

ACOUSTIC JUSTICE, ACOUSTIC CARE

July 9 - 12, 2026 / Berlin

Across diverse contexts and situations, the experience of being heard emerges as foundational. From personal, localized situations to broader social and national contexts, being heard supports feeling recognized, fostering mental and emotional health as well as essential forms of collective empowerment. While being heard is grounded in dialogue and the ability to speak to each other, it is clearly metaphoric as well, leading to a broader range of experiences and practices. As Gideon Calder argues, it's important that we listen out for those voices that exceed a given acoustic arena, or that speak and narrate otherwise. There is an urgency to being heard, one that calls for greater attention as well as critical, creative ways of sounding and listening.

Extending from these concerns, we're glad to announce a program of talks, workshops, performances and listening assemblies investigating the concept of acoustic justice, acoustic care. Acoustic justice, acoustic care is posed as a framework for addressing the structures that impact onto ways of being heard, and how it is we may listen out for the unrecognized or silenced. What types of strategies or tactics does such listening suggest? How to contend with particular acoustic norms that greatly influence the work of being heard as well as our embodied sense of feeling connected? Is not listening out for others requiring nuanced forms of sensing and acoustic imagination? And what of situations where listening is strained by what it hears – by what is unlistenable? Bringing together contributing artists, researchers, curators and organizers, the program aims to elaborate understandings of acoustic justice, acoustic care and how it may contribute to creative, critical listening cultures.

NOTES SUR L'ECOUTE SOCIALE, DECOLONIALE / NOTES ON SOCIAL, DECOLONIAL LISTENING

KRISTOFF K.ROLL



Kristoff K.Roll est un duo d'art sonore composé de Carole Rieussec et J-Kristoff Camps, formé en 1990 à Paris. Dans une poétique transversale, iels glissent de l'acousmatique à l'improvisation électroacoustique en passant par la performance, l'installation ou le théâtre sonore. Le duo active son écoute sociale par une mise en abîme onirique. Iels jouent, performant et diffusent leurs créations en France et à l'étranger.

Kristoff K.Roll is a sound art duo composed of Carole Rieussec and J-Kristoff Camps, formed in 1990 in Paris. With a cross-disciplinary approach, they move from acousmatic music to electroacoustic improvisation, incorporating performance, installation and sound theatre. The duo engages in social listening through a dreamlike mise en abîme. They play, perform and present their creations in France and internationally.

1- Nous sommes graveur/ses de l'écoute sociale.

Nous sommes à l'affût des voix qui ne sont pas audibles.

Nous combattons, poétiquement, toutes les formes de domination sonore. La domination sonore n'est pas liée à l'amplitude mais au mécanisme d'ensilencement d'une partie des voix. Durant 35 ans, nous avons tendu notre micro aux personnes invisibilisées, aux personnes qui désirent se faire entendre mais qui n'ont pas accès aux dispositifs sociaux publics d'élocution :enfermé-es, exilé-es, victimes des violences de genre, population subissant les nuisances sonores, ...

1- We are engravers of social listening.

We are on the lookout for voices that go unheard.

We fight, poetically, against all forms of sonic domination. Sonic domination is not about volume, but about the mechanism that silences certain voices. For 35 years, we have held our microphone out to those rendered invisible - to people who want to be heard but lack access to public platforms for speaking out: those who are incarcerated, exiled, victims of gender-based violence, communities suffering from noise pollution, and more.

2-En tant qu'artistes, nous nous définissons comme « passeur·euses de paroles ».

Nous sculptons publiquement les « voix aux corps absents », la voix enregistrée, diffusée porte une présence de type phénoménologique.

2-As artists, we define ourselves as "word messengers".

We publicly give form to the "voices of absent bodies"; the recorded, broadcast voice carries a phenomenological presence.

3-Nous travaillons sur les voix manquantes, celles qu'on n'entend pas, et qui font partie de l'environnement social. Ces voix sont occultées et de ce fait nous sommes collectivement sourd·es.

3-We work with missing voices — those we do not hear, yet which are part of our social environment. These voices are silenced, and as a result, we are collectively deaf.

4-Lors de nos performances, nous recréons de nouvelles communautés sonores où ces voix prennent leur espace. Nous réparons ainsi les fractures de l'écoute sociale, d'où cette appartenance au care, au soin. Réemment, nous sommes allé-es travailler avec le collectif mexicain de La Lleca, dans une prison de Mexico, el reclusorio del norte, avec les personnes de la communauté LGBT, puis toujours à Mexico, à la fiscalía de Justicia Penal para Adolescentes de la CdMx. Nous avons travaillé sur le lien entre toucher et écoute. La Lleca travaille sur des partitions liées au toucher.

4-During our performances, we recreate new sonic communities where these voices find their place. In this way, we repair the fractures in social listening, hence our connection to care. Recently, we went to work with the Mexican collective La Lleca, in a Mexico City prison, El Reclusorio del Norte, with members of the LGBT community, and then, still in Mexico City, at the Office of the Prosecutor for Juvenile Criminal Justice of the Mexico City Metropolitan Area. We explored the connection between touch and listening. La Lleca works on scores related to touch.

5-Quand nous sommes entré-es dans la prison de Mexico, nous avons ressenti comme un soulagement. Nous allions vers une partie manquante de « notre » corps social. Le pouvoir législatif instaure une séparation d'avec ces voix, d'avec ces corps, ces mondes. Nous sommes fragmenté-es car séparé-es de ces corps, de ces écoutes. Nous voulons faire résonner cette part occultée, expulsée. Les ségrégations sur lesquelles est construite notre société est dangereuse pour l'écoute, pour l'être. Nous voulons être relié-es à tous nos possibles moi, toutes nos possibles voix.

5-When we entered the Mexico City prison, we felt a sense of relief. We were heading toward a missing part of "our" social body. Legislative power enforces a separation from these voices, from these bodies, these worlds. We are fragmented because we are separated from these bodies, from these acts of listening. We want to give voice to this hidden, expelled part. The segregations upon which our society is built are dangerous for listening, for being. We want to be connected to all our possible selves, all our possible voices.

6-L'écoute sociale est une forme de soin collectif. Cette écoute nous la mettons en abîme par une activation onirique lors de nos performances. Ainsi nous générons des poches de résistances poétiques en donnant à entendre d'autres communautés sonores, d'autres modalités d'écouter, d'exister.

6-Social listening is a form of collective care. We create a mirrored effect of listening through a dreamlike activation during our performances. In this way, we generate pockets of poetic resistance by giving voice to other sound communities, other ways of listening, of existing.

7-Cette proposition est à mettre en parallèle avec le courant du Black Feminism et notamment avec la recherche de l'anthropologue Patricia Hills Collins pour qui l'écoute est la voie royale vers d'autres savoirs, d'autres identités. Elle précise que le savoir occidental, patriarcal, est fondé sur la vision, la lecture, l'illumination, la séparation. Pour elle, les femmes, notamment les africaines-américaines sur lesquelles elle travaille, se fonde sur le partage d'expériences, sur l'écoute pour amplifier leurs connaissances du monde.

7-This proposal echoes the Black Feminist movement, and particularly the work of anthropologist Patricia Hills Collins, for whom listening is the royal road to alternative forms of knowledge, other identities. She notes that Western, patriarchal knowledge is based on vision, reading, enlightenment and separation. For her, women—particularly the African-American women she studies—draw on the sharing of experiences and on listening to expand their understanding of the world.

8-Dans Constellation d'écoutes, notre dernière création franco-mexicaine, nous mettons en scène l'idée que nous écoutons selon notre histoire, notre genre, notre race, notre classe.

8-In *Constellation d'écoutes*, our latest Franco-Mexican production co-written with La Lleca, we explore the idea that we listen according to our personal history, gender, race and social class.

9-Tout récemment nous avons ouvert un chantier imaginaire sur l'écoute « inter-espèce » : imaginons comment écoute un chien, un arbre, un océan ? ... Ouvrir l'imaginaire de l'écoute c'est encore écouter.

9. Very recently, we launched an imaginary project on "interspecies" listening: let's imagine how a dog, a tree or an ocean listens... To open up the imagination of listening is, in itself, to listen.

Echoes of a Latent Spectrality

Marie Yevkiné Tirard

Marie Yevkiné Tirard is a multimedia artist, vocalist and composer. Her work aims to enchant in a poetical way, in order to revive lost listening relationships and allow the survival of threatened cultures. From her Armenian family archives, she explores fluid memory, silenced narratives and ancestral knowledges. Her vocal practice is inspired by the vanishing ritual of Armenian modal singing, and by the nomadic troubadours, spreading love through sound and poetry.

I like to think that on this mortal path, we sing the same refrain.

Together, we write a song, just as one builds one's own home, with remnants of the ruins. You wrote your survival, on a limping path. The vertigo of eternal oblivion overwhelms me just like the fear of death.

So I continue to write from the words that trickled like invisible tears from the inexhaustible fountain of your eyes.

My dear great-grandmother,
Your tear-words, your poetic incantations,
I make them whirl into odes, sounds, and song.
I wish I could remain silent like you.
But I cannot.

« One day, I will return all my desires to the black earth. My eyes will no longer have their hidden wounds of life. Mysteriously in love. »
Yevkiné Diarian, survivor of the Armenian genocide, great-grand mother of the author Marie Yevkiné Tirard.

I'm afraid to return to the lands where listening has vanished.

To the places where time suffocates, after more than a century of swimming underwater.

We tiptoe on the earth, so as not to awaken the souls of the ghosts escaping from their graves.

I listen to the falsehoods and try to decipher what lies hidden behind the concealments. Despite my fears, I finally went to our homeland, and there I saw fireflies —lights of hope in the dark night of oppression. Fireflies, the memory of endangered cultures, must morph and resonate across temporalities in order to survive.

I sang all your desires to the black earth.

I heard your voice echoing from the peaks of the golden mountains, and I felt your latent presence everywhere.

They go to the mountains solely to find gold— could these be your words of gold? They search through the ruins of the martyrs, yet they do not delve into our vanishing culture. It seems to me that I still remember the sound of your tears, as if from an auditory hallucination.

An absent ubiquity, which was, and still is. You continued to laugh out loud despite the darkness of the absurd.

You continued to express yourself silently, intimately.

Protected, perhaps soothed by the embrace of silence.

An abyssal solitude in the face of that infernal vertigo that you didn't know how to describe, but which our bodies still remember.

You rocked yourself to sleep by writing poems, within sleepless night of nostalgia.

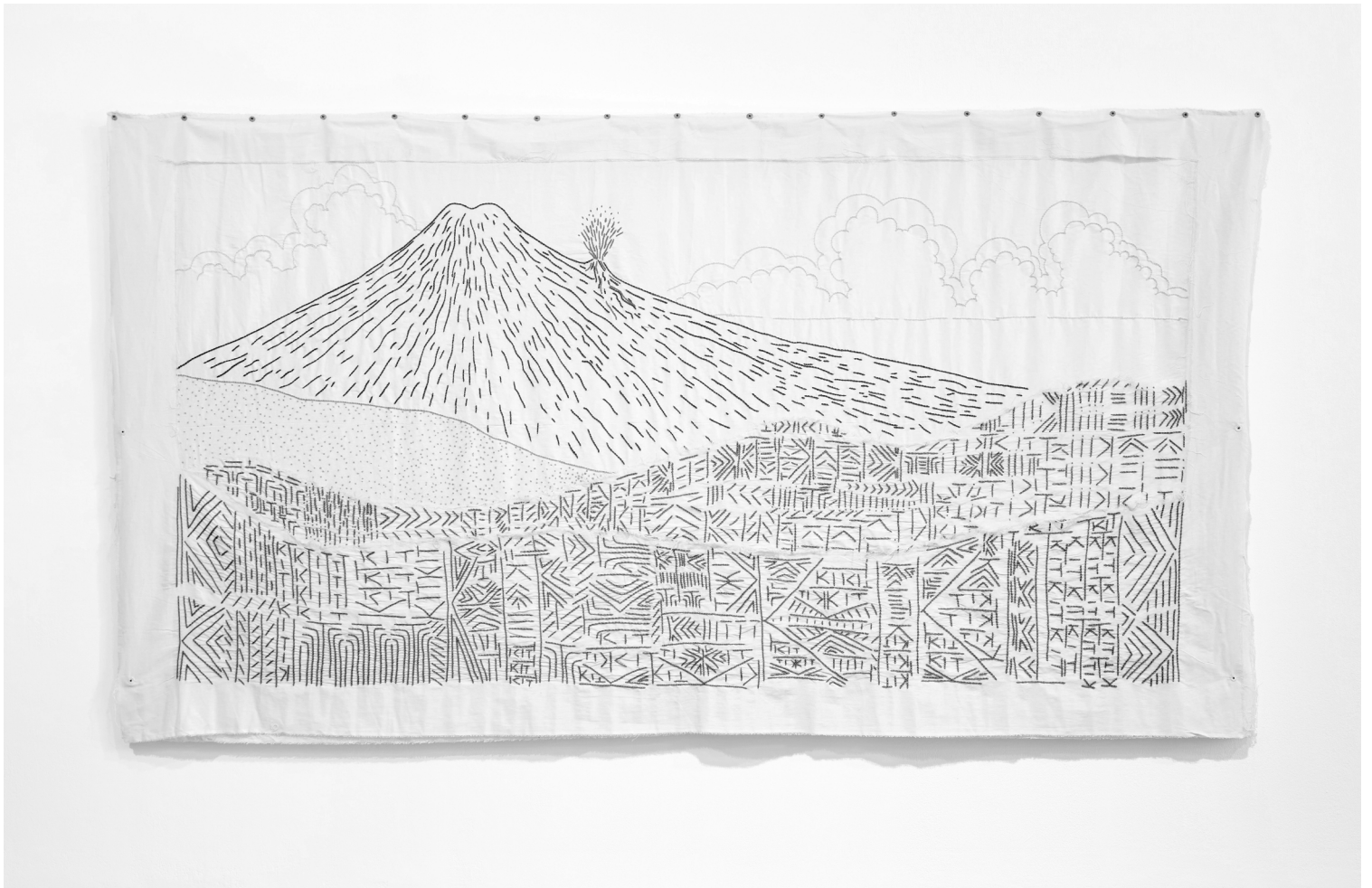
And I rock myself to daydream with the sound of their gentle phonemes,

Of your language slipping away.

