

we can't grasp a ghost-tone emerges from the spatial reflections of voice the listener perceives this
tone from a distance it appears in small periods voice and listener like one organism use
a yarn to communicate a way to say from far: keep it, keep what you are doing to increase
the continuum of the tone now appears another dimension in the space through the light
tower our identity is killed to be composed by the experience surfers fall down very fast from
the waves becoming wind structure of stair spiral drops concrete wall stower light fake phare lake waves shape siren-
storm loop hiss vinyl turns acoustics change the identity of the sources old myths are related to
this phenomenon are connected to daily life Bute refuses the sound that comes from humans:
the agreed code this (familiar) source is a dry signal he goes to the acoustic reflection
an echo, a wet signal listeners perceive this sound as an environment the environment as a myth
as a siren you are a medium that wakes up all this subversion the landscape and your voice
modulate the sound the breath is always fluctuating I lose myself I try to find the movement
I don't know how I got it the binary relation is killed in the action hearing the space through the
other confront to your abyss the border that is me and what is around me is erased identity
doesn't mean anything becoming-nomad-island: the border of the beach is always moving you feel
the process of change as fluctuating envelopes Pascal Quignard, in his book 'Butes', talks about dis-
individuation "The Sirens reduce without ending the distance between the body of the listeners and
them, until the dis-individuation." They don't say to Ulysses: "Come to our island, to the rocks and
the sand of this beach". They don't say: "Come to the field that continues, there where the flowers
grow." They say: "Come here". Bute follows that call follows a reflection impossible to
grasp he never gets the sound he gets the death sound is death sound is there-here
sound is n o w h e r e things that you want to suppress appear a power comes soft-warm sounds
painful sounds uncomfortable feeling awaken inside me, I wasn't aware of resonances of inner-animals
aspects that don't fit in the comfort-code of our language kill some cops inside insecurity coming
dependence of the darkness to listen you were in the dark, I was in the light I-was-mute-you-were-deaf
I feel never sure that this is the tone I want I don't know how you interpret my words language is
a camouflage for schizophrenia, for our multiplicity a crystal shines in all directions our first
stimulus was to use the voice voice as an invader the tower has a megaphone shape physical
structures are filters your-voice-through-the-space-is-an-effect acoustic reflection as a material
in itself we become filters after the first iteration of the signal in the loop singer-
tower-listener oral tradition repetition is always different growing a language by the
mistakes the memory inscribed in your body how bacteria learn from each other knowledge
as an animal "the language is a virus" my temperature my memory a learning-living
score do you remember what I told you? remember through my instinct through the doing
you learn understand it from your toes to your head physical memory breathing rhythm
and amplitude modulations related to the echo flowing score started with F tone
detector G# (high) some modulations were not heard downstairs /a/ doesn't work, it was
/ah/ /u/i/ fluctuations amplitude changes u/i~~u/i~~~u/i~~~~ /o/ was working the best can't
write it down nuances because of different positions of the mouth, tongue /ou/ generated lots of
overtones listening downstairs the dry voice disappears working with the space you become aware of
the changing distances the space in itself plays specific frequencies I made harmonies with them
the space tells me what tone I should play what rhythm I should take to be composed
a continuing sound-line not just coming from me, as the source it lives in the intervals of the silence
I had to change a different breathing cycle attacking the time in this space a low volume
can make long sound-lines repetition is always a new moment you need to be exposed to the signals
for longer periods becoming aware of the new tones repeating the tone for a while, new tones get
more presence amplified through this repetition these waves have more energy than those coming from
the source don't focus on the finger that shows you the moon see where the finger is pointing at
in one act: the moon and her reflection our experience as observers here living the physicality of
the life there without mechanical space-timing without nostalgia of distance the "mental
space" that Pierre Soulages talks about his obsession for the light on black surfaces in an impulse
our perception changes stimulated by the reflections, that is a physical space this impulse takes you
to a point of no return you can't regret: it's just space-time running you are taken by the gravity,
falling into the abyss the first impulse takes away your control put your voice, the signal, your
identity and all you are at service of the acoustic reflections the passing life all is on the surface
moving with the architecture challenging the idea of fixed borders making it an experience flowing