

field foci



Transitionaly

A closeness and attentiveness, such that now the face is a strangers. So near that the face is no-longer recognised but lost in the space of faciality and over which the eye scans and marks. Each scars' shadows and each blemishes pallor; the particular arching curl of an eyelash just about to fall; the miniature mirror reflection in the kaleidoscope of an iris; the thickness and fine thinness of each hair forming a brow; the scatterings of pores; the slight shining on an eyelid; or the gentle and fractional rippling of the skins fine down and translucent membranes, cloaking further imagined intricacies beneath. Each its own perfection and complexity.

So near in a proximity that forces the eye to journey, and not read over a portrait's landscape – as that cast by an artist – a journey that, again, in contrast, is not frozen in an artist's chosen time. In a stillness of this extending moment, in the facial motionscape that, although not in a state of busy animation, is neither no static zone. Just as a breeze crossing a lake imprints the surface or brushes the field of graceful long grasses the breathing breath casts its pressures across this faciality when watched in proximity.

To blink back at the blink or, perhaps, to really examine this repeating movement with a detachment, and in this moment strive for a bypassing and beyond of the subjective vision-map. Feel the interruptions of the breaths passages too, its rhythm but also its temperature.

It is an extremely cold Winter's day and so freezing that breathing exhales misty entrails...the air is accompanied by a moistness and a temperature greets the facial skin and seems to tenaciously pervade the subcutaneous layers, muscle and skull as if intent upon no other purpose than a slow freezing of all cellular matter. The dampness, heavy in the air is making the skin glisten and the hair gradually wet. Observing of the textural architecture of the hair – its precise qualities in detail – weight and lightness, fineness and thickness, lankness, softness; the way the tips of single fringe

hairs curve, meeting the forehead, making temporarily balanced and tensile arches through the way they have come to rest in the last breeze.

Looking so closely that the face becomes a wall. Not rigid though, like brick, but a living flesh-screen that, also, bears a steadfast impenetrability belonging to the facade through its very exposure. Remember, so close that the sound of the breath is heard – perhaps even the heart beats. Concentrate, though, on the soundscape of the environment that is not being looked at, as blocked by the faciality immediately in view.

It is as if the eyes are closed – although they are not – making the sound of the distant traffic and the footsteps beneath on the shingle path more present. There is the flutter of the startled starlings wings suddenly sensing other movement close by now. Their shadows are not seen but, a subtle flickering of light levels is, perhaps, detected and so they are felt as they pass momentarily overhead. Their beautiful song whistles are now departed too so that there is now a silence alongside the breaths and strange footsteps that is more silent... A rustle in the long grass verge...and then stillness again. Then, later, the sound of voices and a conversation approaching. It hesitates, as if broken-off. Now the sense of zones of alertness, a momentary ultra stillness. Looking straightforward, eye to eye, nose to nose with another, but, in alertness elsewhere. Focussing on listening. The conversation is resumed and faster footsteps are approaching – another rhythm and musicality fades into the sound mix.

The footpath ahead is about to make a 90 degree turn, although no hidden corner as such is presented, as the path can then be seen proceeding along a very straight corridor vicinity, with fields on both sides, one of which is tree-lined. There's now a momentary breeze in the trees but a stillness is settling back down and with it the sound of others steps on the shingle path. There are twenty figures who are in pairs and spread out along the path in this area. At first glance the figures strike attention as standing motionless on the spot, although oddly as footsteps can be heard. Actually the figures are all moving forwards, or backwards, along the foot-path mapping exceptionally straight pathways, and very slowly. They are not walking in pairs as one might first imagine – they are facing each other, and standing so close that they almost touch, but none do. Now, having turned the corner, standing at one end of this corridor space and squinting, all the pairs are as silhouettes against the silver sun which is low and bright.

A few minutes later, among the figures, and in the lingering stillness and their mill pool stillness, quite apart. Even the

breathing can be heard. Stop now and let the movement slowly pass, slowly, very slowly, almost as if time itself is stopping, becalmed. The figures are accompanied by the gentle rhythm of the shingle shifting sideways, a shoreline, and yet here, merging into these farm field and park surroundings. The breaths and the shifting slides by or, perhaps, it hovers and floats.