Like a mist of moonlight, like a mist of fireflies.

Across our Breaths, Flesh, and Bones

Lorena Moreno Vera



Exhibition view “Between the Tremor and a Murmur Lies a Sunset”: Edgar Calel, *Ru K’oxk’ob’el nu k’ux* (*The Echo of My Spirit*), 2025. Photo: Kunstraum Niederoesterreich © Markus Gradwohl.

Over the last few years, I have found myself returning to a persistent question: how do we experience the *sensuous spaces* (Abraham, D. 1997) where human and more-than-human expressions converge in active, embodied communication? How do we attune ourselves to the countless ways meaning is made beyond language, and what would it mean to claim the right to rustle, howl, roar, murmur, and speak: the right to be heard? I am interested in the resonances through which understanding emerges, in the subtle exchanges that transcend borders, geological strata, kinship, time, and species.

These inquiries stem from a series of encounters I had with weathers, soundings, and narratives over the past years.

In 2017, I heard the soil tremble as a powerful earthquake shook Mexico City, leaving behind not only physical traces but also stories of resilience and upheaval that reverberated throughout the city. Such telluric testimonies spoke of the relationship that humans and the more-than-human sustain, a relationship that is at once visceral and poetic.

One of the stories that remained with me: a woman kneeling on the ground, striking the earth with her bare hand to scold it, speaking to it in anger and grief. I never witnessed the scene myself; I heard it retold by a friend of mine after he witnessed it on his way out of the subway, where he experienced the quake.

Yet this image stayed. It revealed a relationship to the earth that was neither metaphorical nor symbolic, but “*contundente*” and visceral; while A narrated the scene, I could hear the sound of the hands smacking the trembling ground. The ground was not an inert surface beneath her feet but a presence capable of receiving her words.

A second encounter came in 2024, by walking and reading ocean and animal imprints in Santander (Spain), which swayed between science and fiction through the words of Máximo, a topographer by trade but a zoologist—and storyteller—at heart. The landscape seemed to demand both.

That same year, another form of listening emerged unexpectedly through absence. Returning to Vienna after an extended period in Dublin, I became

aware of how deeply the mews of seagulls had structured my sense of time. Their calls had become a sonic measure of daily life. Without them, I experienced a subtle disorientation and nostalgia. Gradually, the rhythms of blackbirds and ravens took their place, reminding me that our perception of time is often composed through the voices that surround us.

These experiences led me to wonder how multi-species encounters might become forms of multi-species agency. What kinds of languages allow us to converse with the more-than-human world? How might communication exceed the boundaries of human speech?

I often return to a conversation with the artist Edgar Calel. I met Edgar in 2019 at his studio in Chi Xot (San Juan Comalapa) after a drive through the mountains and before the way to encounter Lake Atitlán. He received us with a broad selection of works and the story about the Kit Kit Song, the onomatopoeic sound that his grandmother made to call the birds and feed them. The sound itself carried a remarkable density. It was at once a practical gesture, a shared song between species, and an expression of care. Over time, the chant acquired another layer of meaning. After his grandmother’s passing, it became a way for the family to call upon her memory. A sound first directed toward birds had become a bridge between generations.

The story stayed with me because it suggested that language is never exclusively human. It emerges through relationships: between bodies, landscapes, animals, ancestors, and atmospheres. Sound becomes a medium through which different forms of life recognise and respond to one another.

Perhaps this is why I continue to be drawn to volcanoes. Years later, I invited Edgar to participate in an exhibition titled “*Between the Tremor and a Murmur Lies a Sunset*” at Kunstraum Niederoesterreich in Vienna. The conversation, this time, wove together our fascination for volcanoes. Their voices occupy another register altogether. They murmur, rumble, hiss, and roar. They remind us that the earth itself is never silent. Between their apparent stillness and eruptions ex-

tends a vast spectrum of sonic intensities, many of which remain beyond the limits of ordinary perception. Listening to these earthly vocalisations invites us to consider communication not as the exchange of information but as participation in a shared field of vibration.

Such volcanic chants were now merging into a choir with the Kit Kit Song and its anatomy, giving way to the piece *Ru K'oxk'ob'el nu k'ux / The Echo of My Spirit* (2025), a three-layer embroidery that visually translates the chant of the Guatemalan highland landscape into thread and colour. Each embroidered fabric represents a layer of overlapping song: the first captures the Kit Kit Song. The second layer, *Anatomy of a Song*, dissects the chant's structure, revealing its "bones and articulations." The third layer embodies the deep, resounding voice of the volcano—the earth's own chant. Together, these layers form a composition where sound becomes visible, memory is woven into fabric, and the landscape's continuous echo is inscribed through embroidery. Each layer is rendered in a distinct colour, marking the shifts in the sonic textures of these interconnected voices.

Such reflections resonate with Maurice Merleau-Ponty's notion of the "flesh" as a shared medium of existence. For him, perception does not occur between separate entities observing one another from a distance. Rather, we inhabit a world of mutual entanglement, where bodies and environments continuously shape and respond to one another. Language, in this sense, emerges not solely from thought but from the felt experience of being in the world. It begins in resonance.

To listen, then, is not simply to receive sound. It is to acknowledge that meaning is constantly forming in the spaces between bodies, species, and forces. In the tremor of the earth, in the call of birds, in the movement of waves, in stories carried across generations, the world is already speaking. The challenge is learning how to hear it and feel it across our breath and bones.

*

Abram, D. (1997). *The Spell of the Sensuous: Perception and Language in a More-Than-Human World*. Vintage.

Lorena Moreno Vera is an interdependent curator and writer living and working between Vienna and Mexico City. She holds an MA in Critical Studies from the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna.



Popocatepetl, 2010. Photo: ©Lorena Moreno Vera.

Poetic embodiment of care #1 on 90mil Radio (27.06.2024)

Host: (ether o) Chia-Liang Lai

MUSIC: SAULT - POWER

Hello everyone, I'm Ether. Welcome to my show, *Poetic Embodiment of Care*, on 90mil Radio. Thank you for tuning in.

First, I would like to introduce myself a little bit.

I'm an artist, drummer, and Reiki practitioner from Taiwan. I also started producing music and DJing last year.

Poetic Embodiment of Care is a theoretical framework that I cultivate through my interdisciplinary practice in fine art, music, and energy bodywork, focusing on representation, care, and healing within the contexts of decoloniality, ecology, and queer feminism.

In this radio show, I will share the content and ongoing research of my practice through sound and poetry.

What you just listened to was Power by SAULT

The next song I'm going to play is Zar by Mazaher.

MUSIC: MAZAHER - ZAR

Zar is an ancient ritual healing practice found across the Middle East and parts of Africa. It is centered around music, with a basic composition of polyrhythmic drumming and singing. It is also known as "drum medicine." The drum is used to bring harmony and purification to the spirit.

The ritual is led by women and incorporates communal dance. Through rhythm and movement, participants enter altered states of consciousness and, at times, trance. Zar is also a community practice that fosters social connection and a sense of belonging. It provides a space in which people can work through the tensions and frustrations created by social constraints that limit their movement, their dress, their voices, and even their dreams.

(ether o) Chia-Liang Lai is an interdisciplinary artist with a background in sculpture. Drawing on the concept of sculptural time, they work across a range of time-based media, including sound, video, performance, and installation. Their performance practice has evolved into an ongoing embodied research that extends into Reiki bodywork and holistic healing rooted in spiritual activism.

I feel that this kind of sonic driving force has been essential to human evolution. What Zar seeks to hold is a space that feels very close to my own understanding of clubbing. I will explore this topic further in my next episode.

For now, I would like to share two more drumming traditions that are also carried forward primarily by women.

The first one you will hear is the Udu drum tradition of the Igbo people in Nigeria. The Udu is a vessel-shaped aerophone made from clay. In Igbo culture, it holds a sacred status, and traditionally only women are permitted to make and play this drum.

The second one I'm going to share is a very beautiful instrument: the water drum tradition of Vanuatu in the South Pacific.

MUSIC: IGBO UDU DRUM / VANUATU WOMEN'S WATER MUSIC

What you just listened to was water drumming from Oceania. Because of colonial history, part of the South Pacific Ocean bears a German name: the Bismarck Sea.

I would like to refer to the Bismarck Sea as a colonial legacy, and as a way to reflect on the connection between colonialism and rising sea levels. Colonialism has played a significant role in driving the climate crisis, both historically and continuing into the present day.

Here, I would like to share a poem co-created by the poets and activists Kathy Jetñil-Kijiner and Aka Niviâna.

POETRY AUDIO: RISE - KATHY JETNIL-KIJINER AND

Sister of ice and snow
I'm coming to you
from the land of my ancestors,
from atolls, sunken volcanoes—undersea
descent
of sleeping giants
Sister of ocean and sand,
I welcome you
to the land of my ancestors
—to the land where they sacrificed their
lives
to make mine possible
—to the land
of survivors.
I'm coming to you
from the land my ancestors chose.
Aelon Kein Ad,
Marshall Islands,
a country more sea than land.
I welcome you to Kalaallit Nunaat,
Greenland,
the biggest island on earth.
Sister of ice and snow,
I bring with me these shells
that I picked from the shores

of Bikini atoll and Runit Dome
Sister of ocean and sand,
I hold these stones
picked from the shores of Nuuk,
the foundation of the land I call my home.
With these shells I bring a story of long ago
two sisters frozen in time on the island of
Ujae,
one magically turned into stone
the other who chose that life
to be rooted by her sister's side.

To this day, the two sisters
can be seen by the edge of the reef,
a lesson in permanence.
With these rocks I bring
a story told countless times
a story about Sassuma Arnâa, Mother of the
Sea,
who lives in a cave at the bottom of the
ocean.
This is a story about
the guardian of the Sea.
She sees the greed in our hearts,
the disrespect in our eyes.

Every whale, every stream,
every iceberg
are her children.
When we disrespect them
she gives us what we deserve,
a lesson in respect.
Do we deserve the melting ice?
the hungry polar bears coming to our islands
or the colossal icebergs hitting these waters
with rage
Do we deserve
their mother,
coming for our homes
for our lives?
From one island to another
I ask for solutions.
From one island to another
I ask for your problems
Let me show you the tide
that comes for us faster
than we'd like to admit.
Let me show you
airports underwater
bulldozed reefs, blasted sands
and plans to build new atolls
forcing land
from an ancient, rising sea,
forcing us to imagine
turning ourselves to stone.
Sister of ocean and sand,
Can you see our glaciers groaning
with the weight of the world's heat?
I wait for you, here,
on the land of my ancestors
heart heavy with a thirst
for solutions
as I watch this land
change
while the World remains silent.
Sister of ice and snow,
I come to you now in grief
mourning landscapes
that are always forced to change
first through wars inflicted on us
then through nuclear waste
dumped
in our waters
on our ice
and now this.
Sister of ocean and sand,

I offer you these rocks,
the foundation of my home.
On our journey
may the same unshakable foundation
connect us,
make us stronger,
than the colonizing monsters
that to this day devour our lives
for their pleasure.
The very same beasts
that now decide,
who should live
who should die.
Sister of ice and snow,
I offer you this shell
and the story of the two sisters
as testament
as declaration
that despite everything
we will not leave.
Instead
we will choose stone.
We will choose
to be rooted in this reef
forever.
From these islands
we ask for solutions.
From these islands
we ask
we demand that the world see beyond
SUV's, ac's, their pre-packaged convenience
their oil-slicked dreams, beyond the belief
that tomorrow will never happen, that
this
is merely an inconvenient truth.
Let me bring my home to yours.
Let's watch as Miami, New York,
Shanghai, Amsterdam, London,
Rio de Janeiro, and Osaka
try to breathe underwater.
You think you have decades
before your homes fall beneath tides?
We have years.
We have months
before you sacrifice us again
before you watch from your tv and computer screens waiting
to see if we will still be breathing
while you do nothing.

