

About Turn, Resounds, Decays

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IV. As the thing that's heard

When we got there we couldn't listen to the thing we wanted to. Three concentric circles. In the wharf reinstalled at the tempo of development and then abandoned again nothing sounded *as/like* a bell for opening time/the land for loot. Jem Finer's *Longplayer* in a lighthouse, started the last moment of the last century and meant to last—never repeating, never overlapping—for a 1,000 years.

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The 234 ‘singing bowls’ in *Longplayer* are kinds of standing bell—probably originating in China but re-marketed in the 1970s via US ‘new age’ music—‘which can be played by both humans and machines, and whose resonances can be very accurately reproduced in recorded form.’ Scores of precision ripples, still in movement materials can’t be predicted. *Longplayer* is ‘designed to be adaptable to unforeseeable changes in its technological and social environments, and to endure in the long-term as a self-sustaining institution.’ Yet when J asked a security worker if they could open up the lighthouse for us, we never made it up the spiral stairs.

I. Evasive

listen,
what's surrounded & withheld as
sensation is a practice of exclusion—
not ambient, instrument or antenna—
an otherwise — overwhelmed by the world—
troubled
cleft, bracelet-weight
antennae
 adjust gestural waiting
 in attention
not aplomb
but moving the linguistic terrain of perception
 a bit
 bytes blur at edges
attuned as insects
trace each other's trebled over-
laps heard
whirling-floating, downfacing-or-upright

IV. (As the thing that's)

What would have happened if we *had* been able to listen, supervised by the security worker? Would we also have heard his labour time watching us in that tubular space of exchange—an interruption in our interruptions of each other, a fourth person in the tension of listening. The durations would alter. Now?

Later J will have played one singing bowl somewhere else, experimenting with how striking certain parts of the metal changes the pitch at which the bowl is resonating. The sound will be unbearable to L. For hours in nights afterwards I listen to *Longplayer* stream live from the lighthouse with the locked door in my ears, imperceptible as time units in duration without

II. Manoeuvres of sensation

pitch. in spirals.
as of flowthrough.mode coagulate. s.
lips dissolve over it.boundaryfoldf.low it.with.ing. the point of glance.redo.redo
drifts. in a way of distort
infinite behinds of geometry.s.now
as heightened.ing arcs as
sound bows sense.able the flows
.flaws.
a hyper.circle
.ing between.fingertip
as heightened attention as

shaking off
evasive environments
.other elements
in order
distilled.concentrating
in rings.all the way down
the height of it.
undo.undo
time
notes show
edges in
another dimension

III. Refuse the question

but who could dance to this?
bell inverted from hold
held absorbs directly struck objects
flattens kept vibrations

Every step is heavy, unless light as a stutter. —only,

234 singing bowls
install vibes vaguely “ancient”/
the texture of instrument discarded as launchpad
each note played a scrape
in its own gradual warping

heap disform iteration
 (a lapping over it) down to abyssal plain of human hearing
 ~20Hz sub-octave
 boundaries of noticing. adjusted to press
 under low lapse of sound, a far flung spiral arm
 plays like insects finding footholds the same iteration of one infinity :how motion
 kind of meanders to distraction
 the spiral, in
 peripheral, like
an erosion of your edges
 unfocus, or suspicion of concentrating
 upon an infinite point:
 call it
 skittering on a crystal cave ceiling
 ~20,000Hz super-octave
 call it
 shook off time

At extremes of scale
passing on quantum mechanical levels and expansas no more than a blip. isn't to say tonality in
 which we flicker as little particles / nothing
 only everso ahistorically /
 only upright / only stacking

Hear chime, think “instance,” it continues to wobble
after peal. overtones. pulse. each
minute increment. metal distunes.
:||Repeat for 1,000 years.