Reaching the other end of the pathway and leaving this strange suspension zone: it is as if time is suddenly speeding up again, as the expected parkland panoramic view returns ahead. Aspects re-register in this return, but they are recalibrated differently, which surprises. It is as if, for instance, one looked at and meditated on the veins of a leaf, held in ones hand for some considerable solitude, and then away into the distance which then struck one as an image, incredibly intangible and remote.

Inflexivity

Imagine first a bright and warm sunny morning, but the expectation of an ordinary day ahead, perhaps, even unusually dull and so more ripe for a rupture and the slippage of the *deja vu* of a habitual moment.

One departs upon a familiar errand and walking down the street notes the predictable overflowing beds of supra-yellow daffodils or pansies in the gardens. Then, one turns the corner where the path overlooks the local grassland fields.

...it is the reflected beams of sunlight that are noticeable first – dazzling and blinking small lights from about fifty mirrors. These are the size of shoe boxes, except slimmer, and are each being held by a figure. The figures are creating a field space of movement translations with the mirrors, but also wandering about, very ordinarily, and are simultaneously intent upon looking, either through or with the mirrors. The figures change their position – and the mirrors' positions – at times, and mostly, quite slowly, and often extremely slowly.

On this day it is the atmosphere, not just the panning movement of the mirrors accompanied by glints of sunlight, that is striking too. There is heat in the mid morning sun that the figural images are bathed in and steam is rising subtly from the damp land, as there has been a light shower earlier.

The figures appear to have just stepped off, or into, the film screen of a grand Elizabethan historical drama, or such, as they are inhabiting lavish, period and courtly costumes. They resemble, although not entirely, iconic historic and royal personages. They wear their costumes as though they are not costumes, but their customary attire. This attire is richly and decadently adorned with real fake jewels – glittering constellations to the movement of the figures' mirrors.

Upon closer inspection, their costumes are also beautifully made and a pleasure to see, with lush textures contrasting

against those of the flora and varied grasses in the field, likewise adorned with glistening beads of water from the fine rain earlier.

The path divides the field in the middle – some figures cross the path close by. They are looking at another figure – perhaps, your figure – by way of their mirror and this figure is now reframed amidst the disparate historic vista. In contrast, to the period style of the figures, the landscape comprises of surrounding farm fields, open park space and a supermarkets massive distribution warehouse that even farther shrinks the contemporary housing estate toy-town that also sits within the panoramas skylines.

The figures are imbued with a certain other-worldly distance from a strong concentration they embody through their framing actions – the passer-by's are becoming unwitting and out-of-sync extras in the filmic field foci and, looking in the mirrors, they are transposed into the distanced and multiple film-screen histories.

A particular couple of figures draw nearby. While one is standing momentarily with the posture of a figurine – the light catching the angle of the wrist and the frame-line from the nose to the brow – the other is stood to the left, and is twisting as turning around, panning a view in the mirror that is almost filled with the other figures neck-become-tree trunk in the foreground of the landscape vista. (The mirrors, being rectangular and held appropriately, frame-capture panoramic views, hence a headless and bodiless neck with vista image can be achieved if held in close enough proximity).

Drawing close to these period figures one finds their peculiarity in this contemporary landscape accentuated through make-up too, which is as per English courtly figures of the sixteenth century, and more akin to a re-enactment of those techniques of painted face than today's. Also, the figures are, likewise, grandly wigged.

Upon watching the figures for some time it is apparent that, although more-or-less engaged in the same shared activity, as appears to be the case initially, they are each also weaving a micro field of activity through the particularity of their executed actions.

The gender of the figures is ambiguous and ambivalent, whether they are dressed in so-called female or male costume. In the midday heat, in their ornate, intricate and restrictive bodices, they are fainting and flopping every now and then to the ground. One can glimpse, across this grass-sea field that they sink into, the occasional raising of a stockinged ankle or gartered shin. Such a shin might also be dramatically spot lit, as figures nearby are moving their mirrors causing the rectangular reflections of mirror-light to dart across

the field randomly, or deliberately, into the dislocated limb vicinities.

Another figure has been standing for some time quite apart from the others and is looking back at the windows of the houses that overlook the fieldscape. Promptly a window is gently swung open and this figure begins immediately to rotate with the same momentum and with the view on the mirror sliding along a horizon. It is as if the figure and the windows movement were one and the same. The figure has also changed level and the mirror is now directly at the eye level of another figure crouching a few metres away – in fact, it is dazzling the other figure. Although the mirror is being held exceptionally still, over the distance between the figures the slight movement is amplified. Attention is drawn to the precise erratic nature of this movement quality, magnified in the moving reflection of light.