My sister,
From one island to another
I give to you these rocks
as a reminder
that our lives matter more than their
power
that life in all forms demands
the same respect we all give to money
that these issues affect each and every-
one of us
None of us is immune
And that each and everyone of us has to
decide
if we
will
rise

In the poem, there is a reference to breathing underwater, which brings me to the book *Undrowned: Black Feminist Lessons from Marine Mammals* and *Dub* by Alexis Pauline Gumbs. Today, I have a dear friend with me in the booth, Tone. They are going to read a few lines from the book for us.

MUSIC : AOI - OTSUKIMI (MOON VIEWING) - MEDITATION

Reading: Dub by Alexis Pauline Gumbs what the coral said: breathe. breathe. breathe. sing. let that water move within you. let it be you. let your every cilia dance you into healing. let the warm salt water brighten you. your tears. sleep. and when you dream of working, sleep again. sleep until you dream of floating. dream until your edges soft. dream until you birth yourself in water singing with the bones of all your lost. dream until you breathe not from your mouth, not from your nose but through your hair and through your skin. dream until you claim the ocean. breathe until you feel no need to swim. breathe until your dreams flow out your brain. breathe and let them in your heart. breathe and we will call you again. that's a start.

When it comes to the ocean and islands, I cannot leave out my beautiful homeland, Taiwan. Here, I would like to share the song *Sasela'an* by Ado Kaliting Pacidal. In indigenous tribe - Amis language, *Sasela'an* means "breath" and "life." Ado is an Indigenous musician from the Amis people in Taiwan. In 2019, she released an album titled *Sasela'an*, for which she collaborated with several musicians who share the same Austronesian roots.

Through music and mythology, the album explores ancestral connections to the ocean. In many Austronesian traditions, music serves as a guide for navigation at sea. Songs often encode the positions of stars and directions, mapping pathways between islands and helping sailors find their way across the ocean.

MUSIC: ADO - SASELA'AN

A breath is a voiceless fricative

inneke taal

A breath is a voiceless fricative
The dense
 and tense moment
Somewhere in the space of a word
guarding its edges
tongue curled between sucked cheeks

A small pool of saliva
builds
behind the bottom teeth
In anticipation
to wet the space for the next articulation

Without a voice to surround them
the vibrations become a stutter
A language
that speaks fluently
the attempt of Speech

Breath
as word and stealth of sound
Informs the fricatives
to come

In echo of the consonant that befriends you

And between a

[gulp]

The fricatives wind you

and whisper

Inneke Taal is a visual artist who works with sites (architectural, environmental, social) as corresponding critical geographies. Working through language, bodies, sound, choreography, performance, video, movement and text, she is interested in drawing upon theatrical stagings of these geographical dialogues through improvisational approaches to exhibition making and collaboration.

RUBEDO – SOUND COMPOSITION AND PERFORMANCE

MARIALUISA CAPURSO

Marialuisa Capurso is a singer, performer, and researcher working in the fields of voice, movement, sound, and body art. Her practice combines performance, sound installation, participatory art, and collective research processes. She facilitates spaces for socially engaged artistic practices, develops sound installations, and leads research groups focused on body, breath, and voice exploration.

Rubedo is an ongoing artistic and participatory research process that I have been developing since 2020 across different territories, communities and contexts in Europe. Born from a necessity to investigate the intimate and collective consequences of patriarchy, it unfolds through workshops, interviews, conversations, rituals, performances, sound compositions and collective acts of imagination.

I grew up in a place where I never felt fully protected as a woman. Violence was so normalized that it often appeared invisible. Walking down the street meant being exposed to comments, insults, intrusive gazes, unwanted attention or physical contact from men. These experiences were considered ordinary, almost inevitable, part of everyday life. Yet their accumulation left traces in the body. Constantly anticipating intrusion or judgment, I learned to hold tension within myself, to contract, to adapt, to occupy less space.

For many years, I carried a deep sense of shame. I never publicly shared experiences of violence that happened to me during adolescence. Like many women, I had internalized the belief that somehow it was my fault. Silence became a form of survival, but it also became a burden. It took me years to understand that shame often protects the structures that produce violence, while speech can begin to transform them.

This is one of the reasons why Rubedo came into being.

Rubedo holds a space of listening that welcomes stories that have been silenced, hidden or made unspeakable. Through listening, speaking, recording, singing, remembering and creating together, the project seeks to transform what has been carried alone into something that can be witnessed collectively. Over time, Rubedo has become an archive of traces: stories of violence and resistance, pleasure and desire, grief, tenderness, liberation and becoming.

My own experience led me to explore ways of transforming oppression through artistic practices. Sound, voice, performance, collective rituals, somatic healing practices and participatory art have become tools through which I investigate the relationship between personal experience and collective structures of power.

At the center of this research is an exploration of voice and of the practices that allow emotions to circulate more freely. I am interested in how we can become more fluid within our bodies and voices, how we can expand inner spaces, breathe more deeply and cultivate forms of listening that reconnect us with ourselves and with others. I integrate this work with somatic explorations, drawing from years of practice in craniosacral work and Body-Mind Centering.

Our bodies carry memories. They hold traces of control, judgment, shame and exclusion, but they also carry imagination and the possibility of transformation. Against the repetition of patriarchal dynamics, I believe artistic and somatic practices can reshape both the tangible and the ineffable aspects of our lives.

Rubedo has taken different forms over the years, continuously evolving through encounters, places and collective processes.

The project began with a collective composition created for Resonance FM. It later expanded during a three-month residency at the Bauhaus University in Weimar, where participants took part in workshops, conversations, radio broadcasts and collective practices, transforming their experiences into sound pieces, audio operas and experimental radio works. Radio became not only a medium of transmission but also a space of listening, imagination and collective reflection.

Later, in Italy, Rubedo evolved into an ongoing durational performance installed within a church. Visitors entered a space inhabited by stories collected throughout the project. Listening to the voices of others, many recognized fragments of their own experiences. The work became a place of resonance where individual narratives connected to collective realities.

The project has continued to evolve around different manifestations of oppression and liberation. In Corsica, where I currently live, one chapter focused on desire. Through an open call, participants were invited to share reflections, fantasies and experiences of desire beyond the patriarchal gaze. The question was not only what we desire, but how our desires have been shaped, constrained or silenced.

Rubedo has never been an easy process. From the beginning, it revealed how difficult it can be to create spaces where experiences of violence can be spoken and heard. The project has constantly encountered visible and invisible forms of resistance. Doors closed. People questioned whether these stories should be shared publicly. I was told that certain testimonies should remain private, that they could not be broadcast, that permissions and validations were required. While some of these concerns emerged from legitimate questions of ethics and care, they also revealed a deeper discomfort around making patriarchal violence audible.

What was often overlooked was the emotional and ethical labor involved in carrying these stories. The challenge was not only administrative or artistic; it was deeply personal. Listening to experiences of violence, holding them with responsibility and transforming them into collective artistic processes required a continuous work of care that often remained invisible.

Over the years, I have witnessed how some participants who were involved from the beginning found the strength to publicly denounce the violence they had experienced. Others described profound shifts in their relationship with trauma, memory and self-expression. Rubedo does not claim to heal. Rather, it creates conditions where stories can be spoken, heard and held, allowing people to reconnect with their own agency and imagination.

The project has taught me that testimony is never an individual act. Every act of speaking requires an ecology of listening. Every voice needs a space where it can resonate. Those who share their stories need support, but those who listen also need support. Rubedo requires a chain of care.

Rubedo proposes listening as a radical practice: not passive reception but active participation; a listening capable of holding contradiction, complexity and discomfort. It recognizes that care and justice begin when voices that have long been marginalized are not only heard, but allowed to resonate.

Here some of the traces that some participants composed during the processes in Weimar from September to December 2021:

Ani jednej więcej! Nicht eine weniger!

I am mourning a person I never met,
a woman died because of illegal abortion
nobody wanted to go to prison to help her.
I look at the screen - thousand of angry women,
a million times: "Ani jednej więcej" – not one less.
I am mourning my friend wild flower
traveler creative freedom body painting put gender
in a blender our hands in the clay

She went north.
She told me somebody tried to traffic her abroad.
She went east.
She took her life not long after.

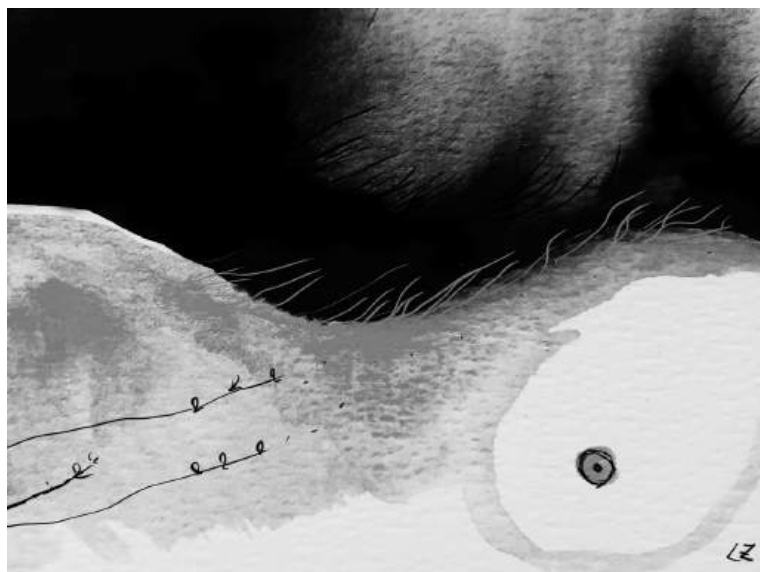
HOMEWORKS: live; heal; help. Please reach out if they are too difficult.

C. E. NICO VOLKAN



a dance
 a trail of vapor
 a delicate broadcast
 a trace of burning embers
 a diary, backwards
 a dance
 a voice, and many voices
 some sort of half light
 a trace of a question
 a dance
 some sort of purpose
 a delicate noise, a burning signal
 an undulating rhythm, backwards
 some leaves
 a dance

ADOLFO LA VOLPE



You need me
 The password to enter any relationship
 You need me
 The exercise of power
 You need me
 You don't actual need to say it
 You need me
 Is a behaviour, both conscious and unconscious
 You need me
 Cause I'm afraid to admit I need myself
 You need me
 Cause I'm afraid of your power
 You need me
 Cause you don't need me.

IVANA CORATELLA (POEM)

LAURA ZERBIB (PAINTING)

Inhabiting time

Katía Truijen

*Shall we listen?
Let's listen.*

Eight years ago, on a Sunday evening in April. People gather in a church in The Hague for a concert by artist Laurie Anderson during Rewire festival. While playing the violin, she refers to artist Yoko Ono, who had let out a chilling scream in response to the US presidential election in a radio interview. "What if we could produce a scream together, in which everything that troubles us could come out", Anderson says, and what follows is a roaring sound of sounds, reverberating in the church. I notice that voices contribute in different ways, with different volumes and intensities, some protecting their ears, or letting it all out. A cacophonous landscape of voices sharing a space. And then it's quiet. I am there, in that church, and that quiet moment after the collective scream feels like an opening, where feelings of rage, mourning and release are resounding in the bodies of the screaming-listeners.

The moment of reflective quiet made me curious how in the context of a music festival, there can be room for collective reflection and gathering around different listening positions and practices. A few years later, I collaborated with Rewire for a programme at Page Not Found, a bookshop and centre for artistic publishing, around the theme of sounding and listening as ritual. "We can define rituals as symbolic techniques of making oneself at home in the world. They are to time what a home is to space: they render time habitable", says Byung-Chul Han in his publication *The Disappearance of Rituals*. The programme with gatherings, talks and installations explored questions of resonance, attention, technology and closure, with a seminar on resonance by Brandon LaBelle, and contributions by M Lamar, FUJI || || || || || || || || TA, Momtaza Mehri, Debit and Kristin Norderval.

Since then, the context programme returns each year to Page Not Found, as well as to West Den Haag in the ruins of the former American embassy, and The Grey Space in the Middle, an artist workspace and venue, as its three main homes. The programme unfolds during day time and is publicly accessible, as a space for slowing down, before the performance programme starts at night. The conversations, sound walks, listening sessions and workshops examine different listening positions and forms of sonic sensibility in times of ongoing war and environmental collapse, asking what it means to listen with each other, and what conditions may enable this. Those who join are invited to express thought as well as feeling, and listeners often linger and conversations leak into the next session. Experiences are ephemeral but continue in ongoing conversations, and threads are picked up the year after, by returning guests and new people joining.

Katía Truijen is a media researcher, curator, educator and musician. Her work is concerned with bringing people together around practices of listening, archiving, and rehearsing alternative urban, technological and ecological futures. Katia is part of Loom, practice for cultural transformation, and curates context programmes for Rewire festival and Ultima festival.

