thing is to be conscious of this vibratory field of the whole universe. Just a kind of very, very light vibration of the space, which is not already sound that the ear can hear but which is there and that we can feel.

Eliane Radigue

Listening with...

listening with the neighbourhood

at midnight, or at dawn

Listening with an awareness that all around you are other life-forms simultaneously listening and sensing with you – plant roots, owls, centipedes, cicadas – mutually intertwined within the web of vibrations which animate and surround our planet.

Annea Lockwood

I wake in the middle of the night, my ears acutely tuned to darkness, listening out for silence. My ears are gaping open, taking it in, waking me up to bask in it briefly, while it lasts.

Aura Satz

I see that I've never told you how I listen to music – I rest my hand lightly on the turntable and my hand vibrates, spreading waves through my entire body. That's how I hear the electricity of the vibration, the ultimate substratum in the domain of reality, and the world trembles in my hands.

Clarice Lispector

The small breath drawn before speaking, sounds the moulding of air for words.

Salome Voegelin

Earlier that day I had thought about how to record a voice that had a scream behind it. This was the only description I could come up with of how I heard my voice. It sounded normal to the man at the fish market who had served me a bowl of soup but I knew there was another sound keening behind it, like an overtone, like feedback, painfully high-pitched. How would you do it? A contact mic to the throat? To the heart? To a candle flame?

Frances Morgan

I call him 'butter-ears': I could cry thinking how softly they run through my hands as they are stroked, or how merrily they bob along just as he does when we're out on the field. They are not just expressive of listening, the various modes of listening, listening-feeling, but of feeling more widely. They batten down and flip behind in retreat, fear, humiliation, though he never stops his intensive listening, not least in sleep. We hear the quotidian world together, or rather, I now come to hear certain sound events almost as acutely as he does, learning to listen anew. When he has gone out and I am ear-witness to daily rituals at home alone, then the loudest sound of all is the jarringly silent absence of my co-listener.

Irene Revell

When hearing with my skin, which happens from time to time, often in conjunction with hypnagogic or hyper-relaxed states, I become conscious of the body as a listening membrane. The skin's reactivity to sound is a relatively new field, at least from the scientific perspective. Receptors in skin are sensitive to airflow pressure related to sound. But I wonder at this, having experienced sound as a mild passage of shock passing over areas of skin in response to sudden sounds. Could this also be an electrodermal reaction to auditory stimulus? Recent experiments indicate that sound creates a high electrodermal response, when compared with other stimuli, speculatively connected to the startle reflex. The common idea is that music happens in the head, as a swirling but contained and silent inner field of heard sound contained within an outer sea of world sound, or it resonates and moves the body's frame and inner organs, as with powerful bass frequencies, but there are other sensitivities at work, electrical and aerial, which span and connect these often polarised listening modes in a domain that is closer to touch and its related sensory wonders.

David Toop

There is a constant whooshing in my left ear. It goes with me everywhere and its persistence troubles me. If I was by the sea at the dawn of a calm sunny day, on a remote pebble beach, like the one five minutes' walk from St Ives, I would hear this same sound and love it. I would record it to take it home and keep, along with a few pebbles. But it's not coming into my ear from the sea and the pebbles, it's coming out from somewhere else inside of me. I don't know

where from and I can't control it, and that's the problem. Is it true that the only sounds we like are ones we can control?

Jo Hutton

The voice was made of water and the rhythm of forgotten words.

Louise Grey

Sensing the infrasound of the earth spinning on its axis; constantly vibrating us, shaking everything at a molecular level. I think about the ecstatic. That unpredictable point at which we find ourselves in thrall of an indescribable resonance, almost a vellication, minutely around the surface of one's skin.

Jez Riley French and Phoebe Riley Law

On the wooden desk, there are two rings: one is light yellow, the other is light pink. Between the two rings, there is a vibrant red, like a sounding board. The clouds are moving slow. I hear the rain drops in my fingertips. The wind is loud. The chill of the sea hits the window. I feel the chill in my back. It moves the rings. It becomes red, the sounding board.

Zeynep Bulut

When I connect to sound through my feet, it's extremely sensitive. I roll on my feet a lot when I play, and I'm getting up on my toes or heels, or just roll to the side, and so on. Partly that's because of the nature of the physicality of playing percussion, where you have to think vertically and horizontally in your actual movement. But I also feel that there's such a big difference when I listen with shoes on, and when I listen not having shoes on. The whole existence of the body is listening. So you're able to feed the sound through your body, but you're also allowing the imagination not just to come from the upper part of your body, but literally through every limb that you have available.

Evelyn Glennie

The bulldozer starts again, moving the air like an audible, crooked staircase before reaching its full power. As I lean on my wooden table, my arm receives sympathetic vibrations from the low frequencies of the bulldozer, but hearing seems to take place in my stomach. A jet passes over. Some of its sound moves through my jawbone and out the back of my neck.

Pauline Oliveros

Sound enrolls the listening body in a web of material connections that transect boundaries of subjects, species, organic and inorganic matter, and bodily interiors and exteriors. We might think of listening bodies as sonic-political transducers. Transduction refers to the conversion of one form of acoustic energy into another by microphones, loudspeakers, and even parts of the ear—such as when an electrical signal becomes an audible sound wave as it passes through the

technology of a loudspeaker. Sound and music are absorbed by individuals—with varying modes of consciousness and interpretation—and then converted into kinetic and social modes of engaging with others, with the potential to mobilize various kinds of political work in the world. Sound is both a carrier of cultural knowledge and an expressive medium modulated by individual creativity.

Tara Rodgers

Processing the Journey- Egypt Again

The sound amplifies, but in an extraordinary way. In the Great Pyramid the candle went out as we did standing directional soundings. Then, we could really experience being there. It was in the North that I realized that there were tiny constellations in the ceiling. They were floating above us. I had the feeling they were always there. They emerged in response to sound in the North. I blinked and looked again. They were still there. Many heard and felt presences in the dark, other voices seemed to be joining in with us.

IONE

Through the chorus, the singular voice emerges as an outdated and invalid philosophical category, in dire need of replacement by its plural counterpart.

Eleni Ikonodiou