As time is passing the vision often distinctly alters. However, it's not distinguishable exactly when the alteration occurs. Now, for instance, it is as if all the figures have undergone a correlation. They are all facing the housing estate and then making a half-rotation before turning back again – apart from two figures who are standing very still facing the view of the pathway along which passer-by's are lingering and hesitating.

After watching and breathing this field scene the time-loci becomes more mesmeric. The sun haze re-casts the figure gazers into the afternoon. Seamlessly they fragment back into their personal mirror viewing-action perspectives. Some bend over and examine foliage at their feet; others bend backwards in tracking an aeroplane pass overhead. Others, in utter stillness, are surveying figures over their shoulder, with their mirror held at arms length abreast. Two of three figures, gathered, have made a swing – from none – such that the middle figure, seated, is being born very slowly and smoothly back and forth. The image in the mirror being held very still pans a view that a forth figure has noticed and sways to see in. Another figure, now also watches this trio, but the only part of the figure that moves are the eyes which rise and fall in a dreamy hypnosis.

Tensionary

It is not rare to have the sensation that the structures that support ones way of life and the pursuits in which one passionately engages are, in fact, not at all unlike the flimsy pack of cards that in childhood one balanced into elaborate pyramidal towers, but which were wholly susceptible to total collapse at any imminent point.

In a recurring daydream I imagine playing cards that are balanced in a careful and not uncomplicated manner, but just the slightest unintended interruption – the breeze from the

window, the vibration of doors shutting in the flat below... Cards balance in a particular way – a highly precarious way. It is tricky to find the balance, which relies on two or more lightweight elements.

This daydream shifts ground, from playing pack cards to thoughts about household insurance or when a computer was last backed up or... Yet even if all infinite steps of insurance could be taken – a ridiculous impossibility – the feeling of an utter concurrent precariousness would be no less real. At times the daydream of the Precariousness remains – even if mostly subliminally – projected externally across a sense of all endeavours, as if to remind a reality that simultaneously it amounts to nothingness and that its death is not only foreseen but entirely inevitable at any random splitting of moment. At other times the anxious feeling of the Precariousness is a less remotely projected vision and more oppressive: the concern that the people and furniture in the flat above will crash through the ceiling, so that as one is seated on the sofa sipping at tea one notes a tendency to peer upwards at the cracks in the ceiling, trying to assess their severity; or the fear that one, along with various unwieldy possessions will demolish the flat below as the floor caves in, so one finds oneself distractedly staring at the circumspect gradients of carpeted floor. Failing this, there is the large crack that, surely, has not always been there between the two windows... Another daydream-fear is more ecological, involving torrential rain and a landslide, which has actually been known to happen on a hill nearby.

These daydreams are rather like the night-dream in which one enters a room but upon smiling at a crowd of people all ones teeth fall out. They are paranoiac daydreams – but are they, if they are ciphers for a sense of a connected collapsing reality in play? In the night dream teeth fall out weightlessly and movement tricks defy gravity. In contrast, in these nowhere reels of cinescope daydreams there is a sense of the imminent weight of an impact. Yet in the tension of these moments nothing happens apart from perhaps one notices the sound of the clock ticking that hadn't been audible just a moment before.

And so there is, then, a related daydream of a performance that involves about twenty figures with steel scaffolds spread out in a field. In this vision the figures with scaffolds become a field of tension that is operated and derived from the balance and breaking of balance. The sustaining of a balance is a kind of realization of a suspension. The figures are holding and balancing very long lengths of scaffold, eg about 7m or so, and this length accentuates the midpoint and balancing point. They are operating movements with the scaffolds that focusses attention very simply on the shifting of weight through a disruption of balance.

All the bars are continuously being actively lifted by a figure, even if only by a few centimetres at one end. Each figure begins from one end, gradually raising the bar, whilst ensuring the other remains on the ground. At a point during this passage the weight of the raised end is utilised to assist with lifting the other end, in a restricted manner, so that the bar is brought to, or passes through, the horizontal. The momentum is then controlled to various degrees, or not, as either end falls or rises, rather like a see-saw. The angles that the scaffolds form with the land are never that much more than 45 degrees. As the scaffolds pass through the horizontal position the figures toy with the unpredictability of an outcome of a held balance, before allowing an end to fall freely or slowly to the ground, and then continuing their journey to the other end of the scaffold.