In 2023, sound artist and researcher Budhaditya Chattopadhyay hosted a session around questions of ‘times and territories’ in relation to sound, with both terms as something to be critically examined. He spoke about how sound as a time-based medium often defies being bound to a territory or site, but how music can also be forced to be tied to place and cultures. And how Western music is often organized by whole number divisions, controlling a free flow of time into linear time, while in Arabic classical music for instance, rhythmic circles are composed of time units, often resulting in asymmetrical patterns, formed by addition instead of division. He prompted listeners to think about how we could open ourselves to multi- or pluri-rhythms, and inclusive towards more-than-human temporal openness.

The same year, we listened and talked about the piece *The Soundscape Speaks* by composer and sound ecologist Hildegard Westerkamp, who asks about our relation to our environment and its collapse. “Is the natural environment interesting enough to us – indeed, do we know enough about it – that we would want to protect and save it from further ravages? The sound environment has much to tell us – it simply ‘voices’ all activities - and if we dare to really listen, we may sense the depth of the environmental trouble the world is facing.” In *The Soundscape Speaks*, she brought together field recordings from her vast archive in a fluid stream of listening, while she also softly speaks her mind about issues of the ecology of the soundscape. Overlapping sonic fragments seem to ‘speak’ with, against or alongside each other. Such soundscapes or audio collages carry the possibility to hold different localities and temporalities simultaneously. Within these audio collages, urban and rural sounds, natural or man-made sounds, land and water sounds, overlap, blur, and coexist, and make us receptive to their entanglements. Perhaps it is only when we understand, or not understand but feel with our bodies that humans, more-than-humans and their ecologies are interrelated and share similar struggles and needs for survival, that we can start thinking and acting otherwise. After the session, we listened for a while to our own thoughts, and discussed what came up or how it affected us.

When we are listening to an audio recording, we are always ‘elsewhere listeners’. Not only because we are listening in other moments and places than when and where the sounds were captured. But also because we carry unique sonic memories and

localities with us. When listening anywhere to anything, we can ask ourselves: Where are we listening from? How are the things we hear framed by our experiences and convictions, and how do they resonate with other times and localities, with other processes and struggles?

Singer-songwriter and urban researcher Mayssa Jallad composes music with echoes from past violent histories. Her album *Marjaa: The Battle of the Hotels* explores an episode of urban warfare at the beginning of the Lebanese Civil War wherein militias fought for domain across Beirut’s skyscrapers in the luxury hotel district. There is no official history of this war, and it is not taught in schools, but traces of the war are visible in the buildings that remained. Her lyrics are written from the point of view of the buildings, witnessing both sides of the conflict. By recording and performing her album in Lebanon, this history became something to gather around, listen to, and speak about. As a listener of her album, I listen to her listening to the buildings as material witnesses of a war. Prior to her concert at Rewire festival, we talked about her work in the context of the present, ongoing war, and how histories resonate differently with different generations. “Shall we listen?”, I said. “Let’s listen”, she said. Together with those who joined, we listened to *Holiday Inn* (January to March), a song about the long battle at the Holiday Inn hotel.

Eight weeks ago, on a Sunday evening in April. Mayssa Jallad performs her album *Marjaa: The Battle of the Hotels* in a church in The Hague. She refers to The Hague as the home of the International Court of Justice, asking how it is possible that while we walk under the same sun there are no sounds of drones, of bombs, of war. And while she adds “free Lebanon and Palestine”, listeners in the room start sounding together, and their clapping continues and echoes for a few minutes. I’m also there, in that room. These minutes seem to hold space for expressing and listening to grief, for feeling grateful for Mayssa’s music and for sharing that space with others. I hear echoes of the scream that once filled that other church a few streets away. I hear myself breathing more heavily, my heart beating a bit faster, my hands clapping and joining a pluri-rhythm of many rhythms, inside and outside the bodies that are present in this room.

We are present and inhabit time together, as we listen to our listening.

Three Precarious Scores

James Hazel

Listening as Transcription

Any focused act of listening (from Oliveros' Deep Listening to Seth Kim-Cohen's 'shallow' or non-cochlear listening) can be understood as a form of conjectural transcription: a tracing of relations, and the patterns they produce, transmit, obscure, and transform.¹

What I call a pre(care)ious listening is a method in this way, a transducer between registers, along fleshy-structural vectors in a time-space faced with compounding socioeconomic exposures and pressures.

Here we have no choice but to place our ear to the ground; our fingers to the calloused ridge; our tongues to the slivers of faltering welfare words and promises that ring empty, and remind ourselves of what we've made do with, and improvised along the way.

This is a means of scoring via the precarious voice and attending to the fissured durations of what Berlant terms the impasse: the collapse of dream-horizons within the cruel optimism of late-stage capitalism.² That interstitial place of no-where and where-do-we-go, where fugitive bodies have nonetheless always lived and made-do across opaque desire lines, refrains, and worldings.

Listening through, with, and by classed voices (and, by extension, vocally led sonic practices) then is to hear a break in the mythology of post-Fordist classlessness: a cut in the institutional audiovisual regimes that unequally distribute value, mobility, and power.

And, in joyful speculation, a potential stall in the biopolitical-statistical-logos (what Robin James calls the "sonic episteme") that governs, delimits, and curtails life.

For surplus is an affect that is itching for somewhere to go - an excess. And the classed voice, too, is always surplus: always more-than its inscriptions. A hinge between body and capital. A centrifuge even.

These three scoring exercises (across soundings, across recordings, across chains and bundles of language) are merely surplus. They don't seek to do anything in particular or 'put ideas to work' in a particular way. They suggest their own fragile impasse, if one could imagine it. Not a revelation, not a testimony, just an elective feeling and affinity. For the time being.

Prompt for a Pre(care)ious Score no. 1 (nodes of affinity)

Performance Instructions: This is a collective performance for anyone, led by a single speaker within a circle of workshop participants. After reading the preamble, say each question aloud and allow the collective sound to linger for 15–30 seconds. The speaker may also sing.

1. See: Pauline Oliveros, *Sonic Meditations* (Baltimore, MD: Smith Publications, 1974); and Seth Kim-Cohen, "No Depth: A Call for Shallow Listening," in *Against Ambience and Other Essays* (London: Bloomsbury, 2016), 131–143.

2. See: Lauren Berlant, *Cruel Optimism* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2011).

James Hazel (jameshazel.net) is a composer, artist, and researcher currently based on unceded Gadigal Land (so-called Sydney). Moving across video, text, language, voice, and sound, his practice explores how score-based and listening forms can render the hauntological, classed, and temporal conditions of late capitalism audible. In this respect, Hazel's work treats listening as a site of radical sociological praxis.

Speaker: A precarious score is concerned with overlapping beliefs across different times, spaces, dispositions, structures, and feelings.

Social class is felt and remembered in the resonant cavities of the voice and body. We will hear a series of questions about shared socioeconomic experiences, to which we may respond with our voices.

We will begin with a sung hum and our eyes closed.

As we move through the questions, if you answer yes to any of them, open your mouth slightly, allowing your hum to leak out gently. Open the sound toward a feeling.

If you continue to answer yes to questions, gradually open your mouth a little more each time, moving from an “mm” sound toward an “ah.”

If you do not answer yes to a question, simply continue with your current sound. This will provide support for others.

You are also free not to respond to certain questions.

Through this singing practice, we can listen to our embodiments and find nodes of affinity, precariously. There will be dissonance, but this is always necessary.

Everyone, please close your eyes. Begin with a closed-mouth hum. Listen to the voices around you. Notice the differences in tone and timbre, but also their similarities to yours and to others. Take it easy. Remember to breathe generously for yourself and for others.

1. Have you ever struggled with money? (participants (and speaker) sing/respond after each prompt etc).

2. Have you ever worried about housing security?

3. Have you ever had to borrow money for food, or steal food?

4. Have you ever felt socially excluded because of your class?

5. Have you ever felt stigmatised because of where you grew up, or where you live now?

6. Have you ever been denied opportunities because of your background or identity?

7. Do you feel secure at the moment - financially, socially, or otherwise?

Now, listen to a voice near you and try to slowly harmonise with it. There is no right or wrong way to do this. If you feel comfortable, slide your tone toward theirs. Sit with this sound. Then, in your own time, begin to make your tone quieter.

Hear the precarious care and support in the other voices. Move together toward a mutually agreed-upon silence.

This is another starting point.

After 15 seconds of silence, the improvisation will end, for now.

Prompt for a precarious score no. 2. (an atmospheric (in)habitus)

For voice, two recording devices and 1 or 2 playback devices)

A score is a record; an archive; a playful duration; an atmospheric transcription. When thinking about making a precarious score, we turn to the poetics of the body; the voice as a barometer and anchor.

A precarious score is both subjective and structured; we are sutured here-now both as dispositional history, and as situated sociality. Here, the precarious score is a ritual, a nodal point for working-class bodies in institutional spaces to sound resonances already-sensed.

To begin, consider the languages held in your body; where these might be accessed from, and which recesses they live in.

Find a sound; an ambient all-encompassing sound; one that is rich and/or simple; one that corresponds to your day-to-day life; one that is omni-present, intermittent, or barely there; or maybe one that holds things together tenuously.

Record on a phone, or a tape recorder. Always use what you have. There is no deficit in working within one's means.

Listen to this recording with whatever time you have to spare; listen to its vocalisations, its ges-

tures, its (non)human phonetic shapes; its bubbles; its cracks; slides; tones; fissures; hisses; sighs; hums; in(ter)ruptions.

Play the sound through a speaker, a phone, whatever. Allow this micro-atmosphere to carve a place, a node for you to vocalise; begin making sounds; now these might suggest half-formed words at first, any words, allow these to grow if they can into sentences, into statements, what of the memories that seem to emerge with this sound, what of the associations, reverberations, connotations, dusty hallucinations.

Let its ambience fuse with yours become-ambience and ambience-become you.

Sing, intone, phrase. Come in and out of focus of this background-now-as-foreground sound.

Start recording this sound if you like.

The precarious score might never be per/formed after this exercise.

Or if it is: Listen to the tension, the consonance between field and voice.

You may be surprised, a poem may emerge from this scintillating antiphony.

Make it more of a failed thing.

Prompt for a Pre(care)ious Score no. 3 (ghostly tangled)

This last score is a letter poem to you about shared-precarities. "Each '/' paragraph space indicates a two-breath pause. The space of the line is for another line for you to write: a provocation of anything that it evokes. Just like the exquisite corpse, place a line next to mine; and pass it to a comrade, for them to write something alongside this line. Or do away with my line and start again altogether.

In fact the accompanying text (titled 'lumpen-field') was generated through the last exercise (speaking against atmospheric hums and seeing what lexicon arises from the body). This may be one such method to generate text that is useful for you as well.

Extend this text outwards for two performers, three, four, etc. and perform it.

One speaker after the other (a line from each text at a time);

or overlapping on the last and first words of a phrase, like chain mail;

or in a cacophony all at once;

or all really quiet (shouting or exclaiming one word of your phrase), to create a variegated texture of impulses;

or in a soft-heterophonic coalition, whereby one starts, then the next reader starts, and cascades until it is done.

One idea for accompaniment is to set a soft drone (sine tone or instrument-based drone) based on the average pitch of your voice (where it sits most comfortably in your body). As each speaker is introduced, the differing tonalities of their voices are introduced in turn.

A hospitality of ghosts.

Text:

prole-voice / it wraps around you / swells / inflates you / tears holes in your throat / a wedge-shaped palette / gluing fishy sea-shells to a cork-board / where desire ruptures /
a febrile lattice, of temporary or enduring affinities / where consonants crossover into the space of (in)coherence / always lurking on the edges of the (s)lip-ups, the interjections / always somewhere-elsewhere /

cosmogogenesis / it is an explosive apparatus / pantomime of subjectivity / always middling / in between / shooting & not-quite landing / a scorch mark / a machine-of-making-(non)sense / it has its hard, plain, & thick edges / pivots, socio-lects / its inscrutable glottal-stopped-nasal-noises / & all those violent sub-premises /

it has a way of rendering us (in)visible / depending on which mucus we've shared /
obscured in the mire, the underpass / the shuddering cringe / the voice message / a shadow-side / the interrogations in the dole office / the performance review / the contract / of bourgeois coldness /

why do we so hastily speak through each other? / phase cancellation / a timbre so reckless it stretches around us / & takes over all sense of self-composition / it seizes & drags us into strayed terrain / it is the horse that has bolted, & has long left the station & tramples the laboured-fruits as we desperately run after it /

what to do now within this church of erasure / yes, the working-class voice keeps the score / in its moments of brilliant burning stillness and stalled time / knowing sometimes a gesture is enough /

yes the

working-class voice keeps the score / of voices competing for thin air / a litany of tight fuses / & charged moments of intermittent flocking / yes the working-class voice keeps the score

nothing knows a life of tessellating survival like the pre(care(ious / it knows its extremes / its unbound

& subaltern-erotics / its sub-ambient materiality / living in crevices & croaks that the master's ear will never reach / middling again & delimited again // James Baldwin's sermon on the mount about Sampson, but not really about Sampson /

but also longing to surrender, spill over into beyond-surplus / sublimated into air & abstraction / we treasure those places of rest and recklessness / & other places of fleeing too / a po(o)rous opening to the

word / & a madness like a kite, at once adrift, & at the same time, bound to the ground and which never finds the bottom like an impossible Soviet geo-drill / same but different /

yes, the working-class body holds the score / frightfully wakeful / bewildered vocality / hardlines are drawn here and there / but when waxed in love, we are soft architecture, licentious / impeding

the violence of the everyday / a phonetic residue always left over / darting over us like fireflies

We are joylessly alien & unfamiliar / no scores to settle though / we are best avoided / thicker presents, who move at

different terrestrial paces / in the prickly fields / of (un)recovered alienation /

we are the closed

circular, of feedback & dys/function / not a lexicon of apologies but of pleasure / we are the lexiconal-lives that lives despite the murder committed against us with a sense of restraint /

we are a closed circular that brings about the annihilation of fascistic & measured cadence / the body shudders always / so fuck

the singular; it is the only recognisable voice of tyranny ...