The figures carry out these operations gracefully and slowly – they need to be strong – and one can see the tension in their bodies frames and muscles in articulation with the weight. The preciseness of control makes the bars appear to, at times, levitate – weightless and illusory.

The vision changes in different weather conditions. On a very still and windless afternoon – the tension from the suspension correlates with a slowing of time, suggesting the moment of the lull, and, perhaps equally uncannily, for instance, as if, say, after lunch, no workers nor machines recommenced work but that this was awaited.

On a windy day, possibly, the movement field vision will become sonorous – not just from the disconcerting blustering or howling of gusts but through an eerie singing of air whistling through the scaffolds.

An alternative vision involves figures with plastic gutter tubes, again of long lengths. Now the tension from the balancing is very different – there is a fickleness as the lighter tubes rotate in the breeze as they balance. The figures are able to negotiate more elaborate shifts with the lines, for instance, still balancing the tube horizontally, but at shoulder height or above, as they slowly turn in the opposite direction to that which the balancing tube has happened to turn, caught in a moments breeze.

The figures, though, are not machinic operators. Their presence is one in conjunction with their movement operation that also leaves room for an additional play to unfold as chance correlations occur between the various figures. But this is not to indicate enough – their presence is doing more than playing on any chance linear or configurational choreographic moments. The figures are intensifying an attention to the subtle movement that the environment unfolds simultaneously, which establishes an intimate connection. As the wind ripples the grasses, like the surface of a lake, the bod-

ies of the figures may soften to breath in this movement – they can be open in their balancing to the impact of this breeze carriage as it crosses the field and gently shifts the balances of all their bodies limbs. But again this seems to suggest a very formal aspect only, when it is also an energy from a sea of pathologic presences the performances and performers can journey through interconnected to a concurrency of systems that is also key to a precariousness and complexity – an entangled tension and at any moment disarray as balances are broken and yet the breaking balance also is a seamless dissolve to the making of another.

Invisibility

Thinking triangles and triangularity, reversibility and supersymmetries...you, me and other; church, state and law; father, mother and child; communication, faith and betrayal.

From a distance it appears as if there are a group of people gathered and that they are standing, in clusters of three, communicating. Now, nearer, I see that no speech is being exchanged. Each threesome is silent and, whereas from afar, they appeared to be looking at each other, I now observe that they are looking elsewhere. Their eyes, for instance, focus a gaze beyond, or before, the figure that is either directly before them or to which they are turned. Also, even when they do appear to be looking directly at one of the other figures their focus is still mis-registered. It is as if they are entranced within a range of vision that just happens to overlap with the other figure and does not seek to meet with any personality there in the body of the other, instead choosing to negotiate another elusive realm that is pitched in a synchronous complex elsewhere.

The figures are not randomly gathered in three's as had also first appeared to be the case. Instead, they are positioned very precisely so that they each map out distinctly a triangle and, as there are many of them, many triangles are mapped across the quite extensive green space, which covers a few hundred acres and comprises of various conserved habitats. Some of the figure clusters are quite sparse, however, there is an epicentre of this triangular population in a vicinity that frames a square mound area. This is set back and just aside from a pathway and is enclosed on three sides by trees, which further creates a theatrical enclosure that is already somewhat resonant of Beckett through the odd defunct nature of the mound-platform.

The triangles of figures appear as units and form a repetitive structural marker. As markers what event is it that they are drawing attention to or reawakening? The figures, in triangles, embody a kind of network monument. Their mis-registering communication involves a concentration in looking that is also a hearing. As I listen to the absence of their con-

versation, like them, perhaps, I absorb the sounds of the birds in the trees nearby, hearing with more clarity the soundspace created through the volumes and movements of their calls. Also, there is the wind in the trees, more crisp and my footsteps on the gravel path more loudly crunching the rhythm of a particular stride.