Interspecies Communication & Technologies of Misunderstanding

Yuri Tuma

The recent rise of AI-driven technologies aimed at interspecies communication operates at the threshold of complex ethical, anthropomorphic, and epistemological questions across both artistic and scientific practices. What we often describe as “decoding” may, in fact, be another form of encrypting: the imposition of symbols, structures, and meanings onto sounds that perhaps were never ours to frame. As scientists attempt to systematize animal vocalizations and “translate” them into human-readable forms through technological mediation, a critical question emerges: what biases and cultures shape these translations, and can neutrality ever exist when human-made systems stand between species?

“A large language model that uses dolphin audio to help scientists study how dolphins communicate — and hopefully find out what they’re saying, too.” This highlighted sentence on the DolphinGemma website, a project partially run by Google DeepMind, reflects a broader wave of initiatives such as Project CETI, Earth Species Project (ESP), and the Orca Communication Project, all investing resources in the hope of linguistically understanding cetacean life. While the ability to identify and interpret the vocalizations of dolphins and whales can undeniably help scientists understand these animals’ ecosystems, ways of life, and the threats to their populations, such practices also carry inherent contradictions of care. Many audio recordings produced in this context are extractivist by nature; they often require data manipulation to become intelligible, raising the question of whether this very act of manipulation undermines any aspiration, if there is one, toward genuine symmetrical interspecies communication. The question of privacy also deserves attention: why should humans assume the right to listen in on other species? What types of human-centric power dynamics are at play here?

These tensions point to a significant distinction between scientific research and what I would like to call empathic attunement. Scientific research in this context not only aligns with environmental protection, marine life, and ecosystem health, but also with interspecies translation as spectacle and media headline, perhaps in some ways echoing the rise of seaquariums in the past. Any form of empathic attunement, however, may become ethically compromised if it turns invasive or extractivist. True empathy might instead require restraint: the willingness to refrain from

Yuri Tuma is a multidisciplinary Brazilian artist living in Madrid, where he co-founded the Institute for Postnatural Studies and practices as its Academic and Artistic Co-Director.

intervening, to respect other lives without imposing our methods or desires upon them, even if it means letting go of the hero or savior complex, and to accept the consequences of (a certain type of) human collective action on the planet. Should we not, as researchers, interrogate our own human privileges, as well as the colonial dynamics that continue to shape many interventions in nonhuman ecologies? When entering other-than-human environments, how might we distinguish colonization from cohabitation? What practices allow for cohabiting non-human habitats without domination? Perhaps this requires humility, a mode of comprehension rather than knowledge production, and a commitment to relationality without imposition.

Last year, I spent time in a unique geographical location in Argentinian Patagonia: Península Valdés. Among many reasons, it is remarkable for its bay formation, which creates an ideal marine and terrestrial environment for Southern Right Whales to gather, reproduce, and teach their young how to inhabit the ocean.

I was invited as an artist-in-residence by curator and founder of Sin Destino Aparente, Larisa Smud, to participate in Cetácea, a residency format that encourages researchers to situate their practice within the peninsula while engaging with the local community through conversations, workshops, boat tours, and collective walks.

Before arriving, my intention was to confront my own limitations in listening to whales. As a listening practitioner, and a researcher in queer and sound ecologies, I wanted to critically embody and to question, not only my technological extensions, but also my very human impulse to capture and consume the unknown and the experiential. I wanted to feel if I could accept that my body could only listen to the whales from the shore. I thought I was being radical by resisting the urge to use my hydrophone to record their songs, when in reality I learned that, when I placed my body where my research is, I quickly encountered the ignorance that surrounded my romanticization of interspecies communication.

I learned soon after arriving, during our first boat tour to encounter the endemic whales, that these touristic engagements are, at present, one of the most effective ways to protect these animals. Many activists and marine biologists have resisted the possibility of massive tourist intervention in the region. The workers leading these boat tours knew the whales by name, their feeding habits, their offspring; but more importantly, they knew when to approach, and when to remain distant, or silent.

At the end of the two weeks, I was left with many more questions around environmental activism, pedagogy, and ecotourism in relation to

whale watching and interspecies communication. Since my original goal was to research my personal limitations in interspecies listening, it took me some time to understand that these industries are, for now, a bridge between these worlds for those of us who do not practice science or nature documentation.

Interspecies communication may not be a question of achieving clearer translation, but of learning how to critically inhabit the limits of our own perception and reach. Rather than striving to decode or access nonhuman languages through increasingly sophisticated technologies, perhaps the challenge lies in cultivating forms of listening that acknowledge opacity, distance, and irreducibility. To listen, then, is not necessarily to understand, but to remain with what resists us. Within this space of partial access, ethical relations might emerge not from mastery or proximity, but from attunement and restraint.

If technologies of interspecies communication risk becoming technologies of misunderstanding, it is because they often begin from the assumption that other forms of life must be made legible within human frameworks. What might shift if, instead, we allowed for forms of coexistence that do not depend on translation? In this light, the question is no longer how to speak with other species, but how to listen without the need to convert, extract, or possess—and how to remain accountable to the forms of life that exceed our capacity to know them in a consensual and reciprocal way. What if we flip the question around: what are these whales learning about, or feeling towards, human behaviour in these exchanges? What practices might support situated forms of knowledge, such as those cultivated by local communities, activists, and workers in places like Península Valdés, that value protection over access and relationship over visibility? Against the drive to make all life forms intelligible, perhaps the most urgent task is to accept that ethical interspecies coexistence may depend less on connection than on empathic distancing.

References:

- Mustill, Tom. *How to Speak Whale: The Power and Wonder of Listening to Animals*. Grand Central Publishing, 2022.
- Jääskeläinen, DPetra and Kanhov., Elin. *Data Ethics and Practices of Human-Nonhuman Sound Technologies and Ecologies*. KTH Royal Institute of Technology, Sweden. 2024
- Google DeepMind. (2025, April 14). DolphinGemma. Google DeepMind. <https://deepmind.google/models/gemma/dolphin-gemma/>
- Sin Destino Aparente. (2025, October 12th). Sin destino aparente. <https://sindestinoaparente.org/home>

The Day Room

Katarina Blomqvist

(I am an audio documentary maker and an artist-researcher. Most of my work begins when I invite a participant to an interview, to a documentary encounter. Over the years, I have learned that listening to another person takes time and attentiveness. Some of the most significant moments emerge through pauses, repetitions, and hesitations rather than through finished statements. This understanding accompanied me when I entered a long-term care facility without my usual microphone.)

I arrive at the care home to conduct observations, but at first I cannot find any people to observe. On the fourth floor, one of the day rooms is empty. No residents. No staff. Only a television, switched on at a familiar and remarkably loud volume.

(As if the television had driven everyone out of the room.)

I continue my search and find another day room on the same floor.

11:05

When I enter the room, two members of staff are present. One is working at a computer. The other is watching an enormous television from a low armchair positioned directly in front of it.

(I have often seen staff members watching television.)

There are four residents in the room.

One of the residents is wearing a red cardigan. A newspaper lies open on the table before her. From time to time she glances at it, but most of her attention remains fixed on the television. The others watch only the screen.

One resident enters the room. The staff members guide her toward the television. They point to an armchair and tell her that she should sit there. It has a good view of the screen.

(She settles into the flow of an English-language programme already underway. I wonder how much she is able to understand. She stares at the screen. Her expression does not change.)

Then she is called to the dining table for lunch.

11:40

Lunch is served. By then, six residents are present in the room.

All of the residents are watching the television. None of them speak to one another. The television dominates the acoustic space.

The two care workers begin serving lunch. One announces that she is taking a meal to a resident eating in their room and leaves. Shortly afterwards, the other care worker leaves as well.

Katarina Blomqvist is an artist-researcher currently completing her doctorate at the School of Arts, Design and Architecture at Aalto University, Finland. Working primarily as an audio documentary maker, she explores listening, voice, and documentary encounters. Her artistic research examines documentary listening through enactivist philosophy, documentary theory, and critiques of late modernity. As part of the multidisciplinary research group Approaching Social Death within the Centre of Excellence in Research on Ageing and Care in Finland, she focused on encounters with frail older adults and people living with dementia, rethinking the ethical, temporal, and technological dimensions of documentary listening.

Before lunch, the residents had not spoken to one another at all. Nor do they speak during the meal. The staff members occasionally address them while serving food.

Most of the residents have limited mobility, and many are living with dementia.

"Does the food taste good?" a care worker asks.

"Yes," one of the residents replies.

Two residents are coughing. One begins choking on their food. The other coughs for no apparent reason.

(Elderly people sit in a row, eating from pale plastic plates, their faces fixed on the flickering faces and colours on the screen.)

The seats facing the television were taken first. The residents seem to prefer sitting where the screen is clearly visible.

(Would conversation emerge around the dining table if the enormous television were switched off?)

In front of the television stands a small round coffee table covered with a lace tablecloth. The seating area consists of two colourful armchairs, one yellow and one red, and a small two-seater sofa. Healthy houseplants line the windowsill.

To the right of the television, against the wall, stands a corner shelf. *(Although there is no actual corner there. Perhaps the shelf once belonged to a resident and has since been moved into this shared space.)*

Further along the wall is a small desk with a computer used for administrative work. The desk is positioned sideways to the room rather than facing the wall. *(From there it is easy to talk with a colleague sitting in one of the armchairs. At the same time, the colleague can watch television. That was precisely the arrangement when I entered the room.)*

"Rauha, you haven't eaten anything at all?" a staff member asks one of the residents staring at the television.

"No," she replies.

"Wouldn't you like to try a little?"

"No."

"Not even a piece of bread?"

"No."

"What about some coffee, then?"

"I'll have coffee."

The staff member immediately begins preparing a cup of coffee for Rauha.

"Here's your medication. Your daytime medication. I'm going to put it directly into your mouth."

Only then does Rauha look away from the television.

The residents' gaze is directed toward the television. Occasionally they look down at their plates. Two residents, seated with their backs to the screen, keep their attention on the meal in front of them and do not turn around.

The television programme pushes into the room from the large screen. Faces appear in close-up. Their emotional reactions are clearly visible. The screen continuously fills the room with movement and colour. It is difficult not to notice.

An English-language reality programme about troubled relationships is playing on the television. *(The programme is subtitled in Finnish, but it moves at a rapid pace, driven by quick edits and heightened emotional expression. It takes a while to grasp what lies at the centre of each unfolding drama. The stories arrive in fragments.)*

At this moment, a middle-aged woman is telling her adult daughter and son-in-law about the Indian man she followed to India. He had concealed, for two and a half years, that he was already married. A betrayal. A move across the world. Another wife waiting in India.

The woman on the screen is visibly distressed.

The same channel had been playing when I first entered the room, and at that time one of the

care workers had been watching it alone. *(Had the care worker chosen the channel with the residents in mind, or out of personal interest? Is the channel changed during the day, and if so, how often? Is the television always on? Do the staff members watch television during breaks? Do they spend their free moments in front of the screen?)*

The residents' expressions remain unchanged.

(I arrived here to listen to people. Instead, I find myself listening to a stream of confessions, and emotional crises arriving through the television. They occupy the room.)

There are flowers on the other dining table.

12:05

Some of the residents have finished eating. Others are still eating. The food trolley has already been taken away. The care workers are no longer in the room. They are still assisting other residents with their meals.

There are ten residents in this unit. Four of them eat in their own rooms.

Advertisements appear on the television.

Apply for a home mortgage.

A promotional trailer for a wedding programme featuring two men preparing for their wedding.

Then the relationship programme resumes.

The programme spills from the large screen into the beautiful corner room. One entire wall is made up of windows overlooking a birch forest.

Outside, the autumn day is bright and sunny. The birch trees are beginning to turn yellow. *(Inside, it is difficult not to watch the screen. And the English voices, urgent, emotionally charged, continually emphasising the significance of each unfolding event, press into the room no matter where one sits.)*

12:10

One woman stands up.

The person sitting beside her continues watching the television. No one reacts as she leaves the table.

She walks softly toward the junction where two corridors meet. Her footsteps make no sound. For a moment she stops and looks down the hallway. Then she turns and continues along the other corridor.

Pink trousers. A black-and-white striped shirt. A slow, slightly unsteady gait.

She opens the door to her room and disappears inside. None of her movements make a sound. Even the door closes silently.

The television is all I can hear.

Because of this, her movements begin to seem unreal.

(The residents were listening to mediated voices. My own documentary practice is grounded in mediated listening. Documentary audio pieces can create forms of witnessing that extend across distance and time. In the day room, I found myself wondering how different acoustic environments shape the possibilities for witnessing. In this setting, the television draws residents into the dramas, emotions, and conflicts of distant lives. At the same time, the lives unfolding within the room seemed to receive little attention.

For Kelly Oliver, subjectivity is constituted through relations of witnessing. We become and remain subjects through our capacity to address others and to be addressed in return. For residents living with dementia, opportunities to participate in everyday life can easily become narrower. Might acoustic care involve creating conditions in which people can continue to notice one another, respond to one another, and remain present in one another's lives? Perhaps acoustic care begins with cultivating these conditions for response-ability. Acoustic justice, in turn, concerns more than access to sound. It asks what kinds of acoustic environments invite people to become available to one another as listeners, witnesses, and participants in a shared world.)

The birth of a Listening club

Sofia Theodosiadou

Dr. Sofia Theodosiadou is Assistant Professor in the field of Media and Childhood at the School of Early Childhood Education, Faculty of Education at the Aristotle University of Thessaloniki (Greece). She has also been working as a radio and magazine journalist in Athens and Thessaloniki. She has been a full trainee at the BBC World Service, London, UK as an EU scholar. Her research interests lie in the field of audio storytelling, children and audio media, media literacy and music radio.

The idea of the Listening Club had been rooted in me for decades. It began when I was an undergraduate student in the Department of Communication and Media Studies at the National and Kapodistrian University of Athens. At the time, I was fascinated by a course on group psychology taught by Professor Klimis Navridis, a clinical psychologist. As part of the course, we participated in a series of group sessions held on Saturday afternoons and in a group of fifteen students, we experienced something that felt very much like group therapy.

It remains one of the most intriguing experiences of my student years in Athens. During those sessions, I was immersed in feelings of awe, laughter, grief, happiness, and joy. For someone in their twenties, it was a revelation. Until then, I had never realized that communication could be experienced in such a profound way, or that a group could embody so many of the things that matter deeply to us.

Fast forward thirty years, now, from the position of a professor, I found myself inspired to incorporate an experiential component into my course Media and Childhood—one that could serve as a starting point for a deeper listening experience. Influenced by the work and sessions on Acoustic Justice, Acoustic Care of Brandon LaBelle, the idea gradually took shape within me. Little by little, it evolved into a six-week Listening Club programme. I was delighted to discuss the concept with the group in Brandon LaBelle's sessions and exchange ideas about how it might be improved. Encouraged by their feedback, I decided to implement it and during the spring semester of 2026, I announced the birth of the Listening Club to my students.

Students were excited to participate and quickly embraced both the small-group sessions and the calm atmosphere they created. They responded enthusiastically to the listening and somatic exercises and were eager to explore the magic of soundwalks and the extraordinary experience of listening to their own hearts. Gradually, I began to sense the emergence of a genuine team spirit, nurtured through our shared sonic experiences. I found myself just as enthusiastic as the students. Together, we discovered sounds around the university buildings and recorded the sounds of nature surrounding the Faculty of Education on the campus of Aristotle University of Thessaloniki. It was a unique combination of



deep listening and community building, one that reminded me of my own student days in Athens.

I was thrilled to rediscover the power of the group and realized how much this sense of collective experience had been missing from university classrooms in the years following COVID-19. The Listening Club demonstrated that listening is not only an individual practice but also a communal one. For future kindergarten teachers, this experience offered more than an introduction to sound; it provided an opportunity to cultivate attentiveness, empathy, presence, and care.

Even if the significance of this development was not always explicit to the students themselves, I am convinced that they cultivated these skills in one way or another through their participation in the club. I realized this during our final session, when I asked whether they believed the Listening Club should continue the following semester. Their response was immediate and unanimous: a resounding “Yes!” that seemed to echo through the room. They even began proposing new locations for future listening excursions, including museums and other spaces that could be explored through sound.

At that moment, I knew that the Listening Club had become more than a classroom activity. It had become a shared experience, a community, and a way of listening to the world—and to one another—more deeply.

Lachten: On Resin & Repair

Patricia Hegglin

There is a substance that emerges only when something is vulnerable. Not to hide but as a response, a slow intelligence that seeps from within the wounded body of a tree. Resin does not rush. It emerges, seals, preserves, and creates a remembrance, a record. To think with resin is to think with a different temporality: one that does not organise time around efficiency and extraction, but around attention and repair.

In the old craft of resin harvesting, the *Lachte* is the diagonal cut made into pine bark to initiate the flow, without destroying the tree. The cut must reach the sapwood to open the resin channels, but must go no deeper than the tree can bear. This precision is not technique alone. It is a form of ethics. In some older European traditions, the unnecessary wounding of a living tree was punished by law. This rooted in the understanding that the tree was a living being, its bark its skin, its sap its blood. The *Lachte* was always already a practice of measured relation, not extraction.

As long as humans have gathered around fire, they have burned resin. The practice is not incidental, it is structural to how communities have understood healing, protection, and the crossing of thresholds. From the Sami noaidi [traditional Sámi healers and protector] burning pine and spruce resin to open contact with more-than-human worlds, to Germanic traditions that called Spruce Resin „Waldweihrauch“ [forest frankincense] and used it to cleanse the air of pathogens: similar logic appears across different cosmologies. Smoke rises. Scent travels.

The wound of the tree becomes the medicine of the space.

In Japan, *Kōdō* gave a name to this encounter for what had always been intended: *mon-kō* 聞香: listening to fragrance, written by using the character for listening.

Neuroscience today confirms what these traditions enacted without naming it. Unlike all other senses, the sense of smell bypasses the thalamus, the brain's filtering center, travelling directly from the olfactory bulb to the amygdala and hippocampus, the seats of emotional memory, without conscious processing. Scent enters and the body responds before the mind has formed a thought. This is why smoke has always been the medium of the threshold: it does not describe a boundary between worlds, it rather dissolves it. And this is why resin, burned or simply present in a room – reaches something that language cannot reliably access.

Patricia Hegglin is a Swiss-born sound artist and interdisciplinary researcher based in Berlin. Her practice moves across listening, ecology, and somatic care, working with resonant instruments, gongs, and tree resins. Her current research reflects on scent and smoke as carriers of cultural memory and bodily presence.

This is not only ritual. The terpenes released by burning conifer resin measurably reduce bacterial load in the air of enclosed spaces. Spruce resin extracts (*Picea abies*) show antibacterial activity *in vitro* even against multidrug-resistant pathogens such as MRSA and VRE. Spruce resin preparations, historically known as *Fichtenfaulpech*, were used for centuries to treat wounds and skin infections, and were listed in the Austrian pharmacopoeia well into the modern era. The anti-inflammatory boswellic acids of frankincense were only isolated in 1991, yet knowledge of their effects had been preserved for millennia in practice and through scent. The ancestors had no laboratory. They had maintained a shared, continuous interest in this subject across generations.

What the archive cannot hold, the senses have carried.

In the GDR, the collection of pine resin (*Pinus sylvestris*) was a state industry: no pine older than eighty years was felled without first being tapped. This led to the harvesting peak of 16,000 tonnes in 1961. The work was heavy physical labour, often carried out by women, the "Harzarbeiterinnen", who walked ten to twenty kilometres a day through the forests of Brandenburg and Mecklenburg, cutting "Lachten" in the specific herringbone pattern, returning week after week as the trees slowly produced their resin. The knowledge lived through the angle of the cut, the reading of the bark and the weather, passed on from mouth to ear. In the Piesting and Triesting valleys of Lower Austria, the same logic applied to a different tree: the black pine (*Pinus nigra*), planted on a large scale through the initiative of Empress Maria Theresa, whose resin formed the economic backbone of farming families across generations. In 2011, the Austrian UNESCO Commission listed the Pecherei of Lower Austria into the national register of intangible cultural heritage. Today only eight active Pecher*innen remain in the country, supplying the last independent pitch-works in Central Europe. The UNESCO entry is candid: the continued existence of the practice for future generations is not guaranteed. In much of Europe, it has already disappeared.

How can resin, as a response to injury, become a model for future, non-extractive material practices?

Resin, we might say, is what a tree knows about damage. And the traditions built around it are what communities understood about care that acknowledges injury as part of a living system, working with time rather than against it. Fisher and Tronto [care ethics scholar] describe, in *Toward a Feminist Theory of Caring* (1990), care as „a species activity that includes everything we do to maintain, continue, and repair our world“, including our bodies, ourselves, and our environment. A definition that does not privilege us human. María Puig de la Bellacasa [science and technology scholar] extends this: care, she argues, is not something only humans do. It circulates in the natural world.

Trees have been practicing it [care] far longer – not as repair in the sense of a return to an original state, but as a relationship to what has changed.

Recent ecological research confirms that a forest, if left undisturbed, can recover more than 90% of its biodiversity within thirty years, not through intervention, but through the forest's own logic of slow regeneration. Thirty years is also a human timescale. I myself have spent years inside a process of regeneration that western medicine could not fully comprehend. An illness that remains, in large part, beyond the reach of current research and poorly understood. Not unrelated, I think, to a system that applies the same extractivist grammar to bodies as to soils and forests: suppress symptoms, control the surface. What I learned instead, from traditions that do not separate the body from the living world around it, was not symptom control, but a form of regeneration, a different grammar of repair, one that does not demand resolution on a prede-

terminated schedule. The forest already knew this. The resin already knew this. Earth-based traditions are based on it.

The engagement with resin through field research, olfactory ceremonies and performances, and acoustic compositions is an attempt to reconnect that is neither nostalgic nor reconstructive but rather a remembering forward: Bringing the body into proximity with substance and practice where knowledge lives in materials, in landscapes, in crafts passed down orally across generations. This research did not begin only in libraries. It began within a wounded body that was learning to understand its own healing and that regeneration is not a return, but a different form of embodiment. Amber is the oldest witness to this: fossil resin of a vanished forest, solidified over millions of years. It is time made palpable. A substance born from the wound, that outlasts time and preserves something vulnerable without shutting it down.

The *Lachten* on the old pines near Biesenthal, in the Barnim forests outside Berlin, are still visible, marks of a relationship between human and tree that has not entirely disappeared, but endures in vast landscapes. The knowledge lives on in scents, in materials, in hands that have learned to make a cut without destroying the body. It lives on in the cosmologies of those cultures that never separated the body from the living world, and that remind us that our own rituals, traditions, and forms of knowing are not lost, but may be forgotten.

A different grammar of the world is possible: one that does not regard the vulnerable as a malfunction to be corrected, but as part of a living system that responds, remembers, and regenerates at its own pace.

What was forgotten can return. A memory that begins in the body, in the scent of resin, in substances and traditions carried forward even without a name. The question is not whether care is the fundamental structure of the living, trees have been answering this for millions of years. The question rather is: what world comes into being when we stop ignoring it?

*Essay written by Patricia Hegglin as part of the artistic research project „Soma of the Tree“, 2024 – ongoing.



a score for sensing

on resin & remembrance

You carry something the tree has let go of
a fallen needle, a curl of bark, a dry seed.
Not taken. Received.
Hold it lightly. Feel its smallness in the palm.

Before the thought. Before the name.
The forest arrives.
Through the skin of the breath.
You inhale & the forest passes through you,
without becoming yours.

Let the scent move like a tone
into the room of your body.
Do not hold it. Let it pass out again.
Breathe in.
Breathe out.

Each breath is a layer of the forest passing through.
Notice how carrying this fragment changes perception
not toward ownership, but toward relation.
What was separate becomes shared through attention.

it does not end

it continues in sensing

no beginning, no closure

only relation & remembrance moving through you.

*Score written by Patricia Hegglin as part of the artistic research project „Soma of the Tree“, 2024 – ongoing

THE COSMOPOETIC STUDIO - OPENING

From the internal voices of our somatic lives and the vibrational energies shaping affective relations, to the environmental bonds that open onto cosmic connection, POETICS speaks toward the potentiality of an imaginary power. This is a power grounded in the sacredness of soul and the capacity of a loving ear, and that lends to techniques of change-work: the world-creating and tending acts that deploy a logic of connection enabling deep participation. Against the numbing and debilitating effect of current necropolitical capture, we're interested to follow poetic, imaginary power further, toward a Cosmopoetic dimension and approach. COSMOPOETICS is highlighted as a creative path of vitality – it is imaged as a means for returning to ourselves as beings steeped in beingness, a poetics of being that honors the deep earth, attuning to the frequencies of a vibrational commons, and that manifests in the aesthetic exuberance of free life.