I may have given a very static picture of these figures so far, as almost a field of frozen gazes in a snapshot. But, their presence is not one of statues, even as markers, apart from during ones first surprised glance that soon dissolves as one enters into a watching. One notices that the gazes of the figures are sustained but, also, after a time, shift to another direction and yet often the transition is missed. It is as if one is watching the waves of a sea, sometimes one catches the moment of the crest and at other times the current from beneath draws it away, and a new wave appears to have risen, the other without vanishing is vanished. The figures elude a time through their elision between gazes. For instance, one figures vision focussed nearby, towards the shadows between some trees, dissolves into another remote vision-place, or even to an elsewhere dream vision-place.

Not only is there this sea of subtle movement – exposing, from multiple concentrations of attentiveness and distraction, a very live visioning. Also, the figures each, and apparently randomly, turn from facing inwards – in the triangle – to facing outwards. The figures project with their stance a faciality – one comprising the whole front, or back, face-body – at once both directing and eroding in each transition of gazing. There is no rule-formula as to when a figure might turn or whether the movement of a figure will impel another nearby or farther off to turn, but their turning and the clear directionality they embody appears to create a correlation across the cluster of figures. It is as if they then make visible another connectivity, and it is this which it is intended to show. Slow and quiet, gazing and breathing in the wind, apparently rooted-still, but then breaking this illusion as they unexpectedly turn together, or not.

What kind of connectivity? A connection that is both heavy and light, contemplative and playful; dull and bright with the invisibility of thought...crisp and sticky, dry and fiery, thick and icy, perhaps, intangible.

I have not yet mentioned how the figures are dressed as they stand as thinking triangles. They are in thinking dress, of course! This, as most will know, may comprise of a dress the colour of a thinking, that is both light and long, that billows with the wind in a way that shows the stillness of the body beneath, but that is also angular and at times solemn. A dress that has a certain uncertain weight, that is of the oppressiveness of a 'robe' – fitted but not tightly – and that has

an utter capacity for softness and invisibility.

Apparitionary

From a distance these twenty, or so, trees stand out. What might have appeared a pleasant avenue is replaced by an incongruently macabre image, as they have been trimmed so harshly. In the late Autumn, with few leaves remaining, they are tall monuments to their missing limbs and cast elongated and amputated shadows in the low sun.

The macro shape of a tree often appears to express a negative of a harmonious perfection – as if each dividing shoot-come-branch knew exactly which direction in which it had to grow in order to create a particular predestined form of splendour. In contrast, these ungainly trees, still relatively mature giants, now stand exposed, with a lost form apparent as an untimely indignity. It is as if a photograph has frozen them just at the moment before their lost balance sent them sprawling to the ground. However, on this, oddly, very still Autumn day they defy gravity and remain uncannily upright.

When nearer one can see that the misshapen form of the trees is accentuated too by figures in the trees. These appear to have alighted from nowhere, as there is no evidence of ladders, or such, on the ground beneath. There is one figure in each tree and all are balanced in rather unlikely postures, conveniently aided by the sawn-off branches, which each form a mini platform or perch. It is not surprising that at first they remain hidden, as they are all carefully articulating balances with their bodies that echo the macabre angularities of the trimmed trees. The two merge almost exactly.

Whilst some figures actually stand, resolutely defying vertigo and also giving the impression of levitating, others appear stranded as they balance their bodies across the branch stumps in various marooned and impaled-like manners.

Upon close attention it is impossible to decide whether the figures are in some sense 'waiting' or are free to dissolve – in a return to wherever they alighted from. Even the marooned-like figures that balance with their backs across the stump – their legs and hips dangling, and back arching as their head and arms dangle too – seem to transitionlessly morph into otherwise positioned, floating figures. For instance, to a lackadaisical figure, with head lightly balanced in cupped hand, arm resting on the stump along with the chest and the midrib – somehow managing nonchalantly and effortlessly to take the weight, whilst the lower torso and legs dangle.

Some of the figures are seated on the branch ends, but variously. They, again like the trees, form images of the askew, as they sustain a series of unlikely balances and morph between these. One presents a sitting floating figure, as the legs do not drop from the knee but remain straight, yet re-

laxed, as if the figure is supported by the ground of a magic carpet. This figure also projects a deity-like presence, of calm. However, the image the figure realises is entirely absurd as the balance is also askew rather than horizontal. The figure is tilted backwards, as if the horizon has rotated by about 35 degrees.

The figures are also not obvious at first because of the the colour of their apparel. The trees form silhouettes against the sun and most of the figures are wearing dark-toned, or black, robes, apart from a few. These wear the colour of the silvery blue sky, and, likewise, disappear at first glance.

The robes are not overly expansive but, at the same time, incorporate lengths sometimes over two times the height of the figure. These lengths, suspended either from the sleeves directly, or as extensions attached at the ankles or wrists, lend a particular lightness and levity that the fabric weight and stiffness supports unchallenged in the stillness. The fabric is actually a fine net, although not visible as such. It remains solidly opaque – a rich dark black – even in the bright sunlight. When it sways with the air, being net, it displays a movement in slow-motion. Often the figures, sensing this movement, will themselves let the motion of slowness pass through and across them, such that they might arrive in a new angular balance, or the direction of their gaze might be adjusted fractionally, their eyes close or open, their breath inhale or exhale...

Immersivity

The leaning figures are extremely still... at times absolutely still.

Through keeping both feet firmly grounded and stretching along the axis of the spine in both directions, a clear line is articulated from the ankles to the crown of the head. Their arms mostly remain lowered and relaxed, hanging softly although partially raised and extending to counterbalance. There are fifteen, or so, figures and, at the same time as leaning to various degrees, they are gently drifting – they are floating on pallets that are about 1m square and which partially submerge with their weight, but only just. As they change from one subtle lean to another one can see the surface edge of the water gradually crawl across the pallet to where it is about to meet their feet, the pallet tipping slightly in another direction.

They are not on an open expanse of deep water but within a wetland vicinity that spans about 200m. The water is shallow and when the figures occasionally lose their balance, they present a mild commotion similar to that of the surprise departures and arrivals of the birds who they are sharing the space with.

It is clear that the figures intend to remain engaged in this manner for some time yet on this humid afternoon, but they form an evocative timeless image which gives the impression that their visitation has occurred in the past too. In fact, today, one can tell that they have been here for at least twenty minutes, or so, because, in their stillness, they are no-longer triggering alarm calls from the birds – the ducks, swans and moor hens are busying themselves in the pool and now either ignore the obstacle the figures present or even momentarily attend to the curious phenomenon with a slight, puzzled nod or peck at a pallets edge.

It may take about two hours for each figure to drift from one edge to another across the pool – whereupon they will leave. On a very still day they will have waded to the centre of the pool and then proceeded to drift hardly anywhere at all.

Initially on glimpsing the pool ones eye might be more likely to catch on the ducks racing across it – they have heard you approaching first! The figures will then form a slight surprise for the eye, having remained dissolved with the surface stillness of the peaceful surroundings. However, as one contemplatively settles, and begins to be distracted by each breath of breeze that strokes a time on the pools surface, one might also observe how the figures breathe and drift too in a tandem way – that, even when they breathe the balance of their lean and the floating pallet balancing just beneath the surface is being very carefully operated, and that this operation is more than just a re-attuning or adjusting. Another, more interconnected, system becomes perceptible, perhaps first through an awareness of a triangle of moving surfaces – floating, leaning and breathing – which are operating a controlling, meditative and durational zone.

In addition to carrying out the minimal and complex movement described, unexpectedly, the figures are dressed as beautifully as birds. It appears to me that birds always wear evening wear, including the sparrow, the scruffy cygnet or other birds not of bright hue – their feathers have a sheen and fold with a patterned complexity that is a natural decadent finery. The figures are not all wearing the same evening-wear, which is neither cumbersome. Sleek and silky greys, and soft curving lines. Minimal decoration and simple sophistication, like the heron – but, overall, not imitative. Others are equally camouflaged or resplendent in the tones of other birds that visit these wetlands.

Suddenly, again, the sound of ducks scooting across the water occurs interrupting a temporary stillness that has gathered. However, the sound is unaccompanied by any such ducks. One, listens more closely, and finds it possible to discern a number of occasional and apparently random sound interventions that, as they are of such low levels, had previ-

ously been missed, but, mostly – although there are playful exceptions – it is not possible to distinguish exactly which aspects of the soundscape may be intervention or natural artifice. Listening more intently now, the space seems doubly alive with a density of paradoxical events – hallucinatory realms drift past, blur in-and-out of focus, form punctuation and disjunction, whilst the soundspace expands once more with consciousness also tuning into the various arrays of buzzing and glitching insects that appear to have increased their volume. A macro and micro auditorium without walls re-colours the sound scene.

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