Submerged in a radical whirl of eclectic thought, the soulful passions of an erotic feeling, and the courage to listen and listen again, The Cosmopoetic Studio is proposed as a center of vitality. It signals the opening of a journey, and an invitation, as part of our research and sharing activity in preparation for The Listening Biennial 2027. Housed at the Biennial office in Berlin, the Studio is a poetic space, an elemental figure, a social energy, for meeting and gathering resonances. It is one point within a constellation of partner spaces and initiatives around the world, who will be active over the coming year in exploring their own forms of cosmopoetic listening. We're looking forward to holding this space and community of resonance, and to working at a range of poetic inquiries and manifestations together.

*from individual to collective bodies
aligned with cosmic connection, the vibrating web of living things
that is grounded in creative doing, with life as vitality
the aesthetic exuberance of color and melody
that recognizes the animacy of things (subjectivity as a general state);
to enliven our sensing
memory practices – echo-logies of relation (keeping attuned to the stories)
listening as groundwork*

*the subtle languages: to speak with the plants, the animals, the cultivation of a
tender language*

*on imaginary power as a work of imagination: as the source of creation (that
intervenes against the law of enclosure)*

*Rest; the interval (of a certain perceptual form; to attend otherwise); contend-
ing with the “attention economy” (Yves Citton: toward an “ecology of attention”
– not what we “pay”, but what we “give”)
Simone Weil: “attention is our purest form of generosity”.*

How do we create “rests” throughout the day?

*Festivity, or “the festival”, as a suspension of the social order:
“the upside down world”; a temporary lapse, where identities are
allowed to stray, etc.
the “party” as rest: to move from the “productive self” toward a “fantastical”
or maybe a “true self”: the party works at “wreckage” – to agitate the nature of
order with a “social energy”*

*practices of attention, imagination, festivity, and sound open altered modes of
relation through which cosmopoetic worlds may be sensed and enacted.*

*Sonic Animacy, sound as a practice of vitality – as a “biopoetic ecology”; that al-
lows us to return to ourselves, the internal community, to connect to the vibra-
tional commons, the roots*

*Cosmopoetics as “ecstatic technique”: how gestures of rest, expressions of the
festival, and the vibrational worldings, allow for “sounding relational being”*

an instance of “trance”:

to hear the voices of those who whisper
of echoes heard voices songs
blurred

paths songs findings breezes
of those who come

I listen to the ground; I listen
to music
chirping little birds
fly and fluff asking for
air

if I go meet them
they falter

if I stay,
we blur in friction
healing

ouvir as vozes dos que sussurram
dos ecos ouvidos vozes cantos
perdidos

caminhos cânticos achados brisas
de quem vem

escuto chão; escuto
música
gorgeios, passarinhos
voam vestes me pedem
ar

se vou ao encontro,
titubeiam

se fico,
perdemos em atrito
que cura

inês nin
artist and researcher, brazil

earth resonates (terra ressoa)
sound performance/poem
2017-2026



Concave

Carlotta Sofia Grassi

Past the path,
a space of void opens out,
not absence -
concavity -
the way matter holds
without possession.

What gathers there
at the edge of a name,
before soil is parcel,
fence,
border;
in the time before futures
in the instant before we (e)merge,
what is a voice
that can be heard?

Layered,
simultaneous,
we pass through currents of attention,
through signals and time,
measure and density.

Delay.

Drift.

Suspend.

A first movement:
the hand slower now
its tracing, held.

Far from withdrawal,
close to the refusal
of acceleration.

And while the line
still searches,
something listens back
from the concave,
things
from the space of void

Carlotta Sofia Grassi is an artist and researcher working across performance, sound practices, and grassroots political processes. Her work moves through questions of perception, attention, and agency, engaging the material and social conditions of lived and collective experience. Drawing on experimental pedagogies and autonomous forms of knowledge production, she develops situated and collaborative methodologies grounded in listening, resonance, and collective inquiry. Attentive to the relational and poetic dimensions of the sensible, she creates contexts for encounter and attunement, where artistic practice becomes a space for reconfiguring ways of being together.

Listening with the whole body: Segment 19 – FLUME

Anja Kreysing

These images originate from Segment 19 - FLUME, a post-cinematic a/v composition developed from a heavily regulated section of the River Lech. Derived from satellite views of the landscape, the video gradually collapses from a distant, cartographic perspective into the narrow concrete passage of a fish ladder. The work asks what it means to listen within an environment whose natural dynamics have largely been replaced by technical regulation.

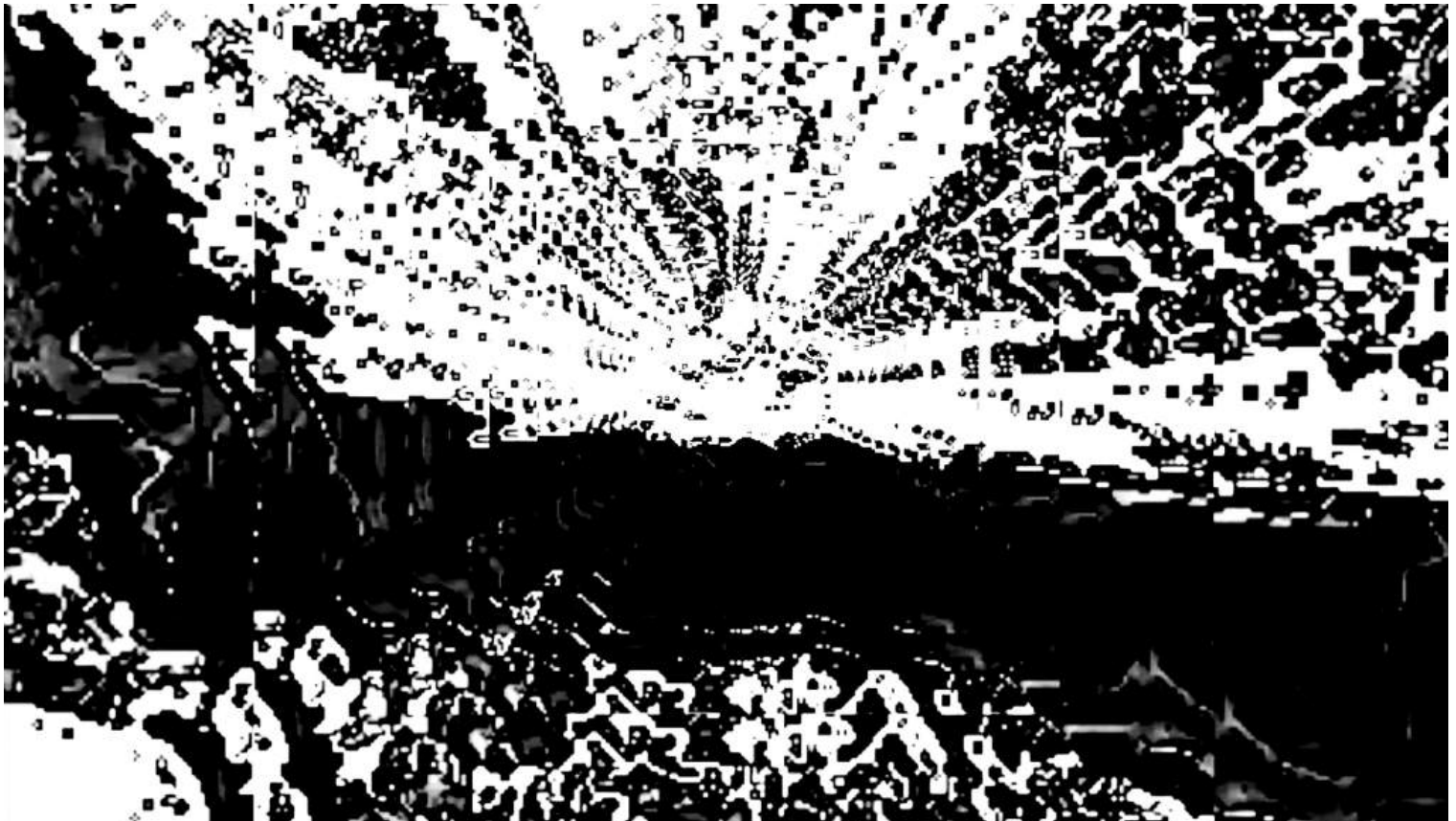
Rather than representing fish directly, the piece attempts to listen from within the conditions they inhabit: a denaturalised habitat shaped by dams, channels, and engineered flow. The microtonal resonance discovered inside the fish passage became a way of attending to life persisting within these constraints.

Listening here becomes an act of care, an acknowledgement of beings negotiating altered environments that remain largely unheard.

www.anjakreysing.de

Video: https://youtu.be/_QUWmcB4dS4

Anja Kreysing is a post-cinematic composer whose work explores listening as a cinematic act. Combining accordion, electronics, field recordings, and layered video, she creates audiovisual environments that move between expanded cinema, installation, and live performance. Kreysing is a Certified Deep Listening® Practitioner and an active collaborator in interdisciplinary and media-based projects that expand the field of cinematic listening.





Shivers: Shaking Knowledge

Collective Notes / Dora Đurkesac

Since 2024, Shiver Practice has explored shivering and shaking as sensory, sonic, and somatic forms of listening and moving. It has unfolded through collective workshops, duo sessions, and solo improvisations in Berlin and Zagreb. In close exchange with Théa Haug, Hyewon Suk, Nadja Tobias, Khathala Nkomo, Vinicius Jatobà, and Irena Durkesac, we experimented with sound compositions that may induce shivers, dance exercises, improvisations, poems, and drawings. The following notes are a collection of reflections, conversations, experiences, and scores for future experiments.

Listening While Moving, Moving While Listening

If we don't start listening through our bodies, we may live someone else's life, a life organized by borrowed rhythms, inherited voices infused with fear and duty, and habits we mistook for our own. When we abandon dance for too long, we begin to feel distant, dispersed, heavy, or detached. But we don't want to wait. We want it to become a daily ritual, not as discipline, but as return.

We miss the encounters through which we learn about ourselves as physical beings. Gatherings where the body is a school and a shelter. Where we share time exploring our embodied and emotional complexity. Where we recognize when we are overperforming something. Where we can say we don't know, we're not sure, we don't want, we don't feel quite right. Where sensitivity and vulnerability are not weaknesses, but ways of being alive.

A world organized around discipline and productivity has little use for listening, dancing bodies that embrace pleasure and the painful surprises that the mind has locked away. In dance, these unexpected encounters can become the starting point. Shivers and shakes are not avoided or repressed; they are listened to as part of the body's intelligence.

Shivering can occur between awe and fear, pleasure and repulsion, attraction and resistance. It allows different emotional states to appear, without a need to name them or explain them. Shiver practice begins from this possibility: that listening while moving, and moving while listening, is a form of discovery through the skin, hair, bones, guts, heart, memory, and the nervous system.

Along the way, we are learning how this practice depends on trust and attention to individual needs. These conditions are not equally available to everyone. When a body is facing exhaustion or danger, listening may not open into movement or receptivity, but into vigilance, survival, or the need to withdraw. We always remind ourselves that we can stop, slow down, or lie down.

From Shivers to Shakes

The practice of shivering and shaking is about presence, not about producing an outcome. It is not a technique to force intensity, catharsis, or healing. It is a practice of staying near what appears in the body. Sometimes we begin by listening, and sometimes by moving. In the dance studio, we dim the lights, play the music, and begin listening. The transformations are many, and the verbs pile up. We are shedding the skin, snaking with the melody, syncopating the movement, cuddling with the floor, exaggerating the rhythm, finding ground and instability, and imagining what else could be tried.

We practice listening as a physical activity. The skin may respond to sound in the form of shivers. We continue to listen deeper than the surface, following the nervous and electrical responses of the skin into organs, muscles, bones, and imagination. We observe the whole body through an anatomy of listening. Shivering often appears while listening in stillness. In practice, we expand this response into motion. In this way, shivers can occur during dance improvisation, when receiving and responding, listening and moving, are no longer separate.

Dora Đurkesac is an artist working at the intersection of contemporary dance, intermedia art, and design research. Her practice begins with the body as a site of knowledge, resistance, and transformation, unfolding through somatic, sonic, sculptural, and collective storytelling formats.

The anatomy of listening slowly becomes an anatomy of movement. Although movement can be seen from the outside as image, gesture, or form, shiver practice follows what is embodied from within: vibrational, electric, and emotional impulses. Shivers and shakes move along a spectrum between stillness and movement, voluntary and involuntary responses. We notice waves of heat or cold, impulses and refusals: sensations that catch us by surprise because they are not under our control.

In silence, or through rhythm, dance can turn us into an unrecognizable vibrating mess. The trembling flesh releases energy we did not even know we were holding. For a moment, physical limits dissolve, or become unmistakably clear. We begin to sense whether a limit is protection, a cage, or energy waiting to move.

Shaking can charge or empty the body, or both at once. Sometimes the intensity brings calm or heightened sensitivity once we stop. Sometimes intensity becomes excessive, and we give all our weight to the floor. Fragility can surface. We remind each other of the possibility to pause and withdraw.

Mixtures

Bodies lie on the floor, subtly moved by the low frequencies of the subwoofer. Air cools the sweat on the skin. Singing voices open an emotional journey. With eyes closed, we lose orientation and find ourselves somewhere in the past. We begin to sense a vibratory sonic and somatic world - a mixture of bodyscapes and soundscapes.

To explore these mixtures, we listen to soundscapes that may invite shivering: rapid rhythm changes, music-induced visual imagery, eerie atmospheres, grainy textures, and sudden shifts in pitch or volume.

For now, the explorations have included sounds proposed by participants: the dramaturgy of classical music, syncopated rhythms of gqom, trembling field recordings of seismic waves, experimental soundscapes, and nostalgic melodies of Balkan folk. These sounds are not treated as neutral triggers; they arrive with memories, histories, and different intensities for different bodies.

For one person, a certain melody can be too intense to move with; for another, it triggers an emotional memory and unleashes a whole dance sequence. In an experimental soundscape, one person hears 'alien insects' and feels discomfort, while another feels tickling sensations turning into awkward movements. Some rhythms feel too distant to connect to at all. We want to know these differences in physical and emotional response.

Shared Sensitivity

As listening expands through physical experience, it also turns inward, opening space for the inner voice. But the inner voice is not pure or separate from the world. It is shaped by the voices of others: memory, culture, fear, desire, violence, and care. Perhaps, through practice, we can begin to distinguish between voices that control and voices that support.

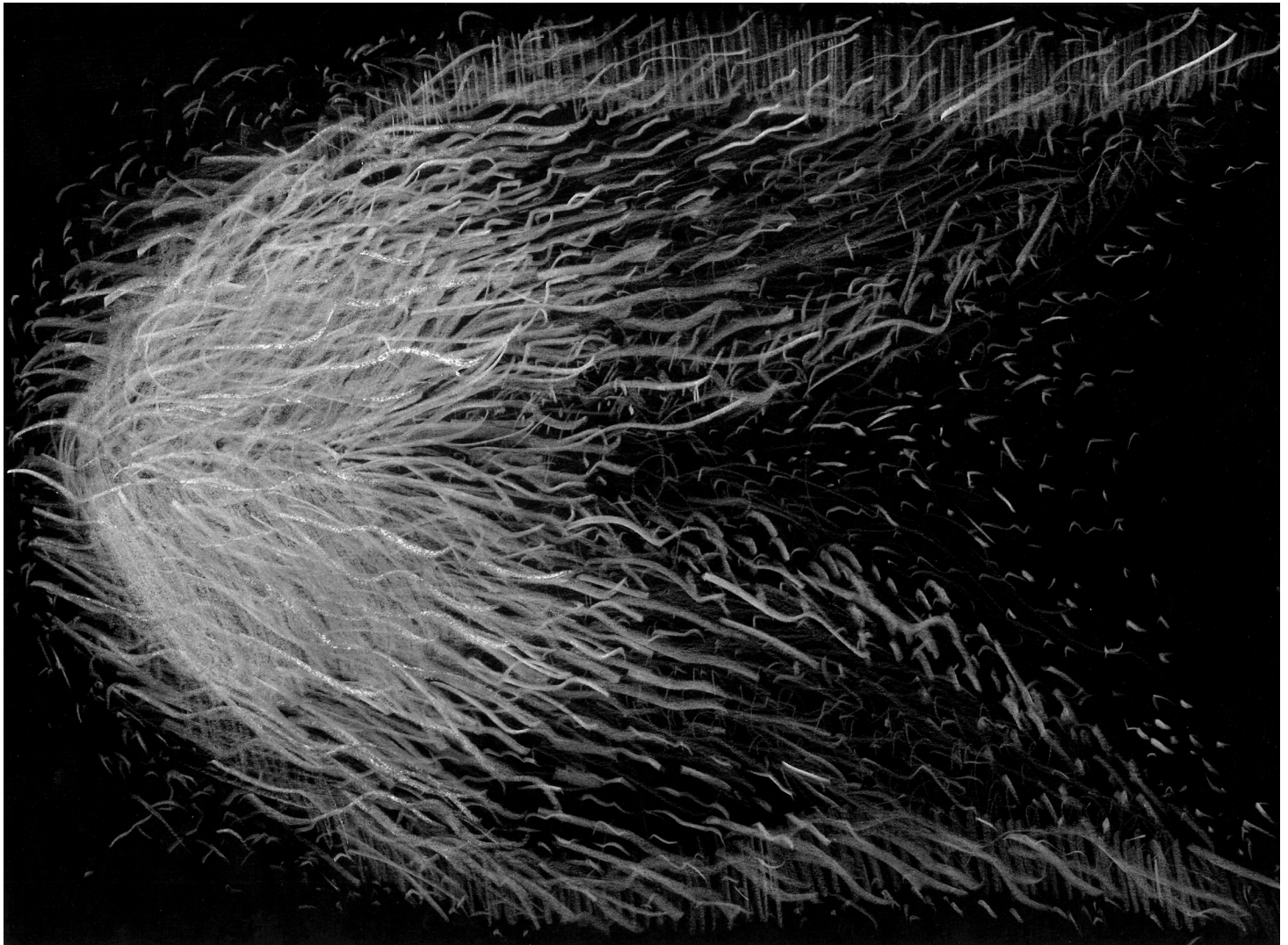
Taking care of sensitivity is a shared responsibility. As embodied listening carries us into movement, it can attune, complicate, and sharpen our responses to ourselves and to others. Shivering and shaking become forms of knowing. Not knowing becomes a form of listening and relating. Through intense rhythmic explorations, we found ourselves affected by each other's capacity to enjoy and intensify. Emotional contagion became palpable in a group dynamic. At the same time, some of us could not follow, even when the desire was there. Some of us stay still while the group moves. Shared sensitivity begins when we notice that asymmetry.

Through shiver practice, we observe how we are affected by sound, silence, rhythm, atmosphere, and one another. We stay with sensitivity, numbness, and uncertainty without immediately correcting them. We create a space where contradictions can be felt: between pleasure and discomfort, intensity and withdrawal, listening and refusing. The body has its own life.

Open Scores

Shiver practice continues through open scores: proposals that can be repeated, modified, refused, or activated through use. Current scores include:

Listening in Stillness, where sensitivity is practiced while sitting, lying down, or being still,



allowing numbness, resistance, or receptivity to emerge;

Snaking / Shedding Skin, which invites awkward, spiral, and teasing movement, with “shedding skin” as a gesture of release;

Syncopating Rhythm, which proposes shifts in rhythm and movement quality, following sounds and other bodies, or moving in opposition;

Skin Listening / Shiver Touch, which explores touch as a trigger of shiver sensation and relation, through communication, consent, and sensory attention;

Trembling Ground / Moving with Instability, which explores instability, support, and small tectonic shifts that may become shared geographic movement through collective improvisation;

Moving with Air, Sound, and Smell, which attends to subtle atmospheric forces such as air currents, scent, vibration, pressure, and temperature felt on the skin.

Continuity

In the long term, Shiver Practice remains an unfinished and evolving space for sharing embodied knowledge: through somatic scores, sonic experiments, soundtracks, DJ sets, shiver drawings, vibrational sculptures, performances, and writing experiments.

Working Vocabulary

Vocabulary of shivering, shaking, listening, and related movements:

shiver to shake or tremble with cold, fear, excitement, or intense emotion; to break or split into fragments; to shake slightly and uncontrollably

shake to move irregularly to and fro; to tremble as a result of physical or emotional disturbance; to experience a state of instability; to stir the feelings of

tremble to shake involuntarily, as with fear or cold; to move, sound, pass, or come to pass as if shaken or tremulous; to be affected with fear or anxiety

quiver to shake or move with a slight trembling motion; to shake with a slight but rapid motion; to vibrate tremulously

quake to shake or vibrate usually from shock or instability; to tremble or shudder usually from cold or fear

shudder to tremble convulsively; to tremble with fear or horror or from cold; to shake or tremble suddenly and violently, as from fear or aversion

twitch to move jerkily; to undergo a brief spasmodic muscular contraction; to move or pull with a sudden motion

flutter to move with quick wavering or flapping motions; to vibrate in irregular spasms; to move about or behave in an agitated, aimless manner

tremor a trembling or shaking usually from physical weakness, emotional stress, or disease; nervous excitement; a quivering or vibratory motion; a feeling of uncertainty or insecurity

vibrate to swing or move to and fro; to move from side to side; to respond sympathetically; to be in a state of vibration; to have an effect as if of vibration

syncopate to modify or affect rhythm by shifting or interrupting the expected accent; to cut short; to displace beats or accents in music or rhythm

wave to float, play, or shake in an air current; to move loosely to and fro; to follow a curving line or take a wavy form

spiral to go, rise, or fall in a spiral course; to form into a spiral

tingle to feel a ringing, stinging, prickling, or thrilling sensation

shed to rid oneself of something superfluous or unwanted; to cast off some natural covering, such as fur or skin; to pour out

snake to move like a snake, in long twisting curves; to move in a winding or twisting course; to crawl, move, or extend sinuously

skin the external limiting tissue layer of an animal body; an outer covering or surface; the life or physical well-being of a person

resonate to produce or exhibit resonance; to respond as if by resonance; to affect or appeal to someone in a personal or emotional way

listen to pay attention to sound; to hear something with thoughtful attention; to give consideration; to be alert to catch an expected sound

Acoustic Justice, Acoustic Care - program

July 9 - 12, 2026 / Berlin

Thursday, July 9, 19:00 - 22:00

The Listening Biennial Studio, Lettestrasse 7, 10437 Berlin

Opening of the Cosmopoetic Studio / launch of Acoustic Justice, Acoustic Care program, with book presentation of *Hosting Space* (Errant Bodies Press 2026) by Maike Statz.

The Studio will be open July 10 - 12, 14:00 - 18:00 each day: we invite you to drop in for restful sessions of gong meditation, to share stories and offerings, and to hang out over a cup of tea or lemonade, listening and viewing related creative works by participating artists.

Friday, July 10, 19:30 - 23:00

Errant Sound project space, Gerichtstrasse 45, 13347 Berlin

Manuela García Aldana, *Circular Listening*

Yuri Tuma, *Interspecies Communication and Technologies of Misunderstanding*

~pes (Elizabeth Gallón Droste / Pablo Torres Gómez), *I build my language with rocks*

(ether o) Chia-Liang Lai, *Sound of melting glaciers*

Saturday, July 11, 13:00 - 17:00 (workshops)

The Listening Biennial Studio, Lettestrasse 7, 10437 Berlin

Dora Đurkesac, *Shiver Practice*

Carlotta Sofia Grassi, *Politics of Entrustment: Listening Through Difference*

Paula Montecinos, *Sonic Feminist Fabulations*: Live Radio Broadcast with sound pieces from Acoustic Justice - Acoustic Care group and discussion on radio practices

18:00: Listening Assembly (moderated Brandon LaBelle & Katia Truijen): On questions of listening, with Opening Gesture: A short sensory opening with local tree resin with Patricia Hegglin

Saturday, July 11, 19:30 - 23:00

Errant Sound project space, Gerichtstrasse 45, 13347 Berlin

Marie Yevkiné Tirard, *Poems and Lullabies of the Post-Nostalgic*

Hui Ye, *Songs of Oblivion: Prelude* (screening)

Nunzia Picciallo, *tuning presence*

Anja Kreysing, *Segment 19 - FLUME*

Sunday, July 12, 13:00 - 17:00 (workshops)

The Listening Biennial Studio, Lettestrasse 7, 10437 Berlin

Marialuisa Capurso, *Opening, touching spaces*

Inneke Taal, *Breathing Choir - a voiceless articulation*

Nunzia Picciallo, *somatic practice, listening in movement*

18:00: Listening Assembly (moderated Brandon LaBelle & Katia Truijen): On questions of listening, with Opening Gesture: A short sensory opening with local tree resin with Patricia Hegglin

Sunday, July 12, 19:30 - 23:00

Errant Sound project space, Gerichtstrasse 45, 13347 Berlin

Hanna Grześkiewicz / Yasemin Keskinetepe, *On Burning Silence*

James Hazel, *listening through precarity*

Max Bloching, *Ground Practice* (screening)

Marialuisa Capurso, *Some traces of Rubedo*

The *Acoustic Justice, Acoustic Care* program is presented in collaboration with the Goethe-Institut.



THE
LISTENING
BIENNIAL

E.S.



drawings on sound, silence, and listening, Nunzia Picciallo



drawings on sound, silence, and listening, Nunzia Picciallo